

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 71 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 71

Chapter 71: Specially Made Syringe

[Donald's Perspective]

Margaret was still asleep when I left the room in the morning.

Although it was only a short rest, I felt that my spirits were much better. In addition to investigating what happened in the forest yesterday, I had to organize new patrols and training today. More importantly, I had to send for reinforcements from the royal family.

I had originally sent the assault team to the Silver Moon Tribe because I thought they were enough to settle things here. Then I would take Margaret back and purge the rebels in my territory.

However, the development of events had already exceeded my original expectations. The other party's consecutive actions were obviously to attack the Silver Moon Tribe. Their forces had already been laid out.

I couldn't get into a passive position when I returned. Instead, I had to eliminate every rebel force I could capture and weaken them one by one. I had to fight them here.

This would be a tough battle, but I was confident that I could defeat them.

When I passed by Armstrong's office, I saw that he was talking to someone inside.

I was a little shocked. He looked as if he hadn't gone back to rest all night. I called Elliot and asked him if the men he had dispatched to search the forest had found anything new.

"I just received news. They sent this."

I took the object from Elliot's hand. It was a syringe.

"Where was this found?" I asked.

"It was in the path of Karl's pursuit."

"Have you shown this thing to Benjamin?"

"I was about to deliver it when you called me over," Elliot replied.

“I’ll go with you.”

I glanced at Armstrong in the office again and decided not to tell him yet. This might involve internal strife between the royal Lycans. There was no need to say too much to unrelated people.

Benjamin hadn’t gone back last night either. He was staying in the ward next to the unconscious man.

When Elliot and I went over, he was doing a new examination of the man. He used his hands to wrap the green energy around the person from head to toe in the hospital bed.

I saw that the wounds on the unconscious man’s body had healed, leaving only a few shallow white marks, marks of new flesh growing. By the time Benjamin finished his treatment, he looked tired. Even a Lycan would find it difficult to use his special abilities continuously.

If it had been a real battle, Benjamin would not have needed to spend so much effort on treatment. He would have focused on treating external wounds and some fatal injuries. The rest of the recovery would depend on the excellent physical constitution of our warriors.

However, the person’s immune system was weakened and the organs in his entire body were failing. So his self-healing ability played a minimal role in the recovery process. It was extremely draining for Benjamin that this man’s recovery depended completely on him.

“Come look at this,” I said to Benjamin.

“What’s this?” Benjamin asked.

“This was found in the forest. Do you think you can find anything left in it?” Elliot said.

Benjamin took it in his hand and looked at it carefully twice.

This syringe had been sent directly from the forest. In order to avoid damaging it, the soil on it had not been wiped off.

Benjamin walked to the other ward and took a few delicate gadgets out of his medical box. Elliot and I watched him and didn’t dare disturb him. After using the gadgets for a while, he looked troubled.

My heart sank. “Can you find any clues?” I asked.

Benjamin shook his head and said what I feared most.

“The inside of this syringe is a vacuum. It has been specially made. There won’t be any residue. I’ve just checked the needle carefully, but it has been on the ground for too long. There are only traces of soil and dust. I can’t find anything else.”

“Is there nothing we can do?” Elliot pressed. He obviously knew the importance of the syringe.

“Your Majesty, Lycan King, forgive me for being unable to do anything.” Benjamin handed the syringe back to me.

I sighed along with him. I was disappointed, but I could accept the outcome. In fact, I didn’t have much hope of finding anything last night. This syringe was an unexpected gain.

Although it was useless, it brought things back to the beginning. The other party would not leave the matter at that. Even without this syringe, we could catch the enemies who are hiding in the dark and find a way to deal with them.

“But,” Benjamin said, changing the subject. Elliot and I both looked at him, thinking there was still a chance.

“This syringe is very exquisite,” Benjamin said. “It doesn’t look like something an ordinary person could make. You can investigate from here.”

“I’ve already thought of that. I’ve started sending people to investigate, but this craftsmanship isn’t that special. Anyone with a little power can do it. Even our assault team uses this kind of syringe for drug injections. I’m afraid it’s very difficult to track down the source of this syringe,” Elliot said.

Chapter 72: The Mark of the Beloved

[Donald’s Perspective]

“No, it’s not the same as what we use,” Benjamin said.

“Your Majesty, Lycan King, please take a closer look. Most syringes are one-way. They’re either drawn or injected, and they go out the way they come in. But this syringe has specially been made with double tubes. I don’t know the reason for doing that. But what is certain is that after such a syringe is used, there will more or less be some residue in the bottle that contained the drug. If you give me that bottle, I’m confident that I can find a clue from it.”

“You mean there’s a drug bottle?” Elliot asked.

“Of course there will be a bottle,” Benjamin said.

“But our people searched a few times and didn’t find anything that looked like a drug bottle. I’d been wondering if he used one of those pre-filled syringes?” Elliot asked with a frown.

Pre-filled syringes were one of the equipment commonly used by our assault team.

