

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 61 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 61

Chapter 61: Method of Complete Control

[Donald's Perspective]

This wasn't the first time I was in Armstrong's office, but we usually had a lot of people here to discuss matters. This was the first time we were alone.

Armstrong sat back down at his table, a little exhausted, but he poured me a glass of water.

The recent chain of events had been a major blow to him and his pack, and we both knew that this was only the beginning. There were no casualties tonight, but what would happen next? When would this end? I knew the questions weighed heavily on our minds, but we couldn't back down because everyone's safety depended on us.

"What did His Majesty want to tell me?" Armstrong said.

"This attack is more complicated than we thought," I said. "I thought it was just an ordinary pack fight, with at most some defected Lycans involved. But it looks like it's far more complicated than that."

Armstrong's expression turned serious. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

"As I said previously, the attacker might have special wolf claws. At that time, I believed that there were some Lycan mutations in the attacker's body. However, such mutations are not likely to exist on a large scale. That's what we discussed last time."

"That's right. Although these attacks don't have a pattern, they aren't random. They're very organized. They can't be just one or two mutated Lycans. Someone secretly planned all of this. We just don't know what the other party's goal is yet."

"If they are organized, it should be a rather tight system. Think about it. Since he could launch such a successful attack, he must not be mediocre. How can he allow all his subordinates to be mutated Lycans? Let's not talk about the possibility of him finding so many mutated Lycans. In terms of attack power alone, the combat power of a mutated Lycan is shocking even to our people. How can he ensure that he can completely control his subordinates?"

"What if he's a mutant himself?" Armstrong said.

I shook my head and said, "I'm more inclined to think that there's another possibility. That he's controlling his subordinates in some way, and this is definitely a way they can't resist. The most likely possibility is drugs. However, werewolves with strong physiques are also very resistant to various drugs. I've never been able to think of a way to completely control them before, but what happened tonight gave me a new idea."

I looked at Armstrong and changed the subject. "Did you notice the unconscious man tonight?"

"Of course."

'What was your impression of him?'

Armstrong frowned and thought for a moment. "He's not very tall. He's not even as good as some of our patrolmen, let alone your royal Lycans. That's why we suspected at first that our own people were attacked and went to investigate the villagers in the surroundings."

"That's right," I said. "He's a very weak type of Lycan. Someone like him could end up as the lowest Omega in the pack."

"Then could he be from a pack in the surroundings? Should I send someone to ask around?"

'No. I think he's the man who attacked us.'

I closed my eyes for a moment and glanced over sharply. This was the conclusion I had come to after a night of thinking.

"If he's the attacker, why would he be unconscious in our territory?" Armstrong frowned and asked. "Your people didn't catch up to him at all. His superficial wounds are nothing."

"Do you remember what Karl said?" I asked in a low voice. "He said he only lost the other party's aura after following him here."

"But he also confirmed that this person's aura didn't belong to the person who attacked him," Armstrong said.

"What if, somehow, he changed his aura?"

I saw Armstrong's extremely surprised expression.

"Can this be done?"

“Assuming he changed his wolf-claw form and aura in some way at the same time, and it did a lot of damage to his body. Karl chased him a long way. It’s entirely possible that after some time, he became weak and fainted there,” I deduced.

“This is unbelievable,” Armstrong said.

“I know.” How could I not know that this statement was so bizarre that I didn’t dare to rashly say my deduction in front of everyone? Instead, I discussed it with Armstrong in his office. As the current Alpha of the Silver Moon Tribe, at least the two of us should have the same pace and direction.

“If that’s the case...” Armstrong muttered.

“Then the power behind it must be far beyond our imagination,” I continued.

Chapter 62: Failing in Various Degrees _ 1

[Donald’s Perspective]

“Now, the unconscious man is very important. We need to get answers to a lot of questions from him.”

I said to Armstrong, “I didn’t bring many people with me. Most of them are on patrol. I’ll deploy more people over. But before that, I need you to make sure that person is alive and strictly watched. Alpha, can you do it?”

“I’ll send special forces to guard him,” Armstrong said hesitantly. “But if he’s really the attacker and can unleash that terrifying attack at any time, I’m worried about the safety of our people guarding him.”

“In that case,” I mused, “Benjamin will be there all night. I can ask him if there’s any way to disable him.”

“That would be best.”

“But we still need more men, and we have to do our best to avoid casualties.”

“I’ll set up new security measures to prevent everyone from going out. Supplies will be sent in by the special forces. I also want to organize everyone to participate in training. I’ll channel a portion of the combat manpower to train the residents in self-defense should anything happen.”

“That way, the patrol will be short-handed.” I frowned. We had maxed out our manpower under the current arrangements. If Armstrong transferred people out, the loopholes in our tight security would definitely increase. “Civilians don’t need to fight. They just need to have our protection.”

