

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 41 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 41

Chapter 41: A Strange and Distant Address

[Donald's Perspective]

I noticed Margaret's disappointed look. At the same time, I noticed that Armstrong's gaze was fixed on Margaret.

She clearly knew that she would be the future queen of the Lycan King, but she walked in openly holding another man's hand. And I, her true mate, was standing not far from her with my subordinates behind me.

She did not seem to have any intention of walking over to me to explain and even wanted me to walk over to make her stay. Did she have any self-awareness as the future queen of the Lycan King? Did she consider my dignity as the Lycan King?

Not to mention that she was missing for the entire afternoon. I had clearly told her to stay in the house obediently, but she wandered around without telling anyone. This made me uneasy all afternoon.

There was always a problem with my communication with Margaret. The issues we cared about always seemed different. We clearly loved each other deeply, but the current situation made me feel terrible. I did not want to control Margaret completely, but I would never accept that her safety was not entirely under my control. She cared about too many things. Our conflict would be better managed if she could put her own safety before everything at some point.

Oh no, we still had to explain to each other about Angel and Armstrong. Angel and I were done long ago. As for her and Armstrong, it was best if there was nothing going on.

I glanced over at the two of them, trying to steady my nerves. My subordinates were still here. I couldn't do anything demeaning.

If I was true to my heart, I would like to hug Margaret now. She must be feeling sad because of Angel's words, but what Angel said was not true. I should bring her back to the house to explain things to her and comfort her. Perhaps I should touch her body again and feel her scent from the inside out. My anxiety in the afternoon seemed to have turned into desire for Margaret at this moment. Just thinking about it made my body heat up.

But I was the Lycan King, so I couldn't do this. I couldn't let my subordinates think that I was a man who cared only about personal matters and not about business. They wouldn't support a King like that sincerely.

I couldn't even reprimand Angel to her face. Although her actions were clearly out of line, she was the commander of the assault team. Damn it, I did not know what tactics she used to become the commander of the team! The assault team was about to carry out an important mission. I could not reprimand their commander before that. It would obviously affect their morale. Moreover, I could not do anything about Angel before new people were sent.

However, Margaret was the only one who felt wronged.

"Angel!" I hissed as a warning.

Only then did I realize that Angel was still pressed against my side, holding my arm. I wanted to shake off her hand, but she pressed herself even closer to me. Angel was such a difficult woman. I quietly elbowed her. I heard her grunt before she finally took a few steps back. I really hoped that she knew that I already had a mate and that our past was long over.

"Aiya, Donald, you're so strong that you're hurting me," Angel said sweetly.

I glared at her coldly, knowing that she was pretending.

I really didn't understand how she became the commander of an assault team.

"Don't look at me like that. I miss you too."

Angel winked at me and gave what she thought was a sexy smile, but I only felt annoyed.

Before Margaret appeared, Angel did not have these exaggerated words and actions. Everything she was doing now was just to provoke Margaret in a situation that I could not talk about. Angel thought she was very smart, but she forgot that provoking the queen of the Lycan King was equivalent to provoking the Lycan King. She would not win anything other than my disgust.

But I discovered to my dismay that her goal had been fully realized with Margaret.

I turned to Margaret. Her head was bowed. I couldn't see her expression from my angle, but I saw her hand gripping the corner of her clothes, a small gesture she made when she was nervous. Angel's words and actions had undoubtedly affected her greatly, and my heart ached for her.

"I wish to return to my room. May I, noble Lycan King?" Margaret murmured.

She had never called me Lycan King! From the first day we met, she had started calling me Donald. It seemed to be natural. However, the unfamiliar way she addressed me now made me feel distant. She must be heartbroken. Why was I the one who hurt her like this? I had always wanted to protect her. A huge sense of helplessness rose in my heart.

I stood rooted to the ground, speechless.

Chapter 42: Reasonable and Legitimate Role _ 1

[Donald's Perspective]

I watched Margaret walk away and saw Angel smiling smugly beside me.

I'd seen the look in Margaret's eyes when she spoke. It wasn't filled with grief or anger, as I'd expected. It was unexpectedly calm. Although you could tell that there were turbulent undercurrents under that calm surface, you couldn't tell much about her emotions.

Defeated by that look, I nodded automatically.

Margaret didn't say anything more. She just turned and left. I noticed that Armstrong left with her.

It occurred to me that Margaret might not be as fragile as I'd thought. Before she met me, she'd been doing the best she could. I'd wanted to be her support, to keep her completely under my wing. But it wasn't as if she hadn't been through setbacks and storms. She might be stronger inside than I knew.

"Carry everything up. Put my luggage separately."

My thoughts were interrupted by Angel's voice beside me. I frowned at her.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm moving my luggage to my residence."

"I've already asked Elliot to arrange accommodation for you."

"That's their place, not mine," Angel said casually. "Elliot and I swapped rooms. I've asked him to take them there."

I looked around and realized that the assault team had left. Angel and I were the only ones left.

