

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 51 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 51

Chapter 51: Unparalleled Experience _ 1

[Donald's Perspective]

I saw the loving look Margaret gave me. I felt like I was going to lose control completely over her.

“Okay, I'll let you hold me. Don't move,” I said hoarsely.

I put my hands on Margaret's hips and lifted her straight off the bed. I rolled over so that Margaret was sitting on top of me and pressed her head against my chest. I didn't leave her body the entire time. I felt her insides contract because of the change in position. It sucked at me like a greedy little mouth. It was awesome.

“Now, you can hold me.”

I placed my hand on the back of her head and stroked her soft hair. My lower body kept moving upward. This position allowed me to enter deeper. Her full buttocks were surrounded by the root of my organ, and her smooth skin was warm.

Every thrust of my body brought her high or low moans. I could feel her delicious breath on my chest. I wantonly kneaded the two pieces of buttocks under my hands, pulling them apart or pushing them together. If I looked down, I could see the different reactions on Margaret's face. I could not think of anything in the world that would make me happier at this moment.

“Do you like it? Do you like it like this?”

“Ah~ I like.”

“Like who?”

“Like you, Donald. Ah, Donald.”

I stabbed upwards even more fiercely. Margaret's body was wet and slippery inside. She was also constantly secreting fluid because of her emotions. Our entire intercourse areas were wet from all kinds of fluids. It was as if she was born to accommodate me. When I entered, there was no obstruction. When I left, she would ask me to stay.

Every time I thought I'd reached the end of her body, there was more honey in there for me to unearth the next time. She was like a treasure that would never dry up.

I tilted my head, wanting to kiss Margaret. She propped herself up a little, and I kissed her lips. She was as delicate as a blooming rose, and I didn't even dare to use too much strength, afraid that I would shatter her. Her body kept trembling because of our movements, and her lips kept rubbing against mine. I pressed her head down and focused on kissing her.

We looked at each other, love swirling in our eyes.

My fingers reached down to touch the part of her that I'd made love to. It was soft and smooth. I couldn't help circling and lingering there. Margaret struggled slightly, and I pressed her down hard.

"Why are you moving? Don't you like it?"

I felt her sucking harder inside and asked deliberately.

"I... Ah, it tickles."

"Tickles? Where?" My fingers pushed restlessly at the mating area. "In here?"

'Ah, don't, don't do that, Donald.'

Margaret looked scared. She looked really scared that I was going to put my fingers in it again. Although I felt that there was still room for negotiation, I gave up.

"Don't be afraid," I said, kissing her face. "I'll help you in other ways. You'll like it, okay?"

I saw the blank look on Margaret's face. I put my hands on her hips, lifted them a little, and coaxed, "Here, relax."

I felt Margaret obediently relax her grip and I released the hands that held her. I only rested them weakly on either side of her.

"Ah!" Margaret screamed and moaned. I felt her body pressed tightly against my abdomen from gravity. I went in deeper and felt better than before. I sat up with Margaret in my arms. It was easier for me to move. I kept lifting her and putting her down. Every time was an incomparable experience.

I heard her moans getting higher and her inside getting tighter. I kept speeding up my movements and kissed her face and her lips like a lunatic. I felt a tightening inside her and a warmth surged out. I pressed myself against the depths of her body and ejaculated.

Both of us were panting from the orgasm.

This was too damn satisfying.

I stroked Margaret's sweat-soaked hair lovingly and couldn't help kissing her.

'You were wonderful, darling. You were wonderful.'

Margaret lay back on her pillows. She looked at me sideways and smiled at me.

I lay on my side beside her and couldn't help but trace her body with my fingers to the place where I had just come in and out. Even though I had come so intensely just now, her area was still so smooth and soft and tight. It could clearly receive something so big, but now I could feel the extremely tight feeling even when I probed with just one finger.

"Do it again?"

I pressed my forehead against hers.

She pursed her lips and looked at me without answering. But I felt it getting wet and slippery under my fingers again. I knew it wasn't rejection. I could feel my guy starting to stir again.

Chapter 52: The Mighty Lycan King (1)

[Margaret's Perspective]

I could never refuse Donald.

It was like lightning striking the ground between mates. Just a small spark could ignite all the passion between us. We hugged each other in bed. Such a time, place, and atmosphere shouldn't have been interrupted by anything, but there was always something that dampened the mood.

"Knock, knock, knock." There were hurried knocks on the door.

"Your Majesty, something has happened," Elliot said from outside the door.

"What is it? If it's unimportant, we'll talk about it tomorrow," Donald replied angrily, but our kiss was interrupted. I let go of Donald and calmed my breathing.

From the moment I heard Elliot's voice, I knew that it was impossible for us to continue. Elliot wasn't someone who didn't know his limits. He knew that I was here. He wouldn't have bothered Donald on a night like this if it wasn't important.

"The Alpha and Luna of the Silver Moon Tribe have discovered a new attack in the forest."

"What?!" I exclaimed. "Elizabeth!"

Donald glanced at me, sat up, and said loudly, "I understand. I'll be right there."

