

## Chapter 139 Out Of Control

Lambert's POV:

In the blink of an eye, I transformed into a silver furred wolf and took a defensive stance in front of Diana. Uriel hadn't come out in a very long time, so as soon as he regained his freedom, he couldn't wait to sink his teeth into the other wolves.

Uriel had the killer instinct and an unmatched bloodlust. Like a silver flash of lightning, he cut through the wolves like a hot knife through butter. The taste of blood and the agonizing wails of his prey gave him a rush of excitement that fueled his ferocity. He sunk his fangs into their necks and left them to bleed out and die. By the time he was finished, the blood of his enemies had dyed the snowy ground red. Uriel licked the blood on the ground with relish.

Diana turned back into her human form and ran towards Uriel after he had killed several werewolves. Perhaps she had also sensed that Uriel was acting strangely as she frowned and took a few steps back.

"Lambert, what are you doing? Why haven't you turned back to your human form yet? Why are you looking at me like that?" I didn't know what Diana had seen, but she looked at me in fear and apprehension. She reached out her hand to Uriel, but he moved away and growled at her.

"Uriel, get back inside now!" I raised my voice at him as soon as I sensed his aggressive behavior. The taste of blood must have addled his brain and driven him mad.

"Lambert, I'm free now. No one can control me, not even you." Uriel's fur was bristling and he bared his claws and fangs as he howled at the moon. I realized then that I had no control over him. Uriel might have killed all of his enemies, but it wasn't enough to satisfy his desire to kill, which meant that his next target would be Diana.

Uriel cast quick glances around the forest before he fixed his eyes on Diana.

"Baldwin's daughter has to die! Since you don't have the heart to kill her, I will help you get rid of her today." Uriel grunted and rushed at Diana.

"Lambert, what's wrong with you? It's me! Diana!" With a confused expression on her face, Diana evaded Uriel's attack and tried to reason with him, but he didn't listen.

"Calm down, Uriel. Diana is our mate. If you hurt her, I will kill you." Although I couldn't actually kill Uriel, I had to find a way to make him submit before he ended up hurting Diana. Despite his help with the other werewolves, I immediately regretted letting Uriel out because it seemed like he was only getting more and more agitated.

"I don't need a mate. I need more blood." Uriel's voice became hoarse and his red eyes had a murderous glint as he chased after Diana.

"Well, just trust me. I will get you more blood when you let me turn back into my human form." I tried to talk some sense into Uriel because he wasn't vindictive in nature, he just couldn't control himself when he was infuriated.

"Her blood is good enough for me." Soon, Uriel caught up with Diana and she had no choice but to turn into her wolf form and fight back as they tumbled in the snow.

"Stop this! I'm your mate!" I could hear Diana's wolf talking. However, no matter how hard she tried to communicate with Uriel, the latter seemed to be completely unreachable at the moment.

Uriel pounced on Diana's wolf and dug his sharp fangs on her arm. The howling of the wolves cut through the silent night sending all birds that were hiding in trees to fly away in fear. A fresh stream of blood

flowed down the black fur of Diana's wolf.

As Diana slowly returned to her human form, blood dripped from her arm onto the ground. Her face turned pale as she hissed to stifle the pain. Uriel got on top of Diana and extended his razor-sharp claw to her throat.

"Uriel! Have you lost your mind? Stop it before it's too late!" I screamed desperately at Uriel. I felt a tight squeeze in my heart when I realized that I was going to lose my mate and it was all because of me.

## Chapter 140 Comfort

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Diana's POV:

Lambert's wolf was one of a kind. It was hard to come across such a fine creature whose silver fur looked so magnificent under the moonlight. I couldn't take my eyes off of him. Moreover, Lambert's wolf was very powerful and fierce, stronger than any other wolf I had seen before. He tore through those shameless wolves effortlessly in just a few seconds.

I turned into my human form and walked over when I noticed Lambert's wolf licking the blood on the ground. When I came closer to him, Lambert's wolf snarled at me and his eyes had a murderous tinge. I could hear him growling as his razor-sharp fangs glistened. I thought that Lambert's wolf was injured, so I wanted to check on him, but he moved away from me in disgust.

The look of repugnance on his face was undeniable. I looked at him in confusion as I wondered why he was acting like that.

Before I could say anything, he sprang at me. I dodged the first attack, but he came at me again. Since the wolf wasn't turning back into his human form, I realized that Lambert must have lost control over him.

"Diana, you have to be careful. For some strange reason, I can't get through to Lambert's wolf. It seems like he has blocked our mate bond. His head is in a mess. I think he is suffering from a terrible disease," Cora, my wolf, warned me anxiously.