Finally, I didn't have to hide my emotions anymore. "What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"I'm the commander of the assault team. You dispatched the team. I'm here as a matter of course."

"How did you get into the assault team?"

"Sneaked in?" Angel laughed. "Don't underestimate me, Donald. I've always been the best fighter. Maybe you can try me. I won't be any worse than Elliot."

Angel leaned in again and said, "Elliot told me about the little she-wolf, but I don't care. How can she help you? She's just a worthless she-wolf. Donald, your mate should be me. I'm the one who's worthy of you."

Angel's breath was inches away. I took two steps back to keep my distance from her.

"That's none of your business," I said coldly. "I won't allow you to stay near me. Go back to where you belong."

Angel was embarrassed by my repeated rejections. She restrained her playful expression and looked at me with a complicated gaze.

I met her gaze with an unrelenting and authoritative look.

She should understand that this was not something to be discussed. We did not make promises to each other in the past. Even if we did, now that I have found my mate, everything in the past should be over.

"You never used to be so heartless, Donald." She sighed.

If possible, I didn't want to be so heartless to Angel. I felt that we parted ways amicably back then. However, if she kept pestering me and didn't know how to let go, I would have to treat her coldly.

"Margaret is already my mate, the future queen. You know what happens when you disrespect the queen. I won't hold you accountable today, but I won't allow this to happen again. It's not appropriate for you to be here. I'll send for a new commander of the assault team. Go back."

"Are you really not going to talk about friendship at all?"

"I'm already doing you a favor by not holding you accountable."

“Don’t be stupid, Donald. You need me now. I’ve already heard from Elliot about the current situation. I’m the only person you lack now. Moreover, this assault team can only be most effective under my direction.” Angel’s expression became serious.

I looked at her noncommittally.

I wasn’t going to back down on this. Right now, there was no way I was going to tolerate anyone or anything hurting Margaret.

“All right, all right. I won’t cause any more trouble for that little she-wolf of yours. Is that okay?” Angel threw up her hands. “But as the commander of the assault team, your security and protection is my responsibility. I have to be near you.”

“Let Elliot handle it.”

“My authority is above Elliot’s. He has no authority over me.”

“Is it above mine too?”

“Don’t be so imperious, Donald. I promised I won’t do anything.”

I looked at her suspiciously. To be honest, I didn’t trust her promise. If she didn’t have any ulterior motives, she wouldn’t have come here. She would be in trouble. I just wanted her away from here.

“Please. You know I’m the best person for the job right now. Everything in the past aside, what reason do you have for not letting me stay here? How are you going to explain this to the others?”

“You shouldn’t have come here.”

“But I’m already here.”

I felt a headache coming on because of this. I really couldn’t kick Angel out so easily. Her role and motive for coming here were reasonable and legitimate on the surface, even though I knew that wasn’t the case at all.

Chapter 43: The Innocent Girl Who Loved Him

[Margaret’s Perspective]

As I turned to leave, I tried my best to maintain my dignity. However, I thought that no matter what, my back view looked more like I was fleeing. I couldn’t help but repeatedly think about how compatible Donald was with that woman. In terms of appearance,

identity, and ability, she looked like an elite among the royal Lycans. I had no idea how I could measure up to her.

Angel said that she was Donald's girlfriend, but Donald did not deny it.

I didn't even dare to think about what kind of role I was playing in this. Had they loved each other that way before? Would Donald treat her the way he touched and kissed me?

I was clearly still doing the most intimate thing with Donald last night. We even woke up in the same bed in the morning and exchanged morning kisses. At that time, I still felt that we were the happiest couple. But why did everything seem different after a short day?

If they were once in love, but Donald announced to everyone that I was his mate in public, wouldn't this story be too familiar? Then what I did to Angel was no different from what Elizabeth once did to me. Would Donald hurt an innocent girl who loved him deeply the way Armstrong had hurt me?

I didn't want to speculate about Donald with such thoughts. I was sure he was a good person, but the uneasiness in my heart was difficult to restrain.

I stopped in front of our house and suddenly felt a little afraid as I walked in. There were lingering traces of me and Donald from this morning. The place was filled with the auras and memories that belonged to us. I didn't know how to face them.

"Are you OK?"

A male voice suddenly sounded in my ear. I jumped and realized that Armstrong was behind me.

"Why are you here?"

"Uh, actually, I've been following you since just now. To be precise, I've been here since I left your house."

"Ah, I'm sorry, Armstrong. I didn't notice," I replied awkwardly.

"It's okay. I saw that you weren't in a good state, so I followed you because I was afraid that something would happen to you. Now that you're safe in your room, I'm relieved."

"I'll be fine. I—"

I looked at Armstrong's burning eyes and suddenly stopped talking. We both knew why he was following me. These excuses were just a way of playing dumb. From the

moment he said those words in the office, it was impossible for us to be ordinary friends. I had promised him on the way just to whitewash the situation.