I was already putting on my clothes. I didn't dare to imagine the terrifying consequences. Elizabeth didn't know how to fight at all. Once something happened, she couldn't protect herself at all. When Donald and I were in bed, Elizabeth was in danger. How could I be such a sister!

I felt a surge of guilt and endless worry. Armstrong and Elizabeth were together. Elizabeth should be fine. No matter what, Armstrong would protect her. They were Alpha and Luna of the pack. Nothing must happen to them!

"What are you doing?" Donald asked me with a frown.

"Didn't you hear? Elizabeth was attacked. Let's hurry over."

"I won't let you go to the forest at night."

"What?!" I looked at Donald in disbelief. At this time, he was still carrying out that damn overprotective order?

"Stay here. I'll go into the forest and see what happens. I'll bring your sister back to you."

"No!" I cried. "She's my sister. I have to come with you."

"There will be danger in the forest. You are safest here."

"Isn't it safe enough for me to be by your side?"

The two of us were already dressed and standing at the door, but we were still arguing over such a small matter of me going or not going. I was irritated by this. We shouldn't be standing here. We should be rushing to the forest as quickly as possible.

"Your Majesty, Lycan King, there's a message from Alpha Armstrong. He says there's something new and he wants you to go over as soon as possible," Elliot said from outside the door.

"Let me go, Donald. I can't be at ease staying here," I said anxiously.

Donald's eyes met mine, and I saw the light of compromise in them.

"You have to promise me that you'll follow me closely when we enter the forest. You're not allowed to leave my side."

"I promise not to leave you."

Finally, I saw Donald nod. He turned and opened the door. At the door was Elliot with a serious expression.

“Your Majesty, Lycan King, the message over there says—”

As they spoke, they were walking down the stairs in big strides. I hurriedly jogged after them.

“We’ll talk when we get there. Let’s hurry,” Donald said.

“Yes.” Elliot finally saw me following behind and said in surprise, “This... Is Miss Margaret coming along?”

“Yes.” Donald turned to look at me and said calmly, “Follow me later. If you’re afraid, you can hug my neck.”

For a moment, I didn’t understand what he was talking about.

The next moment, I saw Donald and Elliot transform at the same time. Two majestic wolves appeared in front of me. They were both more than three meters long. One of them had brownish-black fur and snow-white limbs. The other had silver fur. He was taller and more dignified than the other.

‘Come up.’

I heard Donald speak to me on Mindlink.

I tentatively stepped in front of the silver-gray wolf and touched his head. He shook his neck in frustration and opened his mouth to grab my shirt, throwing me straight onto his back. He did it so gently that it didn’t hurt.

Riding on Donald’s wolf, I saw the curious eyes of Elliot’s wolf.

Wolf did not like his head to be patted.

Donald explained it to me.

I had never ridden Wolf.

Wolf had never been ridden either.

“Actually, I can transform and follow you.”

I replied in embarrassment. It would be too eye-catching to let Donald carry me there.

You won’t be able to keep up. Hold on tight.

All I heard was a long howl. Then Donald, or rather Wolf, ran like the wind with me on his back. I instinctively wrapped my arms around Wolf's neck. The scenery flew past me. The biting wind cut my face like a knife. I had to bury my face in Wolf's thick fur.

I understood what Donald meant about me not being able to keep up.

The physical attributes of us ordinary werewolves were nothing compared to the royal Lycans. It took us only two or three minutes to reach the forest.

Chapter 53: The Attack That Didn't Succeed

[Margaret's Perspective]

I felt them slow down and finally stop.

I jumped off Wolf and saw the two of them in human form again.

"They're around here somewhere," Elliot said.

Donald nodded and took my hand.

Elliot confirmed the coordinates and led the way in one direction.

Soon we saw a group of people gathered in front of us. I saw Armstrong and Elizabeth in the crowd. I was about to run over when I felt Donald's hand holding mine tightly. I turned to look at him. He gave me a warning look. I had no choice but to give up. I looked up and down at Elizabeth. She looked fine.

Oh, thank the Moon Goddess! I realized on this night that there was no need for any of my previous disputes with Elizabeth to exist. In the face of life and death, everything else was trivial. Donald and I, and Elizabeth and Armstrong might be the best arrangement. The last of my ill feelings about our past dissipated.

"What happened?" Donald asked.

Only then did I see something on the ground through a gap in the crowd. The shape hinted at something. Oh my God, it was a corpse! Another attack had happened. It happened for two days in a row. Someone must be targeting our pack. I shuddered.

I wanted to poke my head forward to take a better look, but Donald was in front of me, blocking my vision. I could only hear Armstrong's voice.

"Luna and I found him in the forest, but he isn't from our patrol squad."

"Is he one of ours?" Donald asked.

“They’re not from our assault team,” a female voice said. “But the people on patrol tonight were also attacked. However, the other party didn’t succeed. Just now, my subordinates reported that they lost the attacker after chasing them to this area.”

I saw Donald frown. I recognized the voice. It was Angel.

I squeezed my way forward to see the situation clearly. This time, Donald didn’t stop me. I finally stood beside him.

There were probably three groups of people in front of him. Armstrong and Elizabeth stood on one side, along with Anthony and some people from the pack’s patrol.

