

His Sweet Little Mate by Obticeo Decatect

#Chapter 101 – 110

Read His Sweet Little Mate by Obticeo Decatect Chapter 101

Chapter 101

“Micah, what are you saying?!”

Abby almost gasped when her mate actually asked his own mother to leave, since she found the woman more amicable than anyone she had ever met in her entire life. Contentt belongs to N0ve/IDrâ/ma.O(r)g!

On the other hand, Micah didn't say anything even though he could hear her perfectly fine, making her frown. Her confusion got worse when the King kept staring at Neesha, his jaw taut with tension.

“Micah?” She tried to tug at his sleeve, but when it failed to grab his attention, she could only try to step around from behind him, only to be yanked back with such force, Abby forgot her own worries and fears for a second.

“Stay put, I'll explain later,” Micah said as he stood his ground. He then regarded Neesha again. “Mother, you aren't feeling well, so please listen to me and get back to your room.”

“What happened, Micah?” Neesha finally opened her mouth when she realized her son wasn't joking when he asked her to leave. “Why do you look so tense?”

“Nothing, I'm just concerned about your weak health,” the king said, trying not to sound perfunctory, but even Abby could tell how insincere he sounded.

The King didn't really know how to explain to Abby why he didn't want Neesha in their room, no, near herself, when his mother was right in front of them.

Not to mention, this wasn't the right situation, nor was the time for such a discussion at all. He really had to agree that his father came up with an idea so good.

With the ceremony set to begin in less than two hours, Micah didn't have another choice but to brush off both the women who looked confused beyond words with his actions.

Neesha didn't really think Micah would be happy with her reckless decision to attend this ceremony, but then she didn't actually expect her son to be this unreasonable when this was the first time in decades since she stepped out of the old tower.

"I'm really fine, son. I could hold my own for a few hours," the former queen said with a frown, not wanting to accept that she was that weak. To be viewed as a fragile woman, Neesha couldn't stomach it given her origin as a shifter, a creature known for its extraordinary abilities.

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"Still, it would be better for you not to take this risk," Micah said in a soft voice, but it came out even more patronizing until even Neesha could tell that her health was just an excuse for her son to make her leave right

now.

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She couldn't help but frown at Micah's choice of words. What risk was he talking about? They were in the palace for God's sake.

Even Abby couldn't help but look at Micah weirdly, when she heard him being so adamant for Neesha to leave.

She couldn't comprehend why the King was insisting for Neesha to return to her room directly. He wasn't even allowing her to attend the ceremony, as if something was terribly wrong with the very idea.

But then she knew her mate never acted without thinking thoroughly, so she couldn't really say anything more to persuade him otherwise when Micah left her to grab Neesha's hand to escort her out personally.

On the other hand, even though Neesha didn't feel happy with Micah's behavior, she didn't feel like creating a scene right now, brushing it off with the thought her son just might have too much going on right now.

She let him pull her toward the door, but not before congratulating Abby on her big day. "I'm happy for you."

Abby could only nod at her sweet gesture before she lowered her head, stashing aside the questions that were plaguing her mind right now.

However, just as she was contemplating whether she should follow Micah and Neesha to the door, so she could send the former queen off, she heard Arthur's voice.

“Why are you hesitating to tell your mother the truth?” The former king sounded righteous as if Micah wronged his own mother in ways impossible.

He stood right in front of the door, blocking the way out, while all the warriors and the servant maids stood far from the door, clearly being suppressed by Arthur.

After all, he was the former king, so none of them dared to stop him even though Micah told them not to allow anyone near this room.

“Father, this is not the right time,” the King couldn’t help but grit out, realizing that his father had followed him here too late.

“When is the right time in your books, Micah?” Arthur countered as he pinned his son with a disgruntled look.

Neither Neesha, nor Abby could follow their conversation when both men talked in riddles, leaving them to stare at them in turns.

“I’m taking Mother to rest first, we can talk after I’m back,” Micah said, narrowing his eyes at the former king.

However, Arthur didn’t feel discouraged when Micah didn’t play along with him and tried to actually brush him off without regard. Instead, he decided to take things a bit further.

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“She needs to know the truth, son,” Arthur declared, shaking his head as if Micah couldn’t understand something so simple. “How long do you plan to hide it from her?”

“What are you talking about?” Neesha finally asked when Micah wouldn’t say anything.

“The girl behind you is a witch, Neesha,” the former king blurted out, as if he could finally let out a grave secret. “No, she is a half witch, born to a witch mother and shifter father.”

Micah couldn’t help but feel a cold shiver run down his spine when he heard his father actually say it, while Abby couldn’t help but feel stunned, not knowing why Arthur was making such a ‘grand introduction.’

However, her thoughts got further scattered when she heard an ear piercing scream crack from Neesha, who fell silent for a short moment after Arthur’s random declaration.

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“The girl behind you is a witch.” Arthur sounded so callous and Micah could immediately feel his mother tensing up.

The King felt like cursing at his father, forgetting about all decorum, when his father continued in a deadly voice.

“No, she is a half witch.”

Once the words slipped out of Arthur’s lips, his son felt the hair on his neck rise, as his skin broke into goose flesh, a result of his mother gripping his hand so tight, he could feel her tension reverberate in his entire hand.

He tried so hard not to let the situation spiral out of his control, going as far as hurting his mother by asking her to leave so blatantly, but his father ruined everything by saying just a few words.

Damn it!

“Mother, let’s go to your room first, okay?” Micah tried to stay calm so as not to startle the woman when she froze in her spot.

He took her hand, wanting to pull Neesha away from Abby, but felt her turn even more rigid, and things turned south when Neesh suddenly bent her body while crushing her cars to her skull.

He didn’t even have the time to decide if he needed to usher his mother out or calm her down first when an ear splitting scream cracked against walls, as he could immediately feel Abby flinching behind him.

The girl looked on in horror as Micah immediately hugged Neesha from behind, trying to calm the woman, who had literally turned insane when Arthur told her Abby was a half witch.

The former queen turned completely uncontrollable within seconds as she tried to do everything to shake off the King who was now hugging his mother while holding her hands, when he realized she wouldn’t hesitate to claw him just to get away from him.

“Oh

my

God.”

Abby whispered, looking at the woman, who carried herself so elegantly and beautifully until just a few moments ago, but now forgot herself and her surroundings, as she kept screaming. at the top of her lungs, forcing the king’s mate to close her own ears and eyes.

But before she could close her eyes, they widened in horror, catching the way Arthur smirked from the corner of her eye. This was all planned by him!

She thought something was really off when Micah kept urging for Neesha to leave earlier, but she didn't expect it had everything to do with her origin.

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If Micah didn't support the idea of letting them meet before for the sake of Neesha's weak health, he must have been adamant about keeping them strangers after learning her origin. Too bad Abby had to learn it this way.

"Guards!" Micah roared when he realized it would be impossible to restrain Neesha without hurting her. Content belongs to

He could have asked Arthur to take her away if his father didn't stay put, watching everything unfold with a secretive smirk on his face, not trying to calm his mate at all.

Micah couldn't help but grit his teeth when Arthur didn't take the initiative to escort Neesha out and just stood on the sidelines, showing no sign of stopping this mess.

And once the men rushed in, Micah immediately handed Neesha over to them. "Take mother back to her room. Now."

"Yes, my king," the few warriors answered as they immediately walked toward their former queen. Two men held each of her hands, as the others got ready to leave the room when Arthur raised his voice.

"Leave her alone!" Arthur shouted at the two guards holding Neesha, whose eyes had turned so red, she looked beyond insane. "I'll escort her out myself."

Immediately, the small group of guards stepped back from Neesha, save for the two warriors holding her in place, not daring enough to stand up to the former king, who was now glaring daggers at them.

"Father, enough is enough!" Micah gritted out, his countenance a mirror of rage. "Stop making things worse."

"Did I turn your mate into a half witch?" Arthur barked back, no hint of remorse could be seen on his face.

He took his time walking toward Neesha before pulling her into his arms, not bothering with the way Micah kept glaring daggers at him.

“No, you disregarded your mate’s health for your own selfish reasons,” Micah shot back. “You disappointed me enough, so please leave immediately.”

It was Arthur’s turn to grit his teeth now. He couldn’t understand why his son was unable to see where he was coming from.

Even when things turned out like this, he was still on the side of his useless mate, even going as far as disrespecting his father in front of guards and their people alike.

But then, before he could express his unhappiness toward his son, Neesha did something unthinkable that left all of them nonplussed.

“I’m Gonna Kill You! YOU BLOODY WITCH!!!” Neesha roared as she lunged at Abby, who

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was still standing near the sofa, watching everything that unfolded with fear evident on her face.

“ARGHHHH!” Abby screamed when she saw the woman actually grabbed a long yet sharp hair pin from a jewelry box placed on the small table before the sofa.

Abby couldn’t believe her eyes. Just a few minutes ago, Neesha was still excited like a little girl, helping her choose the jewelry that complimented her ceremony dress. But now, the same woman was attacking her with the very jewelry they perused.

