

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 91 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 91

Chapter 91: Let Down the Lost Trust _ 1

[Margaret's Perspective]

I took Elizabeth's hand and said, "Elizabeth, thank you."

This was the first time I had thanked Elizabeth so sincerely, but I was really touched at this moment. I added, "Thank you for caring about me and loving me like this."

"Of course. We're sisters," Elizabeth said. She focused on me again, looking me up and down. "I'm so glad you're okay."

"How have you been these past two days? Has Armstrong been treating you well?" I asked.

"Everything is fine."

Elizabeth avoided my eyes as she spoke. She directed her gaze at my sheets. I noticed her unusual reaction. Elizabeth always acted strangely when I mentioned Armstrong, which made me worried about their relationship.

"Are you still living at home these two days?" I asked indirectly.

"Right," Elizabeth said.

"The pack isn't safe now. Didn't Armstrong ask you to move back?" I frowned.

"Anthony will protect me," Elizabeth said. "Speaking of which, how did you get hurt? When I asked the others, they said they only saw the Lycan King bring you back. No one knew exactly what happened. Others said you came back from the forest. The Lycan King even caught the attacker in the forest. How did you end up in the forest at that time?"

"I, we..." I didn't know where to start, so I chose to start from the beginning. I started with how Angel gave me the token, how I sneaked out to patrol at night, how I was attacked in the forest, and how Donald and Angel appeared at the same time to save me.

I tried to explain what had happened as succinctly as possible. Finally, I said, "That was when I realized that this was all Angel's plan. Suddenly, someone attacked me. I couldn't dodge in time and got injured."

Elizabeth was looking stunned.

When I recalled everything that happened that night, all the ups and downs felt as unbelievable as a dream. Just when I thought that one thing was over, something new popped up. After repeated twists and turns, I was the only one who ended up injured. It was hard to say if this was luck or misfortune.

“Margaret, you shouldn’t have done that,” Elizabeth accused.

I grimaced. Even Elizabeth knew this was wrong.

I had started to regret what I had done. I did not have the ability to deal with the enemy alone. My choice to go to the forest was just a show of strength. If I really wanted to do something for the pack, I should have been professionally trained before going.

“This was just stupid,” Elizabeth said.

“I know.”

Even though I had done such a thing, Donald was still thinking about me and protecting me. Even Elizabeth was agitated, so I could imagine Donald must be angrier than Elizabeth. However, he showed tolerance and forgiveness, which made me feel even more guilty.

Elizabeth and I talked for a while longer.

I couldn’t put too much pressure on my back yet. I had to straighten my back to prevent it from hurting. After sitting upright for a long time, I felt my body stiffen.

I shifted my position a little to make myself more comfortable. Elizabeth always had a lot to say, but even after she said so much, I didn’t hear what I wanted to know. Who were the people who attacked me in the forest, one after another? Were they all arrested?

It was obviously impossible for me to sneak out now. Donald would definitely send someone to watch me. Besides, I really didn’t want to do anything that might hurt him.

I thought of asking about Armstrong but did not do so. On the one hand, I felt that I shouldn’t get tangled in his relationship with Elizabeth. On the other hand, Donald’s attitude often made me feel that he didn’t like me to have excessive interactions with Armstrong.

Someone knocked on the door. Elizabeth and I both looked up.

Elizabeth looked at me questioningly. I raised my voice and asked,

“Who is it?”

“Miss Margaret, it’s me, Elliot.”

I still had some trouble moving and asked Elizabeth to open the door for Elliot.

Elliot looked surprised to see Elizabeth, but he said politely, “I didn’t expect you to still be here, Luna Elizabeth.” Follow current novels on n/o(v)/3l/b(in).(c/o/m)

“I know you. You’re the Lycan who’s always around the Lycan King.” Elizabeth beamed.

“Elliot, is Donald looking for me?” I asked.

“Uh, His Majesty just asked me to check in on you,” Elliot said.

I realized what Elliot had not said. He was here to confirm if I was still in the ward. What I had done previously had indeed betrayed Donald’s trust in me. He had asked Elliot to come over and monitor me personally. I felt a slight blush.

“It’s getting late. Is Luna staying for dinner? What’s your favorite food? I’ll get someone to prepare dinner,” Elliot continued.

Chapter 92: Crazy, Speedy Heartbeat

[Margaret’s Perspective]

“I don’t need dinner for the time being, Elizabeth. What about you?” I looked at Elizabeth.

“I don’t need dinner yet either.”

“Neither of us wants dinner. Thank you, Elliot,” I said to Elliot.

Elliot looked at me and then at Elizabeth, as if he wanted to say something but stopped himself.

He nodded and turned to leave.

I watched him go and thought of something.

“Elliot, wait!”

Elliot stopped, turned back, and asked, “What else, Miss Margaret?”

I grabbed the sheet with my hand and asked uneasily, “What happened to those two people in the forest?”

“One is dead and the other is still under investigation,” Elliot replied.