Angel was standing on the other side with the assault team. It was obvious that they were the imperial Lycans. Their general build was slightly larger than Armstrong’s team. Behind them was the corpse, and a few people were squatting around, doing something.

Donald brought Elliot and me out to the front from the other side. I was standing close to Elizabeth. I saw that she didn’t dare to let go of Armstrong’s hand, but I wanted to retreat and stay away from the corpse.

I tugged at Donald’s hand and pointed in Elizabeth’s direction, gesturing for him to let go of me.

Donald glanced at me out of the corner of his eye but didn’t move.

“I’ll go over there to check on Elizabeth. It’s only a few steps away.” I softened my voice.

“You promise?”

“I promise.”

Armstrong heard us talking. He looked at Donald and me in surprise and said, “Anthony will be here to protect them, right?”

“Yes, Alpha,” Anthony replied.

“Let’s go and see what’s going on over there, Lycan King,” Armstrong said. Follow current novels on [n/o/\(v\)/3l/b\(\(in\).\(c/o/m\)](#)

Donald finally let go of my hand. There was still a reluctant look on his face. I smiled at him and stood on tiptoes to hug him.

I saw Angel’s ambiguous gaze on the other side and impulsively kissed Donald’s face again. I saw the expression on Donald’s face soften and said, “Don’t worry about me. Go.”

[Donald's Perspective]

Although Margaret was only a few meters away, I still felt uneasy without her by my side. I began to regret bringing her into the forest, but we had just gotten out of bed then. Something must have hindered my rationality.

She should have stayed in a safe place forever. Now that the Silver Moon Tribe wasn't even safe, maybe I shouldn't have followed her wishes and brought her straight back to my house instead.

"Donald, what do you think is going on?"

It was Angel's voice. I looked at her with a straight face. Of all the people here, there was only one person I allowed to call me by my first name, and that was Margaret. But Angel was the only one who dared to call me by my first name. She was always overconfident that she was different from everyone else.

I ignored her and turned my attention to the man squatting on the ground. A green light that appeared between his palms was slowly scanning the man lying on the ground, from his head to his feet.

"How's his condition?" I asked.

"It's hard to say. At the moment, there are no fatal injuries on his body. There are only a few slight scratches from the trees. The deepest wounds are those on his legs, but they couldn't have knocked him out."

Chapter 54: Unknown Unconscious Person

[Donald's Perspective]

I followed his finger and looked over. There were indeed two deep wounds on his leg, as if it had been cut by a sharp weapon. His flesh was turned over, but the bleeding had stopped.

Werewolves had very strong self-healing abilities. Not to mention the royal Lycans, even ordinary werewolves would recover from such injuries in two or three days. They wouldn't even leave any scars.

"Unconscious?" I realized he had said "knocked out".

"You mean he's not dead?" Elliot interjected.

“I can’t be sure.” The crouching man straightened up. His name was Benjamin, and he was the only therapist in our assault team.

He did not have the same powerful combat ability as the others, but he had a very special healing ability. The green energy between his palms could not only heal ordinary external injuries, but it could also detect where the body was injured and heal it. Benjamin was also proficient in pharmacology. He was the medical security of the entire assault team.

“I checked his body from the inside out twice. Other than the external injuries, I didn’t find anything abnormal. His body isn’t very strong, but his breathing and pulse are normal. Therefore, my judgment is that he’s not dead, only unconscious. Moreover, his internal organs are failing. I suspect that he’s exhausted.”

This judgment was unexpected for all of us. I turned back to Armstrong and asked, “Are you sure this isn’t someone from your patrol squad?”

“I’m sure,” Armstrong said in a low voice. “Elizabeth and I were the first to get here. We came when we heard an unusual noise. He was lying here when I first saw him. I was careful not to get too close and just observed from a distance. I didn’t approach him until I called Anthony over. Anthony knows everyone on the patrol. He confirmed that he wasn’t an insider.”

“Could it be a resident of the pack who stumbled in?” Elliot asked.

Armstrong shook his head and said, “I’ve given strict orders not to enter the forest. I’ve also placed guards at the entrance. It’s a distance from here to the Pack House where the residents live. It’s difficult for ordinary people to get here. And so far, no one has reported anyone missing from their house. I think it’s unlikely that he’s a pack resident.

In fact, I’ve just sent someone to ask around in the name of household registration. I don’t want to cause panic in the pack for no reason, but so far, there’s no news,” Armstrong added.

I looked at Armstrong with approval. He had done his duty as an Alpha very well. If we excluded the people from the Silver Moon Tribe, then...

I had to turn my gaze to Angel and say, “Did you just say that the assault team was attacked and that your team chased the attacker all the way here?”

“Yes.”

“What kind of attack was it?”

“I only came here because I got the news. I’m not on duty today.” Angel glanced at me and made room. “This is Karl.”

“I saw a silver flash. The other party moved very quickly. I didn’t see where he came from and immediately made a defensive move. The other party retreated quickly after failing to hit me. I followed his aura and chased after him, but he seemed to have something on him that blocked the smell. I didn’t chase him very smoothly. It was off and on until I lost track of his scent,” Karl said.