The girl immediately closed her eyes, wanting to duck the hair pin, but she stumbled into the sofa behind her, being locked in her position, unable to retreat in time.

How could things go so wrong? She was going to die at Neesha’s hands!

But then she heard Arthur’s roar.

“Micah!!!”

Only then did she notice actually being hugged by her mate, who took the stab for her, and it was her turn to scream her mate’s name.

“Micah! Oh my God!” Abby tried to scream, but her throat was clogged in fear when she saw the hair pin lodged deeply in Micah’s arm.

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“Micah!!!” Arthur shouted when he saw his son actually took a stab for that burden of a mate of his, while Neesha was stunned for a moment, as she stood there frozen as if she couldn’t process what just happened for a moment.

On the other hand, Abby who was still covering her eyes, waiting for the inevitable, was jolted out of her fear when she heard such a distressed scream from the former king.

She immediately opened her eyes and what greeted her eyes was the sturdy chest of the King clad in the regal attire. Micah was hugging her.

“Oh my God! Micah!” Abby couldn’t help but grate out in an almost inaudible voice that was clogged by fear when she realized Micah blocked Neesha’s attack and now that he was bleeding from a deep wound on his arm. Contentt belongs to N0ve/IDrâ/ma.O(r)g!

Abby felt her head spin at the sight, not to mention how the blood was splattered, literally everywhere. Her face, her hands, the floor, and of course her pale yellow dress. Her dress couldn’t be used for the procession now.

But then the horror didn’t end there as Micah actually pulled the hair pin so callously, as if he couldn’t feel the pain at all, it almost made her faint at the spot.

Micah, on the other hand, couldn’t feel anything but rage, pure and unadulterated fury, as he flicked the hair pin away before facing his father, as if to challenge him if he had enough drama.

When he saw his mother grab the hair pin before pouncing on Abby, who turned defenseless from her fear, he didn’t think twice to jump before his mate and hug her. As a result, Neesha actually stabbed his arm instead of Abby’s face like she intended to.

On the other hand, Neesha couldn’t see what she had done, she only thought that she missed her target; that bloody witch and this didn’t sit well with her.

She immediately turned to the small table beside her, where the jewelry boxes were still scattered, and tried to grab another sharp ornament when Arthur finally came to his senses and rushed forward to stop her.

“Get the royal healer here!!!” Arthur hollered when he saw how the long hair pin that was lodged deeply in his arm was pulled out recklessly by Micah, making more blood drip out of his deep wound.

Within no time, the room was filled with the smell of his blood and Arthur felt sick to the stomach. It was that girl’s blood that should have been shed tonight, but his stubborn son had to interfere and get himself hurt.

He didn’t expect for this to happen at all, it caught him completely off guard and he ended up cursing Abby in his heart. She was truly a bad luck bringer!

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He wouldn't have any regrets even if Neesha ended up killing Abby 'accidentally,' but he didn't intend for Micah to get hurt. He didn't even anticipate him getting involved.

Now this is a complete mess!

Nadia didn't take long to arrive but Arthur couldn't stay until Micah was treated because only God knows what else Neesha might do if she were to be kept here a moment longer.

So before the royal healer could make her way here, the former king finally left with a still agitated Neesha in his arms, who kept struggling to get her mate away from her.

On the other hand, Abby couldn't stop the tears that kept flowing down her cheeks as she couldn't shake off the feeling of dread from just now and also how Neesha hurt Micah until blood splashed everywhere. She was inconsolable. She couldn't accept the fact Arthur actually could be so cruel like that.

When Arthur barged in earlier demanding Micah to reveal the truth to Neesha, Abby didn't think too much. But when Neesha lost control just after hearing him say a few words, Abby finally understood how calculative Arthur could get if he wanted something.

Just to make Micah leave her, the man actually resorted to instigate his own mate until she practically turned insane and didn't hold back from trying to attack someone in broad daylight

The crazy look on Neesha's face when she suddenly lifted her head to look at her right before she lunged at her would haunt her forever. Just thinking about it was still sending shivers down her spine, she couldn't help but tremble like a leaf in a heavy storm.

Looking at her, Micah felt so worried, he tried to calm her down but to no avail. "It's okay, little one, she's gone now."

All his rage and disgruntlement disappeared in the face of his mate's tears as he spoke to her in a soft voice, not wanting to frighten her further.

On the other hand, the girl was scared out of her wits until her throat couldn't produce any sound when she tried to speak to her mate as she wanted to ask him how his wound was. But then Micah understood her silent question when she kept looking at his wound and then searching his eyes.

"It's just a small wound. It will heal in no time," the king said, his voice still gentle as he helped her to sit properly on the sofa, before settling beside her.

Even though Micah tried to play it down, he still couldn't convince the girl to calm down or stop crying when the blood kept soaking his arm, before dripping onto the floor in a steady rhythm.

Abby scowled, forgetting about her own dread for a second as she looked at Micah, as if

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asking how in the world he could call that a small wound.

Before the king could placate his little mate a bit more, however, Nadia announced her presence, following her came Ezgar.

They hurriedly bowed to the king and then Nadia inquired what happened when she sensed the thick smell of blood in the room.

"My King!" She bowed to the King, and immediately scoured her eyes over Abby, with worry evident in her voice, because she thought it was actually the girl who got hurt, when she looked so inconsolable while the King tried to coax her in a soft voice. "What happened to her? Why is there so much blood?"

However, the royal healer soon realized that it was their king that got hurt and she couldn't voice her doubts as to who would be daring enough to hurt Micah in the palace.

On the other hand, even though she was still so frightened until she could feel her legs shake, as there was no strength left in them, Abby still pushed herself to urge Micah to get treated first as she gestured for Nadia to take her place.

Micah wanted to refuse, because he didn't think it was a serious wound, but then he stayed silent as he didn't want to worry Abby further.

"Lady Abby, let me help you to the chair," Ezgar, who had been silent until now, told her. He offered his arm to her as he carefully led her to the chair at the table behind the sofa, before, offering her a glass of water.

Micah couldn't help but frown when he saw Abby being surprisingly close to Ezgar.

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Abby looked at her hands that were still shaking as she stood in front of the basin in the adjoining bathroom, trying to curb the urge to wring them until her fingers broke.

She felt like she could still see the blood, Micah's blood, on her palms, even though she had rinsed them for the hundredth time since Alyssa and Reyna ushered her into the cloak room so she could change out of the ceremonial dress which was ruined now.

She remembered vaguely hearing Micah order her personal maids to assist her, following which was a blur again, until she found herself alone in the bathroom.

'Can I do this?'

Abby couldn't help but ask herself when her body wouldn't stop shaking as Alyssa and Reyna helped her change into the spare dress Ella prepared, just in case something went wrong.

And Abby didn't want to get started on how horribly things had turned out until she had to redo everything in less than an hour, just to make it in time for the ceremony.

A ceremony she didn't think she would be able to go through until the end without passing out first.

'Breathe... I need to breathe.'

The girl had to remind herself every other minute, as her lungs refused to pull in air as if the adrenaline coursing through her veins was enough to keep her heart beating.

At least, her maids seemed to have taken pity on her as they didn't say anything, even words of comfort, as they ran here and there, bringing her dress from Ella's place, then settling on the jewelry by themselves. They didn't even disturb her out of her thoughts when they were done finalizing her look in less than forty five minutes.

And Abby couldn't help but feel grateful for their thoughtfulness. She clearly knew that even if she forced herself to the extreme, she just wouldn't be able to bring herself to try and make herself presentable for the occasion.

However, Abby didn't dare to look at herself in the mirror once Alyssa and Reyna stepped back from her after leading her to the floor length mirror. She was afraid she would only see a frightened little girl, who was wrecked inside beyond imagination, even though the made up look they worked hard on would make her look otherwise.

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It was a miracle her maids managed to pull off the feat of redoing everything in time, even though it would be underrated to describe it as a last minute crisis.

Abby was all set to go, save for some courage to leave this bedroom, but the King was nowhere to be found by the time she stepped back into the bedroom, and this only added to her soaring incredulity.

“The King also left to change his clothes, my lady,” one of the warriors posted outside the bedroom informed her duly when she kept looking at the door for her mate to appear with a visible distressed expression on her face.

Right, blood splattered everywhere and Micah’s robe was not an exception. Abby could only wait silently, but her mind was anything but silent with all the thoughts that had been running through it without reprieve since Neesha’s murder attempt on her.

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Yes, Neesha tried to kill her and she, the very victim who escaped death by an inch, was sitting in the same spot. The irony wasn’t lost on her, but she couldn’t afford to that fact when she settled into a chair at the table behind the sofa, knowing it would only lead to a mental collapse.

ad to a mental collapse

She was on the edge right now, and a simple nudge could push her down a rabbit hole so deep, just the thought of it made fresh tears swirl in her eyes.

“Lady Abby!”

Abby suddenly heard someone call her name and when she lifted her head, she could see that it was a man, but because her eyes were all blurry from tears, she had to dab at her eyes, not wanting to ruin her remade face.