But then I wondered. If Donald and Angel had been a couple before, would Donald still be obsessed with his former girlfriend like Armstrong? I had been very reluctant to talk to Armstrong about anything between us, but at this moment, I was eager to know what Armstrong thought.

Armstrong said he was over it, but was he really? Did he seriously want to be with Elizabeth? I wanted to know the answers to these questions. Even though I knew that such an act would be like exploiting the other party's feelings and would be despicable, I had to hold on to something or I would go crazy.

"Armstrong."

"Huh?" Armstrong looked at me.

'Er, would you like to go for a walk?'

"The two of us?" Armstrong looked surprised.

"Yes, I'd like to take a walk. Would you like to accompany me?"

I suddenly understood why Elizabeth kept looking for Anthony. Such behavior was not good, but people needed emotional comfort when they were vulnerable.

"Of course. My pleasure."

With Armstrong around, we easily bypassed the guards and went to the forest where we used to go together. I really missed the fresh air of the forest. Since Donald arrived, I had to report to him every time I traveled. I never had a chance to come here again.

I stepped on the wet soil and breathed in the fragrance of the vegetation. I felt like the breath that had been stuck in my throat since I saw Angel had been let out.

"The two of us used to sneak out and date in the woods," Armstrong said.

I glanced at Armstrong. He was talking about our past. Was this what he missed? Could Donald be with Angel now, missing their past?

I was beginning to regret asking Armstrong out for a walk. It wasn't a good decision. I shouldn't have done such a thing. I loved Donald and I was willing to believe him.

Then what I should do now was to have a good chat with Donald and not seek comfort from my ex-boyfriend, especially when my ex-boyfriend was still in an ambiguous

relationship with my sister and my ex-boyfriend's Beta. I felt that my actions were extremely stupid.

And at such a critical time, it was not a wise decision for me and our pack's alpha to appear in the forest without any protection. There could be an attack at any time now, and it was not unreasonable for Donald to tell me to be more careful.

Chapter 44: Obscure Figures

[Margaret's Perspective]

I was indeed agitated by Angel's appearance just now and lost all my rationality. However, as an Alpha, Armstrong, who was responsible for the life and death of the entire pack, actually followed me out. He should know that it was impossible for us to get back together. What exactly did he want? I really couldn't understand him.

I looked at Armstrong's figure. He was just a few steps ahead of me. We were in the woods together, and he was waiting for me in front. He was right. This was very much how we used to be. Even the way he looked back at me was very similar.

But, stop!

We were not what we used to be. The wind, soil, and leaves here were no longer what they used to be as time passed. The so-called sameness was only artificially created, and this meant nothing.

"What's wrong with you?" Armstrong looked at me gently, just like before.

"I want to go back," I said, looking down. "We shouldn't have come out. I'm sorry, Armstrong."

Armstrong walked closer to me. In the moonlight, his eyes were handsome. The scene was so familiar that I almost remembered how obsessed I had been with him.

"I just wanted you to be happy. I thought it would give you happy memories."

Oh no, Armstrong must have deliberately used this tone. This was the tone I couldn't stand in the past. Every time he did this, it made me feel like he was willing to give me the entire world.

I looked away, not wanting to meet his gaze.

"If this doesn't make you happy, it's my fault and I apologize. Let me take you back."

Armstrong and I were very close. Under the moonlight in the dim forest, he must have sensed the ambiguous atmosphere, but being ambiguous with him was not what I wanted at all.

I took a few steps back and said, "Okay, let's go back."

I didn't wait for his reply. I headed back the way I'd come.

I heard his footsteps behind me. Coming out to relax hadn't solved anything, especially with Armstrong, and I was annoyed again at my stupidity. Talk about running away from shame being useful. The person who said it must be stupid. Running away was wrong in itself. It would only keep creating new problems.

Suddenly, I heard a rustling sound coming from the trees in front of me.

Someone was there!

I stopped in my tracks warily. Armstrong had obviously heard it too. He walked quickly to me and lightened his footsteps. He had the same vigilant expression as me. It was completely dark. Armstrong had already given the order repeatedly that no one should enter or leave the forest at will. *Who would appear here at this time?*

Armstrong and I looked at each other and held our breaths. We hid behind a large tree and stared in the direction of the sound.

This wasn't far from the center of the pack. Normally, the enemy wouldn't be able to get through the layers of patrol to get here. *Could it be a spy? Is there someone in the pack working with the enemy??* I felt my heart tighten as I thought of this possibility.

The rustling sound was getting closer and closer, and my nerves became more and more tense. Although I had always wanted to participate in the operation to protect the pack, I had never really been involved in a battle. Would the combat essentials that I learned in the morning come in handy? I subconsciously clenched my fists, but when I turned around, I saw Armstrong's cold expression.

If only it's Donald beside me now.

The thought came spontaneously to my mind. I was surprised by it.

Since when did the first person I thought of when I was in danger become Donald? I realized deeply that I really couldn't leave Donald.