“And?” Elliot asked.

“I sent a message to the commander before I tracked him,” Karl said. “Then the commander told me to wait for her where we lost him.”

“I exchanged Mindlinks with Alpha earlier. He informed me as soon as he found this person. I was almost in the forest by then. I felt that something was wrong and was worried that someone needed to be treated, so I notified Benjamin to come over,” Angel continued.

The sequence of the day’s events was clear. The only thing that was unclear was who this unconscious person was. If he wasn’t from the Silver Moon Tribe and wasn’t one of us, then this person’s identity was very suspicious.

“Did you check him out?” Elliot said.

“I checked him out myself. He doesn’t have anything on him,” Angel replied. “Karl also confirmed that this person doesn’t have the aura of an attacker.”

“That doesn’t rule out the possibility that he’s the attacker,” I said. “Right now, he’s the only suspicious person. For all we know, he could be the key to unlocking the mystery of these attacks.”

“So what do we do with him now?” Elliot asked.

“Take him back first.” I glanced at the person on the ground and ordered them, one by one, “Elliot, take Margaret and the others back. You have to keep them safe.”

I felt the assessing gaze from Angel and continued without changing my expression, “Angel, take your men back and reorganize the patrol. Be prepared for similar attacks. If it happens again, I hope you can apprehend the attackers.”

Finally, I turned to look at Armstrong. “Alpha, I think we need to discuss the current situation again.”

Chapter 55: Annoying Words

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I put my arm around Elizabeth and kept stroking her back. I could feel she was still trembling.

“Don’t be afraid. It’ll be fine.”

She was still wearing the outfit—the short pink skirt and a white off-the-shoulder top. But she didn’t look as calm as she did when we met earlier. Her wide eyes, fluttering eyelashes, and pale face showed that she was shaken.

“What’s wrong? What happened to you two?”

After seeing that Elizabeth was fine, I wanted to know what had happened.

Donald and the others were whispering to each other. But I knew that Donald wouldn’t be willing to tell me when we went back.

He always wanted to isolate all dangerous things from me. He wanted nothing more than to find a plastic cover and lock me up seamlessly. This possessiveness always made me painful and somewhat sweet. I didn’t want to accept his protection, but I was powerless to resist. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

“I don’t know, I don’t know...” Elizabeth murmured. “I thought that wasn’t true. I didn’t think there would be an attack. I shouldn’t have come to the forest. I shouldn’t have come here.”

I had to keep stroking her blond hair, knowing she couldn’t say much more.

It wasn’t the first day I’d met Elizabeth. We’d shared a womb. I knew Elizabeth’s character well. She’d always lived in a world of her own imagination. She’d never cared about the people and things around her, only everything related to herself.

However, there were still many people who loved her and were willing to work for her in her world. She felt entitled to all of this.

But reality was cruel. Tonight had undoubtedly shattered the world of her imagination. There were beautiful dresses, jealousies, and possibly an eyesore, Selina. But there was definitely no blood or assassination. Her fairy world did not have such a bloody existence.

My shoulder was a little sore from holding Elizabeth like this. She hung most of her body on me, but she was a few centimeters taller than me. I really couldn’t hold on. When Anthony saw me like this, he took Elizabeth very smoothly. I rubbed my shoulder and mouthed thank you to him.

I looked inquiringly at Anthony, wondering if he knew more.

Anthony shook his head. "I only came here because I received an order from the Alpha. I didn't come much earlier than you. All I could confirm was that he wasn't one of us."

I sighed and sat down on a rock. I realized that my body was aching.

For the entire night, from parting on bad terms with Donald to walking in the forest with Armstrong, to crazily lingering in bed with Donald, and then running into the forest late at night, he felt extremely tired both physically and psychologically. Fortunately, Elizabeth was fine, so it was worth it to run out so late.

I yawned unconsciously. The cool night wind blew over me, and I couldn't help but button my jacket tightly. Donald had buttoned this jacket for me before he left.

I missed the scene of us being infatuated with each other in bed an hour ago. The warm bed and the warm Donald.

I recalled riding Donald's wolf when I came over. His long, thick wolf fur shone with a beautiful silver luster. It was blown by the wind and hugged me tightly, bringing me warmth.

I turned my gaze to their small circle of people discussing things. I couldn't help but fix my gaze on Angel. This woman really made me uncomfortable. Even though Donald said that there was nothing between them, I still felt that her existence was an eyesore. I thought that this might be jealousy, unreasonable jealousy.

"She's beautiful," Elizabeth said, leaning closer, looking as if she had recovered a little.

I glanced at Anthony. I really didn't know what special magic he had. With Elizabeth by his side, all kinds of emotions could change for the better quickly.

"Do you know her?" Elizabeth asked.

"I guess," I said vaguely.

"Isn't she too close to the Lycan king?" Elizabeth asked with a frown. She was always frighteningly perceptive when it came to such things.

"She's a royal Lycan. She's the head of Donald's Lycan assault team," I explained. I didn't like Elizabeth interfering in my business with Donald.

"Are you sure you won't worry about that? That's the Lycan King we're talking about. I bet she's trying to climb into bed with him. You're completely uncompetitive compared to her."