It was more convenient to use than an ordinary extractor syringe. It could steal a few crucial seconds in a crisis. That sometimes affected the success or failure of an entire operation.

“A pre-filled syringe won’t look like this. I can confirm that he was injected by an extractor syringe.”

Benjamin turned his gaze to me.

“I trust your judgment,” I said.

If we could confirm that the other party relied on drugs to obtain special abilities, it might not be a bad thing for us. At the very least, it could prove that their own abilities were not that strong. If we could also find a way to counteract this drug, the other party would become vulnerable in the face of our absolute strength.

“Elliot, widen the search area and look carefully for possible reagent bottles. Everyone who participated in the operation that night has to search carefully. Don’t miss a single person,” I ordered.

“Everyone?” Elliot looked hesitant.

“Everyone,” I said firmly.

Elliot should have understood what I meant. This included Angel. It wasn’t that I didn’t trust her. It was that no one should be the exception.

After dealing with the morning’s matters, Elliot came to report that Alpha Armstrong wanted to hold a meeting with the entire pack in the afternoon and wanted me to attend. Armstrong had already communicated with me about this last night, and I also thought that it was necessary to unite the people at such a juncture. Follow current novels on n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

I asked Elliot about the drug bottle again. He said he hadn’t found any other clues.

“Have you checked everyone as well?”

“I’ve checked,” Elliot said with a wry smile. “Angel was furious about it.”

“Ignore her.” I waved my hand casually.

Although we had no clue what was going on here, fortunately, things were going smoothly on Benjamin's side. He said that the unconscious person was recovering quickly and might wake up tomorrow.

There was something else on my mind.

When I first met Margaret, I'd toyed with the idea of sending her back to where I ruled to ensure her safety. But she hadn't been willing at the time. Now that the situation was getting more and more critical, I didn't want her to stay all the more. However, it was obvious from her attitude that she was determined to stay. It gave me a headache.

I didn't want to force her to do things, but I couldn't really ignore her safety.

How should I handle the matter?? I thought.

Mark!

The idea popped into my head. When it came to werewolves, the mate and the mark tended to follow each other like shadows. If the mate was a gift from the moon goddess to bring you together, the mark was one of the most important rituals.

It was a bit like a marriage certificate in human society, only, instead of proving a marriage through a thin scrap of paper, we marked each other with our bodies. Unlike a mate, who was bestowed by the moon goddess, a mark was something you voluntarily chose to give to your beloved.

Most people would choose to mark each other at their wedding. This would represent both the form and the physical union. It was a symbol that the couple would grow in perfection.

However, in addition to its formal significance, the mark would bring about a lot of physical involvement. Because most werewolves marked themselves, the aura between the mates would fuse and become one.

This might not be obvious to both parties involved, but to others, they could clearly sense the scent of the other person on both parties after the mark. It was also a covert sign that they rejected other people's attempts to hit on them and make overtures. And as the relationship between the two parties deepened, the bond between the two would continue to strengthen through the mark.

Chapter 73: Talking As If Nothing Was Wrong

[Donald's Perspective]

Normally, the couple would get to know each other better to be able to sense each other's emotions more easily. This didn't only happen when the two of them were together. Even if they were far apart, they could sense each other's joy or anger.

Moreover, some people would even activate some special ability. For example, they would teleport within a certain distance and even completely control the other party's body to obtain their five senses.

At the moment, no one knew how this special ability evolved, and not every pair of marked mates could have this ability. According to a few claims, special abilities were probably related to the couple's deep affection for each other, tacit understanding, and physical constitution.

If I marked Margaret, at least I would be able to grasp her state at any time. If she was in danger, I would be able to sense it immediately. That way, I could rest assured that she would stay in the Silver Moon Tribe.

However, given the current situation, we did not have the time or energy to hold any ceremony. I was not sure that Margaret would accept such a sloppy mark. The timing of our meeting was dramatic enough. I wanted to give her a grand ceremony to give recognition to her identity in front of everyone.

I gathered up the papers on my desk and headed for my residence to see Margaret.

Armstrong had decided on holding a meeting that afternoon. It was in the hall where I had first arrived. It was very close to my place. Before that, I wanted to discuss the mark with Margaret.

[Margaret's Perspective]

I didn't expect to sleep until noon.

Donald was long gone when I woke up. I felt ashamed when I thought about how Donald was already dealing with work when I was still asleep. He slept at about the same time as me, but he had woken up so early.

I looked at the door. There were only two guards. Elliot wasn't anywhere near here either. He was probably busy.

I finished my breakfast, or perhaps I should say lunch, slowly and received the notification of the afternoon meeting that Armstrong had sent to everyone in the pack.

What happened last night could not be hidden from everyone. Armstrong needed to give an explanation to everyone who knew and did not know. I looked at the notice and was in a daze. Could it be that Armstrong did not sleep last night and did not know how Elizabeth was?

I sighed and prepared to change my clothes and wash up before going to the afternoon meeting to see what was going on.

At this moment, I saw Donald push open the door and walk in.