"I disagree, Your Majesty." Follow current novels on Amazon.

I looked at Armstrong in surprise. He continued.

"There's no telling what would happen. I don't want our pack to be defenseless."

This was the first time Armstrong had opposed me. He had always been sincerely making plans for his pack. I admired his courage and sense of responsibility. However, I would not easily change my decision. "You mustn't touch your manpower."

I said, "But I can lend you the assault team. Every day, after they finish their patrol, they'll spend an extra hour to guide your training."

Armstrong looked surprised at my decision. He opened his mouth and finally lowered his head and said,

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

"It's our shared responsibility to protect the Silver Moon Tribe. Our goals are the same. Neither of us wants to have casualties again." After saying this, I heard Elliot contacting me with his Mindlink.

[Your Majesty, Benjamin has found something new. He wants you to go over and take a look.]

[Is it related to the unconscious person?]

[Yes.]

[I'm on my way.]

I told Armstrong about it quickly, and we went to the hospital ward where the man was placed.

There were Karl and the two Silver Moon Tribe warriors who were tracking him in the room. Benjamin was waiting outside the door, looking at us with a serious expression.

"What did you find?" I asked.

"I just reexamined his body thoroughly," Benjamin said. "I found that his organs are failing in various degrees, and there are needle marks on his body. It's very much like the after-effects of injections."

Armstrong and I exchanged glances.

Drugs. That was one of my earlier guesses.

“You’ve always done research on drugs. Can you determine what this is?”

Benjamin shook his head and said, “I know that some drugs can excite the nerves and cause fatigue as a side effect afterward. But this person is completely exhausted and his organs are permanently damaged. I don’t know anything that can cause such damage. Generally speaking, the effects of a drug are proportional to its side effects. Looking at it this way, the drug enhancement must have been astounding.”

“Can you determine when he will regain consciousness?”

“Does His Majesty want him to wake up as soon as possible?” Benjamin asked.

“The sooner, the better.”

“I can use some methods to stimulate his nerves and speed up his awakening, but it might have repercussions for him,” Benjamin reported truthfully.

I fell silent. We didn’t know for sure who this man was. If he wasn’t an attacker as we’d expected, or if he was one of the innocent victims, we couldn’t accelerate the awakening by hurting him. It would be inhumane.

“How long would it take to use normal methods?” I asked.

“Well...” Benjamin hesitated. “He’s badly injured. His body’s self-recovery mechanism is not working properly. He’ll have to rely on some external force to help him repair and heal. I estimate it’ll take at least three days, but he’ll wake up within a week.”

There were two attacks in two days. Whether it was three days or a week, it seemed too long in this situation. However, there was no better way at the moment. I sighed and said, “Then let’s do it. Try to wake him up as quickly as possible without hurting him. We need this person.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Chapter 63: A Possible Drug Bottle

[Donald’s Perspective]

I walked into the ward. Karl and the others rose and bowed to me.

I casually waved for them to sit down and asked, “Did you find anything else on him?”

“We’ve already checked the forest. There’s nothing.”

I’d already heard this answer once in the forest, but I still found it baffling. An ordinary person would always carry some items with him. If it was an assassin, it made sense

that he didn't have anything extra. Especially werewolves. Their claws were the best blades. They didn't need to carry other weapons.

But Benjamin had said it might be drugs. There were needle marks on the man's body. Most of the drugs that could cause organ failure were short-term outbreaks. It couldn't have been injections given in advance. So he would have at least a small, opened drug bottle on him, unless he threw it away right after using it, or dropped it somewhere during the pursuit. Either way, it should still be in the forest.

I used my Mindlink to contact Elliot and asked him to send someone to search the forest. I hoped he would have some good news for me. If we could find the drug bottle, there should be a little residue in it. Benjamin might be able to find some clues there.

"Who went to investigate in the forest?" I asked casually.

"It was Commander Angel."

"Was she alone?"

"Yes."

A subtle suspicion rose in my heart, but I suppressed it. No matter my past with Angel, her loyalty to the royal family could not be doubted. Her family and mine had been friends for generations. We were bound together for good or ill. She could not possibly betray me.

"Guard this place well. Report to me if anything happens."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

After a busy night, I finally walked back. My heavy heart seemed to lighten up a little when I thought of Margaret waiting for me in the house. She was like my sunshine, comforting me whenever I felt tired.

As I approached the room, I deliberately lightened my footsteps. I thought she might be asleep.

But when I opened the door, I saw her sitting on the bed, her legs dangling in midair. Her hands were fiddling with the flowers in front of her chest. She was looking at her hands as if she was thinking about something. When she heard me open the door, I saw her look up and smile at me in surprise. I smiled back at her.

I took off my jacket and hung it on the side. I turned around and asked her, "Why aren't you asleep?"