Elizabeth studied my outfit and said, "You should at least dress up more."

I bristled at her words. Most of the time, I couldn't tell if Elizabeth meant me any harm when she spoke.

There was no denying that her words were often the truth, but they always made me feel as if I had swallowed a nail. Moreover, she never spoke to others like this, at least not to Anthony and Armstrong.

Chapter 56: Embarrassment of Public Accusation

[Margaret's Perspective]

"That's none of your business," I retorted.

"I'm concerned about you." Elizabeth stood up and looked down at me. "You should be guarding your own gate, not waiting for someone to pry it open."

I had to say that after Elizabeth returned to her normal state, it was even more of a headache.

I waved my hand, not wanting to continue this conversation with her.

Elizabeth snorted and stood up to walk over to Anthony's side again. I saw the people on Donald's side disperse a little and Elliot walked in our direction. I guessed they were done talking. I stood up and dusted myself off, expecting Elliot to tell me something about what had happened.

"His Majesty asked me to send you back first," Elliot said.

I felt a little disappointed by this and asked, "Isn't he coming back with us?"

"His Majesty has business to attend to," Elliot replied.

Elizabeth heard the commotion on our side. She leaned over and said, "Are we going back?"

"Yes. Alpha also said to go back with you."

Elizabeth didn't look concerned about whether or not Armstrong was going back. She looked very happy. "Finally. Let's go."

"Wait." I looked at Elliot and said, "Let me talk to Donald before you leave, okay?"
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Elliot hesitated, then nodded. "Then I'll take you there."

I followed Elliot and quickly walked a few short meters. Actually, I didn't know what I wanted to say to Donald. For a moment, I felt that I shouldn't leave like this. I wanted to at least say something to him.

As I approached Donald, I finally got a good look at the man lying on the ground tonight.

Anthony said that he wasn't from our pack, but he didn't look like a royal Lycan either. He wasn't as tall as the people Donald had brought.

Donald was directing someone to lift him up. There were no obvious injuries on his body, and there was no blood. I noticed that his face was faintly pale, and because he had been lifted, his clothes had slipped off. There were a few needle marks on his exposed forearm, but they were quickly covered as he was being moved.

I was about to take a closer look when Donald saw me.

I was about to speak when he glared at Elliot with a very displeased expression and said, "I told you to bring her back. Why did you bring her here?"

"I..." I was about to say something when Donald interrupted me.

"I didn't ask you to speak. What about what you promised me? You have to listen to my arrangements when you come out. Who allowed you to take matters into your own hands?"

Donald was standing beside Armstrong and Angel. I felt extremely embarrassed to be criticized by him in public.

I just wanted to come over and see him. I didn't do anything wrong. I'd also kept my promise to him and was paying attention to my own safety. I didn't go anywhere just now. What right did Donald have to say that about me? What did he think I was?

"I just want to see how you are doing." I forced myself to finish the sentence. I didn't want to appear undignified in front of others.

"I'm fine. Go back with Elliot now. Immediately," Donald ordered angrily.

I felt choked up.

I stared at Donald. His gray-green eyes were not as warm as before, but completely cold, like an emotionless emperor. As long as I disobeyed him, I could only endure his anger.

"Elliot, didn't you hear me?"

“Yes, Your Majesty,” Elliot replied respectfully. He turned to me and said, “Miss Margaret, let’s go.”

I turned my head and tried to hold back the tears that were about to fall.

I had suffered a lot since I was young, but I didn’t cry often. Most of the time, I endured the pain myself. But ever since I got together with Donald, I felt that I had become softer and even more fragile.

If Donald had given me something that I didn’t care about in the past, I would feel twice as aggrieved and sad now. I wouldn’t even be able to control my tears.

I didn’t want to be weak. I preferred to believe it was the power of love, because at the same time, it made me stronger when faced with other things.

There wouldn’t be anyone in this world whose every move would affect my emotions so much, except for Donald.

I headed in the other direction without looking back.

I wasn’t being spiteful. I just felt that I couldn’t hold it in anymore, but I didn’t want anyone to see my tears. I needed to be alone to calm down, even if it was just for a minute or two.

Chapter 57: Untrappable Prey

[Margaret’s Perspective]

“What are you doing?” There was a sudden clap of thunder in my ear. I wiped the corners of my eyes in embarrassment. Why did it always have to be like this, facing my lover in such a sorry state? It was obvious that if I was given another 10 seconds, I could have controlled my emotions and pretend that nothing had happened. Then I would calmly follow Elliot back.

But Donald had already grabbed my hand. I tried to struggle, but Donald flipped his hand and pressed me against a tree. I had no choice but to meet his gaze.

At first, I saw the anger spewing out of Donald’s eyes. Perhaps there was also worry. Then, surprise flashed in his eyes, and the pressure on me weakened. I thought he must have seen my red eyes. I really didn’t want to look so weak in front of him, but this wasn’t something I could control.

“What are you doing?” Donald asked.

“Nothing,” I replied gloomily.

“Margaret, I don’t like it when you don’t tell me something.”

I saw his handsome brows furrow.