If she had to sit through a third round of makeup, her body wouldn’t be able to handle it at all.

Once she carefully wiped her tears with a handkerchief, she was finally able to look at her visitor and she was quite surprised when she realized who it was.

“Does that look mean why I’m still here?” Ezgar asked with his signature smile in place when Abby continued to stare at him without saying anything. “I just felt you could use some company.”

Hearing his words, Abby felt her eyes moisten again. Even though Ezgar tried not to show it, it was obvious that the state he found her earlier was anything but pleasant.

He even ignored the elephant in the room, the mind twister how Micah got hurt in his own room in this palace.

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But then, even if Ezgar asked her, Abby didn't think she would know how to open that can of worms.

Would she explain how Micah had to block an attack for her because the former queen-wanted to kill her son's mate for god knows what reason?

Or should she recount how hard Arthur had been trying to force Micah to leave her, resorting to everything possible in and out of the books?

However, Abby couldn't strike off the possibility of Ezgar guessing the better part of everything since it was an open secret that Abby couldn't gain approval from anyone in the palace.

Abby felt tired just thinking about all that mess again. Her head started to throb so harshly she felt like knocking her head on the table in front of her, just so she could concentrate on a different kind of pain.

At this point, physical pain seemed a lot better than all this misery her mind was being frazzled with.

"I don't think I can do this..." Abby whispered, as her eyes fell on her hands again, only now she was wringing them with full force, finally giving into her anxiety.

"What?" Ezgar asked, when he couldn't quite grasp what Abby said. Her voice came out so tired, it barely made a sound.

If the man hadn't been looking at her with his complete attention, he would have missed that she had even talked. But by the movement of her lips, he could gather a single word, 'can't.'

On the other hand, Abby couldn't even muster enough energy or courage to repeat what she just said. Whatever pep talk she did to encourage herself to endure this evening seemed to have lost all its magic once she realized she couldn't hide her true

emotions at all.

Her almost reddened hands were proof enough for the same.

“Are you talking about the ceremony?” Ezgar asked her suddenly, his eyes fixed on the very hands she was looking at.

He had figured it out, after all, what was so hard about it? Abby could swear how clearly fear was written all over her face right now.

Coupled with their last few conversations, where she shared her worries over several things that she needed to prepare for the procession, it didn't take a genius to

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understand Abby was talking about the ceremony yet again.

So, with the cat out of the bag, Abby could only nod her head, even though she didn't want to admit it.

“What's the big deal about it? If you feel you aren't ready, you could just ask King Micah to cancel it,” Ezgar said, sounding so casual but Abby felt her heart thump in her ears at his words.

“Cancel the ceremony?” Abby repeated after him, looking at him dumbstruck, as if he just grew two more heads on his neck.

“Yeah, if you, the main character, think you can't do it, then just tell the same to the King, he will understand,” he said, still smiling brightly.

“What about everyone who is waiting in the great hall and around the palace?”

“If Micah sets on something, who would object?” Ezgar asked back.

“But he wouldn't agree so easily...” Abby couldn't help but point out.

“If I'm not wrong, he loves you enough to accommodate such a small thing for once,” he speculated, thoughtfully.

“But...”

“No, buts. You won't know if you don't try. Just ask him first, then you will know,” Ezgar cut her off.

However, Abby didn't think it was that simple. No matter how little she managed to learn over the years, she was still able to discern when something was really important.

And crowning the future queen of this kingdom was not something people could hold or call off on a whim.

But then, she couldn't help but entertain the thought that Micah would reconsider given the day she had.

"I think you are right..." Abby trailed off, still fearing what Micah would say.

"I'm always right," Ezgar smiled, almost slamming the table.

However, their little bubble burst when someone clearing their voice interrupted their thoughts.

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Abby lifted her head and saw Micah standing behind Ezgar, who was still smiling encouragingly at her.

"Everyone, leave," Micah ordered in a firm voice, before Abby could rearrange her thoughts and say hello to him.

Within no time, the room full of people rushed out, leaving only the two of them. Ezgar mouthed the words 'you can do it,' before he took his leave as well.

As soon as Micah returned, he could hear Abby talking with someone...

Even though she wasn't talking animatedly like she would when she found something interesting, she stopped crying and worrying about the ceremony. He thought it was a good thing.

But then he finally stepped into the room, and once he saw the person she was talking with, Micah's mood immediately turned sour, especially when he saw how comfortable Abby was around Ezgar.

Coupled with the way Ezgar took initiative to cheer Abby up earlier, Micah found the sight a little unpleasant. This content belongs to

"Everyone, leave," he said, wanting to be with Abby alone and saw how Ezgar proceeded to bid farewell before leaving.

On the other hand, even though a little confused, Abby felt like an opportunity presented itself and she needed to make use of it.

“Micah, I have something to talk to you,” Abby said, mustering the little bit of courage Ezgar helped her pick up.

“What is it?” The King asked her and then saw her walk toward him slowly.

“I know it is not acceptable to request you this,” Abby started, feeling her heart in her throat. “But...”

“Go on,” Micah encouraged his mate when he saw how flustered she was.

“I don’t think I can do this,” Abby said, closing her eyes. “The ceremony I mean... After what happened earlier...”

Once she started, it was a never ending flow as she poured her heart out about all her grievances. From the preparations to the expectations of all people. From Arthur’s

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conspiracies to Neesha’s attack.

By the time she was finished, Abby was a blubbering mess as she tried to hold back the tears that threatened to fall any moment now.

She couldn’t help but beg Micah that she wasn’t ready to face so many people in the name of a ceremony right after escaping death by a narrow chance.

“There would be so many people, half of them trying to get rid of me in whatever way possible,” Abby continued, her voice breaking all over with each word she said. “I don’t think I can be nonchalant about what happened earlier either...”

“My head is a mess, Micah, it has been for two weeks now. Now it reached its limit,” she admitted, as she burrowed into his arms, finally being able to hug him in days.

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However, the rigidness in his muscles didn’t provide the usual warmth she got from him.

“You know it’s not possible, little one,” Micah broke it to her. “I can’t cancel it.”

Abby stiffened in his arms before leaning back a little to look into Micah’s eyes when she heard his hard voice.

Her eyes were a mirror of disbelief and hurt as she couldn't fathom his unrelenting attitude in the face of her desperate begging, which was a result of a near death experience.

How could he expect her to go through this ceremony like nothing happened?

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"You know it's not possible, little one," Micah broke it to her. "I can't cancel it."

"What?" The word left Abby's lips as a soundless gasp as she stared at him in utter disbelief and hurt.

'Shocked' would be too weak a word to describe her expression as she searched Micah's eyes, which looked a little hard, a look that had never been directed at her.

After explaining, or more precisely complaining for half a day, how she had been struggling about the ceremony, how could he reject her without a second thought?

"We can't cancel it a second time, little one," Micah said, when he saw the tears she had been holding back finally make their way down her cheeks. "Everyone is already here, just waiting for us to appear."

Hearing him, Abby's hands that were still clinging onto him until now fell to her sides as she couldn't help but lower head in disappointment and hurt.

She wanted to wring her hands again, but managed to curb it down as she clutched her dress hard enough. She needed a minute, long enough for her to go through her thoughts, to process what just happened. But then she knew she wouldn't be able to calm herself even if she had days allocated to the same task.

"But I'm scared..." Abby blurted out. "After what happened earlier, I'm not sure I'll be able to go through this ceremony."

"Nothing like that will happen ever again, little one," Micah told her in a gentle voice when he noticed how rattled she was getting just at the mere idea of talking about the incident from earlier.

He could see how hard it was for her to admit her fears after holding everything in for so long, but just crowning her as the queen of this kingdom wasn't the only purpose of this procession tonight.

His other plan to lure those rogues to the capital city also needed to be considered when he was thinking about the ceremony.

It wasn't easy to deceive every single person in the palace, who ceremoniously included that lowlife of a spy who was clearly working for Calpin while hiding in plain sight, that he was totally occupied with the ceremony and making his newly found mate happy.

He might be able to get another chance to deal with them, yes, but he didn't want to let all the effort everyone put into making this plan go well into waste just because his father couldn't be sensible enough to leave a pair of mates alone.

Everything was already set in motion, he couldn't afford to let a single misstep of letting his father grasp a chance to hurt Abby ruin everything.

"Moreover, I'll be right next to you at every single step during the procession. There's nothing to be afraid of. Just trust me," Micah explained to her softly. He took both of her hands that were clutching her dress tightly and rubbed his thumbs over her knuckles, looking into her eyes with this gentle yet reassuring expression on his face. "Let's not give my father and others any more reasons

to point fingers at us, hmm?"

Hearing his words, more tears flowed down her cheeks which were then wiped by the King who kissed her forehead next. He hugged her close to him as he let her calm down a bit.

On the other hand, Abby couldn't help but notice how instead of saying you, he said 'us', and Abby finally realized she was focusing on the wrong thing completely.