“And has anyone else been injured recently?” I had just asked Elizabeth the same question. Elizabeth’s answer was that it was unclear. She had not heard of it, but I thought that Elliot, as Donald’s right-hand man, must know more about what was going on outside. I would be able to get more accurate information from him.

“No.”

I let out a sigh of relief. I was worried that I had affected the patrol team. Donald was so angry with Angel at the time. If I’d hurt the original military defense and caused new casualties, I’d be responsible. Fortunately, everything was fine except for my injuries.

“Did you find out anything? Who are the attackers, what’s their goal, and why are they attacking the Silver Moon Tribe?”

I saw Elliot frown and my heart sank.

“His Majesty will take care of all this,” Elliot said gently, maintaining his poise. “Miss Margaret, what you need most now is to heal. You don’t have to worry so much.”

I knew Elliot wouldn’t reveal too much to me, so I nodded to show that I understood.

Actually, Elliot was right. I had Donald for everything. I really didn’t need to worry too much, let alone do anything stupid.

I was depressed over this plain fact. I was not even as good as Elizabeth. At least she was just doing nothing, unlike me who was genuinely causing trouble for everyone.

Suddenly, Elliot’s expression became serious. His gaze was fixed in my direction, but it was as if he was looking at someone else. I realized that he was communicating with someone using his Mindlink. Something must have happened.

Elliot quickly refocused his gaze a moment later. He didn’t look at me again, but turned quickly to leave.

I can’t let him go like this,? I thought.

I realized that this was my only chance to get first-hand information. Ignoring my injuries, I rolled out of bed and pulled Elliot urgently.

The movement required so much exertion that it made me grimace in pain. I couldn’t speak for a moment, but my hand was holding Elliot tightly.

Seeing this, Elizabeth hurried forward to support me.

I recovered at that moment and stared at Elliot. “What happened?” I asked. “Did something happen to Donald?”

Elliot looked at my hand that was holding him. He wanted to break free but did not dare to use too much force. He said, "Let go of me first, Miss Margaret."

"Tell me!" I growled. "I know something's wrong."

I heard Elliot sigh and say, "It's not His Majesty. It's your pack Beta. I think his name is Anthony. He was attacked while on patrol. Let go of me. I'm still dealing with it over there."

Anthony...

Hearing that it wasn't Donald, my wildly racing heart calmed down a little.

Immediately, I heard a gasp in my ear.

"What!!!"

It was Elizabeth's voice.

I felt a sharp pain in my arm where Elizabeth was holding me. I looked down and saw that Elizabeth's nails were almost digging into my flesh. I instinctively let go of Elliot and turned to look at Elizabeth. Her face was pale and filled with panic.

Once again, I was sure that Elizabeth and Anthony must have an unusual relationship.

"Anthony... how is he, where is he?" Elizabeth murmured next to me.

I had to turn my gaze to Elliot again. In those few seconds, he had reached the door and was about to leave.

"Elliot," I called.

I saw Elliot pause with his hand on the door. He turned to look back at me, but he was clearly anxious to get out of here.

I asked quickly, "Can we go and see Anthony?"

"That depends on whether His Majesty agrees."

I sighed. All I could do was hold Elizabeth's head against my chest and comfort her.

Chapter 93: Unstoppable Coldness

[Donald's Perspective]

Margaret was asleep by the time I returned to the hospital room, exhausted again from all the business I had to attend to. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

I lifted the blanket to take a look at her injuries. Her scar looked scary. In fact, when she pounced over, my wolf claws had already half met the attack. I had slowed down the other party's fierce attack. So Margaret had only suffered a superficial wound, but it still shocked me at that time. On impulse, I tore the attacker's throat.

Margaret's recovery was remarkable. In just two days, the inflammation in her wound had mostly subsided, and in their place, new cell tissues had begun to generate. It was estimated that in two days, she would be able to remove the gauze and wait for the wound to heal naturally.

I looked at Margaret's sleeping face and pulled the blanket back around her. I felt helpless.

I had too many things to deal with these days.

After I dismissed Angel, her responsibilities fell on Elliot and me. It wasn't easy to take over such diverse matters, not to mention Angel was extremely uncooperative.

My new dispatches from the royal family were still on the way, and since I suspected that there were enemy spies among our current people, I didn't dare casually leave matters entirely to the subordinates.

The only person I could completely trust was Elliot. But Elliot was also Angel's cousin. He had always admired Angel. Although he didn't say anything, I had a vague feeling that he might be dissatisfied with me for treating Angel like this.

Thinking of this, I felt a headache coming on.

I knew that punishing Angel by removing her from her post and imprisoning her seemed a little harsh. No matter what methods Angel used, she had captured the first living enemy after all. If I hadn't killed the other one, we would even have two prisoners.

However, her actions were something I could not tolerate. I would not change my punishment. Even if such actions would cause dissatisfaction and alienation among my subordinates, I would slowly redeem myself through future matters. If I really lost Margaret because of this, there was nothing I could do to redeem her.