There were obscure figures up ahead. I pushed the random thoughts out of my mind. This was not the time to be romantic.

I observed Armstrong's expression change from grim to suspicious. I also sensed that something was wrong. There were two people coming, and they had no intention of hiding their tracks. Whether they were enemies or secret agents did not make sense. I even vaguely saw a hint of pink between the branches. *Who would wear pink to the forest?*

I was wondering why this pink color looked so familiar when the figures in front of me became completely clear.

It was Elizabeth. And Anthony!

Why are the two of them in the forest at this time?

I looked at Armstrong and suddenly wasn't sure if we were stepping out from behind the tree. Armstrong, Elizabeth, and Anthony were too strange a combination. We seemed to have gone back to a year ago when the four of us went out together.

I saw Armstrong frown. He didn't look like he had anything else on his mind. After seeing them, he had no intention of hiding anything and stepped forward. I had no choice but to follow him and meet Anthony and Elizabeth's surprised gazes.

Chapter 45: A Leader Who Does As She Wants

[Donald's Perspective]

While Angel and I were confronting each other in the hall, Elliot returned.

Elliot had been with me the longest. He knew a lot about what was going on between Angel and me. Even though he was Angel's cousin, he never intervened or asked questions. He had always been the person I felt most at ease with.

"Your Majesty," Elliot said. "The assault team is all set up. They've begun their patrol as you ordered."

I nodded at Elliot, raised my head, and pointed at Angel. "Take her there too," I said. "Let her go to her place."

"He has no right to do that," interjected Angel.

She leaned seductively against Elliot and didn't think there was anything wrong with that.

Angel had always been one to do things her own way. She was smart, pretty, and rich. She always liked to have everything under control. I used to admire that about her. She was outstanding in battle and a good leader.

But when she tried to take control of me, too, I realized that we weren't compatible. We were both the kind of people who called the shots. She was more suited to being a subordinate than a lover. But Angel didn't realize that. She was always trying to subdue me and treat me like her prey. It made me uncomfortable.

"Those are my orders," I snarled.

I released my aura pressure on Angel, who paled. Her eyes were still defiant.

Aura suppression was a special ability that belonged solely to the Lycan King. It existed to protect the rule of the royal Lycans. This ability was not destructive in any way. It only produced a special pressure on werewolves and reduced their desire to fight. I rarely used this ability on people. I did not like to use power to force people to do things, but I felt that I needed to give Angel a warning.

As Lycan King, I would not allow anyone to challenge my authority. Angel should not think of trying to resist me or control me. All she had done was overestimated herself.

My wolf eyes glared at Angel. I was waiting for her to give in. She would. That was all she could do.

As I had expected, after she had stubbornly held my gaze for half an hour, she finally lowered her head and stumbled back. Elliot reached out to steady her on one side.

"Take your things back. Elliot will still be in charge of the old communications. Angel, you'll take over the patrol, but Elliot will be in charge of my personal security," I ordered.

"Yes, Your Majesty," Elliot replied.

I looked at Angel. She said slowly, "Got it, Donald."

"You should use honorifics with me," I pointed out sharply. I had to let Angel know that we were, and could only be, in a superior-subordinate relationship now. She had to give up all her ridiculous thoughts.

"Yes, Your Majesty," Angel replied reluctantly.

"And report all future patrol matters to Elliot. Don't report to me privately unless it's an emergency. Don't tell me he's not qualified. Elliot is my Beta. He's fully qualified."

Angel gave me an angry look and shook off Elliot's hand indignantly.

"Answer!"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Angel finally left with her luggage.

As I watched her go, I felt a surge of worry.

I knew Angel wouldn't give up. She was a determined Lycan warrior, and she always got what she wanted. I wasn't worried about what she would do to me. She would never get anything from me, but I was afraid of what she would do to Margaret.

As the leader of the assault team, Angel was much better at fighting than Margaret. She would have many opportunities to attack Margaret now that she was in charge of patrolling. I thought of Margaret's "noble Lycan King" again. Margaret was still angry with me. She still minded about Angel. And she had just gone out with Armstrong.

"Do you think I'm being too harsh on your cousin?"

I turned to Elliot, but he remained silent.

After a moment, Elliot said, "Actually, Angel didn't do anything wrong. She just likes you."

"She embarrassed Margaret in public!"

"I understand how you feel, Your Majesty." Elliot sighed. "I don't want to seem like I'm putting in a good word for her, but I think I can understand Angel. She has always been so arrogant."

I knew Elliot was right. In the end, I was the root of it all.

Angel was here because of me. Margaret was treated like that because of me.

"I shouldn't have asked you that." I waved my hand and said, "Go get Margaret."

At this moment, my emotions were mixed with anxiety, worry, anger, and a hint of jealousy.

I couldn't wait to find Margaret. I wanted to clear things up with her.

Chapter 46: Impassioned Imagination _ 1

[Margaret's Perspective]

"Why are you guys here?" Armstrong asked.