I had just taken off my clothes and hadn't had time for a change of clothes. All I had was a bra and a pair of panties.

Although we had already seen each other naked, this kind of encounter still made me feel a little awkward. I quickly put on a black dress and pushed my hair out of my collar as if nothing had happened. It hung by the side of my face.

I bet I saw a mischievous smile on Donald's face. I turned around to hide the blush on my face and asked, "Why are you back?"

"Don't you want to see me?" Donald asked with a smile.

I felt his breath close to me. Before we lost control of ourselves and pressed against each other, I rushed into the bathroom and quickly smeared cleansing foam on my face.

"Are you shy?" I heard Donald's voice ask. I closed my eyes and rolled my eyes. I didn't want to answer such a question. I was just not used to being naked in front of a member of the opposite sex. I was just reacting like a normal person.

"Did you know that Wolf is very fond of you? He has been wanting to play with your wolf."

I had just washed the foam off my face and was stuffing my toothbrush into my mouth. When I heard Donald's words, I stammered, "Uh, uh, then if there's a chance, shall I ask Betty to come out and meet him?"

I saw Donald appear behind me in the mirror. All of a sudden, this seemed like part of our day-to-day lives, including the topic we were talking about. It was as if we had lived together for a long time. However, Donald was clearly such an extraordinary person. He had a dazzling aura, but at this moment, he was squeezed in the bathroom with me. This feeling was unexpectedly wonderful.

"I'd rather not. There's not even enough time for me to spend with you."

I saw Donald shrug and lean against the door.

I spat out the last of the foam in my mouth and looked back at him. "Don't you think you're being a little cruel?" I teased.

"That's half your fault."

“It’s your call,” I replied casually. I wanted to walk past him, but he grabbed me by the waist and pressed me to the side of the door. I struggled symbolically and didn’t break free. I stopped trying and met his beautiful gray-green eyes.

I had given up all my struggles to resist Donald’s charms. As long as he was in front of me, I wanted him. Just like now, we had only been apart for a morning. I was sleeping most of the time, but I felt that I couldn’t get enough of seeing his face in front of me. I was sure that the Moon Goddess must have cast a spell on us. Otherwise, there was no reason at all to explain this unreasonable degeneration.

Chapter 74: Extraordinary Meaning

[Margaret’s Perspective]

Donald put his hand on my lips. I noticed that he always liked to do that, but he quickly moved his hand away and rubbed the back of my neck repeatedly.

“We have a meeting this afternoon,” I said quietly.

“I know.”

I wrapped my arms around his waist and leaned against him. We held each other quietly for a while.

We never spent enough time together. I thought about what Donald had said about not wanting our wolves to meet. I had to admit that his words made sense. We weren’t like other mates who always had a lot of time to spend together. Donald had too many responsibilities on his shoulders, and so did I. Although my strength was meager, I always wanted to do my part.

“I have something to tell you.”

I raised my eyes to Donald. He rarely spoke to me in such a tone.

“Do you remember what I said before about bringing you back to the royal family?” Donald said.

I nodded. Donald had told me about it the first night we met. I remembered being shocked by it. And just two days ago, we’d argued about it.

“I told you that I would make sure you were safe, but now that I’m at the Silver Moon Tribe, I’m beginning to doubt it.” Donald’s tone was very slow and cautious. He looked at me seriously. I held my breath. I could guess what he might say to me.

“No, Donald...” I tightened my grip on his hand.

“Margaret, listen to me.” Donald stroked my back soothingly. “Your safety is the most important thing to me. I don’t want to worry every day about losing you forever.”

“Do you want me to leave here now?” I asked.

“I do want to do that,” Donald said.

I looked at Donald, trying to see if he was joking or just saying it casually. But no, his eyes were filled with his usual steady expression. Donald was not a person who liked to joke about such things. I knew that he meant what he said. He just wanted to send me away.

“How can I leave my pack at this time? My home is here. Everyone I know is here. What about my sister, Elizabeth?” I said incoherently.

“I can send you and Elizabeth away together,” Donald said.

“What about Armstrong?” I blurted out.

I saw Donald’s eyebrows twitch twice. He was obviously unhappy.

“He’s your pack’s Alpha. Of course he won’t leave. Do you still care where he goes?” Donald’s tone was a little dangerous.

“I don’t care. I just thought of Elizabeth...” I shook his arm ingratiatingly and tried to salvage the situation. “What about you? Where will you be?”

“I’ll stay here for the time being until the attacks are completely resolved.”

“You know I can’t accept this,” I said to Donald. “I’ll only be with you. If you leave, I’ll leave with you. If you’re here, I’ll stay here with you.”

I saw Donald’s expression change and added, “I can’t leave you now. I don’t want to be separated from you.”

Although my words were a little flattering, I was completely sincere. I could no longer imagine my life without Donald. Just as he was afraid of losing me, I was also afraid of losing him.