Margaret looked at me but said nothing.

I touched her hair, which was still damp. She had just taken a shower and was in her pajamas. She smelled good. But even more fragrant than that was the personal scent she exuded.

“Waiting for me?”

I ran my fingers through her hair. It was a little damp, but it had another kind of mesmerizing beauty.

She leaned over and kissed me gently on the lips. It was so natural, as if we had done it a thousand times. For a moment, I had the illusion that we had been living together for a long time. I didn't have the heart to ruin the mood. I just hugged her lightly and we kissed gently.

When we separated, I remembered that we had been arguing before. But I couldn't think of any reason. We were so good at this moment. Why did we quarrel before? What was worth arguing about between us? We were together. This should be more important than everything.

“It's late,” Margaret said.

“It's very late,” I replied.

I knew I should wash up now and rest in bed. In two or three hours, I would have to leave here again. There were more things I needed to deal with. But I didn't want to let go of Margaret's hand. It would be good for us to just sit here for a while and say something meaningless.

“Do you want to talk to me about what happened in the forest?” I asked.

“No, thanks.”

I raised my eyebrows and looked at her questioningly. Her reaction then was different from now.

“You were mean to me. I kissed you. We're even.”

Margaret looked away, but not before I saw a blush creeping stealthily up her ears.

She was always shy about such small matters, but she was very passionate in bed no matter what I did. She was really cute like this.

“That's it?” I hugged her from behind and deliberately whispered in her ear. I knew that location was very sensitive. She was indeed ticklish. She trembled in my arms, but I hugged her even tighter. “So in the future, if I encounter any problems, can I kiss you more?”

As I spoke, I kissed her cheek.

“Tell me, why did you lose your temper then?”

“I was just a little jealous to see you standing with Angel,” Margaret replied shyly.

This answer really surprised me.

Chapter 64: Back to Where I Live

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I saw Donald frown. This action of his did not affect his noble, god-like aura, but it brought out a little bit of mortal aura. Even the omnipotent gods would be troubled by some small matters. This combination of auras made me feel that he was extremely sexy.

“Are you still troubled because of Angel?” Donald looked at me and asked seriously.

The question stumped me.

Of course, I didn’t like Angel. However, to say that she was making things difficult for me was a little far-fetched. The person Donald loved was me. So far, Angel hadn’t done anything overboard to me.

“If you’re really troubled,” Donald muttered, “I can ask her to go back.”

I looked at Donald. His gaze was as calm as water, and I couldn’t tell his emotions. However, I knew that he didn’t mean it. He was just taking my feelings into consideration.

Now that the Silver Moon Tribe was beset with danger, letting go of Angel, who was obviously a good fighter, would put our pack at greater risk. I wouldn’t ignore the big picture. If someone got hurt because of my personal insecurity, I would definitely die of guilt.

“I’m not troubled. I’m just a little envious of her.” I revealed what I was thinking. “She grew up with you, and now she has the chance to stand by your side while I can’t do anything. I want to do more for my mate.”

“Did Elliot tell you all this?” Donald asked.

“He only told me when I asked him along the way,” I lied. I didn’t want Donald to be upset with Elliot because of this. “I want to know about things concerning you.”

“You can ask me. I’ll tell you anything I can.” Donald looked at me gently and said, “You’re never like her. No one can replace what you can do.”

“What about what she does? Can I do it?” I asked gently.

Donald took my hand and shook it. Our eyes met.

“You can, but I don’t want you to do that.”

I knew our conversation would lead nowhere again.

I remembered what Angel had just said with contempt. “All you can offer is the benign value that any female wolf or even a beast can provide.” Even though I knew that was not the case, and my bond with Donald had deepened over the past few days, I was still hurt by such words.

Donald and I were attracted to each other. Whether it stemmed from the physical attraction between mates or whatever, our love was sincere. Love was pure. It shouldn’t be measured by all kinds of standards.

Moreover, I had a vague feeling that there were other secrets about Angel. Was her obsession with Donald really as Elliot had said? Did she want more from Donald?

Donald didn’t want me to get too involved, so I had to find the answers in my own way. I would guard our relationship without relying on Donald’s strength and clear the obstacles in our path.

I smiled at Donald, pressed myself against his chest, and hugged him.

“When this is over, I’ll take you away, back to where I live,” Donald said. “Once this is over, no one will disturb us. No one will cause you to worry, Margaret. I promise you.”

“I believe you,” I said.

In the darkness, through the moonlight, I looked at Donald’s sleeping face. From his forehead to his lips, I looked down inch by inch, painting his handsome contours in my heart.

He did look a little tired. He had been busy with everything since he arrived at our pack. I sighed, but I wasn’t sleepy. Actually, I had been busy all day. From sparring with Elliot in the morning to coaching Elizabeth in the afternoon, and another emotional roller coaster at night. But my mind was on other things.