As for Margaret, I actually didn't know what to do with her.

Thoughts ran through my mind when I first learned that she had run into the forest alone. I wanted to punish her so that she would not disobey my orders again.

I would lock her in her room and cut off all contact with the others. I would send someone to guard her and only send her food. I would not let anyone communicate with her. I had to make her feel fear. I even thought of punishing her with my body. I would ignore her wishes and vent my desire on her.

But as time passed, I experienced a range of emotions, from the initial anger and worry, to fear when she was injured, and surprise when she woke up. I knew that she, the little female wolf, had completely touched my heart.

From the moment she woke up, I couldn't maintain my coldness in front of her. I also knew that the methods I had thought of to punish her wouldn't work.

Punishing her was also punishing myself.

I had to keep her here for the next few days. I didn't let her go out or give her a chance to contact the others. It was just to let her recuperate better.

And Margaret didn't seem to realize that I was putting her under house arrest. Every time I came in, she looked at me with pure joy and love. I thought that I wouldn't be able to resist her soon. If she asked me for anything else, I might agree.

I lay quietly in the hospital bed on the other side and thought back to the events of the past few days.

That night, after Margaret was unconscious, the assault team, Elliot, and Alpha Armstrong arrived with their men.

I couldn't care less why Armstrong had come, but I handed Margaret to Benjamin first. I had specially asked Elliot to take her to the hospital.

Benjamin was shocked at the scene, but he quickly stopped Margaret's bleeding.

Angel had just been reprimanded by me. She stood on the side and refused to speak. No one explained what was going on. Everyone was staring at me. However, my mind was focused on Margaret and I couldn't care less about them.

So when everyone gathered here, they maintained a strange silence.

I saw Armstrong try to speak a few times, but he stopped himself. His gaze stopped on Margaret, who was being bandaged.

When I noticed that, I quietly leaned to the side, blocking his view.

I finally saw Margaret's bleeding stop. She was carried on a stretcher. Benjamin was leading her back to the hospital in the pack. I let out a long breath and looked around before I realized that everyone was waiting for me.

Chapter 94: A Sedative Guaranteed To Knock Him Out

[Donald's Perspective]

"There was a new attack here. There were two attackers, and one was here," I said in a low voice. I pointed my finger at the person lying on the ground.

"There's another one. I just killed him." I turned my gaze to Elliot and pointed in a direction. "The person I killed is over there. Take the assault team and deal with him."

Elliot quickly led the assault team over there. Now there were only the people Armstrong and I had brought with us, and Angel.

"What the hell is going on?" Armstrong said.

"Alpha, it was an accident. I'll explain when I get back, but I think we should take this man back to the pack and guard him for now," I said.

Armstrong raised his eyebrows and said, "So this one on the ground is our prisoner?"

"That's right," I said.

"Then this is good news. This will be our breakthrough," Armstrong said excitedly, then frowned.

"However, our pack doesn't have a place to specially imprison people. I can put him in the ward with the person who is still unconscious so that they can be guarded together."

"It's not appropriate," I said. "We'd better keep them out of contact with each other. We can get more information by interrogating them alone."

"Then there's a basement in my house. It's hardly ever used."

Armstrong suggested, "We can hold him there for the time being and have someone guard the door. I will make sure he doesn't escape."

"Then let's do it first." I stopped a royal Lycan. "Give me a sedative."

Damn, I didn't know who he was. He should have been brought here by Angel, too, and once again I was worried about so many of my men that I didn't know. I had to send Angel away before she did anything else to make me regret having her here as commander.

All members of the assault team carried a sedative with them when they went on missions. The effects of this sedative were different from those circulating in the market.

These contained a higher dose of drugs that could knock out even a muscular werewolf for more than an hour. Angel had already given this attacker a shot when she knocked him out. Just to be sure, I planned to give him another.

I pushed the needle through his vein and handed him to Armstrong.

“That will at least guarantee him a coma for an hour. Have your men take him back and lock him up.”

Armstrong nodded and called for someone to come and carry him away.

I glanced at Angel, who was still standing there. I called out, “Angel, come with us.”

We walked out of the forest in silence. Everyone was careful as we walked, afraid that there would be a third attack tonight. Fortunately, there wasn't. Perhaps the enemy had seen too many of us and knew that it would be difficult for them to succeed.

“Your Majesty Lycan King, I'll bring them back first and redeploy the defenses. I'll discuss it with you in the office later, okay?” Armstrong said. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

‘I want to go to the hospital first. Why don't we get everyone there?’

Armstrong nodded and left with his men.

I turned to Angel.

I deliberately left her alone for the rest of the night. I knew that everyone felt it. No one spoke to her or asked her anything, but to my surprise, Angel didn't raise any objections herself. She just stood there without saying a word.

“Give me the token. You should go back to detention,” I said stiffly.

“Are you really going to do this, Donald?” Angel was still standing upright at this point.