How could she forget such an important thing? She had been working her ass off for the last two weeks, just so she wouldn't let anything go wrong and attract negative attention to herself.

Indeed, she was attacked and would have lost her life if Neesha had been successful... no, she should say if Arthur had been successful in inciting his mate today.

But wasn't she fine and the attack was nowhere near as brutal as the one Calpin put her through?

Her mate kept his word and didn't let any harm befall on her, but she was actually rattled by Arthur's scheme, and letting him achieve his goal tonight.

After everything Micah did, if she just crumbled like that after facing a single hardship which she escaped unscathed, how could she stay by his side as the queen of this kingdom, where she would need to face thousands of such scheming people?

Wasn't she just letting what Arthur said to her come true?

"You are not suitable to stay beside him."

He declared when he pointed out how she was very weak by always letting Micah take care of her.

This kingdom needed a queen who could put its people and their welfare above everything, someone tough enough to stand their ground in the face of adversities, not someone who would need constant supervision like a child.

Abby let her intrusive thoughts get the better of her and her fears cloud her initial determination to change for Micah, to toughen up herself and become someone suitable for the King.

– But after calming down a bit, she could finally think clearly and look at the bigger picture.

Didn't she promise to stand by his side? So why was she backing down at the first obstacle that was thrown into her path?

She needed to learn to be hard on herself, or else she would only make Arthur and his supporters' beliefs come true...

"Okay..." Abby finally gave in. "Let's take it one step at a time."

All the way to the great hall, Abby clutched onto Micah's hand as if her life depended on it, while using her other hand to lift the front of her dress a little to prevent herself from tripping on her own feet.

"We will go in once you feel ready," Micah told her as he stopped them right before the humongous

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doors of the great hall, patting her hand to provide her some comfort.

Abby closed her eyes for a moment before nodding her head to let Micah know that she was re "Let's get it done and over with." Content © copyrighted by

She pulled her hand out of Micaly's as she stood straight, so as not to look too weak in front of everyone. She schooled her expression, trying to keep it blank as her mate led her into the great

ball.

"Bow to the werewolf king!" Someone shouted as the guards pushed open the huge doors, and immediately everyone bowed to their King solemnly.

“Greet the future queen!” The same voice hollered next, making them bow to her as well.

Receiving their respect, Micah nodded gracefully. “All of you can raise!”

Following his lead, Abby too bowed her head a little in response as she walked beside him with her head held high.

From the doors to the throne, she made them lay a moss green carpet, she especially made them prepare for the ceremony, to complement the flower decor she chose as the theme.

She even made them change the tapestries that hung high from the ceiling to pale yellow ones to bring in a subtle yet festive look for the ceremony.

Around five needlewomen were employed to embroider the royal insignia onto a few of these drapes, indicating how hard Abby worked to incorporate all the little details she could into the arrangements.

No one would be able to find fault with any of these, however, Abby couldn't pride herself over her accomplishments while walking to the high throne, nor could she dare to stray her eyes over to the guests that were now standing on either side of the carpet.

She didn't think she could take it if people had any disapproving looks in their eyes.

Even though she promised herself she wouldn't let her fears get the best of her again, it was obvious she couldn't control her emotions that well when she could feel her hands get drenched from sweat just taking the few steps toward the high platform where the majestic throne sat, looking all profound.

Abby couldn't help but sigh at the intimidating sight. Even though she had practically lived in this room while preparing for the ceremony, looking at the throne all the time, still, walking toward it with Micah by her side today was completely different.

Not to mention how her emotions were all over the place for the last few hours.

But she still gritted her teeth and turned around to face their audience along with Micah as she could see Arthur walking forward from his seat with his former third in command, Emile in his

tow.

Abby didn't dare stray her eyes when Arthur got ready to address the audience, as she stared ahead while praying to the Moon Goddess repeatedly.

Wed, 24 Apr

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She had enough for one day, she didn't think either her heart or body could take it if one more trouble came her way, so when Arthur spoke in a clear voice, greeting the people on behalf of Micah and Abby, as the officiant, the girl couldn't help but thank him in her heart, for at least letting her have some room to breathe.

84%

As the former king of this kingdom, the responsibility of overseeing this procession and acting as its officiant fell on Arthur.

Maybe because he needed to keep his front here, he didn't let his hostility seep into his words. "Now the King and Lady Abby will bow to the Moon Goddess, and pray for peace and prosperity in our kingdom."

However, she didn't indulge in this little reprieve too much as she went through the motions with Micah's aid.

Micah turned toward the window through which they could see the moon, which was now at most a crescent in the sky, and then bowed low along with Abby.

And once they were back to standing straight, Arthur made them face each other. "King Micah, mark your destined in front of everyone."

Since Abby was already marked by Micah, he just bit on the same spot which almost healed by now. Abby felt her nerves sing when his teeth sank into her skin, drawing enough blood before he licked over the wound, to stop the bleeding.

"Now the King will carry out the coronation," Arthur announced, his voice taking an almost unnoticeable edge at this point. Even though he felt like he wanted to be anywhere but here right now, he couldn't do anything anymore to stop the inevitable.

He tried everything in and out of books, but still couldn't get his son to think clearly. He was clearly disgruntled, but still needed to act like he didn't find the girl in front of him an eyesore.

Instead, he had to smile when Micah proceeded to pick the crown with both hands to place it on Abby, that burden of a girl's head.

The rest of the royal council behind him didn't feel otherwise as well, as they put on practiced smiles when Micah picked up the crown studded with various gemstones along the band, while a large diamond glinted off light right in the front of it.

Their hearts were filled with discontentment, but they could only grit their teeth secretly and watch as Micah crowned a woman they could all find problems with.

Abby could feel all their hateful gazes on her. Even though they all tried their best to conceal them, even with experience, hatred wasn't something you could mask so easily.

But the thought of giving the speech she prepared sooner rather than later overwhelmed her five senses as she couldn't care about anything else.

"I pledge to honor you, love you and cherish you for the rest of our lives," Micah promised to her solemnly as he placed the crown on her head.

Now it was her turn to finally open her voice and address the whole kingdom where she needed to

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convey how she was going to strive for the prosperity of this kingdom.

But the only problem was, Abby couldn't find her voice at all. No matter how hard she tried, her scattered brain couldn't let her string the few words she worked hard to write into a meaningful sentence in front of the anticipating audience.

I'm going to ruin everything, oh my god, what should I do?

Abby almost let her tears fall down her cheeks when something really unexpected happened as vicious growls erupted in the otherwise silent great hall.

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"Now Queen Abby will say a few words, addressing the kingdom and our people," the former king, Arthur, announced the moment Micah finished uttering his promise to her and stepped back to resume his position beside her after placing the crown on her head.

Only the girl didn't feel ready no matter how hard she tried as she kept rubbing her palms on her hands, out of others sight, trying to dry the sweat that kept pooling between her fingers. If she could, she would have preferred to wring her hands, so as to keep them from getting cold from anxiety.

She wanted to seek Micah's hand subtly so as to draw some comfort into her own being, to slow down her adrenaline fueled heartbeat, but her mate was so distracted to notice her silent plea.

I'm going to ruin everything... Oh my god, what should I do?

"I..." She opened her mouth, but even she couldn't hear her

Voice. Abby felt like crying

the hundredth time in the

for

right where she was standing when her attempt to speak f... wn

span of thirty seconds.

“Queen Abby, is there any problem?” Arthur asked finally, his voice taking an almost unnoticeable hard edge and Abby felt her throat burn from how dry it became in the next second.

Micah finally seemed to have realized something was wrong with his mate as he turned to her, but before he could voice his question, Abby found herself shaken to her core when she saw how his expression changed from concerned to absolute rage as he bared his canines right before turning away from her.

Abby couldn't process what was happening when a vicious snarl left Micah's lips as he looked around the great hall, looking like he was getting ready to jump at someone among the guests.

“Micah,” Abby called to him, her voice just a wisp of vapor behind him as she grabbed his arm, but her hold on him loosened immediately when a voice reverberated in this huge

room.

“Rogues!”

Someone hollered at the top of their lungs as bestial growls filled the air as if you could locate a different growl from each corner of this room.

With horror filled eyes, Abby saw how rogues jump at the people in the room with intention to tear them apart. Only that wasn't the most shocking revelation to her. Because

every she could see guards immediately surrounding all the important people that came to attend

1/3

the ceremony, before deftly escorting them out of the room while the royal warriors clad in battle gear started fighting the enemies.

But then she saw Ezgar run toward them in a rush with several warriors in his tow before bowing to Micah, while a few warriors stood around this small group as a human barricade, preventing the rogues from jumping at Abby and Micah.

“My King, we have an opening to escort Queen Abby out safely,” Ezgar informed the king and Abby couldn’t believe her ears when Micah turned to her.

“Leave with them, and wait for me,” the King told Abby as he pushed her toward Ezgar, whose signature smile was nowhere in sight, indicating how serious the situation was.

“No, Micah, you should leave with me,” Abby pleaded with her mate as she tightened her hold on his hand, only her strength couldn’t compare to that of the king who shook off her hand easily.