I tentatively touched the bridge of Donald’s high nose with my fingers. He didn’t react. He looked like he was asleep. I rolled over and got up to sneak two things out of the

bedside table. They were the patrol token Angel had given me, and a small exquisite bottle. I played with the token in my hand and focused my gaze on the small bottle.

There was no sticker or sign on it. The whole bottle was less than an inch tall and not even as thick as my pinky. It was rubber-sealed and empty.

This was what I found on the floor of the room after Angel left.

As I picked it up, I remembered the faint sound of something falling when Angel was talking to me. I assumed that it had fallen out when she took out the token. I turned the bottle over and over in my palm. It was completely drained. There was no residue at all. It looked like it contained some kind of liquid, but it had been used up.

But why was Angel, the commander of an assault team, carrying this small used bottle around?

She could have just thrown it away after use. Why did she leave this bottle behind?

Chapter 65: Dried Pink Water Mark _ 1

[Margaret's Perspective]

I thought about it for a long time but couldn't figure it out.

I held it up to the moonlight and saw a little pink light reflected from the bottom of the bottle. I carefully examined the direction of the light source and finally found a little pink water mark that had dried up. It was very light, but it was faintly visible in the bright moonlight.

This discovery excited me. If I could figure out what the pink water mark was, maybe I would find out what secrets Angel had.

And whatever that was, I would prove my worth to Donald. I would do the same things as the assault team. I knew I couldn't tell Donald about this either. I didn't want him to think that I was just messing around. I had to do something concrete to show him.

It was just that I needed to think about this at length. I needed someone reliable I knew to help me with my investigation.

I carefully put both items away in the depths of the drawer.

"Donald, I love you."

I whispered to Donald. I was finally sleepy. I hugged Donald and fell asleep.

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

I knew what Anthony was going to say to me when I saw the look on his face.

“Tell me, what did he tell you?” I asked, pretending not to care.

“Alpha said he’d sleep in the office tonight,” Anthony said.

I knew that Armstrong must have told him more than that. There must be a lot of things related to the pack. Things related to the Lycan King, patrol, and so on might only end with a sentence like “I won’t be going back tonight”.

Anthony knew what I wanted to hear, but he didn’t say anything. That meant Armstrong didn’t mention me at all. I really didn’t live up to being his mate.

Although this had been the norm with Armstrong and me for some time, I couldn’t help but feel depressed about it. My mate was the Alpha of the pack. I would have thought that was something to be happy about, but it wasn’t.

Armstrong didn’t care about me or love me. We did not exchange tokens and there was no ceremony. We only had a superficial relationship. He was Alpha and I was going to be Luna. I wasn’t even sure that would happen. I had attached a lot of importance to my Luna succession ceremony, but no one seemed to care about it except me.

“So we’d be staying here today.” I tried to hide my disappointment so it wouldn’t be obvious.

“I’ve already told the Alpha,” Anthony said, looking at me.

Okay, I knew I’d failed again.

Anthony could always read my emotions. It wasn’t so much that it was his ability, but that he was the only person in the world who was willing to spend a little time trying to understand what I was thinking.

My communication with Armstrong always had to be mediated by Anthony. It sounded strange, but it had to be so because I couldn’t grasp Mindlink well. I could receive transmissions from others, but I couldn’t transmit my thoughts fully to them.

It wasn’t a difficult skill, but I wasn’t willing to spend time learning it or other werewolf-related skills. I didn’t see why it had to be done. Follow current novels on Amazon

Telepathy was convenient now. Why was he so stubborn about having to use the traditional method? As for fighting, I didn’t like anything about conflicts and fighting. My sister Margaret always said I didn’t look like a werewolf.

She was right, but that wasn’t what I had chosen either.

I wasn't against being an ordinary human girl with no combat strength. That way, I could spend time every day dressing up and making myself beautiful. That was what I liked to do.

"Are you staying?" I asked Anthony, biting my lip.

"I'll be here to keep you safe. It's my responsibility."

I saw Anthony lower his head. He wouldn't meet my eyes. I could guess what he was thinking. Just as he could read my emotions, I could read his easily, but we both pretended they weren't there. Anyway, his words did make me let out a long sigh.

I had gone back to live alone just to see Armstrong's reaction, but my plan had failed. He didn't care where I lived. Living alone in a house like this made me feel afraid. I wanted someone to accompany me.

I walked up the stairs alone. The stairs made a creaking sound that wooden floors produced over time. This house was filled with things I was familiar with. This once-disturbing sound was also one of the familiar sounds that comforted me now.

I took off my clothes, tossed them carelessly on the floor, and stepped into the shower, letting the warm water wash over me.

I thought back to the man I had seen lying on the ground in the forest and still felt a pang of fear. I had never experienced these terrible things. Why did people plot and kill each other?

