

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 81 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 81

Chapter 81: Sneaking Away in the Middle of the Night

[Margaret's Perspective]

In the darkness, I opened my eyes.

I looked at Donald, who was lying beside me. His breathing was steady and he looked to be fast asleep. I gently turned over and carefully observed Donald's movements.

Good. He hadn't been awakened at all.

I glanced at the bedside clock. 10:30. It was time for me to leave.

I slipped off the bed on tiptoes and headed for the bathroom in my room.

This was the plan I had come up with this afternoon. Donald would definitely send someone to patrol outside the door. I couldn't take the risk of strutting out the front door. Fortunately, I found a window in the bathroom. It was just big enough for me to slip out.

I took out the patrol gear I'd hidden earlier and a rope from the cabinet. I tied the rope to a sturdy pillar on one side and gave it a couple of hard tugs to make sure the rope could take my weight well. It took me a long time to put on the patrol outfit Angel had given me. It was tighter than I thought. It took a lot of effort to squeeze into it.

The material of this outfit was light and thin, unlike all the fabric I had worn before. It clung to my body like another layer of skin and stretched with the rhythm of my breathing. I guessed that some special craftsmanship went into the making of these gears.

I put a dagger at my waist. In my pocket was the token and the envelope I had received in the afternoon. On the back of the envelope was a map of the location of the meeting tonight and the route I needed to patrol.

After making sure everything was in order, I stuffed the clothes I'd taken off into the cabinet and climbed down the rope that was fastened to the window. The building's facade was brick, which made it easy to climb down.

I climbed down from above without a hitch. There was nothing around me but the moonlight. It enveloped the land gently.

I hope Donald doesn't find out and get angry with me, I prayed silently to the moon goddess.

I got my bearings and ran quickly in the direction of the forest.

The journey was smoother than I expected. No one stopped me along the way. When I saw some of the patrolling people, I would feel nervous. When they saw me, they let me pass. They didn't even need me to take out my token.

I wondered if this was our security. Were we too lax? I should find a chance to mention it to Donald.

Finally, I reached the spot marked on the map. I'd never been to this part of the forest before. It was at the back of the Pack, and the trees were lush, making it even darker in the night. I looked around but didn't see Angel.

Is she playing with me?

This thought came to me, but she had given me the clothes and the map. If she was just trying to fool me, why go to this extent? Wouldn't it be more appropriate for me to come unarmed?

Suddenly, I sensed a dangerous aura around me. I turned and saw a huge beast roaring at me. Its fur was gray-black, just like the night. It looked terrifying.

I couldn't help but take two steps back. When it stood up, it was twice my height. Its upper limbs were thick and muscular. It had huge claws with sharp nails. It bared its two sharp teeth in a scary way.

"You're late," I heard it say to me.

I glanced at the medallion on its belt that matched mine. It was a combat-ready werewolf.

After I realized this, I realized that there was no vicious killing intent in its eyes as it looked at me.

"Uh, sorry. I'm here to hand over the token." I took out the token and showed it to the wolf.

I heard it grunt in displeasure. It began to transform in front of me, its form shrinking until it looked like a normal man.

He was still very burly, with angular muscles in his arms. He took the token from my hand and examined it for a while before saying, "Why are you alone?"

He frowned at me, looked me up and down, and said, "I haven't seen you before."

I didn't know how to answer him. In fact, this wasn't what I'd imagined. I thought that the person waiting for me here would be Angel, or at least one of them would come and tell me what to do, but I was confused. I was afraid that saying something wrong would arouse his suspicion.

I noticed that his gaze was focused on the dagger at my waist. His eyes were focused, and an unhappy look appeared between his brows. "So you're one of them. Why didn't you say so?"

I didn't understand what he was talking about. Don't they all belong to the same patrol team? Are there factions among them?

He threw the token back to me. I caught it in a flurry. I felt him looking at me even more strangely.

"My name is Chris."

"Monica," I said casually.

"Monica, it's your shift now. You'll have to hand over your shift here in four hours." Chris looked at me suspiciously. "You know how to do it, right?"

Chapter 82: Footprints in the Forest

[Margaret's Perspective]

"I know," I forced myself to say.

"Your people are really strange. Why would they let you patrol alone? The forest is very dangerous now," Chris muttered to himself.

I felt embarrassed. Compared to him, I really didn't look like a patrol warrior.

"Alright, remember to report directly to the system if anything happens."

System, what system?

I was about to ask him when I saw Chris walk away.

Now I was alone here.

I turned my gaze to the dark forest and inevitably felt some fear.

Don't be afraid. It's just a patrol. There are so many people patrolling the forest. You can do it.

I mentally encouraged myself. I identified the route of the map and headed into the forest.

The trees here had grown for many years, and the dense canopy blocked the moonlight. Even with my werewolf vision, I could only see ten meters in front of me.

The night wind rustled the leaves, and I had to pay full attention to my surroundings.

The deeper I went into the forest, the more I could hear rustling sounds around me. I stopped several times to observe my surroundings, but I didn't find anything unusual.