“Just listen and go,” Micah said, still sounding gentle and after exchanging a look with Ezgar, he swiftly signaled his warriors to make way for him to join the battle and he disappeared into the rogues that kept swarming the royal warriors.

“Lady Abby, let’s go.”

On the other hand, the rogues were quite surprised that the king was prepared for this well planned ambush, no matter whom they tried to target, given all guests that arrived in the capital were quite prominent in this kingdom, hailing from formidable backgrounds, all they met with was failure.

They couldn’t harm a single person here while their fellow rogues started to fall, losing lives at the hands of the royal warriors who didn’t seem to have anything but killing rogues in their minds. The air was filled with the smell of blood and death cries of the rogues.

The ambush they planned had now turned into a trap for themselves!

Even when they tried to go after the warriors that were deftly escorting the elders and other important figures out of the great hall, they couldn’t go more than fifteen feet from this place being completely dominated by their enemies.

Abby saw how Ezgar slashed two rogues until their heads rolled to the ground with his bare claws, and felt her knees go weak with fear.

This is pure madness!

No matter where you looked, all you could see was blood and severed limbs. Abby felt her stomach churn at the memory when the death cries kept echoing in her ears even when they managed to escort her to the safeplace without a single scratch on her body or a tiny stain of

blood on her dress.

“Lady Abby, I’ll get someone to attend to you while you are here, please wait here,” Ezgar told her, and after making sure she nodded her head, agreeing to stay where she was, the man left in quick strides.

Abby lifted her head and saw how this underground basement was filled with the very guests she dared not to meet in the eyes during the ceremony and the irony wasn’t lost on her.

In her mind, fighting those rogues with her incomplete memories over her fire magic powers would be far better than being locked up with all these people whose prying eyes wouldn’t stop making her feel uncomfortable.

To make things worse, they kept whispering to each other, even though all she could hear was them wondering about the attack out there, she couldn’t help but feel like they were talking about her and it left her restless.

She could only divert herself from those thoughts by thinking what was happening with Micah and the others.

And the king couldn’t help but feel something was totally off with this attack when the rogues looked to be at a disadvantage even though their numbers were nothing but intimidating.

Their usual ferocity was nowhere in sight. Even though he was well prepared to crush them, these rogues seemed too weak to attack on the palace.

What was he missing?!

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The few times rogues attacked before, those beasts had always been savage. Be it the times they claimed countless lives in the Black Claw pack or when they left the people of the capital city terrified since they started attacking around the borders of the capital city.

However, they seemed too different this time around. They weren’t as fierce as they were all those times. If anything, they fought too weakly, compared to before.

Micah couldn’t help but feel this whole attack was a distraction, because his plan went too smoothly as he was able to subdue the enemies too easily, despite how meticulously he had set the trap.

After all, rogues were known for their viciousness and mindless ruthlessness.

This is totally weird!

But all the king could do was try and quickly bring the situation under control for now.

Looking

The huge underground basement, Abby could see how the guests got increasingly annoyed by

each second that passed, as they couldn't know what was happening outside when the royal warriors literally

shut even out whenever someone demanded an explanation over this predicament.

No matter what kind of questions they posted, the only answer they got was complete silence or a few perfunctory words that couldn't abate their worries at all.

After all, an attack on the palace which was in the heart of this capital city with the most formidable defense line, who were none other than the elite royal warriors, was not an ordinary occurrence.

And this peculiarity made people hash over the situation as they sat in groups to whisper among themselves.

"This is the first time I saw someone attack the palace so brazenly."

"And those rogues sprang up like mushrooms, out of nowhere, with all the intention to kill."

"What could be their agenda?"

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"Beats me, but there's a rumor that the King had been attacked before as well..."

"Right, it just happened twenty or so days back..."

"Do you think the King was being targeted?"

Naturally, all of them couldn't help but speculate as Abby stood to a side and listened to them all silently.

+5

No one approached her, so she didn't feel the need to approach anyone for a small talk either, even though there were a few women among the guests. She simply waited for Ezgar to send someone to fetch either Alyssa or

Reyna.

She

found a small table in a quiet corner and sat down, facing away from the hall, when a gruff voice reached her

and when she turned around, she saw the former king looking at her with unconcealable animosity in his

*****t, standing with a hand clenched behind his back a couple of feet away from her. He didn't

"Abby," Arthur

even address her as the queen, indicating that he couldn't accept the coronation at all.

Immediately stood

Abby up when she could tell the former king had come to give her a hard time yet again. "What is it, Sir Arthur?"

at least for the sake of Since Arthur couldn't bother to inject any respect or dubious affection into his voi appearances, Abby also decided to sound as cold as possible. The man didn't deserve her respect anyway.

but grit his teeth. "How could you be so insensible even after

Seeing her attitude, the former king couldn't help but things turned so chaotic?"

Abby was dumbfounded for a moment when she couldn't understand on what grounds Arthur came to find fault with her. Yet, somehow she managed to find her voice. "What do you mean?"

"If Micah hadn't been so blinded by that mate bond between you two, he wouldn't have let this happen. Yet, here you are, feeling no remorse whatsoever."

"Remorse?" Abby couldn't help but repeat after him, feeling incredulous and it was clear in her expression.

“Are you that dense that you couldn’t even acknowledge your part in this whole incident?” The former king couldn’t help but feel even more displeased with her. “If it hadn’t been for pleasing you, he wouldn’t have rushed the ceremony and let his guard down.”

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Abby was genuinely surprised now. Just how in the world he concluded that Micah only wanted to hold the ceremony to please her?

+5

“Why are you so shocked? Don’t think people are blind to see how insecure you are with all your shortcomings dancing right on your forehead.” Arthur continued to accuse her when Abby didn’t say anything in response to

his words.

In his eyes, her silence only strengthened his beliefs. “You knew everyone out there was against you and pestered him to hold the ceremony. How shameless can someone be?”

The former king couldn’t help but talk down to her when he believed Abby was a selfish woman who put herself above this kingdom and its welfare.

“Someone as weak and selfish as you isn’t suitable to be the queen of this kingdom. You couldn’t even protect yourself and need constant surveillance. Is Micah supposed to babysit you all his life?”

Arthur was fuming now. He was talking in a low voice to her, trying to control his rage as much as possible, but his whole being was vibrating right now.

“Weak and selfish?” Abby began, wanting to explain that she had no part in Micah deciding to hold the ceremony

in a hur but Arthur was far too gone to let her talk right now.

“You made Micah almost lose his life in the fight with that dark sorcerer, so if you aren’t weak, then what are you? Had it not been for you, Micah would have caught that dark sorcerer and this attack wouldn’t have happened today...

“You are nothing but a hindrance to Micah, he could have eliminated Calpin that day, but you let that dark sorcerer gain upper hand by falling victim to his

to wreak havoc in this city.”

Cell. Now he bounced back with thousands of rogues in his tow

Arthur just came to know the rogue attacks were all premeditated and the dark sorcerer, who attacked Micah in the Black Claw pack, was the mastermind behind the scenes.

He actually turned so many rogues into his puppets and had been wreaking havoc in different parts of the kingdom for the last few months, but Micah kept this from everyone.

Today, he came to attack again, and he brought almost all the rogues in and around this kingdom. It was clear his target was to finish what he started in the Black Claw pack.

3/6

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Yet, Micah was so whipped by this useless mate of his, he couldn't think of anything else but pleasing her and fulfilling her mindless wishes.

She was someone so weak, until she couldn't even find her voice and say a few words about this kingdom she

was going to rule and protect during the ceremony. It only worsened his opinion on her.

+5

And when he thought how Micah might be covering up the fact that Calpin was behind every rogue attack until

now, so as not to implicate Abby, because of whom he let Calpin get away last time, Arthur couldn't help but think everything was Abby's fault.

“It's your fault that he let him escape, he neglected his duty as the king of this kingdom, while cajoling you because you are so weak to help him assist in fighting the enemies. You are nothing but a burden...”

“But you still don't understand where you went wrong. I can't understand why Micah couldn't see you for what you are. A weak and useless mate, just dragging him down endlessly.”

On the other hand, the more Abby listened, the more angry she felt. Arthur knew nothing but simply came to throw mud on her.

“Enough, you know nothing.

Arthur was startled when Abby looked so cold, as she flashed her palm to him as a gesture to stop talking.

“Let me make a few things clear real quick,” the girl spoke word to word, when the former king fell silent at her order.

She had enough of his disapproval and his displeasure over her ascending the throne. She couldn't help but speak coldly recalling all the times he openly discredited her, both in front of others and herself alike.

Since he couldn't bother about understanding her efforts, there was no need to cajole him and let him think he was someone important to her. The only person she cared about was Micah. So that was what she told him.

“I don't care what you think about me. I'm long past that phase. I'm only here for my mate's sake. And this ceremony has nothing to do with me. But it is clear that you won't believe it even if the Moon Goddess were to come here to be my witness...

“So I'll just let you think whatever you want. But you need to know that if it hadn't been for me, Micah wouldn't be breathing today...”