I couldn’t go to a safe place alone and leave him behind in a place where he could be in danger at any time. Donald had been added to the list of people and things that tied me down, and his place in my heart was beginning to be more important than any other person or thing.

“Fine,” Donald said.

I looked at Donald in surprise. I didn't expect him to be so easily convinced. Last time, we almost parted on bad terms over this problem. In the end, we had to settle it by arguing in bed. I thought it would be the same this time.

"I knew you wouldn't agree easily." Donald smiled and combed my messy hair with his fingers. "So I thought of another way to make it easier for both of us."

"What's that?" I asked.

"We will proceed to mark."

My eyes widened as I covered my mouth with my hand and looked at Donald in a daze.

The mark's significance was extraordinary.

If a werewolf asked if you wanted to mark with him, it was the equivalent of a proposal.

I had looked forward to spending the future with Donald, but I didn't expect him to mention the mark to me so quickly.

I believed that we would come together. Every day, I felt that I needed Donald more than the day before. I thought that I had already decided on him in my life. But we had only known each other for less than half a month. He was the Lycan King. Had Donald really thought about being with me for the rest of his life?

I even imagined we would encounter opposition from his family and others, causing us to not be able to mark. I felt that none of this was important when I conceived these thoughts. Even if we did not have a mark, we would still be partners for life.

Chapter 75: Proof of a Lifetime

[Margaret's Perspective]

But at this moment, Donald said it to me.

Instantly, I was extremely touched.

Keep in mind that the mark on the body was permanent. It would always bear witness to the fact that you once had a kindred spirit and that you belonged to another. Even if your partner died, it wouldn't change that. The mark would stay on your body. If you wanted to break up with your partner and find a new partner, the original mark wouldn't disappear either. It would even spontaneously resist and dislike the aura of the new partner. It was a mark engraved in the soul that could never be removed. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

So everyone would say, "Your mate might not be for life, but the mark would be."

And choosing someone to mark was also the best proof of your promise of love and loyalty.

“I know it’s a little rash to suggest this. Normally, the mark would be at the celebration of you becoming Queen Lycan,” Donald said. “However, I need a guarantee that you’ll be safe.”

I seemed to have just recovered from the shock and looked at Donald with sweetness and gratitude. He was so good that he thought of everything for me. When I said that I was unwilling to leave the pack, he wanted to give me the mark. Even so, he was still worried that I would be unwilling to accept it.

But the mark did not involve just one person. This was a promise he made to me, and a promise I made to him.

He was Lycan King. He deserved the best treatment in everything more than I did. If such a simple mark would be a grievance to me, then wouldn’t it be unfair and a grievance to Donald? With his status, becoming mates with me was already lowering his position in the eyes of many people.

I lowered my head in thought, but I heard Donald say, “I can also promise you that during the celebration of you becoming Queen Lycan, everything that should be there will be there. I’ll give you the best. It’ll just be missing the mark segment.”

“No, Donald, I’d love to. I want to do the mark with you,” I said urgently, raising my eyes to look at him. “But have you really thought it through?”

If we mark each other, you can never go back on your word. I’ll be the only one for you. We’ll be tied together forever. Nothing can separate us,” I added gently.

“Margaret, I can’t wait to be tied to you forever and never be separated again.”

I didn’t know what else to say. I could only look at Donald with burning eyes. I felt the flames burning between us.

I hugged his head. I felt Donald gnawing at me like a wild beast. His teeth raked my neck repeatedly, as if he was looking for a better place to bite.

We rolled onto the bed together. The dress I’d just put on was pushed to my chest by him. I gasped and grabbed his hair with my hand, but I didn’t dare use too much strength. I just wrapped his blond hair around my fingers.

Everything was about to go out of control again.

“Wait,” I gasped.

Donald restrained my wrist. I could only raise my upper body to look at him and say with effort, "They're in a meeting in the hall. They called us over."

I had just received a message via Mindlink to all the members. I knew that Donald must have received it too. And if I remembered correctly, Armstrong had specially mentioned that the Lycan King would be attending. Donald could not avoid this job.

"Sh*t." Donald let go and sat on the side.

I lowered my dress and sat up with him. I knelt beside him and carefully observed his expression.

Donald scratched his head irritably and said gruffly, "I'm going to the bathroom."

I looked down at my dress that had been ravaged. This dress was made of cotton and linen, and it was very comfortable to wear. This kind of material didn't like to wrinkle, and it didn't look unusual now. However, thinking of what had just happened, I decided not to wear this dress to the hall.

I dug out an old white T-shirt and jeans from the closet. I was used to such easy and comfortable outfits. However, I turned my head to look in the direction of the bathroom and recalled Elizabeth complaining that I was so slovenly.

After a moment's hesitation, I tossed the T-shirt and jeans back and pulled out a lacy white dress I hadn't worn in a long time. The dress had a square neckline at the front, generously revealing my collarbone and half my shoulder. I would probably match Donald a little better in this dress.

I looked at myself in the mirror by the door for a while. I was not satisfied with the white canvas shoes on my feet. I found a pair of white low-heeled shoes and put them on.