I looked down at the map in my hand and estimated that I had covered most of the patrol route. According to its instructions, I only had to turn around twice before returning to where I had started.

I pulled myself together and continued to patrol along the route on the map. I got used to the dark environment, and I didn't feel as scared as I did at the beginning. As it turned out, I could make this work.

Just as I heaved a sigh of relief, I saw something on the ground in front of me. I quickly walked up and saw a huge wolf claw mark on the ground.

Someone was here!

All at once my nerves stiffened again. Instinctively, I transformed into wolf form.

The wolf form could improve my vision and perception at the same time. I felt that the rustling sound beside me was clearer now. I could also feel the direction of the wind.

I thought about Chris's wolf form when I first met him and realized that I should have done this a long time ago. It was most comfortable to travel through the forest in wolf form when I was patrolling.

I used my claws to match the footprints on the ground.

Its outline was larger than mine. I thought back to Donald and Elliot in their wolf forms and deduced that the man who had left these footprints was not as burly as a Lycan.

So, could it be an ordinary werewolf? Could it be someone from our patrol?

I sniffed tentatively. The other party had left no trace of smell. I couldn't do any tracking using scent.

Doubts welled up in me. There was no need for the patrol people to hide their scent. We would even take the initiative to leave our scent so that our companions could find us better. The appearance of these footprints was unusual. I immediately realized that I should tell the others about this.

Then I discovered a very awkward situation. Since I didn't know what the "system" Chris was talking about was, and no one had told me what to do, I had no way of contacting anyone at all.

The only people I could contact through my mind were Donald and the others, but once I contacted them, it meant that my secret escape would be discovered.

I looked at the footprints on the ground and was momentarily caught in a dilemma.

After hesitating for a few seconds, I decided to contact him. I couldn't ignore an important clue that might affect the safety of our pack just because I was afraid of being discovered by Donald. Even if it turned out that there was nothing wrong with these footprints and it was just a mistake, I wouldn't regret doing this. It was my responsibility.

However, after weighing the pros and cons in my heart, I sent a message to Armstrong.

I still felt a little guilty about admitting to Donald that I had sneaked out. If I contacted Elliot, it would be no different from contacting Donald directly. It might make Donald even more unhappy. Moreover, this was our pack's matter. It was understandable for me to contact Armstrong.

[Armstrong, I found unknown footprints while patrolling the forest. Come quickly.]

After delivering the news, I was about to lean closer to the footprints to take a closer look when I suddenly felt the wind change around me. The huge airflow formed tiny whirls around me.

I was looking up in that direction when I saw a huge black shadow pouncing on me.

"What is this!?"

I only had time to turn sideways before I saw a pair of huge curved claws stop in front of my throat.

I looked up and saw a pair of blood-red eyes. The white pupils seemed to be infinitely dilated, making me feel shocked. He pressed down on me with a stench. He was much heavier than me, and I couldn't move at all.

I could only fall back hard. At this angle, I couldn't even turn over. If he moved his claws an inch forward, he could cut my throat.

Help! Donald!!!

I closed my eyes in despair.

Chapter 83: Mate Who Needs A Lesson

[Donald's Perspective]

It was dark and quiet. This place was scary.

Thud, thud, thud...

I felt my heart pounding against my chest like a drum.

An inexplicable sense of unease hovered in my chest. My eyes opened.

In front of me was the pure white ceiling. This was my bedroom. It looked normal.

I winced. This wasn't right.

I turned to look beside me. The bed was empty. Margaret wasn't here. Where had she gone?

The uneasiness in my heart intensified. I pushed open the closed bathroom door. There was no one here either, but there was Margaret's scent. I followed the scent and opened a cabinet to the side. These were Margaret's pajamas. She had left her clothes here and sneaked out alone?!

How did she get out?

I went to the window sill and saw a rope caught in the gap. I opened the window and looked out. A long rope hung down from here, long enough to reach the ground.

Anger and fear rose in me at the same time.

Margaret had sneaked out alone in the middle of the night. Where had she gone?

I thought about her past with Armstrong and her refusal to mark with me during the day. Would she betray me? The thought appeared briefly in my mind and quickly disappeared. No, she wouldn't do that.

I tried to get my mind to think rationally. Margaret had mentioned Angel during the day. She said that she wanted to settle things with Angel herself. Although I didn't agree, I allowed her to do it. But she was a silly child. Angel had far more tricks up her sleeve than her.

I shook Margaret's nightgown in my hand and a piece of paper fell out. I picked it up and smelled Angel on it. It was Angel! My face turned ashen. I saw the words.

'It's not too late to give up.'

I recognized the handwriting as Angel's. She was deliberately trying to provoke Margaret. *What was she trying to get Margaret to do?*

Patrol!? I realized that was the most likely possibility.

Margaret had always wanted to be part of the patrol. During the day, she had been stopped by me because she had gone to get the registration form. If Angel wanted to use Margaret for something, patrolling was undoubtedly the most tempting. And damn it, Angel had full authority. It was simply too easy for her to arrange for anyone to go.