Chapter 66: Nothing Like the Way He Looked at Her

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

After parting ways with Margaret and Armstrong that afternoon, Anthony and I were left to ourselves.

My spirits were still a little low at that time.

I felt like I didn't look perfect anymore. I was wearing ugly clothes, and was probably sweating under the sun. Appearing in front of my mate like that was definitely not what I wanted.

Armstrong looked at me coldly.

Not for the first time, I noticed that the way he looked at me was nothing like the way he looked at my sister.

When Margaret started dating Armstrong in the days before their relationship was public, I would often go out with them as a cover-up. Since then, I had noticed the way Armstrong looked at Margaret. His eyes were always affectionate and loving.

Although Margaret was my sister, the two of us were completely different people.

Margaret was pretty, smart, and good at fighting. She had done well in every way, and even if she didn't focus on grooming herself at all, she still had our pack's Alpha hooked on her.

As for me? I was a mess at everything. I needed help everywhere. The only thing I knew how to do was dress myself up to look beautiful. I had accepted that. I was born that way. I enjoyed the attention of people around me because I was beautiful. I didn't think there was anything wrong with that.

But when I hanged out with Margaret and Armstrong, I would envy them for being such a great couple. Although there were often boys who expressed their liking for me, no one had ever looked at me the way Armstrong looked at Margaret. They just liked my appearance and didn't care about me.

After Armstrong inherited the Alpha position, he began taking Anthony with him.

Anthony was different from the boys I'd met before. He was handsome and good at fighting, but he was exceptionally shy. He was always concerned about my feelings and would listen to me seriously without thinking I was superficial and stupid like the others did.

When Armstrong and Margaret sneaked into some corner to make out, I would sit on the lawn with Anthony and talk. I could sense that he was a very polite person. Although he was taken in by my appearance, he would never touch me casually. He was overly rigid and polite.

My heart unknowingly fell for Anthony. Later on, we had sex a few times, but when he confessed his feelings for me, I rejected him.

At that time, I had yet to decide if I wanted to develop a stable relationship like my sister and Armstrong. I felt that I couldn't be as good as my sister. Anthony would definitely get tired of me sooner or later. Instead of that, it was better not to start. It was better to maintain the status quo.

But then things developed beyond our expectations.

At my coming-of-age ceremony with my sister, Armstrong and I became mates.

I tried to rationalize this in my mind. I tried to convince myself that it was only right for a werewolf to be with her mate. No matter what kind of relationship history I had, it didn't matter. Those were in the past.

I think I probably accepted how things turned out, just as I accepted that I was not as outstanding as my sister.

I moved to Armstrong's place, wanting to get used to being a Luna, something I'd never thought about.

In the beginning, Armstrong and I were fine. We were crazy about each other's bodies. He would pounce on me when he saw me, and I was the same.

We were madly possessive of each other, and Armstrong looked at me with possessiveness and madness. I thought that this was normal, that the mates who were blessed by the moon goddess would be like this.

But later, after our passion for each other faded, I realized that something was wrong. Other than in bed, Armstrong looked at me politely and distantly. Sometimes there was concern, but I was more like a sister he was responsible for. There was never love in his eyes when he looked at me, and he never looked at me the way he looked at Margaret.

I tried. I tried all sorts of ways to learn to be Luna, manage the dinners, maintain my good looks, and even learn to fight like my sister.

However, I really hated all these things. And I hated violence in all forms. All these efforts had been useless. They did not make Armstrong look at me or see me in a new light.

Margaret and I had never been affectionate with each other. And after Armstrong and I became mates, she was even more unwilling to be with me.

I could feel all this. But I also felt wronged. What did I do wrong? I didn't make any deliberate arrangements or try to snatch her boyfriend. Why should I have to bear all the responsibility?

When I was isolated and helpless, the only person who gave me comfort was Anthony.

Chapter 67: Messy Relationship

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

Anthony would listen to me as gently as before. He understood how I felt and wouldn't laugh at me. He would also help me deal with all kinds of things that I couldn't handle. I knew I should face all this myself, but I couldn't bear this alone. I had no choice.

As I realized that I was relying on Anthony more and more, I began to be afraid of this situation. I didn't know if I should rely on another person when I already had a mate, but I knew that we were going down a slippery slope.

I tried to play matchmaker to Margaret and Anthony, but it just wasn't meant to be. Margaret didn't care about him at all, and Anthony, while he understood me, got angry with me about it. I gave up and let myself sink deeper into my relationship with Anthony.

Yesterday afternoon, Anthony and I were left by ourselves.

Anthony gave me a hug.

Under the sun, there were traces of sweat on his neck and dust on his body from rolling on the ground, but he was clean. The hug he gave me was the same. I leaned against his sturdy shoulder and felt at ease.