"What should I do? Cora, is there anything you can do to help him?" I spoke with Cora as I ran.

"There is nothing we can do. The problem seems to be a deep-seated mental condition. The fact that Lambert can't turn back to his human form means that he has lost control over his wolf. It makes you imagine how serious the wolf's disease is!" Cora sighed helplessly.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had never seen Lambert turn into a wolf before. I remembered that when Angela had disappeared, I asked Lambert to turn into a wolf, but he refused. I realized that Lambert must have known that his wolf was mentally unstable. No wonder he didn't want to let his wolf out.

"Diana, let me out. You can't run away from Lambert's wolf. He is too powerful." I immediately turned into a black wolf, as Cora had suggested, and ran into the forest. If I could just find a way to escape now, I could perhaps look for a way to cure Lambert's wolf.

However, right after I took a few steps, Lambert's wolf jumped at Cora from behind.

"Of all the wolves, we had to end up with the crazy one!" Cora had a hard time fighting back Lambert's wolf and she started to become impatient.

Lambert's wolf eventually overpowered Cora and buried his fangs into her arm, piercing her flesh.

Cora howled in pain and I immediately turned into my human form. Covering the wound on my arm with my other hand, I tried to use my healing power to heal myself. Before I knew it, Lambert's wolf grabbed me by the throat as if he was going to strangle me to death.

Feeling light-headed, I gasped for breath as I tried to pry off his claws from my neck. I wasn't going to die like that. I couldn't let this troubled wolf kill me. After all, Lambert would never forgive himself.

When my hands touched Lambert's wolf, I inadvertently used the healing power on him. As the faint glow in my palms faded, Uriel's red eyes gradually returned to their normal state and he slowly retracted his claws which were digging into my skin.

All of a sudden, Lambert's wolf became calm. I was a little surprised. To be honest, I didn't think that my

healing power could actually help to cure his mental illness.

I stood up, slowly caressed his fur, and comforted Lambert's wolf to sleep before he slowly returned to his human form. The exhaustion was clear in Lambert's face as he rested his head on my lap and slept soundly.

## Chapter 141 Treatment

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Diana's POV:

I had to get Lambert to safety, so I slowly dragged his body on the snow and put him inside the car. It wasn't easy as he had a tall and muscular physique. ①

I leaned my back against the driver's seat, out of breath and sweating. I experienced excruciating pain in my arm as I tried to grip the steering wheel, so I tried to use my healing power again. I covered the wound with my palm for a long time, but there was no warm current flowing into my palm as it did earlier on. Since my powers weren't working on myself, I decided not to waste any time there. ①

I pulled some tissue papers from the glove compartment to stop the bleeding temporarily. Then I started the car and drove Lambert to a small hotel in town.

Not long after we were in a hotel room, Lambert opened his eyes. As soon as he tried to sit up, he winched in pain as he asked anxiously, "Diana, are you okay?" Lambert's eyes widened as he looked at me up and down.

"I'm fine, but I need to stop the bleeding in my arm." I squeezed my arm and walked to the bedside to get the first-aid kit.

Lambert had a look of guilt in his eyes as if his shameful little secret had been discovered. In truth, I knew why he had to keep it a secret from everyone. After all, how would the other werewolves of his pack react if they found out that their Alpha's wolf was mentally unstable?

He stood up with me and grabbed the first-aid kit from my hand.

"Let me help you." Lambert leaned over and squinted his eyes to get a closer look at my wound. He took out a bottle of iodine and carefully dabbed it on my wound with some cotton. I wanted to laugh at him for being too careful, but I managed to keep a straight face.

"I'm sorry that you got hurt. I shouldn't have let Uriel out. It's all my fault." Lambert couldn't even look me in the eye as he spoke. His eyes jumped around as he raised his head to me and asked, "Do you think I'm crazy? Are you going to stay away from me now?"

"No, I would never think of doing such a thing." A faint smile appeared on my lips. Lambert's eyes looked pitiful and fragile when he gazed at me. As it turned out, he was also capable of being timid sometimes.

I wasn't worried about my wound. In truth, I was more curious to know what happened to Lambert's wolf to make him act like that.

"Your wolf is named Uriel, right? What happened to him? Why did he become like that?"

"It's all because of Baldwin." Lambert frowned as he looked at me and continued, "Since I was a kid, I had been locked up in Baldwin's dungeon. Apparently, he needed to use werewolves as experimental subjects. If a werewolf died during one of his experiments, he would peel his skin and make it into a rug. When I would be put into a dangerous experiment, Uriel would always ask me to let him out and bear the pain for me. Baldwin liked to experiment with Uriel the most because Uriel was the strongest of all wolves who could withstand excruciating pain for the longest duration. As time went by, he was eventually driven to madness by Baldwin. Even if I don't transform into my wolf form very often, Uriel still always tries to control my mind," Lambert said calmly.