"Well, after the two of you left this afternoon, Elizabeth said she wanted to learn about actual combat in the forest. I thought we wouldn't encounter any danger just walking in the outskirts of the pack, so I brought her along," Anthony explained carefully.

“You want to learn about actual combat?” I asked. I clearly remembered Elizabeth’s expression that afternoon when she said she would not let us waste time training her again. Moreover, in the past, she had always preferred all-night gatherings in the Pack House to stepping into the forest.

“I want to do something for the pack, too,” Elizabeth said softly as she released Anthony’s hand.

I looked at Elizabeth in surprise. She had changed out of the sportswear she was complaining about this afternoon into the familiar “princess” outfit.

A short pink skirt with an exaggerated bow at the waist and an off-shoulder, elbow-sleeve white top that revealed her collarbones and slender shoulders that she was proud of. Her blouse was barely held together by her breasts, and she had a pair of stilettos that were clearly not suitable for combat.

I had to say that Elizabeth looked sexy in this outfit, but she was obviously more suited to being entangled in bed than fighting on forest land.

Armstrong was looking Elizabeth up and down with a frown. I knew that he must be thinking the same thing as me. If I had to fight someone in this outfit, I might as well throw my life away.

But they were mates. Would Armstrong be psychologically calm and not jealous at all when he saw Elizabeth like this with Anthony? Would he have the urge to possess Elizabeth?

I changed my target to Donald and tried to imagine what he would do. He might carry me back and throw me onto the bed. Then he would never allow me to take a step out of the house again. Such a thought actually fired me up. My body might love Donald more than I did.

“That’s too unsafe. You shouldn’t be here,” Armstrong said to Elizabeth and Anthony.

“And why are you all here?” Elizabeth asked.

“That’s none of your business,” Armstrong replied stiffly.

“Why did you come to the forest? Did something happen to the pack again? Did you leave this afternoon to come here? Armstrong, why didn’t you tell me anything? I’m your mate, the future Luna. I have a right to know everything that happens in the pack,” Elizabeth said, one sentence after another.

“It’s not like that, Elizabeth. I went back to see Donald this afternoon and…” I suddenly didn’t know how to explain what happened next. “Anyway, I’m going back now. Let Armstrong explain to you.”

I took a step back, wanting to walk away from the three of them. This was between them. I shouldn't get involved. What I wanted to resolve was my relationship with Donald and Angel. *Why does a third person have to come between two people who are obviously in a relationship?*

?I thought irritably.

"Wait," Armstrong said, turning his gaze to me. "Let Anthony take you back."

I looked at the three of them and nodded.

Well, letting Anthony leave with me might allow Armstrong and Elizabeth to communicate better. I really hoped the two of them would be fine.

On the way, I looked at Anthony, who was walking beside me. I was rarely alone with Anthony like this. More often than not, we had a noisy Elizabeth with us.

"Speaking of which," I began hesitantly.

"What?"

"Regarding Elizabeth, are you—" I couldn't finish.

"Am I what?" Anthony smiled at me. He did look a little good when he smiled. At least, he was no worse than Armstrong. It was understandable if Elizabeth was enticed by such a smile. I still remembered how much Anthony doted on Elizabeth. He never refused anything she asked.

"You like Elizabeth. But she already has a mate, and he's an Alpha," I said quickly.

"I don't know." Anthony winked. "But it looks like someone over there is looking for you."

He was avoiding the topic, but I couldn't really interrogate him.

I followed his gaze and saw Elliot. Donald must have sent him to find me. I was already used to Donald's extreme control over me. I walked over calmly and asked, "Where is Donald?"

"His Majesty is waiting for you in his room."

I walked away quickly. I wanted to ask Donald about Angel. I didn't want to be the bad guy here. At the same time, I would tell Donald about Armstrong. We shouldn't get tangled up in each other's past.

Chapter 47: The First Confession

[Donald's Perspective]

'I found Miss Margaret. She had already gone upstairs.'

As I sat on the bed, I received a message from Elliot via Mindlink.

I'd been waiting in the room for a while since Elliot and I parted ways. I'd watched Margaret and Armstrong leave together. They'd also come to the hall together. I didn't like the fact that Margaret smelled of other werewolves. We Lycans always wanted to possess our mates completely.

I heard footsteps outside the room. I opened the door before Margaret knocked.

I met Margaret's face. She looked at me calmly and passionately. I liked the way her eyes always sparkled every time she looked at me.

She looked so small. She was mine.

Without any words, we hugged each other and felt our deep mutual dependence and love for each other. Nothing seemed to need any explanation. We knew how we felt about each other as our auras mingled.

Werewolves were like that. Our sense of smell and bodies often knew better than our hearts and words who the right person was. And when we fell in love, we'd find everything else a burden. Nothing could influence how we felt about the right person.

I carried Margaret and propped her up in our bed.

Margaret's scent was pleasant, but in addition to the aura she exuded that made me crazy, I also smelled a few scents that didn't belong to her. There was Armstrong, Elizabeth, and Anthony.