I had never felt anything like this with Armstrong. Armstrong would hug me too, but it was all fanatical and lustful. He wouldn't soothe me so gently. The person he cared about had always been Margaret.

Then everything seemed to fall into place.

I didn't know how we started. I only knew that I was not beautiful enough at that time. I didn't have my usual appearance that attracted men, which might be the only thing that was acceptable about me, but Anthony was so gentle and considerate. He was the only person who didn't like me for my looks alone. Well, he also had a perfect physique and extremely masculine facial features.

We just hugged at first, then we started kissing. Our sense of urgency grew. He lifted me while I wrapped my arms around his waist.

At this point, our relationship became a complete mess.

But I didn't care about those things at all. When I was in bed with him, I just felt extremely happy, both physically and mentally. This was so much better than having a mate who didn't love me and being forced to be Luna. This was all I needed.

I didn't regret it. I guess being a werewolf and having a moon goddess to fix you up with your mate for life didn't mean that was the best person in the world for you. I wanted to seize what made me happy at the moment, and what was wrong with that?

I changed into the outfit I was familiar with. I was still the same Elizabeth.

When I walked out of the dressing room, I saw Anthony still in bed. He looked a little more frustrated than me. He pondered about things more than I did. I walked over and

showed him my top and short skirt. I could tell from his eyes that he liked them. He always had a glint when he looked at me. That was enough for me.

Anthony cooked dinner for me. I always enjoyed his thoughtful care.

After dinner, I suggested that we go for a walk. I wanted to find a place where no one would disturb us. Anthony suggested the forest. I knew that it was where Margaret and Armstrong used to date secretly, but Armstrong had never taken me there. I had always been curious about the forest.

But I didn't expect to run into Armstrong and Margaret in the forest.

When he left with Margaret in the afternoon, he had clearly said that he was going to see the Lycan King. Why was he in the forest at the same time?

The four of us looked at each other. Anthony was acting awkward. His hasty words wouldn't hold water, but Armstrong looked completely unconcerned. He didn't care why I was there.

His gaze mostly lingered on Margaret. It couldn't have been more obvious. I tried to ignore the fact and turned my gaze to Margaret. To my surprise, she was still wearing the dirty tracksuit she had worn during the combat training that afternoon. She was going to meet the Lycan King like this? That was something I would never imagine doing.

"That's too unsafe. You shouldn't be here," I heard Armstrong say.

"And why are you guys here?" I asked.

"That's none of your business," Armstrong replied stiffly.

Armstrong's words triggered all my emotions. It was none of my business, nothing was my business!

We seemed to be two completely unrelated people. He didn't care if I hanged out with Anthony. As my mate, shouldn't I care if he appeared at the place where he used to date Margaret at such a time?

Did I not even have the right to ask? He basically didn't care about me, but he still had to pretend to ask about my safety.

Chapter 68: I Want to Hear Your Explanation

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

“Why did you come to the forest? Did something happen to the pack again? Did you leave in the 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,” I enunciated each word.

Armstrong said nothing. I heard Margaret’s explanation.

However, that was not what I wanted to hear. I just wanted to hear Armstrong’s explanation. I wanted him to look at me more, but he would never do that!

“Anyway, I’m going back now,” Margaret said.

I saw her step back. Armstrong immediately followed her and stopped. I tugged at the bow on my skirt and looked at them indifferently.

“Wait,” Armstrong said. His eyes fell on Margaret and he said to her, “Let Anthony take you back.”

I watched Margaret and Anthony leave together and turned my gaze to Armstrong.

I’d seen him many times.

When we were young, Armstrong always attracted the most attention in a crowd because he was the son of an Alpha. Even when we were young, we were drawn to him.

Our father was still a Beta in the pack. Many times when he went to the Alpha’s house, our father would bring us over, but Armstrong wouldn’t play with us. Whenever I saw him, he was either reading in his room or training outside the house. We would always catch a glimpse of him. I didn’t pay too much attention to him then.

After we grew up a little, Armstrong was always a hot topic of discussion among the girls. He was tall, handsome, talented, knowledgeable, and had a good upbringing. And he had an enviable eight-pack that seemed to be walking hormones. We happily discussed who would become his girlfriend. It seemed to be some kind of glory or proof of our charm.

Then he became Margaret’s boyfriend.

I felt a little jealous then too because Margaret was better at everything than me except when it came to boys. But she found the future Alpha of the pack as a boyfriend. She was very likely to be the future Luna. We were twin sisters, but I would never be better than her in any way.

Later I accepted the fact that Margaret had Armstrong and I had Anthony. I calmly looked at Armstrong as if he were an Alpha.

However, he became my mate.

The abs, perfect physique, and enviable noble status that I had once coveted now belonged to me.