I didn't say anything. I held out my hand to her very firmly.

Angel slowly removed the token representing the commander from her waist and rubbed the lines on her palm. However, she didn't hand it to me immediately. Instead, she said, “You dismissed me like this for no reason. What are you going to tell the assault team?”

Her eyes lit up again. It was the aggressive aura I was familiar with.

“I naturally have an idea.”

“I was able to become the commander of the assault team because I fought my way up step by step. I had better assessment results and better combat skills than the others. You set the rules of the assault team. You know that if I don’t get the approval of the others, I won’t be able to get this position. This is one of the reasons why the assault team is so powerful.”

Angel looked at me provocatively. “My men will definitely be dissatisfied if you replace me so directly. Do you still dare to use a team that is divided?”

“I have more than one assault team. Besides, they should know that their ultimate loyalty is to the Lycan King, not to a commander,” I said.

Chapter 95: An Unqualified Commander

[Donald’s Perspective]

“Donald, please. Don’t do this to me.”

Angel’s aura weakened. Even her shoulders drooped. She looked disappointed.

I sighed. Acting tough and showing weakness were just Angel’s means of getting her way.

As long as she achieved her goal, she never cared about what means she used. However, I had already seen through her. Neither was useful to me.

“Angel, do I have to make everything clear to you?” I asked.

Angel looked at me in confusion.

I took the token from her and put it in my pocket.

I glanced at her waist and then at her face. I asked, “As the commander of the assault team, you should have a dagger to prove your identity in addition to this token. Where is your dagger?”

I saw Angel’s expression stiffen for a moment. She was about to speak when I interrupted her.

“You’ve already thought of an excuse? Lost it in a battle, or didn’t bring it with you as you were in a hurry today?”

I shook my head slowly and reached into my pocket for the dagger. The initials of Angel’s full name were engraved on it.

“But I have it.”

Angel clamped her mouth shut. Her face tightened.

“You said you didn’t mean to harm her, but you gave her your dagger.” I waved the dagger at her. “This dagger is yours, right?”

“It’s because of this dagger that no one hindered Margaret’s entry into the forest. Because all members of the assault team would recognize it. It ensured that she would get clearance, and that no one would question her out of curiosity.

It would be even easier if they weren’t from the assault team. They would assume that the ones with daggers were all royal Lycans. And the authority I asked Armstrong to give you is higher than that of ordinary werewolves. The Silver Moon Tribe won’t even say anything about what to pay attention to.”

“I—I hadn’t thought about any of that…” Angel stammered.

“Angel, you’ve always been meticulous and careful. How could you not think of these things? You just didn’t care about the possible consequences.”

I took Angel’s dagger back into my pocket with her token.

“You said you didn’t think of harming Margaret, but everything you did might have brought her closer to danger. You only treated her as a pawn in your plan. Of course you didn’t care about the life of a pawn. But when you chose Margaret as a pawn, would you dare to say you didn’t have any selfish motives?”

“Then would you dare to say you don’t have any selfish motives for treating me like this?” Angel asked indignantly.

“I did punish you because of Margaret, but not just because she’s my mate and the future queen of the Lycans. Even if she were an ordinary werewolf with no status, I would do the same. As the commander of the assault team, you’re incompetent if you don’t know the importance of respecting every life.”

“No, it was nothing like that,” Angel kept denying.

“Previously, even though I knew that you were the commander of the assault team, I trusted you with the patrol because I believed in your ability and recognized that you could bear the responsibility of the assault team. However, from the looks of it, what you did was completely dominated by emotions. You’re not suitable for your current position.”

I looked at Angel with some pity. She had the ability, but not the temperament to match it.

“After all I’ve done, why can’t you see my efforts?” Angel demanded, suddenly taking a step forward in agitation.

I instinctively raised my arm to block her and replied, “It’s not that I can’t see.”

I stared into Angel’s eyes and said, “It’s just that you’ve been channeling your efforts in the wrong direction.”

“How could I be wrong? You’re the one who’s wrong. You chose the wrong mate. That little she-wolf, she doesn’t deserve to be your mate. You’re the Lycan king. You should have the best mate, in every way, so that the best genes can breed a better next generation,” Angel shouted at me.

I frowned, thinking Angel must be crazy.

I could punish her through the law for the way she spoke to me.

And what she said was ridiculous.

Mates were meant to be. Although there was a difference in physical fitness between Lycans and ordinary werewolves, there was no difference in personality. We were all equals.

Even though the word ‘mate’ to a Lycan generally meant another Lycan, there were many Lycans who were married to ordinary werewolves. I never felt that there was any nobility or lowliness among us. Moreover, a mate was a mate. It was someone we were destined to love and be with for the rest of our lives. It was not someone’s breeding tool, to be screened for bloodline genes.

Margaret was the one and only person I had found among thousands of others. She was my treasure and my fortune.

If this was what Angel really thought, it was hard to understand her.