Forest. Forest again! Why did Margaret always have to be so obsessed with the forest? Was it because she and Armstrong had memories of the past there?

I was annoyed by this. If I had to bring her back this time, I would teach her a lesson. Beat her up? No, that would be too brutal. I would teach her a lesson in bed and let her know who she really belonged to.

I was so angry that I kicked the nightstand. The cabinet door flew open. I saw a small bottle inside.

And what is this?? I thought. *How much is Margaret doing behind my back?*

Puzzled, I picked up the small bottle. It was empty. It wasn't mine. What did Margaret mean by putting it here? I put aside my doubts for the moment and continued to focus on the possibility that Margaret had gone alone to patrol the forest.

If, as I thought, Angel had arranged for Margaret to patrol the forest, she would be given a token. People with tokens could contact and locate each other. Margaret wouldn't be in danger for a while.

However, I thought of another possibility. Angel might not tell Margaret how to use the token. If that was the case, Margaret might also be patrolling alone. Angel would not assign her a companion.

I felt my heart throb again at the thought.

I had to find Margaret immediately.

I returned to the bathroom and tracked Margaret's scent. She had left through the window, which was too small for me to get through. I had to go around the outside of the building.

Fortunately, there was still a remnant of her aura in the air, and my mate's senses would let me vaguely know where she was. I knew I was tracking in the right direction.

I was beginning to regret not having directly marked her during the day. Then I wouldn't be going through so much trouble to find her now. I could only barely tell through my mate's senses that she was fine now and should still be in the forest.

As I walked to the entrance of the forest, I considered asking the entire patrol team to help me find Margaret. However, I didn't want to mobilize such a large number of people. I wanted to find her myself first. If it really didn't work, I would leverage everyone's strength.

Margaret had never liked being ordered around by me in public, and I tried to respect her wishes, but she clearly didn't take my concern for her seriously.

She had really angered me this time. If she felt that what I had done before was not respecting her enough or not considerate of her thoughts, then I would show her this time what I would do when I really did not want to care about her thoughts. I would drag her back in front of everyone and let everyone see that she belonged to me completely.

Chapter 84: The Fast and Agile White Shadow _ 1

[Donald's Perspective]

After arriving in the forest, it became easier for me to sense Margaret's scent. There weren't many other auras interfering here.

On the way out, I saw Margaret's phone on the desktop in the house. She hadn't brought any communication tools.

I tried to contact Margaret in my mind but found myself rejected. There were two possibilities for this to happen. One was that she had actively blocked my connection. The other was that she was on another call.

I suppressed my uneasiness and tried to track her scent.

In an instant, I felt the panic in my heart suddenly intensify. Margaret's aura became clear.

I found her!

I locked onto a direction and ran that way in my wolf form, snarling.

Please be okay, please!

Margaret, nothing must happen to you.

I was close now. She was just ahead.

That's Margaret!

I saw a huge black shadow descend from the sky and crush my little she-wolf. His filthy claws were about to rip Margaret's throat!

I felt like my heart was going to stop. I ran and leaped forward quickly, tackling the big guy on top of Margaret.

At the same time, I saw a white shadow pounce over. I was worried about Margaret, so I had to give up attacking for the time being. I temporarily restrained my strength and jumped to the side, picking up Margaret with my mouth and temporarily leaving the battlefield.

I put Margaret on the ground and did a quick check to make sure she wasn't hurt.

Margaret whined on the ground. I ignored her, my eyes alert as I looked at the figure that had just pounced on me.

If there were two opponents, I wasn't sure I could keep them at bay while protecting Margaret.

But to my surprise, the white shadow was locked in combat with the big guy who had attacked Margaret. The white shadow was not as big as the other party, but it was fast and agile. It was really like a shadow. Ordinary people could not even see its movements.

I watched for a while and gave up on joining the battle because I recognized who this white shadow was. It was Angel. Angel's wolf was a pure white snow wolf, which was very rare even among snow wolves.

Normally, even if they were of the same race, the snow wolf's fur would be a little brown or silver-gray, but the fur all over her body was white. I had never seen any other wolf with such fur color.

There was no suspense in this battle. Angel's exquisite combat skills were not something that the other party could resist. After a while, the other party could not withstand her attacks and was played around. He could only spin on the spot and wave his huge and sharp claws, but he could not touch Angel at all.

As expected, Angel finally hit the back of the other party's head with a heavy blow and he fell straight down.

"Did you kill him?" I asked, frowning.

“He just passed out. I wouldn’t have killed him.”

Angel jumped down from the other party’s body and rubbed the blood from her claws on the leaves. Angel had always been proud of her fur color. I had seen many werewolves chase her because of her fur color, and because of that, she particularly cherished her fur.

“He deserves to die.” I stared at the unconscious figure on the ground.

Because he was unconscious, he couldn’t maintain his wolf form for long. His body quickly shrank until he was in human form. He was a thin-faced, black-haired man. His hair was greasy and stuck to his face, making him look disgusting.