Elizabeth and I bought these shoes together. There was a big bow on them that was aesthetically pleasing to the eye. I had always thought that this bow was too ostentatious, but now, it looked just right with my simple dress.

Chapter 76: A Decision Made Carefully

[Margaret's Perspective]

When Donald came out of the bathroom, he had already cleaned himself up.

The two of us walked hand in hand to the hall. There were already many people there. When Elliot saw us, he came straight up to us and said to Donald, "Your Majesty, the seat for you is over there."

Donald looked at me and refused. "No, I'll stay with Margaret."

I felt people were watching us. Under everyone's gaze, I blushed again. I began to be glad that I had changed my clothes before going out. As expected, as long as I walked beside Donald, I would be the center of attention.

Donald was used to such gazes. He looked at me as usual and asked, "Are you hungry? Do you need anything to eat?"

I shook my head. Before Donald returned, I had just had an early lunch. However, Donald must have been busy in the morning and didn't have time to eat anything just now. Thinking of this, I looked at Donald worriedly.

"What is it?" Donald asked.

"Why don't we go find Alpha and the others?" I suggested.

The various gazes that were looking at us made me feel uncomfortable. I didn't know how much kindness or malice there was. Moreover, I was a little worried about Donald. I wanted him to eat something. Armstrong and Elizabeth should be together. They would always set up something.

I felt Donald tighten his grip on my hand. He seemed to really care about me mentioning Armstrong's name. I laughed inwardly and thought of Angel, but I felt that I couldn't laugh anymore.

I was also very concerned about Angel. Moreover, Angel's threat to me was clearly different from Armstrong's threat to Donald. Donald was so outstanding that Armstrong could not compare to him in any aspect. It was different for Angel and me. Angel could almost beat me in all aspects.

[Donald.]

[Hmm?]

I turned my head and saw Donald looking at me. I knew that he was wondering why I still used Mindlink with him so close to me. I just felt that I was too embarrassed to say some things in front of him. I turned my head away and insisted on communicating with Donald on Mindlink.

[You mentioned Mark just now. Is it for my safety?]

[Yes.]

I thought about it and sent Donald a transmission line by line. [Donald, I'm very willing to accept your mark.] Fôll0w current novÊls o/n n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

[But I just thought about it. Exchanging marks should be a very important thing for both of us. I hope you made this decision carefully. It's between the two of us, but it doesn't involve just the two of us.]

[I didn't choose to do this only because you care about my safety. I think it should be proof that we love each other and promise to be together all the time. A mark is just a natural way of connecting us. I don't want us to feel any imperfection when we look back in the future.]

[So, Donald, have you really thought about exchanging marks with me?]

I finally looked at Donald. These words were actually what I wanted to say just now.

Everything had happened so quickly just now. We were all too excited.

But now that I'd calmed down and thought about it, I didn't want Donald to feel burdened by our relationship. I think our relationship should be healthy and natural. I didn't want to feel any guilt. It had always been Donald trying to protect me, and I wanted to give Donald a sense of security.

He didn't need a mark to confirm that I was okay. I preferred to tell him that I was fine in my own way.

[I want to mark with you, for no other reason than you, Margaret.]

I heard Donald say.

[But you'd worry about that, wouldn't you?] Donald's eyes were thoughtful.

[I'm afraid you'll regret it.]

I tried to avoid Donald's gaze. Donald was right. In essence, I was still a little uneasy about this relationship. I looked past Donald and saw Armstrong at the end of the room. Elizabeth was standing beside him.

Then there was Angel. She stood neatly dressed on the side, surrounded by warriors from the assault team. Angel's arrival undoubtedly intensified my uneasiness, making me especially terrified about having Donald. I was the one who was not ready to accept a promise as serious as the mark.

"But you're right. We should all think about it," Donald said. "I'll think about this more carefully. Take what I said to heart, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed softly. "I have something to tell you too."

"What is it?" Donald said.

“Let me handle Angel’s matter myself, okay?” I gazed into Donald’s eyes and slowly made a request.

Chapter 77: Inspirational Speech

[Margaret’s Perspective]

This thought did not come suddenly. I had wanted to suggest this to Donald for a long time.

I could tell that Donald was in a difficult position, caught between Angel and me. As Lycan King, he already had too many things to worry about. I might not be able to help with the rest, but I didn’t want Donald to be troubled about this matter if I could resolve it.

“No, Margaret, you just have to stay in the pack. I’ll take care of everything else,” Donald said.

“Trust me, Donald, I’m capable of solving this,” I said, pretending to be relaxed. “We’re both women. I know what she’s thinking better than you do. Besides, she won’t do anything to me.”

“I don’t want you to get hurt because of this,” Donald said.

“No.” I smiled at Donald. “Uh, actually, I think she’s quite nice. I’m sure we’ll have a good chat.”

“Do you really think so?”

I smiled and nodded. It was starting to get easier to lie to Donald. It’s not good, I thought to myself.