“I don’t like it either,” I replied.

“What?”

“I don’t like it when you don’t tell me something either.” I used my hands to grip the tree trunk behind me. I always wanted to grab something when I was nervous.

“I’m protecting you.”

“Yeah.”

I knew that we didn’t make sense to each other on this point. I made a low sound in agreement.

“What time is it? You’re still running around alone.”

Donald used his hand to push away a strand of hair in front of my eyes and tucked it behind my ear. His actions were very gentle. I didn’t know why, but my tears wanted to fall again. Perhaps people were like this. They could not give in to any power, but it was easy to give in because of a little gentleness. In the small world that I shared with Donald, I felt once again that our hearts were close together.

“I don’t like you talking to me like that,” I muttered.

Donald’s fingers touched my lips. He wanted me to shut up. He was trying to control me again.

I tilted my head and opened my mouth to bite his finger. He didn’t dodge. He just stared at me steadily. I exerted a little force and sucked his finger with my sharp canine teeth like a small animal.

“We’ll talk about this when we get back. Now, go back with Elliot.”

I nodded and looked at him from the bottom up.

I heard his breathing becoming a little rapid. I deliberately circled his fingers in my mouth with my tongue. I wanted to tempt him. In front of Angel, I liked to see him lose control over me. I felt like a hunter at this moment, waiting for the most handsome, gorgeous, and impossible prey in the world to take the bait.

I deliberately raised my neck and showed my vulnerable throat to Donald. It was a gesture of submission. Now, I was both Donald's prey and the hunter. There was no difference between capture and being captured.

Unsurprisingly, I saw Donald leaning close to me. His hands were around my neck, giving me a slight feeling of suffocation. I had to tilt my head back again to keep breathing.

His fingers were already out of my mouth, and he drew a lewd line of water across his lips. In the next moment, his lips were on mine. He always tasted so good. I wrapped my arms around his neck and hooked one leg around Donald's waist.

Here, in this forest where danger could happen at any moment, in this second, I let Donald briefly forget his identity and responsibility as a Lycan king and do ridiculous things with me. This little madness excited me. He was mine. No matter who came here, no matter where, Donald was mine. No one could take him away.

The kiss didn't last long, but it satisfied me.

My heart, which had been constantly worried about him, was filled with this kiss. Perhaps this was why I had come to him. When Donald and I separated, his eyes were as calm as ever. Our clothes were not ruffled at all. He took my hand and walked around the big tree to hide. Angel, Elliot, and a bunch of royal Lycans I didn't know were still waiting there.

I looked at them calmly and met Angel's scrutinizing gaze without avoiding it. I smiled at her. I saw surprise on her face and then she immediately gave me a beautiful smile as well. It was the same smile she had given me when we first met. It was the superior smile of someone who belonged to the elite.

She was trying to tell me that she had never seen me as her opponent. But she had already lost such a provocation because Donald was mine.

What she didn't know was that she couldn't be my match now. The only people who could stop me from being with Donald were ourselves, but we had already decided that we appreciated each other, so such a thing would never happen.

Chapter 58: Glimpsed Feelings _ 1

[Margaret's Perspective]

On the way back, because Elizabeth was unwilling to transform into a wolf, we had to walk. This was much slower than when we came. Elizabeth was unfamiliar with Elliot and was reserved and aloof.

However, she could not hold herself back. Soon she walked to the front with Anthony. The two of them were chatting about something.

Elliot and I, who were left behind, were a little silent.

Thinking back to what happened with Donald in the forest just now, I felt a little shy. On impulse, I felt stimulated by Angel beside me. I did it without thinking.

Now that I thought about it, I was very much like the kind of werewolf who couldn't live without her mate. She had to ask for a kiss at the first sign of separation. Damn, I didn't want to give people the impression that I was clingy. I wondered if Elliot had seen it, and if he had, how much he had seen.

I looked down at the road and wondered if I should start a conversation. The silence was too awkward.

"Did Miss Margaret want to ask about Angel?"

I didn't expect Elliot to speak first. And he was talking about Angel.

I turned my gaze to him and hesitated. Although I had no intention of asking Elliot about Donald's past, Donald had not told me much about Angel. I believed in our relationship, but if I could know more, should I reject this opportunity?

Elliot misunderstood my pause and explained with a smile, "His Majesty doesn't want this to bother you unduly. His Majesty won't be angry if I can do something for both of you."

Although this was not my concern, since Elliot had said so, I simply nodded and let him continue.

"Angel is also my cousin," Elliot said. "She has always been competitive and talented since she was a child. Even among the royal Lycans, she is a very good warrior."

I can already tell that from the surface, I thought.

"Our family and His Majesty's royal family have always been on good terms. We can trace our relationship back several generations. I grew up with His Majesty, and Angel often followed us. It's also because of this that we're more familiar with each other. Angel isn't too restrained by royal etiquette, so she treats His Majesty more casually."

She had a good family background, outstanding abilities, and amazing looks. I looked at Elliot with a complicated expression. Was he trying to comfort me and make me less troubled, or was he trying to make me give up? This was all because Angel was stronger than me.