I glanced at Margaret. She was in human form. She was trembling, obviously still recovering from the shock.

I had to suppress the urge to tear the other party’s throat with my teeth. How dare he attack my people? If this wasn’t the only living person we had caught so far, I would have cut him into pieces.

“Don’t be so fierce, Donald.” Angel transformed into her human form and walked towards me. “I’ve already informed my people to come over. When I’m done, I’ll give him to you. You can do whatever you want with him, okay?”

I gave her a cold look and did not answer. I also transformed into my human form.

Angel was definitely behind everything that had happened today.

“You’re taking him back?” I asked.

“I’ve been watching this person for a long time. We were attacked by him in an unknown forest before we came. We let him escape, but we left a mark on him. Later, he kept playing cat and mouse with us. We tracked and counter-tracked him for a long time. We finally caught him. He must know a lot,” Angel said as she kicked the man at her feet.

“How can you be sure he was the one who attacked both of you earlier?”

“He has the scar on his right ear from before, and the way he fought. I knew it was him as soon as we fought.” Angel squatted down and turned the man on the ground. There was indeed a scar on his right ear.

Chapter 85: Continuous Attacks

[Donald’s Perspective]

“So, you planned all this?” I tightened my grip on Margaret’s hand and my voice turned completely cold.

I wasn’t too surprised to see Angel here earlier.

On the way here, I had a question. Angel was not without her wits. Why had she dared to leave Margaret alone in the forest late at night?

Right now, the entire pack was in a state of high tension. If Margaret was really in danger or something happened to her, she knew that I would definitely find out about her. When that happened, what would she rely on to get away? Or did she really have the guts to provoke me like this?

It was because of this speculation that I was certain that even if something happened to Margaret, her life would not be in danger. Because Angel would not dare to do that.

I wasn’t wrong about that. Angel’s appearance just now was enough to prove that even if I hadn’t pounced on the attacker, she would have been able to save Margaret. However, I never expected that Angel would dare to use Margaret as bait. She was betting on the life of the future queen of the Lycans!

Angel’s words had explained everything. She must have had some news and guessed that the enemy might attack tonight. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbIn/(co/m

So she had deliberately lured Margaret to the forest, leaving her alone without any means of protection or help. She had expected Margaret to be attacked, and that was what she had waited for and needed.

Angel squinted at me. Her smug expression faded.

Our gazes locked in mid-air.

“So what if I am?” Angel said. “I caught the enemy. That’s my duty. I did it better than anyone.”

“You might have let an innocent person die.” I was angry and disappointed at what Angel had done. There were many ways we could achieve our goal, but there shouldn’t be any that required us to hurt our companions.

Angel glanced at Margaret beside me and said, “Isn’t she fine?”

“She’s the future Lycan Queen, but you almost killed her!” I roared angrily at Angel.

The anger had been bottled up in my chest all night.

My Mate almost had her neck torn off in front of me, but Angel, as the instigator, didn't look guilty at all. It was as if everything she did was out of duty or on purpose.

As for Margaret, I still hadn't heard her say sorry to me. Did she know the consequences of her actions?!

If I'd come a little later tonight, if Angel hadn't acted so promptly, she would have died here. Could Margaret be a little more responsible for her life?!

"Why are you yelling at me?" Angel couldn't keep a straight face anymore. "At the end of the day, it's just... be careful!"

"Donald!"

Before I heard the exclamation, I felt a sharp wind coming from my upper left.

I could have dodged. Thinking of Margaret behind me, I raised my arm and quickly turned it into a wolf claw, preparing to take the attack head-on. From the strength I had estimated from the wind speed, it was at most a superficial wound. If I could block the other party for a moment, I was confident that I could subdue him with my other hand.

This person actually dared to attack me alone. He was really crazy.

But what I never expected was that just as I was about to meet that blow, Margaret suddenly rushed up from behind me and collided with it.

The force of the other party's attack slammed Margaret into my arms. I saw a huge wound on Margaret's back. Her flesh was ripped and blood was flowing out.

"Margaret..." I didn't dare turn her body rashly. I could only place her on my knee and ask gently, "How are you?"

"I'm... a little dizzy," Margaret said weakly.

I saw her face turn pale and my heart ached.

"Why are you doing this? I'll be fine. What are you going to do now!?"

"I saw someone trying to attack you. Instinctively, I did it." Margaret gave me a strained smile. "I'm sorry. It's my fault."

Even though I had a thousand complaints about Margaret—her rash actions and her self-righteousness—I couldn't bring myself to say them to her at this moment.

I looked deep into her eyes, unable to hide my anxiety and worry. "Stop talking."

I tried to calm her. “Just hold on a little longer. You’ll be fine. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

Chapter 86: Go Back to Your Place

[Donald’s Perspective]

Angel was obviously shocked by the sudden attack, but she reacted quickly and rushed to my side.

“How are you?” Angel asked anxiously.