“If you insist, fine. But you really don’t have to do this,” Donald said with a frown. “I’ve already told Angel. She’s just doing her job. She won’t come after you.”

But she’s already here to cause trouble for me. I sighed inwardly. Donald was undoubtedly a good leader, but he obviously didn’t understand women that well.

I could see Angel’s desire to conquer Donald clearly. She was not someone who would give up easily. If I did not face her directly, she would never give up. Nothing Donald could say to her about this matter would be of any use. Only I could make her give up.

Armstrong, I saw, was ready up ahead.

Donald put his arm around me and walked me straight ahead. We walked through the crowd to the front. He stood with Armstrong. I was next to Donald. Elizabeth was next to

Armstrong. Below the stage, Elliot and Anthony were next to each other and Angel was on her own.

I felt Angel's glare. She looked unhappy that I was standing beside Donald. I tried my best to ignore her. This was the first time I had stood with Donald in a slightly formal setting. I had never stood on a stage and seen so many people's eyes on me. I tried my best to keep my body straight and not show my nervousness.

Armstrong began to speak. "I'm sure many people have heard that last night, in the forest outside our pack, there was another attack. This one was discovered by me and Luna Elizabeth."

Armstrong glanced at Elizabeth. The people in the hall began to whisper.

I noticed that Elizabeth had turned a little pale. It looked like Armstrong wanted to raise Elizabeth's prestige in the pack to show that Elizabeth had also done something useful for the pack. But Elizabeth didn't think so. She only thought that what she had seen last night was terrifying.

"Fortunately, none of us were injured in the attack, and none of the Lycans suffered any casualties. Besides, we found a new clue about the attacks."

The noise in the hall continued. Everyone was discussing it with the people around them. Armstrong had to increase his volume.

"However, we found an unidentified person in our forest, currently unconscious. We are doing our best to investigate the identity of this person. Now, the successive attacks must make us vigilant. We will not wait for the enemy to attack us continuously. All of us in the Pack should unite and fight the shameless attackers together at this time."

Armstrong's words were very inspirational. Everyone's whispered discussion stopped. I saw everyone's eyes gather on Armstrong.

"So from now on, the Pack will go into emergency management mode. We will mark out an area in the center of the Pack, and everyone will have to live in the designated area. For those who currently live outside the area, we will send someone to arrange temporary residence for you. You will be free to move around in this area, and we will send someone to defend it.

No one is allowed to leave this area without permission. We've set up a special patrol team with the royal Lycans. The patrol team goes in and out using tokens. Solo operations are forbidden. A Lycan must accompany every patrol.

In addition, we will also arrange for patrols in the area. Apart from children, old people, and people who belong to the patrol team, everyone is to participate in the patrol

mission. Please come to the front to get your registration form, and we will train everyone and schedule the patrol time.”

The discussion in the hall erupted again. I hadn't expected Armstrong to go that far. But there was no denying that he had done everything he could to keep everyone safe.

Chapter 78: Flirty Killer _ 1

[Margaret's Perspective]

The crowd kept surging forward. Some came to collect the registration form, while others wanted to surround Armstrong and Anthony to ask all kinds of questions.

Donald pulled me back a step. I patted Donald's hand and wanted to walk in the direction of the registration form too. However, Donald pulled me back even harder and finally broke away from the dense crowd to a small clearing.

“Why are you squeezing over there?” Donald asked.

“I'm going to get my registration form.” I looked at Donald in confusion. “The Alpha just said that everyone has to participate in patrol missions.”

“You don't need to go.” Donald's face tightened, his jaw a determined line.

Again, in such a crowded place, Donald tried to control me.

I looked around. Fortunately, no one was paying attention to us.

Why did Donald always want me to be the special one? While everyone else was making an effort to keep the Pack safe, Donald wanted me to stay safe and enjoy everyone's protection.

This was unfair to others. I never felt that I should belong to a certain privileged class. Even Donald himself was always involved in battles and dangers, but he always let me exercise such privileges.

I felt a headache coming on and wondered when I would be able to agree with Donald on this point.

But now, I didn't doubt that if I argued with him, Donald would definitely escalate this matter to let everyone know. I could only compromise and say obediently, “Then I'll listen to you.”

I followed Donald out of the hall and saw Armstrong, who had escaped at some point, at the door.

Armstrong walked up to Donald. He didn't look very energetic. He said to Donald, "Your Majesty, is it convenient for you to come to my office to talk?"

"Okay," Donald replied. He turned to me and gave me a warning look. "Go back to your room."

"Okay," I replied and shrugged. "Then can I join the training?"

"You can go, but someone has to follow you," Donald said.

"Fine."

Donald looked a little surprised and tense, at my obedience.

He bent his head to kiss my forehead and left with Armstrong.

I reached out to touch the place where Donald had kissed me just now and watched them walk away. After confirming that they had left, I turned around and walked towards the hall.