Elliot interpreted my look perfectly this time. He smiled at me awkwardly and said, “I’m not trying to say that Angel is outstanding in many ways. It’s just that Angel grew up in such an environment. She’s used to being the best in everything.

She will always pursue the best in everything—from her clothes, food, accommodation, and achievements to her partner. And because she rarely experiences loss, she tends to be more persistent in what she pursues.”

“That’s similar to Elizabeth.” I turned my gaze to Anthony and Elizabeth. “My sister is the same. We can’t compare to the royal family here, but she always gets the best.”

“So you don’t have to care too much about Angel and His Majesty. She’s just used to plundering. She’s not bad by nature. When she meets her mate, she’ll understand. And I can tell that His Majesty’s feelings for you are sincere,” Elliot said softly.

I looked at Elliot and suddenly felt like I was meeting this man for the first time.

“So, after all this talk, are you still speaking for Angel?”

Dimly, I thought I glimpsed a little of Elliot’s feelings.

“I don’t want you to be troubled by this. If you are troubled, His Majesty will be troubled.” Elliot avoided my gaze.

I nodded and didn’t pursue it. I looked through Elliot and saw the edge of the forest. We were already walking out. Once we were out of the forest, we would be in a safe area.

I actually considered staying with Elizabeth tonight, but looking at Elizabeth and Anthony along the way, I felt that it might be unnecessary for me to go back and stay with her.

In the end, it was Anthony who sent Elizabeth back to our family home. I wanted to go back to my residence myself, but Elliot insisted on sending me to the door of Donald’s room.

“Miss Margaret, don’t go out again tonight,” Elliot told me from the doorway.

“Will Donald be back tonight?” I asked.

“If he’s finished, he’ll be back. You’d better get some sleep and not wait for His Majesty,” Elliot advised.

Although saying this was no different from not saying it, an attack was a big deal for the pack. Previously, when I was still with Armstrong, if anything happened to the pack, Armstrong would be busy all night. I would sometimes accompany him in the office to

deal with it. At that time, I was very aware of my abilities in this aspect, but Donald clearly did not give me room to use these abilities.

I sighed again at the thought.

Chapter 59: Regular Knocks on the Door _ 1

[Margaret's Perspective]

I lay on the bed alone and breathed in the lingering scent of Donald on the blanket.

We had left in a hurry, and no one had come to clean up yet. The sheets and quilts were covered with the dried stains of our lovemaking.

I removed the sheets and resigned myself to cleaning. Since Donald didn't need me to help him with the pack, I could at least do something useful in life. Although I usually had someone to help me clean, it was so late now. I still hoped that if Donald came back, he would have a more comfortable place to live.

I was busy in the house when I heard a knock on the door.

The sounds were very regular. At first, it was three times in a reserved manner. I thought I had heard wrongly and didn't pay attention. After a while, it was the same three times in a reserved manner. The intervals were about the same as before. Now I was sure that someone was knocking on the door, but I was guarded.

Who would knock on my door at this time of night, just after the attack?? I thought.

But this was the place Donald had arranged for me to stay. If he could make me feel at ease living here, it must be safe. I looked out through the peephole. The corridor was empty. Puzzled, I opened the door and looked out. There was no one on either side.

Could I have misheard?

But it was so quiet at night, and there were definitely knocks on the door just now. Twice.

I was about to close the door when I felt a hand wrap around me from behind. I instinctively slapped behind me and was about to block.

However, I felt a chill on my neck. From the corner of my eye, I saw a slender arm with a sharp blade pressing against my throat.

Who is it!

Various thoughts ran through my mind. *Are these sneak attackers? How did they get past the layers of guards to get here?*

However, this was the center of the pack. There would definitely be people sent by Donald to patrol the area. There would also be people from Armstrong's defense outside. As long as I shouted, someone would definitely hear me and come up to save me.

"If I were you, I wouldn't call out," a voice behind me said hoarsely. For a moment, it was impossible to tell if it was a man or a woman.

I felt the blade on my neck come a few inches closer. I had to lean back, almost touching my captor.

The other party shook his head impatiently. I felt as if my hair had touched his face. He was not much taller than me, and his shoulders were not wide. He was not big! I tried my best to sense the other party by touch, wanting to find a way out by myself.

"Close the door and come in."

I had to comply with his order and walked into the room with him. I felt extremely aggrieved. I was kidnapped the moment I returned. I thought, *I might as well stay in the forest with Donald. Look at the situation now. This is the place that Donald thought I would be absolutely safe!*

"What are you doing?" I tried to negotiate with the other party. "This place is heavily guarded. You can't take me out. Leave now and I'll pretend nothing happened."

"Hmph." I heard a snort, but the pressure on my neck suddenly relaxed.

I didn't hesitate. I followed the other party's arm and wanted to use my strength to flip him over. I wanted to capture him and escort him to Donald! However, the other party was already prepared. I suddenly exerted my strength but couldn't pull him away. He pulled me back and hit me in the stomach with an elbow. I retreated in pain and fell onto the bed.

However, the other party did not pursue me. He just stood there and looked at me.

I endured the pain and looked up. There were still tears in my eyes.