When I first had all of this, I felt like I was on cloud nine. I became the focus of attention in the pack. The way everyone looked at me filled me with satisfaction. The way I looked at Armstrong was also filled with love. He was attractive to me. He exuded the unique charm of a mate.

And now, I no longer knew what to think of him.

Did I love him? I still had an urge for his body, and it was difficult for me to reject him. If he wanted to, he could coax me with his words or actions. But other than that, I had to admit that I had never felt moved by Armstrong. My heart and body seemed to be two separate and distinct parts. His coldness and indifference made me sad. We were intimate and yet distant.

“Are we going back too?”

“Do you still want to do training?”

Armstrong and I spoke at the same time. I pursed my lips and pulled the sleeve of my blouse.

I didn't expect Armstrong to believe what Anthony had said at the last minute. Even Margaret could tell that I wasn't dressed for battle. How could Armstrong not see such an obvious thing?

I met Armstrong's eyes, and I suddenly understood that Armstrong didn't believe Anthony. He just wanted me to train for combat, although he never said it because he knew my personality and never held any hopes for me.

But he wanted me to be like Margaret, good at fighting and handling matters, like a proper Luna.

It was just that I wasn't that kind of person. In our relationship, we might have tried our best to change to adapt to each other, but that wasn't who we were.

“We were just taking a walk here,” I said. “Anthony was showing me the terrain.”

I didn't want to participate in training, and I didn't want to force myself to do such a thing.

“I'll stay in the camp. I won't have to face any battle.” Upstodatee from
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“Hmm...” Armstrong nodded. He didn’t force me. He said, “Do you still want to take a walk?”

I couldn’t go back on what I had just said, so I could only nod in agreement.

Armstrong didn’t take my hand, which made me feel a little depressed, but I followed him.

Chapter 69: Isolated and Helpless

[Elizabeth’s Perspective]

It was very inconvenient for me to walk in the forest in these high heels. When we walked over just now, I complained to Anthony that I wanted to go back. He kept pulling me, which was why I walked so far. Armstrong was taking big strides in front, so it was very hard for me to keep up with him. The distance between us grew.

I looked at his back and gave up trying to catch up with him. Armstrong wouldn’t leave me here. Since he had brought me here, he had to find a way to bring me out.

I stopped to rest by the side of the path. I decided that when he asked me again, I would tell him that I was going back. Anyway, this wasn’t the first day Armstrong knew that I was delicate. He should understand that I couldn’t become Margaret.

I rested where I was for dozens of seconds. Then, to my horror, I realized that I had lost sight of Armstrong.

The forest was densely packed with trees. If I walked more than ten meters, I would be surrounded by trees. I sat where I was, a little afraid, and thought about the attack Margaret had mentioned. Night had already fallen. The moonlight shone through the gaps in the foliage onto my white ankles.

I thought, ?I wouldn’t be so unlucky as to be targeted by someone with ill intentions on my first visit to the forest, would I?

I was already regretting coming out this evening. I felt that it was a mistake for me to listen to Margaret and participate in any training that afternoon. I should have stayed in my house. I should have been in a hot bath at this time, not sitting alone in the dark and dangerous forest, feeling afraid.

“Armstrong...” I called Armstrong’s name.

It had been such a short while, so he wouldn’t have gone far. If he discovered that I was missing, he would have come back to look for me.

Anthony and I didn't bring our phones with us when we came out. I didn't think we would be separated.

I tried to use my Mindlink to contact Armstrong, but I realized that I couldn't do it at all. For the first time, I felt isolated and helpless.

Where's Armstrong? Why hasn't he come back for me?

Although I couldn't contact him, I could receive the news he sent me. ?Doesn't he realize that I've disappeared? Why doesn't he use his Mindlink to contact me...

I didn't know how long I waited. I felt thirsty and hungry. I even began to suspect that Armstrong had deliberately brought me here to abandon me. *?Could he have gone back?*

But what good would that do? I didn't annoy him in any way. Or perhaps he had already seen that something was wrong between Anthony and me, but what right did he have to do this? What happened between him and Margaret had never really passed, but did I say anything about it?

Just when I thought I was going to stay here until the next morning, I heard footsteps nearby.

"Armstrong?" I asked tentatively.

But there was no answer. I felt my blood run cold. In such a dark forest, a sudden unknown noise was really alarming. I looked around warily.

However, I didn't have any experience facing the enemy. I could only circle around. I didn't have any weapons on me. If someone really attacked me, all I could do was wait for death.

"Armstrong? Armstrong! Where are you? Save me!"

Unable to contain my fear, I started shouting.

No one came. The footsteps did not fade.

My heart pounded like a drum against my heart. Will I die here?

The thought came to me and I couldn't get it out of my mind. I felt the footsteps getting closer. It was summer, but my hands and feet turned cold and my mind was blank.

Suddenly, a strong arm wrapped around me. I felt my body being shaken.

