

# His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 151

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Chapter 151 Cured

Lambert's POV: Diana returned every weekend to treat Uriel. After a few consecutive weeks of treatment, Uriel's condition improved drastically. He didn't go berserk anymore, and he behaved sanely when I let him out. "Can you stop letting me out so often? I will tire myself out running around like this," Uriel lazily complained to me. He just wanted to sleep comfortably all day. "Didn't you always demand that I release you?" I asked with a faint smile. Uriel might have forgotten what he looked like when he was in a lunatic state.

"I don't want to see Diana. She always strokes my ears and belly. It's as if she thinks I'm a dog. I don't know what you see in her. She just has a gorgeous face and big breasts," Uriel scoffed.

"If my memory serves me right, you love sleeping in her lap every time she comes. I recall how you threw a tantrum like a spoiled child in front of her once. She has cured you. You should thank her." I struggled to suppress my laughter and exposed Uriel's lie. "Nonsense! I didn't. That had only happened because she had touched my tail. Besides, she made a promise to you to treat me. I don't owe her anything." Although Uriel refused to say it out loud, I could sense that he was very grateful to Diana.

I also felt significantly better now. I wasn't as irritable as before, and the severe headaches I used to have had considerably reduced in frequency. My patience level had also increased in many areas. Diana must have noticed these improvements. Not long after, she came to ask me when she could leave the Blue Lake Pack.

Now that Uriel's insanity had been cured, I would have to fulfill my promise to her. However, I couldn't accept the prospect of losing her. This strong possessiveness made me hesitate.

"There is still something wrong with Uriel. I felt that he had a relapse a few days ago. It looks like you may have to stay a few more months," I lied to Diana solemnly.

"Relapse? That's impossible!" Diana exclaimed as her eyes widened. Disbelief clouded her captivating eyes.

"I'm telling the truth. I won't set you free until Uriel is completely healed." I snaked my arm around Diana's shoulders. She smelled so sweet. We hadn't had sex in a long time. I desperately wanted to kiss her.

"Then turn into your wolf and let me check him once." Diana eyed me suspiciously.

"Uriel, pretend to be deranged when you come out," I warned Uriel in my mind. I was certain he didn't want his mate to leave either. "Don't talk so haughtily to me. Is this how you beg a wolf?" Uriel snorted and said pompously. "Please, Uriel," I sighed and said politely. The next second, I turned into my wolf and jumped on the sofa. Uriel immediately flipped over, exposing his belly. Then he stuck his tongue out and began rolling his eyes while continuously howling. "You weren't like this when you went berserk before. Can you be a better actor? Diana is not an idiot," I said helplessly and let out a nervous sigh. "I forgot. Wait, I'll change my position." Uriel stood up and limped forward with difficulty, pretending to "You are such a fool. What's wrong with your leg? You need to roar at Diana, then charge at her and pounce on her." Uriel nearly drove me crazy. Maybe he had been completely out of his senses before, so he didn't remember what he used to be like anymore. "Stop acting. I know Uriel has recovered from his madness." Diana stood by the sofa, torn between laughing and crying. She peeked at Uriel and sat on the sofa. "When I had treated him last time, I could feel that he was healthy, and my wolf also sensed it."

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**Chapter 152 You Are The Only Mate In My Life**

Diana's POV: Since Lambert and I were mates, my wolf Cora could naturally sense Uriel's condition. When Lambert informed me that Uriel hadn't recovered yet, I refused to believe him.