4/6

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“Impudence! How dare you curse the King?” Arthur couldn't believe his ears.

+5

“Don't be so hasty to put words in my mouth.” Abby shook her head as she felt like Arthur couldn't find a single good thing about her. “What you think happened in the Black Claw pack was not everything.”

“Not everything? Didn't Micah let Calpin escape because he rushed to save your life?” Arthur pointed out.

“It's the other way around. I, a weak and selfish woman, stood between Micah and Calpin that day, when that dark sorcerer tried to burn my mate from within...”

Even now, talking about it made Abby tremble at the thought of the fear that gripped her heart when she thought she would lose the only person that showed kindness to her.

“I am the only person who could shield Calpin that day. So you should be thanking me for saving Micah when he fought that sorcerer...”

After saying her piece, Abby strode away from there. She wanted to find a warrior to call Ezgar who left to fetch her personal maids.

But then she saw the man being surrounded by a few warriors just on the other side of the hall, almost near the door.

During her lessons with Sherianne, Abby learned there were three ranks among the warriors serving the royal family. The third rank being the royal guards, while the second were the royal warriors.

There was another group of warriors that were hand picked by the generals to be trained into elite soldiers and the same were now talking to Ezgar. Judging by the way they bowed to them, Abby felt like he was someone highly ranked in the palace.

And the girl wasn't wrong, because Ezgar was the one of the leaders for the group of elite royal warriors serving the royal family.

And currently, a few warriors belonging to the elite rank and were being led by him came to him for further instructions.

“Chief, don't we need to join the battle?” One of them asked Ezgar, because he couldn't understand why there were almost one fourth of the elite warriors babysitting these guests when they should be fighting in the frontlines, given the severity of the situation.

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+5

“Don't be reckless and give into your impatience. You were clearly instructed to protect the guests until the procession ends.” Another soldier chided him.

Abby was a bit surprised at this revelation. Earlier when she saw the guests being protected even before the rogues surrounded the great hall, Abby found it very odd.

“They were already in the safe place.” The first soldier retorted. “I just can't understand, we could have captured the rogues before they entered the palace. But the King insisted that we let them enter first.”

Micah insisted on what? Abby felt her brain explode at his words.

“You have to trust the King, he has been planning for this ambush for a fortnight. He knows what to do.” A third soldier chimed in, prompting others to nod their heads.

He has been planning for a fortnight?

So he knew there would be an attempt on his life, no, their lives, before he announced the coronation?

aa

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“You have to trust the King, he has been planning for this ambush for a fortnight. He knows what to do.” Another soldier chimed in, prompting others to nod their heads.

He has been planning for a fortnight?

Abby couldn't believe her ears. Micah only told her how the rogues' activity had increased again before they left the Red River pack for the capital city when the news of the royal council being unhappy about her origins and her incapability to rule this kingdom by Micah's side reached them.

But he didn't mention anything to her how he was anticipating this attack he had supposedly been preparing for the past fortnight even once.

In the middle of her shock, she heard Ezgar talk to the elite warriors in a low voice. Since he was facing away from her, with all the warriors leaning close to talk in hush voices, the men didn't know she was eavesdropping on their conversation, openly.

he didn't let all those in and out of the palace think he was busy preparing for the ceremony for nothing.” Ezgar told his warriors as he looked thoughtful. “Even when he demanded for all the warriors to be well in shape for the ceremony, I didn't think it was for this purpose at all.”

The King really planned everything very well, he took note of everything as he prepared every possible way out if the situation turned south at the last minute.

Fortunately, they were prepared for this ambush and thus far, everything went smoothly. After all, they had successfully evacuated the great hall and escorted almost all the important guests to this safe place they had prepared beforehand along with the queen

On the other hand, the more Abby listened, the more resentment she felt in her heart. She couldn't believe Micah could do this to her. If he knew there was going to be an attack on the palace, what was the need to even make her go through all of

that?

He clearly knew all her arrangements would only be for naught since the rogues would eventually destroy everything, even her ceremony.

Yet, he let her go through so much stress, both physical and mental, until she melted into tears right in front of him from fear and tension. Even then, he didn't feel the need to let her know. Contentt belongs to N0ve/IDrâ/ma.O(r)g!

Even when she begged him to cancel the ceremony just two hours before the procession after he saw how she had escaped death just by hair's breadth, he didn't yield. At that time, she didn't understand why he was being so adamant about the ceremony being held as it is.

But she seemed to have gotten an answer to all of her doubts right now.

"He didn't cancel the ceremony because he didn't want to ruin the stage he prepared so meticulously to trap them."

Everything about today was premeditated, from their appearance in the great hall to him crowning her. It was all to achieve. his actual goal to capture those rogues and Abby couldn't shake off this feeling of betrayal that crept into her heart the more she thought about all her grievances.

They were endless and if she had to list them all out, she didn't even know where to start.

Should she talk about all those sleepless nights? Or herself running here and there constantly for this and that?

She had to prepare so much, because they said it was a custom for the future queen to arrange every little thing meant for

the coronation.

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She pushed all her reservations and worries to the back of her mind as she took care of every little thing, from food to the way of her behavior.

What about all those etiquette classes she crammed in between her arrangements?

She had to change everything about herself, the way she walked, the way she talked. Even how to laugh gracefully, Sherianne took a long lecture.

Abbh couldn't forget how she had suffered an entire afternoon just to correct her standing posture.

"And that speech I couldn't even deliver earlier."

Just thinking about it made Abby's heart ache to no end. She prepared so much, but for what?

Even after seeing Neesha go crazy to kill her, she had to suck everything up and attend the procession. Thinking all of this hurt her head and she felt the bitter taste of betrayal on her tongue.

She couldn't believe Micah didn't say a word even after she poured her heart in front of him when she asked him to cancel the ceremony.

"I almost lost my life today..."

The words left Abby's lips involuntarily, a bit too loud, and this finally grabbed Ezgar's attention, who immediately rushed toward her. "Your excellency, why did you come out?"

The man was smiling at her again, but Abby wasn't able to feel the warmth she always felt talking to him right now.

"What happened, why do you look so pale? Did something happen again?" Ezgar asked her when he noticed how sad she

looked.

Her eyes were reddened while all the color left her face, she looked ghostly pale. Not to mention how she kept clenching and then unclenching her fists by her sides.

Ezgar's first thought after seeing her like this was she got hurt while being escorted by them to the safe place. But then they were more than careful while walking her here, it was beyond impossible for any rogues to get to her.

And he was sure Micah wouldn't have let her get hurt during the short span of two hours while the procession took place.

So Ezgar was really confused when he saw her deflated again, the little life she pumped into herself before the ceremony after talking to the King was nowhere to be seen.

Even though she looked a little nervous during the procession, she hadn't been this pale at any point of time either.

“You need to tell me what happened so that I can help you sooner,” Ezgar said, feeling a little anxious since Micah entrusted

her to him.

He just left her for twenty minutes and she looked like she lost half of her life.

“I’m fine, Chief Ezgar.” Abby finally opened her mouth and Ezgar could tell she was behaving differently just hearing the way she addressed him.

On the other hand, Abby couldn’t help but feel distant from Ezgar when she thought how he stood on the sidelines as well after she shared her fears with him.

Both him and Micah had so many chances to warn her about this impending attack, yet, they chose to keep silent until the end.

She still couldn’t understand how Micah didn’t feel the need to let her know about his plans at all..

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Only now she understood why he couldn’t return to their bedroom even when it was past midnight every night, not to mention how he would skip his meals almost every day.

He kept everything to himself. Did he not trust her enough to share his thoughts and plans? He said he saw her as his equal, but then he turned away from her when he encountered something so important.

He had been planning such a big thing for fifteen days, but couldn’t stop for a second and think how this was all going to affect her.

The entire royal council had been against her ascending the throne, and now, a rogue attack so huge happened right after Micah crowned her. This would only make more tongues wag at her.

Along with the royal council, at least few of the guests attending the ceremony today would be thinking that the attack only happened because she became their queen, just like Arthur.

Did he even understand what situation he had pushed her into?

If he had at least let her sense even a wisp of warning, she wouldn't have put herself through all of that. Now it just looked like she did everything in vain. Maybe not in vain, she did everything to gain new haters.

Abby couldn't help but laugh at herself realizing how ironic this entire situation was.

"My queen, you look unusually pale," Ezgar pointed out when he saw how the girl before him withered— with each second. that passed. "You can trust me with your worries.

Ezgar smiled at her, trying to let her see that he was harmless, but it vanished the moment Abby opened her mouth again. "But you never thought of returning the courtesy."

"What didn't I return?"

"You never trusted me, not just you, no one did, even Micah," Abby said, but it only confused the man further.

"Why would you say that?"

"Because, neither of you bothered to warn me about the attack today," Abby blurted out, her voice cracking at the end. "You. both saw how much I suffered while preparing so much for a ceremony which was nothing but a stage to your king, yet you kept silent until the very end."