What had Margaret been up to in the half-day since she left me? I wanted answers. But another urge welled up inside me. I wanted to erase all other auras even more.

She should only have my scent on her. That way, everyone who came into contact with her would know that she belonged to me just by smelling her scent. Margaret would smell like the Lycan King from now on. Everyone would know that they should retreat.

I looked at Margaret's flushed face and saw her lips opening and closing. She was breathing rhythmically.

I couldn't think of a reason why I shouldn't do this.

I captured those lips. She tasted as wonderful as ever. She was clearly shy, but she never refused any of my actions and tried to accommodate me every time. We exchanged saliva and breaths repeatedly until we had to separate.

“I really should have done just that,” I said in a low voice.

“What?” Margaret’s eyes were still sparkling at me. Her eyes were always lively. Whether she was happy, shy, angry, or disappointed, they were filled with all kinds of emotions. She was like a treasure.

“I should have kissed you like this in the hall.” My fingers touched her lips, and my other hand groped her body. If I could, I would occupy every inch of her.

“You should have done that.”

Margaret put both hands on my neck and kissed me again.

We expressed love lightly this time, touching and moving away, touching and separating again. It was like playing a game that we both enjoyed.

“I love you, Donald.”

“I love you too.”

That was the first time we confided in each other in a meaningful way.

I didn’t expect the first “I love you” to come out of Margaret’s mouth. She was protecting our relationship with such determination that for a moment I didn’t know how to express my tender affection for her. I was willing to make promises to her about our future.

However, no matter what we said, it didn’t seem to matter in this situation. She belonged to me, and at the same time, I belonged to her. Everything I had as Lycan King would also be hers in the future.

“Then shouldn’t you explain to me about the incident in the hall?”

Margaret stopped hugging me and rested her hands lightly on my arms for support.

I knew there was no escaping the question. I took Margaret’s hands that were on me and placed them around my waist, gesturing for her to hold on to me.

I carried her to the sofa and sat her down. I sat on the other side.

Now that we were face-to-face, if she kept clinging to me like she had just done, I really couldn’t guarantee that I would have the willpower to talk to her properly about this.

“Angel isn’t my girlfriend. She’s the leader of the assault team I deployed,” I explained. “But I didn’t call her over. I don’t know when she got into the team.”

“So why did she say she’s your girlfriend?”

“She’s my ex.” I sighed. “But we’ve been apart for a long time. Probably for several years. We’ve only been together for a few months. Our personalities aren’t compatible.”

I looked at the way Margaret was looking at me. I knew she wanted to know more.

“Do you really want to hear about what happened between Angel and me?”

Chapter 48: The Only One I’d Spent the Rest of My Life With

[Margaret’s Perspective]

When I heard Donald’s question, I instinctively shook my head and then nodded.

I didn’t want to hear about Donald’s past with another woman, but given the current situation with Angel right in front of me, I didn’t want to know nothing about her.

I saw Donald gazing at me. He must have seen the uneasiness and nervousness in me.

“We’re completely done. I’ll take control of the situation. I won’t give her the chance to do that to you.”

But that wasn’t what I cared about. I wasn’t saying that I didn’t care about Angel’s hostility towards me, but I wanted to know more about Donald’s attitude towards Angel.

“She seems to like you,” I said hesitantly.

“There are many people who like me, but you’re the only one for me.”

It felt bittersweet. From the day Donald and I became mates, or even before we became mates, I knew many people liked Donald. I couldn’t help but compare myself to everyone else, wondering if I was really worthy of Donald.

But Donald had given me such a promise more than once. He said that he liked me and only me. I didn’t know if this would always be true, but the beauty of this moment was so real.

“Will she be staying here?”

“I think so. Until I deploy new men.”

I felt uneasy about this, but I didn't say anything else. It wasn't that I didn't believe what Donald said to me, and I knew very well how Donald felt about me, but it was still difficult for me to feel at ease with such a beautiful and adoring Lycan warrior around me.

"Will you be unhappy about this?" Donald asked, grabbing my hand.

"I can't find any reason to be happy." I forced a smile. "But I understand." Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

"I don't want you to be unhappy. I won't let her come within your sight again, and I won't see her often. Is that okay?"

"I'm not trying to keep you from your work. I'll be fine, Donald."

"I will do it."

Donald kissed the back of my hand and said, "I have something to ask you too."

I looked at Donald and waited for him to speak.

"What's with you and your pack's Alpha?"

This question was not unexpected, but talking to Donald about my past with Armstrong still made me feel a little embarrassed. I avoided Donald's gaze and stared at the coffee table in front of the sofa.

"Uh, we're friends."

I felt Donald's gaze on me and had no choice but to say, "Before he and my sister became mates, he was my boyfriend."

"What happened then?" Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Donald frown.

"Just, uh, like I said, I used to date him, but he found his mate, my sister Elizabeth. So, uh, we broke up, and then I met you."