I wouldn't compromise with Donald on this matter. This was my responsibility as a resident of the Silver Moon Tribe. Besides, this was only patrolling in the protected area. There were still real patrols outside. They were the real defense line. There was no danger at all.

"Oh, why are you back?" I heard a delicate female voice.

I looked in the direction of the voice. It was indeed Angel.

There was no one else with her. She leaned against the wall alone and smiled seductively at me.

She was wearing the same uniform as before, revealing her perfect figure, but this time she had her hair in a neat ponytail.

There was a cold fragrance about her. It was actually very pleasant, but it forced people to stay away. Like her, it was dangerous. No matter how beautiful her smile, she was a cold-blooded and heartless killer.

I looked at her warily and replied, "I just came back to get the registration form."

Although I was very confident when I spoke to Donald just now, I actually didn't know how to deal with Angel. She didn't seem to have any weaknesses, and I didn't think that I would make her give up if I performed better. However, I should at least show her my attitude, which was that I loved Donald.

I wouldn't give him up for anything. I would also stand by Donald's side by my own effort so that everyone who saw us would think that we were compatible. If Angel could realize that she was nothing more than a clown to us, I was sure that with her pride, she wouldn't allow herself to do anything out of line again.

"Isn't Donald locking his little sweetheart up like a sealed honey jar?" Angel looked at me teasingly and said, "And the little sweetheart has already obediently agreed with him. Why is she here?"

She must have heard my conversation with Donald just now. I felt the contempt in her words and retorted, "This is none of your business."

"It's really none of my business." Angel walked over. She was much taller than me. I felt like she was overpowering me in terms of aura. This made me feel uncomfortable.

"But what if Little Sweetheart makes Lycan King unhappy? Aiyaya, that's scary. Why don't you go back and stay well? Don't come and participate in these adults' matters."

"I'm an adult," I said. "I can do my job perfectly."

Chapter 79: An Amiable Friend

[Margaret's Perspective]

I didn't want to talk to Angel anymore. She looked like she was just here to taunt me. I wanted to walk around her and leave, but she took a step in the same direction and stood in front of me.

"What else do you want?" I asked with some anger.

"I just wanted to remind you," Angel said, lowering her voice. "Don't forget our agreement. I've already made arrangements. Tonight. At the forest entrance at eleven."

I looked at her steadily.

Angel had already taken a step back. She was still looking at me with her charming smile. She said, "If you go back on your word, it's not too late. But you don't have to get any registration form. Just stay in the house. Donald will protect you. Come on, give me back my things."

Angel reached out to me. I was silent for a moment. Then I reached into my pocket.

I saw the contemptuous smile on Angel's face deepen. Suddenly, I reached out and knocked her hand away. "I won't go back on my word," she said. "I'll see you tonight."

I caught the momentary look of shock on Angel's face. I finally felt like I had won a small game against Angel.

"Good." Angel finally dropped the smile she'd been wearing and revealed her true self, fierce and arrogant.

"I'll let you know what happens when you take something that doesn't belong to you."

Angel turned to leave. Her last words sounded strange to me.

What was it that didn't belong to me? It looked like she was talking about Donald, but it was strange to use the word "thing" to describe Donald. Although it matched Angel's usual arrogant personality, it still felt a little strange. In this case, wouldn't it be more appropriate to use "person"? Or maybe she wasn't talking about Donald, but something else.

I was still thinking when I felt a blow on one shoulder.

I instinctively returned fire, but a strong arm grabbed me.

I turned back to see a surprised Elizabeth and an embarrassed Anthony. Elizabeth's hand was still in mid-air. Anthony was holding my arm in one hand and a stack of registration forms in the other.

It was obvious what had just happened.

Elizabeth came to pat my shoulder. When I returned fire, Anthony instinctively shielded Elizabeth.

I glared at Anthony, who sheepishly let go of my hand.

Their relationship with Armstrong was really puzzling.

Anthony was always so protective of Elizabeth, but judging from Armstrong's attitude today, he was obviously still treating Elizabeth as Luna.

"Who were you chatting with?" Elizabeth asked.

"Angel. You met her in the forest yesterday," I explained.

I saw Elizabeth tremble again when she heard about the forest. I began to wonder what she had experienced with Armstrong in the forest yesterday. She was still afraid of the forest.

"So it's her. She doesn't look as scary as she did yesterday. She's quite friendly," Elizabeth muttered.

I did a giant mental eye roll.

Friendly? Elizabeth's habit of judging a book by its cover hasn't changed at all. Someone like her who wants to become our Pack's Luna is really our Pack's headache.

"If you're leaving with the Lycan King, maybe you can be friends? She came to talk to me just now. She's quite friendly."

I looked at Elizabeth speechlessly and gave up on communicating with her.

I looked at Anthony and held out my hand to him. "Give me a registration form."

But Anthony shook his head at me and said, "You don't need to patrol."

"What?" I couldn't believe I was hearing that from Anthony, too.

"The Alpha explained that neither you nor Elizabeth needed to patrol," Anthony said.