I covered my mouth in shock. I never thought that my father would do such a cruel thing.

"Lambert, I'm so sorry..." My heart ached for him. I finally understood why Lambert would become so agitated sometimes.

"It has nothing to do with you. You don't have to apologize to anyone." Lambert held me tightly in his arms as he took a deep breath. He kissed me on the forehead and patted me on the back.

"No, I'm going to take responsibility for my father's actions. I will do whatever I can to help you cure Uriel." I shook my head with determination. After all, I had to do something to atone for what my father had done.

"Diana, don't bother. If it were a disease that could be cured, I would have done it by now. Why don't you save your energy and help the other werewolves." Lambert touched my hair and smiled. Perhaps the madness of his wolf had caused him to give up hope.

However, I truly believed that the healing power I possessed could really alleviate the madness of Lambert's wolf.

"What if I told you that I have a healing power that may cure your wolf's madness?"

## Chapter 142 Promise

Lambert's POV:

Diana was tingling with excitement at the mention of her healing power. She picked up a knife from the table and said, "It sounds unreal, but you have to see it with your own eyes."

Diana looked at me as she grabbed my finger and made a small incision. As soon as blood gushed out, she immediately covered my wound with her palm. Suddenly, I felt a warm current flowing in, and the pain from the cut gradually disappeared without a trace. When I looked at my finger again, it was as good as new, as if nothing had happened.

I couldn't believe my eyes as I stood there with an overwhelmed expression and an agape jaw. It was a miracle! I had only heard rumors of hybrid beings, who were part vampires and part werewolves, to have such power. How did Diana come to possess such an extraordinary ability? ②

Suddenly, it occurred to me that it was probably Diana's healing power that brought me back to life when I had almost died.

"Diana, I trust you, but you can't let the others know about your power." I grabbed Diana's wrist tightly and frowned.

All the werewolf packs were at war with each other. Anyone with the power to heal would have the ability to protect their pack from misery and suffering. As such, the rival werewolf packs would come to take away Diana if they found out about her secret.

"I understand. I just want to help you and your wolf. I made a breakthrough earlier when Uriel attacked me and I was able to calm him down with my power. If you don't find a way to cure your wolf, it's going to get harder to control him in the future," Diana said as she looked at me with concern.

"I'm afraid that I won't be able to control him if I let him out again." I was conflicted because on one hand, I had to find a way to cure Uriel, but on the other, I didn't want Diana to get hurt because of me again.

"Don't worry. I'll be more careful this time," Diana insisted.

Her persistence to help me cure Uriel's madness even in such a difficult time, made me realize that she cared about me. Although I was happy, I didn't show it on my face. I was just glad that she was willing to stay by my side, at least for the time being.

"Will you go back with me?" I stared at Diana and asked cautiously. After all, I never wanted to come to Alaska in the first place. It snowed all year round and the cold weather made me feel depressed. ③

Diana bit her lower lip, as she hesitated to speak. Perhaps she was worried that I would not let her leave the Blue Lake Pack again if she went back with me.

She would be right to think so because I had no intentions of letting her get away from me again. After all, we belonged to each other.

"I'm willing to go back to the Blue Lake Pack with you, but you have to promise me one thing." Diana narrowed her brown eyes at me and continued, "When Uriel makes a full recovery, I hope you can refuse our mate bond and let me leave. I really can't accept you as my mate. There are a lot of deep-seated issues between us that I don't want to deal with. The truth is that the blood of the man who tortured you and your pack runs through my veins. We are meant to be enemies. We can't change who we are. Lambert, you will find someone else to start a family with sooner or later. I don't want to stay back and watch you have that life with someone else. So, please, I insist that you let me and Angela go when Uriel recovers."

Diana sounded determined. Her firm words and eyes broke my dreams and jolted me back to reality.

Nothing could change the fact that we were enemies. From the moment I seized and took over the Maroon Hill Pack, we were doomed to be enemies.

Why did Diana have to be the daughter of Baldwin Lawson? Why did the Moon Goddess want two enemies to be mates? 2

I felt my helpless heart crumble as I looked into Diana's eyes. After all, I couldn't turn her down for thinking reasonably. I didn't have the heart to forcibly imprison a free-spirited person like her.

"Okay, I give you my word," I said to her with great difficulty after I spent a few minutes thinking, while sitting at the edge of the bed.