I saw Donald sitting there, obviously thinking about the relationship.

"What about Anthony?" he asked.

"Anthony? He's our pack's Beta."

"I see he spends a lot of time with you guys too. Some days, I smell him on you."

“I don’t have anything with him. He used to hang out with Elizabeth all the time, but it’s hard to say whether they have a real relationship. Now... Well, I don’t know.”

“That sounds odd.”

I couldn’t answer Donald. The relationship did sound a little messy, but I wasn’t the one who caused all this. Donald waved at me, and I obediently sat on him. He touched me from top to bottom, not with much desire, but more like he was comforting me.

“Armstrong always looks at you strangely. Does he still have... feelings for you?”

This brought up another embarrassing topic. Armstrong was indeed a bastard for what he had done to me, but he was also the Alpha of our pack and the mate of my sister. I couldn’t say that about him in front of Donald. It made me feel dishonorable.

“Uh, I don’t know.”

“What about you? Do you still have feelings for him?”

“I was once very sad because of him,” I said honestly. I looked Donald in the eye. “But now that I have you, everything he did to me was in the past. I no longer care about what happened before. You’re the only person I want to spend the rest of my life with now.”

“So things will be fine between us, right?”

Donald’s eyes were looking deeply into mine. I found it difficult to resist his gaze. I gently hooked my fingers around his and replied.

‘Yes, we’ll be fine.’

We kissed again naturally. We kissed so many times that night. I felt that my lips were a little red and swollen, but my body still felt that it was not enough. We removed the obstacles of the past and knew deep down that we only had each other in our hearts. This feeling of having each other completely was wonderful, even comparable to the ultimate climax.

Chapter 49: White and Soft Interior _ 1

[Donald’s Perspective]

When I gently placed Margaret on the bed again, I felt her entire body open up to me.

She was like a beautifully shaped shell that slowly stretched out to me, giving me her white and soft insides. My heart was tearing back and forth between the urge to crazily possess her and the emotions of infinite pity for her, but they all led to the same thing.

I lifted her top and pulled her loose sports shorts with my other hand. With a gentle tug, everything about her would appear in front of me without any concealment. I thought of the wonderful experience last night. She was letting me do what I wanted in bed and enduring my impact.

I suddenly changed my mind and let go of the hand at her waist. I reached straight for her lower body through her shorts and pressed against her soft spot.

Even through the two layers of fabric, I could feel my fingers getting a little wet from the insertion. She was already completely aroused. I followed her thigh, pushed aside the bit of fabric, and probed directly with my fingers. The slippery liquid stained my hand.

One, two. I tried to probe with more fingers, and she accepted them all. I rotated my fingers, bending and straightening them inside, watching Margaret's reaction. Her head was tilted back, her eyes closed. I saw her lips trying to close. I knew she was shy.

"You like that, don't you?" I was wickedly exploring the inside of her with my fingers repeatedly, squeezing any sensitive points she might have.

Margaret opened her eyes. Her amber eyes revealed a hint of confusion mixed with lust, like a child innocently pursuing pleasure. She was simply charming.

I felt my head explode. I could barely control my burgeoning desire. But I wanted more. I wanted to see more of her reaction because of me. Her body, her eyes, her moans. They should all belong to me alone.

I stuck my fingers out of her shorts and waved them in front of her eyes. They still had the sticky goo from her body. They looked particularly erotic.

"Look at the water flowing out of you."

I rubbed my fingers together. There was a faint sound of fluid, but I knew that we both heard it.

I saw Margaret's face turn even redder. I put my fingers in her mouth. She tilted her head, trying to struggle but to no avail. I held her down with my hand. She was my prey at this moment. My prey had never been able to escape from me. I swept my fingers into her mouth. My lower body was already pressed against the entrance below her. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

"Do you want it?"

I nudged her again with my lower body. Margaret's voice, muffled by my fingers, could only purr.

"Scream if you want me."

“Woo... Don... Woo.”

Margaret looked at me pleadingly, as if accusing me of being deliberately difficult.

I was about to lose it too, but I wanted more. I wanted Margaret to show more loveliness. I wanted her to please me in more ways than one, to try to have me. I moved my fingers from her mouth and pressed them against her chest, venting the desire I had to suppress repeatedly.

“Donald, woo, please, give it to me.”

Margaret pleaded with me.

“You’re begging me for what?”

I looked her in the eye and ran my hand over my lower body. I moved my body away from hers and pressed her for an answer.

“Please...”

Margaret was too embarrassed to speak.

She must not understand why I had become so evil today. Actually, I was not sure either. It might be because we had finally unraveled our past. It might be because our hearts had never been so close. It might be because there was no reason. I just wanted to do this and treat her this way. And I did.

I felt like my groin was about to explode. I didn’t have the patience to wait for Margaret to give me the answer I wanted.

“You want it, don’t you?” I asked, breathing hard.

