

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 12

His Slave. His Unwanted *Mate*

Chapter 12 Kiss

Lambert's POV:

After the birthday party, everyone left.

Ever since Uriel found out that Diana was my mate, he had been restless.

"Lambert, I wasn't expecting the daughter of our enemy to be our mate. But it's inconsequential. You can refuse Diana when she turns nineteen and continue to torture her. You also have the option of directly killing her without refusing her."

Uriel was right. Diana hadn't turned nineteen yet. She didn't know I was her mate. If I wanted to torture her, this was by far the best way to do it. Being abused by her own mate would be the most excruciatingly painful experience she would ever undergo.

But I didn't know why I was hesitating. "Lambert, what do you think of my suggestion?" Uriel asked, still trying to convince me.

"I don't like it. I want to torment Diana slowly. How else will I be able to vent all my hatred?" I retorted.

"What are you talking about? Why aren't you rushing to grab such a wonderful opportunity? You should let me control your mind. I promise you I can make Diana's life a living hell..."

Uriel kept nagging me. I was so annoyed that I forced him to shut up.

In that moment, a familiar scent reached my nose, and my feet automatically began following it slowly.

The closer I got, the more tempting the chocolate and vanilla scent was to me. This was my mate's scent. I was filled with an irresistible urge to get close to her.

As I neared Diana, I saw her curled up in a corner. Her eyes were red and it looked like she had been crying. Seeing me, she roughly wiped her tears and raised her chin stubbornly.

"Dear Alpha, what can I do for you?" Her eyes blazed with hatred, which was as strong as mine.

What reason did she have to hate me? If it weren't for me, she would have been designated as someone else's sex slave. Did she really believe she was better off falling into the hands of another Alpha than staying with me? Ridiculous!

"Diana, don't give me that look. I have saved you." I couldn't help but put special

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emphasis on the fact that I had saved her.

"Really? But if you ask me, I don't think it makes any difference where I stay since I'm a mere slave now." Diana glared at me with ungrateful eyes.

"Don't you want to see your sister Angela?" I tauntingly asked her.

Diana's eyes instantly lit up when she heard her sister's name, as if hope had been rekindled in her heart.

"Please take me to see Angela," she said simply.

"Is this how you ask for help?" Her attitude was seriously rubbing me the wrong way.

"Then what can I do to make you feel more agreeable?" "Come here and kiss me." I crooked my finger at Diana.

After a moment's hesitation, Diana took a few steps forward and kissed me on the lips.

As she closed the distance between us, my heart began beating so fast I was afraid it would jump out of my chest.

Maybe it was because she was my mate that I felt that way. Werewolves, who had been paired as mates by the Moon Goddess, were destined to have special emotions for each other.

As this feeling seeped into my bones, I wrapped my arms snugly around Diana and deepened the kiss. My tongue sought hers out and entwined passionately with it in her mouth. Her seductive fragrance enveloped me and lingered in my nose.

But the kiss didn't last as long as I wanted it to. Diana hurriedly pushed me away and asked in a shaky voice, "When can I see Angela?" "This kiss didn't satisfy me," I said with a cheeky smile.

“Do you think this is funny?” Feeling betrayed, Diana spun around and left in a huff.

I couldn't stop my fingers from touching my lips, where she had just kissed me. My veins hummed with long-lost pleasure. A sudden thought invaded my desire-induced haze and my smile froze on my face.

Diana was my enemy's daughter. What had I just done?