Armstrong treated me like this too? I glanced at Elizabeth. It was normal for Armstrong not to let Elizabeth patrol. She couldn't do anything. It was more appropriate for her to stay at home. However, Armstrong should know that I was capable of doing this.

"Stop fooling around. Give it to me. I can do this," I insisted.

"No, that's an order."

I glared at Anthony. He met my eyes innocently.

I was really defeated. These men! Damn them.

"Fine, I won't go," I said miserably.

Elizabeth looked at Anthony and then at me. She said to me in confusion, "Why are you going on patrol? Isn't it good that Alpha doesn't want you to go? Don't forget that you have to help me hold the Luna's inauguration."

Ah! I had almost forgotten about that. Who could care about that ritual at such an urgent moment?

But Elizabeth was still talking about herself. "Maybe you and the Lycan King should hold one too. I mean, yours is different from mine and Armstrong's. You must have to go back with him to hold the formal ceremony, but you met here after all, and this is very important to you. We can do it together, and then the Lycan King can attend my ceremony. What do you think?"

Chapter 80: The Reason for the Ceremony

[Margaret's Perspective]

"I said..." I wanted to interrupt Elizabeth, but I didn't succeed at all.

"Most of the flowers and various supplies for the ceremony have been selected. The menu hasn't been drawn up yet. There are only a few days left until the date we set previously. Recently, you've all been busy with other things. The progress of the ceremony has been delayed a lot. We still have to prepare quickly."

"Elizabeth," I said. "No one has time for that ceremony right now. What we need to do is defend ourselves."

"What?" Elizabeth was horrified. "You mean the ceremony isn't going to be held?"

"I didn't say that, but definitely not now," I said helplessly. "We need to postpone this."

"You told me last time that it was possible," Elizabeth said accusingly, her eyes wide. "How can you make such a decision without discussing it with me at all?"

"Because no one remembers these things. Look at how busy Alpha is these days. Everyone's on a roll."

"So you forgot about me! I'm Luna of this pack too, but no one thought to discuss any decision with me." Elizabeth was starting to look crazy.

"Think about it. The pack isn't safe now. If any attacks happen during the ceremony, the entire ceremony will be ruined."

"Impossible. Armstrong already said that it's very safe inside the pack. As long as everyone stays where they are, there won't be any danger." Elizabeth really didn't have a grasp of the situation.

I could only look at Anthony for help. Once Elizabeth started being unreasonable, Anthony was the only one who was good at dealing with her.

"Elizabeth, if we have to have a ceremony, the patrols will be very strict now. The other Packs won't be able to attend. Are you willing to do that?" Anthony said. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/(co/m

Elizabeth finally hesitated and asked, "So the other Packs won't see me becoming Luna, right?"

"That's right."

I knew Anthony's trick would work. I looked at him in admiration.

One of the important reasons Elizabeth insisted on holding the ceremony was to show off to everyone that she had become Luna of the Silver Moon Tribe and to show those who had once disliked her that she had an Alpha as a mate. If that goal wasn't achieved, the ceremony clearly didn't make much sense to her.

"Besides, Donald might not have time to attend your ceremony now," I took the opportunity to say. "When things are settled, Donald and I can hold a ceremony with you. At that time, everyone will come to witness you becoming Luna."

"Really? You'll stay until then?" Elizabeth looks at me nervously.

"We will," I said, stroking Elizabeth's hair.

At this moment, I felt my mission as a sister. Perhaps when the time came, which was when I was about to leave with Donald, I would definitely want to see Elizabeth obtain her own happiness and live well with Armstrong. As long as I could do it, I was willing to satisfy her wishes.

"Then... okay." I felt relieved when I saw that Elizabeth accepted the truth despite her reluctance.

I looked around. Most of the people had dispersed. Angel had long since left for God knows where.

I said goodbye to Anthony and Elizabeth. I needed to make some preparations for my evening patrol.

On the way back to my room, I thought about what I was going to do tonight. If Donald found out, it would definitely anger him. I avoided thinking about the consequences if Donald found out. As long as I did it secretly, he wouldn't find out, and none of this would be a problem.

I sat on the bed and was wondering how I was going to bypass Donald and the guards and walk out of this room into the forest that night.

Suddenly, I heard a knock. When I opened the door, there was no one outside. Only a package.

I opened the package. Inside was a full set of patrol gear and a dagger.

I often saw this around the waist of a patrolman. Werewolves were more used to carrying daggers to defend themselves than other weapons.

Because it was smaller and more portable, it was not easy to discover. Werewolves were better at close combat. With a werewolf's strength, a dagger could cause huge damage in a short time.

In addition, there was an envelope in the package. I opened it. There was a short letter inside. It said: "It's not too late to give up."

I gripped the paper tightly. It was from Angel. She was still provoking me at this time because she wanted to see me admit defeat. So I must not do as she had wished.

I have to go this evening.

I lay down on my bed and closed my eyes. I started to conserve my energy for my night patrol. I would prove myself to everyone at night. I was no worse than anyone else.