I raised my eyes and stared hard at the werewolf who’d just attacked me. He was about the same size as the dark-haired man who’d attacked Margaret. He was now beside the unconscious dark-haired man. He was creating a diversion. He had wanted to take the man.

“Take care of her.” I shoved Margaret to Angel and gave her a warning look. If she was sensible, she would know not to do anything that might anger me now.

I let out a long howl at the moon. In the blink of an eye, I’d completed my human-to-wolf transformation. Margaret’s blood had provoked me. My Mate was hurt by other werewolves in front of me. They had to pay with blood. There was no room for negotiation.

I saw Angel tremble and the shocked look in the werewolf’s eyes.

The werewolf stiffened for perhaps half a second. He must have sensed the dangerous aura I was giving off. He suddenly abandoned his companion and turned to flee.

But it was too late.

If the person who hurt me could leave without paying any price, then I would really be wasting my life.

I jumped and covered the ten meters between us. The other party turned and ran. I closed the distance between us in an instant.

Too slow. He was moving too slowly.

I put my claws on his back and slashed him from his neck to his waist, leaving a long trail of blood.

This blow was for Margaret.

I saw him stretch his neck in pain as he let out a groan, but he was still struggling with death and didn't stop walking. That only prolonged his life for a few seconds.

I threw myself on top of him. He was knocked to the ground. I tore at his throat crazily with my teeth and felt the fishy and warm fluid fill my mouth.

I pressed my claws against his soft stomach, slicing his flesh piece by piece. I felt him whimper and die under me before I jumped off him.

The blood on his body stained the ground red. I looked at the ground in disgust.

I didn't like blood, and I didn't like solving problems by killing. I always felt that power should be for protection, not plunder.

I thought of Margaret and raced back to where I'd come from.

Angel had already given Margaret a simple hemostasis. I nodded to her and received Margaret into my arms.

"She has passed out from blood loss. I've already stopped the bleeding. And our men will be here soon. They have a medical team among them. There shouldn't be a problem."

Angel looked a little uncomfortable. She looked at me with a hesitant expression and said, "It was all my fault just now. I was negligent and didn't notice anything unusual. I'm sorry."

"You shouldn't be sorry about this," I said coldly. "What happened tonight was all because of you."

I saw Angel open her mouth as if to say something. In the end, she didn't say anything.

"You don't have to interfere in the future. You'll go to detention today and reflect on it," I said. "I've already contacted Elliot. He'll take over everything here. When I deploy new people, you can get lost."

My words left no room for Angel.

With Margaret's injury. Angel had crossed my bottom line. Since she might hurt Margaret, I couldn't tolerate her staying here no matter what.

"Donald, you can't do this to me," Angel said.

For the first time, I saw weakness in Angel's eyes.

“I didn’t mean to hurt her, and it was not my fault she got hurt,” Angel said defensively. “She’s your mate, but has it ever occurred to you that this isn’t fair to me either? I’m doing what I have to do as the commando leader. What right do you have to punish me like this?”

“I’ve always tried to make you see me and stand by your side. I’ve done everything well. If you say that you’re punishing me for dereliction of duty, I’ll accept anything. However, you can’t convince me of such a reason.”

“But the truth is that you hurt her,” I said calmly. “There’s no such thing as absolute fairness or unfairness in this world, especially not emotionally. Was what you did to Margaret fair to her?”

I saw Angel’s hurt expression and suddenly couldn’t bear to continue. I sighed and said, “Angel, I’ve always admired you. You’re an excellent warrior. Letting you go back isn’t entirely a punishment. You’ll have a good position and development. Why do you have to stay here?”

“You weren’t like this before, Donald. You’ve become weak. You let emotions manipulate your rationality. You don’t look like the Lycan King from before.” Angel looked at me with sad eyes.

“People change,” I replied, looking back at Angel. “But I prefer to believe that love made me stronger. I understand the meaning of protection better.

Chapter 87: Endless Pain _ 1

[Margaret’s Perspective]

My pain was the first thing I felt after I regained consciousness.

My back hurt like a hacksaw repeatedly cutting through my body. It also felt a little itchy.

I could feel my touch recovering bit by bit. I was lying on my stomach in a prone position on a soft bed. My neck was a little sore, and one of my ears seemed to be numb from the pressure.

I tried to wake my torso with my consciousness. First, I shook my head. I heard my hair rubbing against the pillow. My hearing returned. The movement eased the pain in my neck.

I opened my eyes slowly. The sunlight was blinding.

I closed and opened my eyes. I opened and closed them. After a few tries, I finally got used to the light and saw where I was.

I was in a hospital room. My face was to the window. Sunlight streamed through the window and hit the white sheets beside me.

So why did it hurt so much?

Instinctively, I moved my fingers, but I felt another soft touch that was different from the sheets.

It was someone else holding my hand.

I turned my head upward with difficulty. The movement made my back hurt even more, but I wanted to see who was holding my hand. I first saw brilliant blond hair, but the other party's head was lowered as if he was dozing. His hair blocked his eyebrows, but it could not hide his kingly aura. He was like a god.