"It's not like that, my queen," Ezgar tried to defend himself, but Abby was having none of it.

"Then, why did you guys not tell me anything, especially you, you even helped me prepare the speech when you know I won't get a chance to talk at all."

Hearing the hurt and sadness in her voice, Ezgar didn't know how to explain things to her. "No, trust me. I didn't know there would be an attack until last night.

Abby looked at him suspiciously. "Your warriors just said how the king had been planning for a fortnight."

"It is true, but he only asked us, the chiefs, to intensify their training. He said nothing about the attack until last night," Ezgar

stressed.

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When Ezgar noticed how she looked so unwell with all the blood drained from her countenance, he immediately dispersed the elite warriors talking to him and approached Abby to inquire what happened to her.

However, he wouldn't have expected the reason for her sadness to be their lack of thoughtfulness to let her know about this rogue attack beforehand.

But the only problem was; it was a confidential task for the royal army and he wasn't supposed to talk about it to anyone else, especially after the king emphasized how they were not to breathe a word about it.

"No, trust me, I really didn't know about the attack until last night," he told her truthfully as he wanted to clear the misunderstanding.

He really didn't know about the attack because Micah didn't really talk to them about it explicitly.

In fact, the king only said that he needed the chiefs like Ezgar to make the training of everyone from the elite warriors more intense than usual the night he announced he was going to hold a ceremony in less than two weeks.

Since, the time was of essence, it didn't raise doubts among them as to why he would ask them to train intensely all of a sudden.

Everyone thought that with the increasing rogue attacks for the past couple of months, the King was just being cautious but no one would have thought he was only pressuring them to be well in shape for a real attack.

Even last night, Micah only mentioned in passing how they couldn't let their guard down during the ceremony as there would be so many guests arriving from all over the kingdom.

But since they were words uttered by their sovereign, of course, no warrior thought of slacking off.

Moreover, if their security was really compromised during a visit to the capital, how in the world would they believe the king to protect his people that scattered all over this huge empire of werewolves?

So they didn't leave any room for laziness as they diligently followed the regimen set by the king himself.

But looking back now, even though it appeared to be some last minute contingency plan, no one in the royal army was naive enough to think that the King was just being cautious and told them to be prepared just in case.

That was why his warriors were a little excited over how the King could execute his plan without letting others doubt his intentions.

In their perspective, their king proved himself to be an excellent strategist by planning every little detail to tackle the attack this time around.

The only inconvenience for the elite royal warriors that were ordered to escort and protect the guests was, they couldn't contribute much in this situation.

They were all trained especially to put down enemies whenever they were facing a crisis of battle, but now they were restricted to babysitting these people who were gossiping to no end. After all, they couldn't understand what was going on with the attack and the successive rescue.

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On the one hand, they couldn't answer their queries, since Micah didn't allow them to talk about his plan with the guests or anyone for that matter. On the other hand, they felt impatient to sit around while a huge battle was going on just a few feet away from them.

"They were a little disappointed that they couldn't fight in the frontlines today," Ezgar continued his explanation when Abby still looked suspicious even after he told her how Micah just told them to intensify their training but nothing about the

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attack until the last minute.

He then explained how he was genuinely surprised when the attack really happened. But he didn't voice how surprised he was to hear that even Abby didn't know about the attack until the last moment.

But then, this was the style of their king, he never did things that would complicate his plans.

"Everyone was a bit extra alert just in case, and we are no different, but there was this nagging feeling at the back of our minds that the King wouldn't do or say anything just for the sake of it," Ezgar told their queen and saw how she gradually calmed down.

Abby looked deep in thought for a moment, as if digesting how Micah planned everything so secretly, but then she couldn't help but realize how he had been carrying such a huge burden on his shoulders without really seeking help from anyone.

“But I couldn’t believe he didn’t say anything,” Abby finally said, unable to overlook that point.

Even though she wouldn’t be able to come up with mind boggling strategies to tackle this situation, she would have at least shared his burden with him.

Why couldn’t he trust her enough? This was the only thing that kept haunting her.

On the other hand, Ezgar could see how overwhelming it would be for her with everything that she had been through for the past two weeks. He personally witnessed her struggle with several things, so he felt sorry for her.

“I don’t know what reasons he had for doing so, but it will be for the best if you talk to him about it instead of overthinking,” Ezgar said, looking thoughtful.

But then he apologized for not being able to warn her about the attack. “I definitely would have let it slip in one way or the other if I had a confirmation, but the king didn’t give anyone a chance to doubt his actual goal for tonight. My hands were tied.”

On the other hand, Abby couldn’t help but think why Micah felt the need to watch his own words and actions so closely regarding this matter, but to no avail.

The King had all the reasons to be this discreet with everything he had done for the past fifteen days.

He didn’t even let anyone read the secret missives from Alpha Samuel for nothing. No one realized how among the several reports he had been receiving, missives about the rogues took the top priority.

And the reason was simple yet disturbing, he had a spy in his palace, the very person relaying everything that happened here to Calpin

In order to execute his plan well, he realized he couldn’t afford to give away what he was actually planning by holding the ceremony so abruptly.

Since, it was a custom for the elite royal warriors to welcome the new queen regally, no one doubted when he oversaw their training during the past fifteen days either.

He let everyone think that he was giving too much importance to the ceremony to please his mate when his own father came to him to accuse him of the same.

It worked well for him and the rogues were lured here, thinking they could catch the King off guard. However, he couldn’t help this nagging feeling that something was off when his warriors managed to put down most of the enemies with no noticeable casualties on their side in no time. This content belongs to

It was almost midnight now, and the fight ended in less than six hours, which was really suspicious since they couldn't stop the rogues even after fighting for a whole day the last time Calpin made them wreak havoc in the Black Claw pack.

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From the corner of his eyes, he could see Alan and Dex frowning as well and realized things were not so simple.

He is missing something, but what is it?

"My king," the royal beta called out to him as he approached him, prompting Dex to rush toward them as well. "You seem a... little conflicted."

"There is something off with these rogues," Micah voiced and saw that they weren't surprised by his comment.

"Yes, they seem too different from the last few times," Dex said, tilting his head to the side.

"They weren't as aggressive, but I can't place why," Micah told them and Alan's expression immediately hardened.

"You think this ambush is a distraction?" Alan asked immediately.

"If your hunch is correct, what might be their main goal?" Dex pointed out.

"Queen Abby..." Alan blurted out when he realized how Calpin tried to attack the king's mate in the Black Claw pack. "King Micah. I think you should hurry and find Queen Abby to check on her immediately."

Micah immediately cursed himself for not thinking this beforehand. How could he overlook the threat Calpin posed to Abby?

"Right! Only Queen Abby could shield his magic last time, so he could be using these mediocre rogues to distract us to harm her instead," Dex said. "If there was a spy in the royal council or palace, he or she would be with Abby in the basement right

now."

Hearing this, Micah felt his heart race with fear. He calculated his every move with the spy in his mind, but he didn't realize how close this—spy was to harming either of them if a chance presented itself.

Calpin made it clear that he wanted to kill Abby the last time he tried to burn her with his magic, but failed only because her power back lashed when he used his spell on her.

Micah felt stupid for forgetting something so important in his haste to lure those pests to the palace in the name of the ceremony. He couldn't believe he got blinded by his need to exact revenge.

"Take care of the rest, I'll check on her first," Micah ordered them in a hurry as he broke into a run. He raced to the underground basement which was the safe place he arranged for the guests to take shelter while he captured the enemies before Alan or Dex could respond again.

"King Micah," someone called him as soon as he entered the basement, but he didn't bother to stop and respond to them as he quickly scoured his eyes around this huge hall to find his mate.

His heart skipped a beat for a second when he couldn't locate her immediately, but then he caught a glimpse of a pale yellow dress on his far right end and immediately dashed there.

He could see Abby sitting at a table with her back toward him, but she wasn't alone.

Ezgar was sitting with her, but they were completely silent while Abby's dropped shoulders gave off this lonely and sad feeling.

"Little one," he called to her and when she finally turned around to look at him, he could see there was something really off about her expression. She seemed desolate

Seeing her too pale and hurt, his immediate thought was, she got injured while they brought her here. Just like Ezgar.

But when she didn't smile at him after realizing he had come to fetch her, he realized it wasn't a physical wound as he couldn't sense any blood on her. With a quick once over of her frame, Micah was sure she wasn't hurt anywhere, so why did

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she look like she was in pain?

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"What happened little one?" He asked her when she just stared at him, saying nothing. His eyes then strayed to Ezgar, who immediately stood erect to bow to him.

“I’m going to take my leave, my king.” Ezgar bowed to both of them, when Micah threw a look at him. He definitely couldn’t meddle in their affairs.

Once it was only the two of them at this table, as everyone else stepped back to give them privacy upon noticing this weird vibe around them, Micah approached Abby. He tried to grab her hand, but Abby evaded his touch as she turned away from: him a little.

“Little one,” Micah started but then saw tears flowing down her cheeks, which left him helpless, because he couldn’t understand what went wrong for her to feel this dejected when she broke into uncontrollable sobs.