Margaret nodded furiously. Her eyes were mesmerized as she looked at my thing. I felt an inexplicable surge of pride. My mate liked it. This low-level genital worship inevitably brought about physical pleasure.

I shoved it straight into Margaret’s mouth. Her mouth was so small that I was only halfway in before it was stuffed full. She grabbed the base of my organ with her hand, trying to prevent me from pushing further in. I looked down at her. She was indeed sucking very hard. Tears were even forced out of her eyes.

“Can’t eat anymore?” I touched her head with my hand, as if I was touching a small animal.

She looked at me helplessly. I didn't force myself anymore and stayed in that position inside her mouth. Even if it was only halfway in, my front end would still touch her throat. Her reflexive retraction was like giving me a massage.

That was the most sensitive part of the entire object. She adjusted her breathing rhythm according to my movements. When I probed in, her throat would open because of her breathing, and her subconscious reaction would wrap around me tightly in an instant. When I pulled it out, it was as if she was asking me to stay.

Chapter 50: Slender Beauty _ 1

[Margaret's Perspective] The most updated novels are published on
n(0)velbjn(.).c/o/m

Donald's sex organ was repeatedly inserted into my throat, causing me to retch.

This feeling was not physically comfortable, but when I saw Donald's intoxicated expression because of my body, I felt a strange sense of satisfaction. He was happy because of me, and I wanted to give him more happiness, because his happiness was my happiness.

I gripped the base of his sex organ with both hands and tried to find a more comfortable position.

I knew how big Donald's thing was. Last night, he was entering and exiting my body. But I had never observed it so close.

My nose was pressed against it, and Donald's breath filled my breath. I couldn't even hold it with one hand, and it took two hands to wrap around it. Such a thick weapon could actually reach into my body. I trembled at the thought, but I was also boiling with excitement.

I knew that my lower body must be a mess. I only hoped that Donald would end his torture of me and come into my body quickly. I needed him to satisfy me.

Donald finally took the thing out of my mouth. I took deep breaths. There were a few times when he tried to insert it and I thought I was going to suffocate. His thing was too big and full. I couldn't find any room to breathe.

I looked at him from the bottom up. He was still handsome. His facial features were extremely beautiful. Only his eyes were staring at me like a beast.

His sex organ was hanging down the side of my face. After all that time, it was still standing there stiffly. There was no sign of ejaculation. Donald's thing was the same as his people—tall and slender. It was beautifully shaped.

I pressed my face against it in a daze. It was still covered in saliva from my mouth and the liquid secreted from my lower end. It was sticky.

“Donald...” I murmured. I wanted him to enter my body and take me completely. I knew he wanted it too. But what I didn’t know was what he was waiting for.

“Tell me.”

“Say what?”

I looked at Donald. He had been teasing me with lust and refused to give it to me. What did he want to hear from me? Donald poked my face with the sex machine and said fiercely, “Say that you want it. Say that you want me to do you.”

“I... I want...” I still couldn’t say it. Donald wanted to hear me moan at him like a slut. I wanted him, but I had never said anything like that. I was forced to blush. I wanted to open my mouth several times, but I couldn’t. I could only look at him pleadingly.

“Say it, baby.” Donald leaned close to my face. I saw his affectionate eyes. His lower body was now pressed against my entrance again. “I want you too. I want to fuck you and kill you in bed so that you’ll always be mine. Tell me what you want me to do and we’ll both be happier.”

Donald’s voice seemed to have cast a spell on me. I followed his words and opened my mouth.

“Ah, Donald, do me, please, do me!”

He finally entered me as I wanted. For a moment, we both let out a satisfied sigh. Donald’s thing was hot and big. It filled my body, and every time he entered or left, my body trembled.

I was like a small boat on the sea. Donald’s movements were like endless waves, hitting me wave after wave. There was no end.

“Ah, Donald, do me! There... Ah... It’s so good. Ahhh!” I kept moaning.

“Is it enough? Is this enough?”

Donald grabbed my waist. I was almost pinned to his body. We were like two conjoined babies, tightly connected by one body part. I tried to look at him during the intense exercise. His shirt had been taken off at some point, revealing his muscular upper body. Because of the repeated undulations of his movements, a thin layer of sweat was on his body. It was also evaporating because of the constant heat.

His male hormones seemed to be even stronger now.

I tried to lift my body a little to get a better look at him. This was my mate, the most perfect man and the most honorable Lycan King. Together, we had the most perfect sex experience in the world. As if that wasn't enough, I had to lean closer to him, closer. We had to integrate into each other's bones and blood.

"What for?"

Donald didn't break his motion. He just held me down with one hand.

He was controlling me, I realized. But for the first time, I didn't feel bored by this control. It was as if we were supposed to be. We were one.

"I want to hold you."

I reached out my hands to Donald, but I could only place them on his arms.

"Let me hold you. I want to be closer to you."

Donald's expression changed because of my words. He stopped what he was doing and looked at me with a dark expression. I didn't know if it was my imagination, but I felt that the thing inside my body had grown bigger.