My muddled brain finally cleared, recalling what had happened.

Previously, I was patrolling the forest alone under Angel's instigation and was attacked. Donald and Angel suddenly appeared at the same time to save me. From their conversation, it seemed that I had been used by Angel.

I was shocked to learn about that and couldn't recover for a moment.

Then I suddenly saw a black shadow pounce on Donald. Instinctively, I shielded him. When I rushed to the front, I knew that I was making a fool of myself. Why would Donald need my protection? I might even cause trouble.

However, my body's reaction was completely beyond my conscious control. Before I could even stop myself, I had rushed forward.

The memories after that were a little blurry...

I only vaguely remembered Donald talking and Angel talking. Later, many people came, one after another. Everyone was talking. Then there was pain, endless pain...

My body was moved around. My soul seemed to be floating in the sky, but the pain was always with me.

The pain now was probably caused by me rushing out to take that blow for Donald.

I sighed inwardly and tried to turn around to see how my injuries were. I struggled to turn left and right for a long time, and I only managed to prop myself up a little. I couldn't even turn sideways.

I was about to take a break to catch my breath when I felt a force grab my wrist. I realized that my actions had disturbed Donald and turned to look at him.

He was indeed awake. He frowned at me and said, "What are you doing?"

Although it was a question, it sounded more like interrogation from Donald. He didn't give me a chance to answer. Instead, he forcefully pressed me back to my original position.

All the hard work I'd just put in instantly vanished.

"Lie down properly. You're already injured, yet you're still not behaving."

Donald's tone was stiff. I realized belatedly that he seemed angry.

I had yet to explain to him that I had secretly run out to patrol. I suddenly felt my scalp tingle and lay there obediently, not daring to move.

"Silly child, why did you rush out? Did I need you to protect me?"

Donald suddenly spoke. I turned to look at him. I realized that he didn't look angry. It was more like helplessness. This gave me courage. I added, "I don't regret doing this."

I looked Donald in the eye and said, "If I had to do it again, I might still be willing to stand in front of you."

Donald stared at me. I couldn't read his emotions, so I continued, "Even if it might mean nothing to you. But, I..."

I didn't know how to express my emotions and had to pause here to think, but I heard Donald catch my words.

"Of course it means something to me," Donald said. "Margaret, you've always meant something to me."

I looked at his open lips and couldn't help but be drawn to him. I stared blankly at him.

Donald's voice had always been pleasant. When he was gentle, it was magnetic. When he lectured people with a straight face, he would appear a little cold, but there was a different kind of sexiness. When he spoke, he was always calm and steady.

His lips were so beautiful. His lower lip was thin and moist, making me want to kiss him.

Chapter 88: Uncontrollable Pleasure (1)

[Margaret's Perspective]

For a moment, I recalled that in addition to many scenes of us kissing intimately, there were more scenes of us lingering in bed, with him on top of me.

Donald would lean over me. Sometimes the kisses were sensual. Sometimes the kisses were simply expressions of love landing on me, one by one.

Sometimes he would kiss me from my neck to my chest, to my lower abdomen, to the top of my thighs, and finally to my private part.

The kisses Donald gave me were not always gentle. He would suckle my skin all the way, making me gasp, and leave bright red marks on my body.

My breath quickened with the memory, and I felt my body heat up again.

“Margaret?” Donald called to me, and I came back to my senses, feeling more or less ashamed of myself.

I had just woken up from my coma and was still injured, but all I could think of was sex. I couldn't help but lower my eyes, not daring to look at Donald again.

“Your face is a little red. Are you feeling unwell?”

Donald's concerned words made me even more ashamed. I shook my head, but Donald had already placed his hand on my forehead. This angle forced me to stare at him. His facial features were so impeccable. The gentle look of concern now was simply intoxicating. I swallowed unconsciously and licked my lips.

Donald's gaze focused on my lips, revealing a look of understanding.

He lowered his head and exchanged a wet kiss with me.

I felt even more awkward. I was lying in a hospital bed, shamelessly asking Donald for sex.

However, at the same time, it seemed that the more pain my body felt, the more it triggered my recollection of the pleasure we had enjoyed before. Moreover, after escaping death, I needed some comfort from Donald. I could recall clearly the joy his body had brought me.

“Don't, don't do that.” My posture was extremely awkward. I didn't know how to avoid Donald's gaze.

However, it was obvious that Donald did not want to give me any room to dodge today.

“Isn't that what you meant when you looked at me just now?” Donald said slowly.

I blushed and couldn't refute Donald. I was indeed thinking about our kiss just now.

Donald raised one of my hands and kissed my hand, one finger at a time. I felt his tongue lick my fingertips. He asked, "Do you like it when I kiss you like this?"

I didn't know what to answer at all. I couldn't even move because of the injury on my back, and I couldn't respond to him physically. However, Donald had completely aroused me. Just by the way he looked at me, I felt that I was about to reach my climax.