“You should go back and think about it. When the new dispatch arrives, go back obediently and don’t think about causing trouble again.”

I said this last sentence and turned to leave. I didn’t want to say another word to Angel.

“Donald! You’ll regret this. I won’t give up. Just you wait!”

Angel left me, shouting at the top of her lungs.

Chapter 96: The Weak Patient Wakes Up

[Donald's Perspective]

I hurried to the hospital and checked on Margaret first.

She was handed over to the medical staff, and the injuries on her back had been treated. She was now in the general ward. Benjamin had used a special powder to speed up the healing, and some painkillers to ease her pain. The powder contained a certain amount of sleeping aid, so Margaret was still in a deep sleep.

I took a quick look around the bed. After confirming that Margaret was fine, I instructed a few people to guard the ward and went to the ward of the unconscious person we had found last time.

Karl, who was guarding there, had just reported that the person had woken up, but his mind didn't seem to be very clear.

Armstrong and I arrived almost at the same time. Benjamin was already in the ward, performing a basic check-up on the werewolf who had just woken up. Armstrong and I stood to one side, both silently observing the person on the bed.

This person had been lying in bed for two days without any food. He only relied on an IV to replenish some fluids. He still looked very dispirited.

He was probably just over five feet tall, definitely less than six. I felt like he was only slightly taller than Luna Elizabeth of the Silver Moon Tribe. That wasn't an ideal height even for a human male, let alone a werewolf.

His limbs looked thin and frail. The location where he had appeared in the forest was so strange that we had to wonder. However, he did not look like an attacker in any way.

Benjamin had finished his examination. Instead of communicating with this person, he came directly to my side and gestured for me to speak outside the door.

I glanced at Armstrong. He nodded at me. I followed Benjamin out and closed the door.

"Your Majesty, I just checked again. He woke up earlier than I expected. He's still very weak. It's strange that with such a weak body, he can regain consciousness so soon."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"In other words, this person's current vital signs don't meet the conditions for consciousness at all. His various organs are in a semi-dormant state. His current consciousness seemed to be symptomatic of an overdrawn state," Benjamin said solemnly.

"How did this happen?"

"I don't know. I've never seen a situation like this, but my guess is that it's the effect of that drug. I thought it was just a short-term performance enhancement drug, but now it looks more like a long-term drug. Your Majesty, do you know about drugs in the human world?"

"I've heard a little about them. There's a kind of drug that can make humans addicted to pleasure and gradually exhaust their bodies until they die. But that kind of thing has no effect on werewolves. Werewolves are very resistant."

"That's right," Benjamin said. "I suspect that this drug has a drug-like existence, except that it provides power rather than pleasure. While this person was still unconscious, I could sense that his organs were not in good condition, but they were not gradually deteriorating and could be repaired. I thought the effects of the drug in his body had waned.

But now that he has woken up, his organs are failing faster. Part of my previous treatment is useless now. If he continues to fail like this, he'll die soon."

"Do you mean that his awakening will only exacerbate his death?"

"That's right," Benjamin said. "When he's sleeping, his body doesn't need much energy to support it, so most of his cells are sleeping. A few of the working ones will be used to repair themselves.

But once he wakes up, his cells also wake up. His body's activity will increase, and the remaining drug in his blood will start to circulate. Then, like a blood-sucking flea, it will ask for more and quickly suck his body dry. And because of this, his body wakes up sooner than ordinary people. This can only be a vicious cycle. Unless..."

"Unless what?" I asked, frowning.

"Unless he injects that drug again, but such an injection can only be used to quench his thirst!" Benjamin said with a heavy expression. As a doctor, he could not do anything to help his patient. I could feel the pain and helplessness in his heart.

I patted his shoulder and was about to comfort him when I heard a few exclamations from the ward.

Benjamin and I rushed into the room at the same time.

We saw the man on the bed vomiting blood, staining the front of his shirt. His head was tilted to the side, and he had obviously fainted again. The people by the bed, including Karl, a few Silver Moon Tribe warriors, and Armstrong and Anthony, who were standing far away on the other side, looked shocked.

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Chapter 97: All In vain

[Donald's Perspective]

Benjamin stepped forward, and green energy instantly enveloped the entire hospital bed.

Everyone around the bed took a step back.

"What happened?" I asked.

'I only went out with Benjamin for a short while. How did this happen?'

"We don't know," Karl said bitterly. "We didn't do anything. We just asked him some questions. He didn't react. We asked a few more questions. He muttered and we couldn't hear what he was saying. Then he suddenly started to throw up blood. I was close and he threw up all over me."

I glanced at Karl. There was indeed a bloodstain on his chest. The people around him were nodding in agreement. They all looked a little shaken.

Only Armstrong frowned and said, "Is the blood in his body poisonous too?"

Karl's expression turned even more bitter as he looked at me.

Before I could speak, Benjamin withdrew the green energy covering the bed.