“How could you do this to me?” Abby said in between her silent sobs. “It hurts Micah. You don’t trust me.”

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“How could you do this to me?” Abby said in between her silent sobs. “It hurts Micah. You don’t trust me.”

Abby could feel her heart bleeding while admitting how hurt she was by his actions, and the king could feel his heart break seeing her fall apart as emotions whacked her body.

“What do you mean, little one?” Micah was visibly shook at her words. “Please, talk to me.”

The king couldn’t help but plead with his mate when the girl wouldn’t even look at him, while her tears burned holes in his heart and soul.

He could see she was really hurt, and from her words earlier, it was clear it had something to do with him, however, he couldn’t quite comprehend just where she got the idea that he didn’t trust her.

He wanted to pull her into his arms and hug her worries and doubts away, but the inquisitive gazes from the people behind him made him think twice as he realized it would be meddlesome if Abby rejected his touch again.

It would cause a stir and put her in unnecessary limelight, so he immediately mindlinked his warriors to escort everyone to their respective guest rooms since the threat had been removed for now,

Even if another fight broke out, he already gave enough instructions to his royal beta and royal gamma as to what they needed to do,

Since they believed it would be wise for Micah to stay with Abby, they couldn’t really find fault with this arrangement.

The only problem was, Abby wasn't even willing to let him touch her now. How in the world should he cooperate with her if Calpin or anyone else did try something to hurt either of them?

"Little one, what upset you?" Micah finally asked when everyone left them alone in this huge basement. Even though he didn't let up, they could still tell how tense the air between them was.

But he couldn't care less about what everyone thought when Abby opened her mouth the second time since he rushed here to check on her. "You"

"What?" Micah was genuinely dumbfounded.

"Yes, I'm upset because of you." Abby would have shouted if not for the way her heartbeat pounded in her temples. Her head is aching so badly, she didn't dare to raise her voice and cause more pain to herself.

"Me?!" Micah asked, frowning out of surprise.

"Yes, but hurt would be a better word, I'm hurt because of you, Micah. Your lack of trust and your lies... Abby broke down completely as she then reiterated everything she had gone through since Micah decided on his own to hold this ceremony which couldn't even see a proper finishing

"I thought you were being genuine when you said you saw me as your equal, but it was all a lie. You didn't even pause to think how all of this is going to affect me, let alone how I have a right to know what was going to happen during my own.

coronation."

Abby talked in a rush as if she wouldn't be able to repeat her concerns a second time even if she forced herself to death. She even felt like flinging the crown on her head since it all felt like a big joke to her.

On the other hand, Micah looked like he was just sucker punched in the gut, really hard, when he finally realized he messed up big time.

However, Abby wasn't done yet. "Did you even realize how hard it had been for me to learn everything in such a short time?"

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I'm not saying you hadn't had a hard time planning this great counter attack to achieve your goal of capturing Calpin sooner. I'm not insensitive enough to not understand you did whatever you did only to protect both of us either.."

"It's just that I don't understand why you can't trust me enough to warn me even once."

"No, little one. It isn't like that.. Micah tried to explain, but the girl wasn't in a state to listen to anything he had to say now.

"Then, why didn't you?" Abby asked, her voice almost cracking while her eyes full of accusation. "You had plenty of opportunities yet, you didn't even consider sharing your burdens with me..."

Micah didn't have a good enough retort to defend himself, because it really didn't occur to him to share this matter with

her.

So when Abby continued to pour her feelings out, Micah could only stand there, staring at her with this sadness reflecting in his whole being.

He just thought it would be better to solve this problem as soon as possible when he saw that a chance was presenting itself according to Alpha Samuel's reports about the increased rogue activity all around the kingdom.

Calpin was not an ordinary enemy, so he was impatient to eliminate him before he could hurt him or his precious mate, but he didn't expect to hurt her first.

The more Abby talked, the more remorse Micah felt. He really underestimated the pressure she had to face while preparing for the ceremony.

He thought letting her access to people and resources would be enough to solve her worries, but looking back, he realized he acted really inconsiderately.

He forgot why he canceled the ceremony the first time around as well. But with the rogues on his mind, his initial hesitancy to thrust her into royal politics took a back seat.

He understood better than anyone else how she didn't get a proper chance to adjust herself to his place and its people yet, still, he couldn't remember any of that while he spent his days planning how to utilize the ceremony she worked hard to arrange as his stage to defeat those pests.

"I'm sorry, little one." Micah blurted out amidst her breakdown, but Abby just chuckled.

“No... a single sorry is not going to erase the pain you put me through for the past two weeks, Micah...” Abby rejected his apology in an instant and it was another blow to Micah

“How could you not reconsider your choices even after your mother tried to kill me?” Abby’s words shot out like poison coated daggers and the King could feel the blow in his heart.

He was really stupid, wasn’t he? Him having more than he could handle on his plate wasn’t a good enough reason to plead mercy from her either.

Abby wasn’t hurt because he didn’t include her in his plans, she was hurt because he didn’t bother to share his burdens with her.

On the contrary, he had a chance to help her avoid all that effort she fruitlessly put into the preparations.

But it was too late to realize his mistake now, he was the reason for her endless suffering for the past few days.

Not only did he manage to overwork himself, he also made her work hard for nothing.

“Little one, don’t be like this. Give me a chance to make it up to you,” Micah said, not being able to convince Abby how much he regretted his actions.

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Just like she said, he would have lost nothing if he just warned her a little, but he was stupid enough to want to keep her in

the dark

“I don’t know, Micah.” Abby confessed, her face contorting with pain. “I can’t think of anything but how you can’t trust me...”

And Micah felt like beating himself up for causing her such agony. If before, he could still think he never did anything to hurt her directly, but this time, he managed to achieve that. She was hurt because of him.

His actions. His thoughtless decisions. Whatnot.

So when the girl said she wanted to rest now, Micah could only abide and let her some room to calm herself down first.

“Okay, but let me take you to our room at least?” Micah’s words came out as a question instead. This content belongs to

“No, I want to sleep in a different room tonight,” Abby said, looking at her fingers that she folded together in front of her, as if she was just a moment away from resuming wringing her hands.

And Micah heard what she didn’t say loud and clear. She was asking for space from him. She didn’t think she would find his embrace safe enough and wanted time away from him.

It didn’t sit well with Micah, and he wanted to argue but the girl didn’t give him a chance.

“Find me a vacant room, I’m fine with anywhere. I just want to sleep now,” Abby said, cutting off Micah before he could even protest against her decision.

Abby felt a little heartless for not giving him a chance to explain his reasons properly, especially when she told him she wanted space from him. The painful look that crossed his eyes almost made her falter.

But then, she couldn’t forget her own pain so quickly either. Staying out of each other’s hair was the best course of action for both of them to calm down for now.

“No, if you want time to rest your head, our bedroom is the most suitable room now,” Micah said, but when she tried to refuse, he held out his hand for her to stop for a second. “I’ll stay in another room.”

His voice left no room for negotiation even though he didn’t sound overbearing, and Abby didn’t have any strength to continue haggling with him.

Her head was killing her and she just wanted to rest.

On the other hand, Micah felt only their bedroom was safe for her right now, as he couldn’t shake off this bad feeling after he realized his plan had been compromised.

Moreover, Abby was more familiar with their bedroom than any other place in this palace.

Only he felt this knot in his heart when she finally agreed to let him escort her to their bedroom after much persuasion.

He couldn’t help but recall how she sobbed when she explained how much she missed him because he couldn’t make it to hug her to sleep even at nights, being busy planning for today’s showdown.

He still couldn't understand how he could be so blind until he couldn't even notice she was suffering so much until she became sleep deprived.

"Little one," Micah called out when the girl almost stumbled on her own feet, as she stepped on her dress.

"I'm okay," Abby said, as she held onto the chair behind her, rejecting his helping hand.

Micah could only walk behind her stubborn self as the girl slowly dragged her feet to their bedroom.

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"You can leave now," Abby told him as soon as she crossed the threshold of their bedroom.

"My queen, what happened to you?" Alyssa, who had been waiting anxiously for her, immediately approached the girl when she saw her finally returning.

They were escorted back to their own rooms the moment they noticed rogues and had only come here when a guard rushed to relay that they had been summoned to serve the queen.

Micah seemed to have mindlinked someone to call them over.

Abby let her grab her hand, which made the maid realize how cold her body was, as if she didn't have any energy left.

Alyssa quickly helped her to lie on the bed as she called Reyna to help rub her palms and feet.

But then they saw how the king stopped at the door itself. "Take good care of her."

With that, he swiftly left. But he would come back early tomorrow morning and apologize to her properly.

It was not only her who couldn't sleep when he wasn't around, the same applied to him as well. He couldn't be at ease when he was away from her.

But he knew he needed to let her calm down a bit first. Otherwise, he would have insisted on refusing her request outright. Only he realized he made another mistake by not refusing her the next morning, because when he came back to her after a sleepless night, he found their bedroom empty.