Donald's hand had already reached under my blanket, and I realized that I was actually naked now. The one-piece patrol clothes Angel had given me was for ease of movement.

In order to make it easier to apply the medicine, Donald had probably removed it for me. This allowed him to reach my hand and touch my thigh without any obstruction. He then moved further towards the middle.

I was already drenched inside. I knew what Donald would touch. Being in heat in broad daylight made me feel ashamed. I felt like my entire body was trembling, but I couldn't reject Donald. I had to cover my mouth with my hand to suppress my moans.

I could feel Donald's cold fingers reaching in. I instinctively clamped my legs together, which was why I held Donald's hand between my legs.

Donald stopped what he was doing. I looked at him in confusion and spontaneously arched my hips to press against his fingers, wanting to pursue more pleasure.

So comfortable. Why did he have to stop...

Donald quickly continued to move. His fingertips rubbed back and forth on my area, pinching and scraping. The thin calluses on his fingers brought a slight pain, but it seemed to be a different kind of stimulation.

I felt more fluid flowing out of it. My eyes were moist from desire. It was as if I was seeing through a fog. I breathed quickly, begging Donald to give me more.

"Feels good?"

"Ah..."

"Do you want an orgasm?"

I bit my lip, too embarrassed to speak. However, my body submitted to the surging emotions. I could only reach out to grab Donald.

However, I grabbed nothing. Donald avoided me. His fingers were still crazily stirring inside my body, but he refused to go in too deep. He only gave me a little stimulation at the entrance before retracting and circling around.

I was uncomfortable with him being neither up nor down. Fluid kept flowing out of my body, but I was never satisfied. I felt like I was about to go crazy for Donald. An indescribable emptiness surged in me. I wanted something to stab into me and possess me.

I couldn't hold back anymore. I had to abandon the last of my shame and reserve and reach under myself, trying to get more pleasure.

Chapter 89: Stay Here in Detention

[Margaret's Perspective]

However, my hand was stopped by Donald again. I turned my head to look at him, not understanding why he was doing this.

However, Donald was already holding my hand and leading me in another direction. I followed his guidance in a daze until I touched something hot and huge.

I subconsciously squeezed it and heard Donald gasp. The huge thing in my hand jumped excitedly. I immediately realized what it was.

At the same time, I felt Donald's fingers dig a few inches deeper into my body.

"If you help me, I'll help you."

Donald's low, nasal voice made it impossible for me to refuse him.

"Come, touch me properly."

I followed his instructions and rubbed his sex organ repeatedly. Donald must have been hard for a long time. He was completely erect. He was already a little moist from the fluid that seeped out from his excitement. I could feel the coiled tendons on it. His heavy sex organ was in my hand, pulsing with life.

His thing was thick and long. I couldn't wrap it with one hand and could only stroke it back and forth. I felt my palm burning and my face was a little hot. I almost forgot that Donald's fingers were still in my body and was only focused on making him happy.

Donald's fingers finally stopped playing with me nastily. He gathered a few fingers together and quickly inserted and pulled them out, pressing them accurately on my sensitive area.

I kneaded his sex organ according to his frequency and strength. I felt the thing in my hand becoming more and more slippery, and there was a gurgling sound under my body because of Donald's movements. We let out a satisfied sigh at the same time and reached an orgasm together.

“Stay here. You need to rest.” I was still immersed in the aftermath of the orgasm and couldn’t speak. I could only nod.

For the next few days, I lay on this hospital bed and knew nothing about the outside world.

Other than the medical staff, the only person I saw every day was Donald. Donald came at irregular times, but he came every day.

There were no phones here, no communication or entertainment tools. In less than two days, I was driven crazy by boredom. The wound on my back had healed quite a bit. When I could get dressed and not have to lie on my stomach for twenty-four hours, I made a request to Donald to let me go home.

Donald was expressionless at my words. He didn’t say whether he agreed or not.

I was getting anxious. I grabbed his hand and said, “I’m almost healed. I don’t want to stay in the hospital. Let me go back.”

“What do you think you’re doing now?” Donald asked me.

“I’m recuperating, but I’m much better,” I replied.

“You are locked up here by me.”

I was confused by Donald’s words and looked at him blankly.

Donald lifted my chin and said expressionlessly, “Do you think I’ll let you off the hook for sneaking out? Margaret, I won’t give you that chance again. Just stay here in detention. When this is over, I’ll bring you back.”

My mouth fell open in shock. Donald wants to keep me locked up?! I finally realized what it meant to shoot myself in the foot.

“I, I can explain to you,” I said weakly. No matter what, I was in the wrong. It was difficult for me to declare my stand to Donald as confidently as before.

Donald looked at me without comment. I had to bite the bullet and continue.

“I was wrong to sneak out earlier.

But I had a reason. Angel asked me to patrol. And I’d always wanted to do something for the Pack. I thought I could do it. I was too rash. But you heard what Angel said. I didn’t do this alone. I just wanted to help the Pack in the beginning...”