He heard what they were saying and walked over. "No, this drug works through the nervous system and requires a certain dosage to take effect. As long as it doesn't enter your body by injection, it won't be affected."

I saw Benjamin give me a barely perceptible shake of his head, and knew that there was nothing he could do about the man in the bed.

Although I was mentally prepared for such an outcome the moment I saw him vomit blood, I still felt pity for him. Once he died, it would eliminate the possibility of us finding any clues from him. All our efforts over the past few days would be in vain.

It was really wasted effort.

The only good thing was that Armstrong still had the person we had caught tonight.

Armstrong and I exchanged a look. He read me and ordered his men, "Leave us."

I glanced at Karl.

"Then I'll go change too," Karl said, and left the room.

Now there was only me, Benjamin, Armstrong, and the man in the hospital bed.

I stepped closer to the bed to get a closer look at the recumbent man. His breathing had become shallow. He didn't look like he had much time left.

I turned to Benjamin and asked, "How long does he have?"

"It's hard to say," Benjamin said. "His organs are completely overdrawn. The side effects of this drug are too strong. I just used the healing energy to protect the last of his heart meridians, but I'm sure it won't last long."

"Is there nothing we can do?" Armstrong said. "We finally found this little clue. Is this person useless to us?"

"I wouldn't say that." Benjamin looked at me and said, "Your Majesty, could you give me his body after death? I might be able to find something."

"No problem," I said. "I also killed someone in the forest. You can have that body if you need it. I've asked Elliot to deal with it. When he comes back, I'll ask him to give it to you."

"That's great. If there are different subjects for reference, I might be able to find the mechanism by which this drug works on the human body. Although there's no way to fully understand the ingredients of the drug, this reverse inference will be helpful in further neutralizing it," Benjamin said.

I nodded and left the man on the bed alone.

He was no longer of any use to us at the moment.

What was more important now was the person locked up in the basement of Armstrong's home. Whether or not we could pry open that person's mouth concerned our understanding of our opponent and whether we could counter our opponent well.

Since Angel said that she had seen the man on the way to the pack, it meant that he was unlikely to be just a small fry. On the contrary, he might be a team lead in the other party's camp or someone more important. It was very likely that he had information about their deployment and purpose.

I looked at Armstrong. Before I could say anything, Armstrong said, "I'll definitely guard the basement well and get some information as soon as possible."

I nodded approvingly. In my time with Armstrong, I had always been satisfied with Armstrong's work ability. We didn't need to say much to come to an agreement about many things.

I muttered, "Alpha Armstrong, there's something else I want to tell you."

Before I could finish, the door suddenly burst open and Karl and Elliot came rushing in. I frowned at the door.

This was not Elliot's style of doing things. He had always been polite. He had never entered a room without knocking.

"Your Majesty, we found this!"

Elliot walked toward me, holding something up. His eyes were full of excitement.

Chapter 98: A Familiar Bottle

[Donald's Perspective]

Behind him came the assault team, still carrying the stretcher.

The stretcher was covered with a white cloth. I didn't need to look to know that it was the werewolf I had killed in the forest. They had probably just returned from processing the scene in the forest, but they had come to me so urgently. I wondered what new discovery they had.

I looked at Elliot. He held up a small bottle.

My pupils contracted sharply.

This little bottle looked familiar.

I'd seen this little bottle in Margaret's cabinet before I left the house. They looked exactly the same.

The only difference was that Margaret's bottle was empty, but there was still some liquid at the bottom of the bottle Elliot was now holding up.

My heart contracted so fast that it hurt.

Margaret. Why would it be Margaret?

She was so innocent, so pure. She was like a little white flower that had never been involved in any worldly affairs. I had tried my best to keep her away from all this. How could she be involved in these things?

I suppressed the shock in my heart and asked as if nothing had happened, "Where was this found?"

Elliot glanced at me and realized that he was being overly agitated. He said seriously, "I found it on the body."

Elliot began to describe what happened. He said, "After I followed your orders and brought people over there to clean up the scene, I first checked the surroundings carefully to make sure there were no other enemies. Then I circled the spot and wanted to carry him back. Before I carried him onto the stretcher, I thought to look for something on him and then I found this. I quickly sent it back."

"This was found on his body?"

I took the small bottle and held it up to the light for a closer look. Inside was a pink liquid. It was transparent. As I turned the bottle at an angle, the liquid swirled inside the bottle.

This was what we had guessed before. It was a drug that needed to be extracted with a syringe.

I handed the bottle to Armstrong to observe.

"Is this the drug we've been searching for?" Armstrong said.

"I think so," Elliot said.

Armstrong looked at it in his hand and turned it over to Benjamin.

Benjamin's attitude was obviously much more serious. He held the bottle and studied it for a long time. He even sniffed it. I looked at him worriedly. He didn't notice my gaze at all. It was as if all his attention was focused on the liquid in the bottle.

All of us stared at him, counting on him to come to some definite conclusion.