The first thing I saw was a slender uniform that accentuated his slender and smooth body. He was indeed not the very big-sized type, and he did not look strong enough, but I knew what kind of power was hidden under that elbow strike just now. He was definitely not as weak as he looked.

I finally saw the other party's face. It was someone I had not expected!

How could it be her!

What is she doing here!

Why did she press a knife against my neck just now!

I stared at the person in shock, my hand still on my stomach.

“How useless,” Angel said coldly. “Why would Donald choose someone like you as his mate?”

“Is that what you wanted to tell me?” I couldn’t understand Angel’s thoughts. What good would it do for her to come to the door of my room in the middle of the night and beat me up? To prove that she was better at fighting than me? Or did she think that she could show off to Donald? I thought she was a smart person. Why would she do such a thing?

“I just wanted to talk to you and test your skills. You’re weaker than I thought.” Angel was honest. Perhaps she felt that there was no need to lie to a small fry like me.

I exhaled, feeling helpless.

Chapter 60: Superior Logic _ 1

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I admitted that I couldn’t beat her now. She was the commander of the assault team. I didn’t need to fight her to know that she was far stronger than me. But this situation wouldn’t last forever. I would learn and improve. One day, I would be like her, or even stronger. But I didn’t need to explain these things to her. I didn’t do things to prove myself to her. I just wanted to do better.

Angel looked around my and Donald’s room. She kept frowning and her gaze was sharp, as if she was the master of the place. Her gaze made me uncomfortable. I tried to contact Donald or Elliot with my mind. I couldn’t get her out of here, but one of them could.

“You guys just got out of bed, right?”

I didn’t expect Angel to talk to me about this.

“I can smell Donald on you. After all, I’m very familiar with his scent,” Angel said meaningfully.

“Donald must have told you about what happened between us. There was a small misunderstanding between us, but we’ll resolve it.”

I tried the Mindlink connection and failed. I hadn't fully developed this feature yet. I guessed that it probably had something like a control switch that allowed you to selectively receive information. From Donald's use of it, he could even set different permissions for different people or transmit messages to multiple people at once, but I obviously couldn't do it yet.

It seemed that I could only rely on myself to deal with Angel.

"What exactly are you trying to say?"

I rose from the bed and met her eyes.

"You're just a lowly race. All you can offer is the benign value that any female wolf or even a beast can provide. You can be replaced by anyone at any time. And I can do more for him. He'll find that he can't leave me. Then he'll know who can stay by his side."

Angel said arrogantly.

"Then what's so great about you? You think you're high and mighty, but you're just relying on your background."

I quickly retorted. Angel's words annoyed me. I really couldn't understand her superior logic. Donald should be the most noble among them, but I had never seen Donald treat anyone like an ant.

Although Donald was strong and autocratic at times, he was Lycan King. Everyone needed his decisions. He always respected everyone around him, no matter their status.

"Yeah. Some people are born in Rome, like me. And some people never get to Rome in their lives. The most she deserves is to touch a Roman's toes and then slink away. Like you."

In the past, such humiliation and provocation would have made me feel inferior. But now, it could only stimulate my anger.

"Your idea is ridiculous! You can try and see if Donald will be yours," I retorted.

"Hahaha, you're so weak. Even if I fight you with one hand, you can't defeat me. What right do you have to stand beside Donald?" Angel flipped her long golden hair, which was exactly the same color as Donald's.

My anger burned hotter and hotter inside me, until I couldn't contain it anymore. Admittedly, she was very powerful. But was power everything? The greater the power,

the greater the responsibility. Those who had power should protect the weak and care for the world with compassion, not use power to bully those who were inferior to them.

“I’ll be strong. But I’ll never be like you, looking down on people.”

“Oh, really?” Angel leaned closer to me playfully. “You don’t even know what happened to your pack. You can’t even protect your own pack, but you’re here saying that you’ll become stronger. You’re just a parasite living under Donald’s protection. Without him, you’re nothing.”

I clenched my fists. I wanted to protect my pack too, but I couldn’t do anything without Donald’s permission.

“Or shall I give you a chance so you can prove it to me?” Angel’s breath was like a viper’s whisper in my ear.

“If you don’t dare, then what you said just now was all about putting on a brave front. You might as well admit that you’re a useless piece of trash who can’t do anything. You can only rely on climbing up Donald to touch the toes of the Romans.”

“I can do it!” I knew this was a trap, but I still stepped into it. I couldn’t accept anyone saying that about me. Donald and I were meant to be partners. I wouldn’t be his burden and vassal.

“Sure. This is the patrol team’s token. Do you dare go?”

Angel took a token from her pocket and waved it at me.

The moonlight was bright and clear. It flowed into my room like water from the window, illuminating Angel’s smiling face. I knew that there was evil intent hidden underneath. But at this moment, I had no choice.

My gaze focused on Angel’s outstretched hand. Her hand was very white and beautiful. I took the token with a slight tremble. I felt like I was taking the tempting and sinful apple from the Viper’s hand. At that moment, I heard something land. It was very soft. I didn’t care.

‘I dare,’ I replied.

“We’ll see.” Angel smiled and left my room.