

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 11

Hi Slave. His Unwanted Mate

Chapter 11 Rejection Diana's POV:

I didn't expect my worst fears to be realized so soon. I was cooking in the kitchen when several male werewolves suddenly barged in and tried to take me away.

"Where are you taking me?" My voice trembled in fear as I looked at them in horror.

"Be quiet, slave! We're taking you where you need to be. Perhaps you are going to become a slave of another pack," one of them roared angrily, and their eyes showed

the resentment they had for me.

I finally realized that I was going to be put up for the Alphas of the other packs to pick and choose.

I was forced to wear the kind of revealing clothes I had never worn before, let alone in public. I felt ashamed and humiliated, but at this moment, I had no choice but to obey their orders.

The moment I entered the hall, I saw Lambert staring at me.

Although I hadn't seen him for a few days, the way he gazed at me was somewhat strange. There was a mix of surprise, confusion, and puzzlement in his eyes. From the looks of it, his hatred towards me had subsided a little, but he didn't stop the werewolves from treating me roughly as they pushed me to the stage.

Then, I was ordered to dance in front of everyone. As the daughter of an Alpha, I was taught how to dance ever since I was a child. However, I had never felt more humiliated in my life as I was forced to exhibit my dance, which was something I was proud of, in front of every werewolf. It made me feel like a cheap whore in a nightclub.

A part of me hoped that Lambert would let me see Angela if I was able to impress him with my dance. I couldn't dare to have any other far-fetched hopes, but I just needed to know that Angela was safe and sound. Nothing else mattered to me. At the end of the dance, I received exclamations and

a round of applause from the audience. Most of the werewolves praised me for my beauty and talent.

All of a sudden, Loren stepped forward and lustfully eyed me up and down. It seemed as though he had made up his mind. He then turned around and walked up to Lambert.

"I choose this one! I want to bring her back with me tonight!" I heard Loren speak to Lambert with a demanding tone.

However, the Alphas of the other packs disagreed and they began to quarrel amongst

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themselves in the hall.

"Who says Lambert has to give her to you? We haven't said anything yet. I want this woman too, Lambert."

"Yes, me too."

I was being treated like a cheap commodity in a market. No one cared about whether I was willing to go with them or not. They only cared about who would be the one to get me.

"Calm down, everybody. Diana is not the only beautiful slave we have in our custody. We also have Baldwin's second daughter. I'm sure we can all work out something so we don't have to fight each other, right?" Tiffany introduced my sister to the Alphas

from other packs, making things worse almost immediately.

I had seen Tiffany a few times in the past few days during my work here. She was regarded with affection and deeply respected by the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack, but I knew who she really was. Deep down, she was just a vicious and selfish woman. I didn't know what I had done to offend her, but it was clear that she wanted me and Angela gone.

I looked at Lambert in despair, hoping that he would intervene and stop the Alphas from making Angela a sex slave.

Lambert looked at me for a few seconds and then turned to Tiffany with cold eyes. As soon as she met Lambert's gaze, Tiffany swallowed nervously and took her seat without uttering another word.

“Lambert, do you want to keep her for yourself? It seems like you’re not willing to part with her.” The other Alphas teased Lambert.

However, Lambert maintained a deadpan expression on his face as he didn’t want to grace their comment with a response.

“You can take any other slave, but not Diana. Until I am finished with her, she will remain here with me.”

The other Alphas did not say another word since they didn’t dare to anger Lambert. “You may have her if the opportunity presents itself next time, but until then, no one will be allowed to lay a finger on her.”

“Lambert, if that is what you wish, then so be it. However, don’t keep us waiting for long.”

The lustful gazes of the werewolves around me filled me with disgust, but I couldn’t help but feel worried.

Next time? What did Lambert mean by next time?