After a while, I came back to my senses and saw Armstrong's grim face.

"You're finally here," I said in a daze.

"What happened to you?" Armstrong asked, frowning.

I hugged Armstrong tightly, as if I could get some assurance from him that I was still alive.

Armstrong pried my hands away. I saw him look carefully at my face. I wanted to kiss him, but he blocked me with his hand and asked, "What happened to you?"

My tears fell uncontrollably. "I was so scared," I whimpered. "I heard footsteps just now. I thought I was going to die."

"There's no one around you."

"How did you know?" I was still sobbing.

"I'd checked this area. I made sure there was no one before I went away."

"What did you say!"

I looked at Armstrong in shock. He already knew I was here, but he still left me behind?!

"I noticed that something was wrong on the other side just now. Your side was safe, so I went over to check on the situation over there," Armstrong said. "I think if there was really a problem, you would have contacted me with your Mindlink."

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Chapter 70: Running Out of Patience

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

My mate. He clearly knew that I was incapable of fighting. He left me alone in the dark forest just to check on what he thought was an anomaly!

"How could you do that!" I confronted him angrily. "You knew I didn't know how to use my Mindlink."

A blank look came over Armstrong's face.

"You don't know how to use your Mindlink?" he said. "Didn't you just call me with your Mindlink?"

I stared at him, too angry to speak.

However, he didn't feel that there was anything wrong with his action at all. He continued, "You might have been too nervous. There's no one here. I found a new attack over there. I've already called the others. Come with me."

What? A new attack!

There was really an attack here. What if the attack had happened to me? Armstrong left just like that. Did he really think about my safety at all?

And he wanted to take me to the place where the attack had happened. Would something happen there again? Had the attackers really left?

"I don't want to go," I said, grabbing Armstrong's hand. "I want to go back. Can you take me home?"

"I've contacted the Lycan King and Anthony and asked them to come over. They'll take you back when they arrive."

"I want to go back now. I don't want to see any attacks," I insisted.

I saw impatience on Armstrong's face. He said, "No one can send you back now. Can you go back yourself?"

I looked helplessly at Armstrong. He knew that I couldn't. He was forcing me.

'Please, Armstrong.'

I could only plead.

Armstrong sighed. He turned his hand over to shake mine and said, "Elizabeth, I can't leave here now. Our pack's safety is at stake. Come with me. I promise you'll be fine."

I knew that any objection I made would be useless. The look on Armstrong's face as he said this told me that his patience had run out. If I said anything else, he might really abandon me here again.

I had to follow him deeper into the forest. He didn't adjust his pace because of me. I could only jog after him.

Finally, Armstrong stopped in his tracks. The trees here looked no different from anywhere else. I didn't care about the surrounding scenery. I only felt that my heels were about to break. I wanted to see how my feet were, but I didn't dare to let go of Armstrong's hand. I bent down halfway and held on to Armstrong with one hand. With the other, I untied the thin shoe strap around my ankle.

At this moment, caught completely off guard, I saw a man slumped by a tree. There were two deep scars on his legs that were bleeding profusely. They gathered into a pool of blood under him.

“Ah!” I screamed uncontrollably.

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I diverted my thoughts from the long memories. I didn't want to think about the pale, limp figure I'd seen on the forest floor. I looked down at my body. I'd been under the shower for so long that my skin was wrinkly from soaking in the water.

I turned off the shower and toweled myself in front of the mirror.

I hung the towel around me and studied myself in the mirror.

My wet blond hair hung down the side of my face. My eyes weren't big. I always had to use a lot of makeup to make them pretty and lively. My features weren't soft like Margaret's.

And my breasts. I used my hands to measure their size. They had never developed well enough. I could hold my breast with one hand, and I could only hang a towel on my body using an elastic clasp. I had seen Margaret's. She could completely hold on to a towel with just her breasts.

What will I do if Armstrong chooses to be with Margaret again?

If Armstrong rejects me, how can I continue to live in this pack?

And what should I do about my relationship with Anthony?'

One question after another came to mind, but I had no clue.

I sighed and pushed these annoying thoughts to the back of my mind. Right now, I just wanted to get some sleep and forget everything that had happened in the forest.

As I stepped out of the shower, I was startled by a figure beside my bed. It was Anthony. He was sitting by my bed, as if he had been waiting for a long time. When he heard my voice, he turned around and met my puzzled gaze.

“I was a little worried about your safety, so I came up to take a look,” Anthony said. “You were taking a shower. I was afraid something had happened to you, so I waited here.”

I waited for him to say more, but he just bowed his head.

We were silent for a moment. It was Anthony who broke the silence. "Since you're fine, I'll leave. Call me if you have any problem."

I looked at him and felt like I needed another kind of comfort at this moment. I pulled the towel down and put my hand on Anthony's shoulder...