"I need to get back to my experiments," Benjamin said, looking up at me. "These aren't quite enough for me to study thoroughly, but I'll do my best. I want to get back to this now, Your Majesty."

"Okay," I said.

Benjamin hurried away with the men and the reagent bottles.

No matter what, this was a development.

I looked around the room. Everyone looked tired. Many people here had not had a full night's sleep since the first attack.

I realized that it was more important to give everyone enough rest than to continue interrogating the people we had captured tonight. This was likely to be a protracted battle. It would not do to drag everyone into the rhythm of exhaustion too early. It would be very bad for the long term.

"That's enough for today," I said. "Everyone, go back and rest. We'll talk about everything tomorrow."

I glanced at my watch. It was already two in the morning.

At this time... I thought about it and finally decided, "There's no need to guard this place today. The patrols in the forest are all arranged tonight. We'll have a meeting in the council chamber at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Elliot, you should go back too."

Everyone left, one after another.

I turned around and saw that Armstrong was still standing there. He looked at me and said, "Your Majesty, I want to talk to you."

...

I gathered my thoughts and focused again on Margaret, who was lying on the bed beside me.

I didn't like to speculate on what kind of traitor Margaret might be.

Although from the education I had received since I was young, too many people had warned me that if I became King, there would be many people who would covet everything around me. Perhaps it was wealth, status, or power. In short, there were too many people that I had to be careful of.

Margaret's appearance was unexpected. I was willing to believe she was the special one for me.

After Armstrong and I parted ways that day, I returned to my room and took out the small bottle from my drawer to check.

I was almost 99 percent sure that this was similar to the drug bottle I had taken from Elliot that night. I could even conclude that this was the same drug bottle that I had sent so many people to find at the time.

Margaret was there that night, and we didn't leave together.

She had many opportunities to get this little bottle.

Chapter 99: Related Disputes

[Donald's Perspective]

For example, she could have picked it up while waiting for us to chat.

For example, among the people who had been there that day, someone had secretly shoved the bottle to Margaret to destroy the evidence.

For example, this might not be the bottle we were looking for at all. She might have obtained it by chance from somewhere else, and I didn't know about it.

But all the possibilities led to another problem. Why didn't Margaret tell me?

This question was actually easier to explain.

I never told her what I was working on. I didn't tell her anything about the patrol or the attack outside. Margaret didn't know I was looking for the bottle.

What I had always done was hope that she would stay in a safe place, away from any unnecessary strife. My wishful thinking was that the less she knew, the safer she would be.

But was that really the case?

From the moment Margaret became my mate, all the disputes surrounding me became intimately related to her. Those who coveted what I had would turn their eyes to the weaker Margaret.

Margaret was different from me. I had grown up in a royal family with its strife and intrigues. I was used to being attacked from all sides. As I grew up, I became stronger. Fewer and fewer people dared to provoke me and threaten me.

But Margaret was different. She grew up in such a protected environment that she had never faced the evils of the human heart. Because of this, I was leery of her interacting with everyone.

I thought I could protect her, but Angel had taught me a lesson.

I couldn't do everything. Someone was going to attack her.

In addition to causing her displeasure, my constant watching and protection of her didn't have the desired effect. Perhaps I really should change my ways. Making Margaret stronger and able to deal with danger would be more effective than locking her up.

As I suspected Margaret, I realized even more profoundly that whatever Margaret had done, it was probably my fault.

If I hadn't been watching her like this, if I hadn't always wanted to lock her up, she might not have been used by Angel, and she wouldn't have had the chance to get involved in these things.

If we hadn't become mates, she would still be living her peaceful life. I wasn't so much angry with Angel and Margaret tonight as I was angry with myself.

When Margaret finally couldn't help but beg me to let her leave the ward, I had already agreed in my heart, but I still pulled a long face and teased her.

She gave me that pitiful look and wheedled. I really felt like I couldn't take it anymore.

"That didn't work." I didn't know how I could still keep a straight face.

"Is that useless?"

Margaret hooked her arms around me and kissed me. I quickly used my hands to support her, afraid that she would lose her balance and fall.

"It's useless," I said stubbornly.

But Margaret seemed to have seen through me. I saw the smile on her lips.

She jumped on top of me. I hugged her and we started kissing passionately.

While we were kissing, I deliberately said, "If you want to get out, you'll have to mark with me. Other than that, I won't let you go."

"Sure."

Margaret's quick answer was a little unexpected. She hadn't given me such a definite answer the last time. I looked into her eyes and she looked back at me, her eyebrows curved in amusement. I smiled too. It seemed that this time, we had both grown up.

Margaret was still talking. I heard every word, but it was as if I had no idea what she was talking about.

I sank into a warm sense of well-being.

I was finally going to be truly joined to my mate. We were going to be marked to each other, and even death could not separate us.

“I do.”

I picked up Margaret and answered seriously.

“So ... you want to do it now ...”

Margaret looked at me boldly and shyly, her eyes sparkling.