As I spoke, I felt my words weaken.

No matter what reason I had, no matter how Angel played the game, as long as I didn't act on impulse and insist on competing with Angel, or if I wasn't so arrogant as to think that I could really compete with the person who attacked me, it wouldn't end up like this. Whether it was my current injury or Donald's anger, they were both consequences I should bear. Fôll0w current novÉls o/n n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

I secretly raised my eyes to look at Donald. As expected, Donald did not look moved. This made me a little depressed.

He's not unwilling to forgive me, is he?

"Let me go back. I know I was wrong. I won't sneak out again. I promise. Please, Donald." I hugged Donald's arm and begged.

"Nothing you say will help." Donald snorted and scratched my nose.

Chapter 90: Blood is Thicker than Water _ 1

[Margaret's Perspective]

I felt that he had room to back down. I held his arm and refused to let go. I gave him a pitiful coquettish expression.

"That doesn't work." Donald was still tense.

"Is this useless?" I stood on tiptoes, put my arms around Donald's neck, and kissed his chin.

"It doesn't work."

I saw Donald's mouth twitch. He was lying.

Emboldened, I jumped up and hugged him. I hooked my arms around his neck and kissed his lips. Donald finally couldn't hold it in anymore. He held my neck very aggressively and kissed me. He bit my lips with his teeth. I opened my mouth slightly and obediently accepted his plunder.

"If you want to get out, you'll have to mark with me. Other than that, I won't let you go." Fôll0w current novÉls o/n n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

"Sure."

Donald was a little surprised by the speed of my answer. I looked up and smiled at him. I said, "I'm willing to mark and be yours forever. You said last time that we still have to consider it. I've thought about it now. What about you? Donald, are you willing to be bound to me for the rest of my life for no other purpose? Are you willing to mark me?"

The experience of being attacked in the forest had allowed me to grow further. Previously, I was still hesitant and uneasy about my future with Donald.

But at the moment of life and death, the only person I could think of was Donald. I knew that I had already given him my body and soul at the same time. I would never be able to leave him for the rest of my life.

In that case, what was there for me to worry about? Even if our future was going to be filled with difficulties and obstacles, I had the confidence and courage to face everything.

“I do.” Donald hugged me. His movements were light. I felt how much he valued me.

“So... you want to...” I was too embarrassed to continue.

Donald released me and we pulled away slightly.

“I have something on later.” Donald’s gray-green eyes were filled with love and desire as he stared at me. “Wait for me to come back tonight.”

“Then can you let me go home first?” I said carefully as I peeked at Donald’s expression. “Or someone can come and see me or talk to me. I’m going to suffocate here.”

“Who do you want to see?”

“A...” As expected, I saw Donald’s expression turn even worse. If I really said that I wanted to see Armstrong, he would probably turn hostile immediately.

I quickly changed the subject. “Elizabeth. I want to see Elizabeth.”

Donald’s expression softened again. “Sure. I’ll arrange for her to come over.”

Donald kept his word and said that he would ask Elizabeth to come. Elizabeth came to my ward that afternoon. To my surprise, Elizabeth didn’t look like her usual armed self. She was only wearing a simple sweater and shorts. Her hair wasn’t carefully styled. She didn’t even have makeup on. She didn’t even have any lipstick.

From the time she started dating boys in elementary school, I rarely saw her like this. Even at home, it seemed that from the moment she woke up to the moment before she fell asleep, she had a beautiful appearance with exquisite makeup.

Elizabeth leaped on me the moment she saw me.

I reached out and caught her, sensing that she was much more agitated than I was.

“How are you? Are you okay?” Elizabeth said.

“I’m fine.”

“The Lycan King wouldn’t let me see you. I thought something had happened to you. I thought you were dead. I was so scared.” Elizabeth sounded like she was about to cry.

I patted her back gently to calm her.

“I’m fine. Donald...” In the past, I used to feel restrained and annoyed by Donald’s strict watch on me, but now, it was more like sweetness. Donald only used his own way to express my importance to him.

“He’s more nervous about me.”

“I’ve been wanting to come and see you. I heard that the Lycan King finally agreed, so I came over immediately. Do you need anything here? I’ll bring it over for you.”

I had never thought that Elizabeth would value me so much. I began to realize that in the past few years, perhaps I had just lived in my own world and ignored the people around me. Many people cared about me and loved me in their own way, but I was unaware of it.

For a moment, I actually felt a lump in my throat. Blood was thicker than water. This was true love that was evident during life’s pivotal moments.

“I can see that,” I teased, trying to lighten the mood.

“What can you tell?”

“I can tell that you’re anxious.” I pushed back a strand of Elizabeth’s hair and smiled.

Elizabeth realized what I was saying and immediately looked nervous. She used her phone to look at herself left and right.

“Am I ugly like this? I’m doomed. I came out in a hurry. How am I going to go back later?”

Elizabeth was still the same Elizabeth. I couldn’t help but laugh when I saw how concerned she was with her appearance. She was a precious treasure in my life