I rubbed her butt. She looked thin, but her butt was soft and meaty. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to control myself. I quickly put her down and said, “I have something to do later. Wait for me to come back tonight.”

I agreed to Margaret's request to see Elizabeth. These days, it wasn't that I deliberately didn't want them to meet. It was just that I was really worried about Margaret's injuries. She seemed to be in good spirits now, so I had nothing to worry about.

Yesterday, Benjamin told me that he'd made progress on the drug and asked me to come over today.

This was the most important thing to me this afternoon. The question that had been bothering us for so long was finally going to be answered. I instructed Elliot to take good care of Margaret and Luna Elizabeth, who would be here in the afternoon, and rushed to see Benjamin.

Chapter 100: Incredible Formula

[Donald's Perspective]

At Benjamin's special request, Armstrong had specially given him an unused laboratory in a school. [V\lssiT n0\(v\)eL/b\(i\)n.col/m](http://www.vlssitn0(v)eL/b(i)n.col/m) for the b'est novel reading experi/en/ce

When I walked into the lab, I didn't see Benjamin immediately.

Puzzled, I walked into the room. In front of the room was a whiteboard for teaching. The tables and chairs were replaced by two single beds that looked like hospital beds in the middle of the room. A white cloth draped over them.

These must be the bodies of the two men. After we left that night, the man died the next morning and was sent to Benjamin. The man I killed that night was brought back directly by Benjamin.

The next day, Benjamin gave me the relevant report, confirming that the person I killed had traces of the same drug residue as the first person we caught.

The person I killed was much fitter and had stronger resistance than the first person. His organs were far less affected by the drug and were functioning at a better level.

I walked into the far end of the laboratory. There was another small door on the side. I had just placed my hand on the handle when the door opened from the inside.

Benjamin stood in the doorway. His face was tired, but his eyes were bright with excitement.

“Your Majesty.”

“You said you wanted me to come here today. Did you find something?” I asked.

“Yes, Your Majesty!” Benjamin said. He stepped aside and led me into the back room.

It was a dark room because many chemicals shunned the light. Most labs had a room like this.

Only a little light came in through the glass above the door, but it was enough for a werewolf. I adjusted to the dim light and saw a row of reagents on the island platform in the middle of the room.

On the test-tube shelf was a row of test tubes. Some were stuffed with rubber plugs, and others were just sitting there. Most of them were filled with different-colored liquids. I frowned and pointed at the row of test tubes. “What’s that?”

“That’s not the most important thing, Your Majesty. The most important thing is this.” Benjamin turned back and fiddled for a moment, then took a few small bottles from a metal box.

I could see that these were different from the little bottle we’d found. They weren’t as delicate. It was more like the reagent bottles used by students in ordinary laboratories.

The contents of each small bottle were not quite the same. Some were completely transparent, some were purple, some were light green, and some had small solid particles of unknown origin, glowing with different glints of silver and black.

“This is the main component I isolated from the small bottle you gave me. I’ve been doing this for the past few days. The composition of the pink liquid is too complicated. At the moment, I can only confirm that there are these few ingredients. I still need to experiment further with the others, but there’s really too little liquid. I’m not sure I can isolate them all.”

I listened as Benjamin rambled on, but I didn’t get the main point.

“So what are they for?” I asked.

“That’s the most amazing thing. The ingredients in this are not rare materials, but when combined, they have unexpected power. With these few ingredients I have identified, I can confirm that their combination can quickly increase the limits of a werewolf and erupt with unimaginable combat strength.”

“Isn’t this the same as our previous guess?”

I wasn’t happy with the result. What we needed now was to understand our opponent, not just the drug. Even if we knew that they had a drug that could improve their physical fitness, it wouldn’t be of much use in determining how to deal with them.

“Whoever invented this thing must be a genius!” Benjamin said excitedly. “This combination is incredible.”

I heard the admiration in Benjamin’s voice and glared at him.

Benjamin quickly corrected himself. “He must also be dangerous.”

“Can you find a way to deal with this drug?” I asked the question that concerned me the most.

“Uh, well...”

I put a hand to my head, feeling a headache coming on. Benjamin had said he was making progress, but I knew that was already fast for an unfamiliar drug.

But it still didn’t solve our problem directly. At the moment, it seemed impossible to use drugs to counter the other party. Benjamin was the best healer among us and most proficient in drugs. If he praised the maker of this drug so much, there was a high chance that his level was above Benjamin’s.

Not only did our opponent have shocking combat ability, but there was also such a talented master who was good at medicine behind the scenes.

But where did they find such a person? No one could possess deep knowledge without rhyme or reason. Where did this person learn all this?

It might be easier to find a breakthrough using this lead than the medicine itself.

My thoughts were flying off at a tangent...

“Your Majesty, but aside from that, I have another theory.”

Benjamin spoke up beside me. My thoughts were interrupted. I looked at him and gave him a questioning look.

“I have a vague feeling that this pharmaceutical genius is from the royal family.”