"Uriel is such a moron. I can tell that he is healthy, but here he is, still pretending to be limping," Cora sniggered in my head. I didn't hesitate to interrupt their silly act. I was certain that Lambert's wolf had completely recovered, and that he was only pretending to be unwell so that he could stop me from leaving. Honestly, I didn't want to leave either, but I didn't have a choice. If we continued to be around each other like this, the pain would only be greater when we would have to part. Lambert turned back into his human form and sat down heavily on the sofa. He lowered his eyes to his feet and he was quiet. "Lambert, you'd promised me that you would set me free once Uriel was cured," I said in a serious voice after taking a seat opposite him. I knew he was a man of his word. Lambert remained silent for a long time. The only sound in the room belonged to the ticking clock. He placed one arm on the back of the sofa, and I could see his tight and well-honed muscles bunch under his brown shirt. His lips were pressed in a thin line as if he was lost in deep thought. Finally, he raised his head and fixed his amber eyes on me.

"Are you so keen on leaving me? Is there any possibility that you will stay?" Lambert asked doggedly. "No, I just want to leave. Please let me go!" I raised my head slightly to meet Lambert's eyes with my own honest and determined expression. The deep hatred between us overrode any misgivings I had about my decision "Okay, when do you want to leave?" Lambert inhaled deeply and asked again in a hard voice. I understood that he had also reached a decision. Maybe he agreed with me. "The sooner, the better. I'll go back to my room and pack up my stuff today. Then I'll leave with Angela." I held my breath and curled my fingers

into my palms nervously. The longer I stayed in the Blue Lake Pack, the harder it would be for me to leave him. Lambert would never know how much it broke my heart to say these words. "No problem. What about your studies? Are you going to give up your education? Or will you continue studying in Europe?" Lambert asked through gritted teeth as his eyes darkened. "I'm going to finish my studies. I will live in the university from now on. I won't return here." I liked my current university and my classmates very much, "As for Angela, I will get her transferred to a school near my university so that I can take care of her." "I can help you solve that problem." Lambert didn't put up any resistance, which meant he was on board with my plan.

He stood up and prepared to leave, but he hadn't refused me as his mate yet.

"Wait a minute, Lambert. You can refuse me now. I will accept your refusal immediately so that our mate bond will be removed and you can have a new mate in the future," I said, stopping him in his tracks.

He didn't turn around. I could only see his straight back from my vantage point.

"I won't be doing that. For me, you are the only mate in my life." Lambert's tone was final, like an order. It was hard for me to disobey him when he was this firm. "Lambert, don't do that. We should try to move on," I said in a gruff voice as my fingers clenched into fists. Lambert's decision would only make me have second thoughts. I felt like I was at the end of my self control and ready to give in to him, but there was no way I could just forget my past. Lambert had invaded my pack and murdered my father. He was my enemy.

The two of us were at a stalemate. Lambert was obstinately objecting to my suggestion. I couldn't do anything to change his mind, so I spun around and stormed out. Even if he didn't refuse me as his mate, it was alright. I had no intention of ever returning to the Blue Lake Pack anyway. This mate identity didn't mean anything. It was not a big deal if he wanted to hold on to our mate bond.

## His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 153

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)  
Chapter 153 Farewell

Lambert's POV:

The following week, I helped Diana shift all her stuff to the university. Angela's transfer process was also completed during that period. It felt like time had flown by. I was staring at the loss of everything I held dear to me. On the day Diana was leaving, many werewolves came to the gate of the pack territory to bid her farewell. Diana was astonished. She must not have expected to have friends in the Blue Lake Pack who didn't loathe her. "Don't forget me after moving somewhere else. You know, I am a grumpy old man. Maybe I will call you and yell at you one day if you forget me." Sampson handed a notebook to Diana. "I have

collected some important surgical knowledge for you through the night. I hope it helps you in the future." "Thank you, Sampson." Diana accepted the notebook as she dabbed her eyes. I hadn't expected her to have such an emotional and sensitive side to her. There were also some werewolves present who Diana had helped over the past several months. She said goodbye to them one by one as tears streamed down her face. "Why don't you return to my villa and collect yourself before leaving?" I had reached my fingers out to wipe the tears off Diana's face but withdrew them a moment later. I didn't want her to leave, but there was nothing I could do except try to make her stay here a little longer with my flimsy excuse. "I need to get back to the university. Thank you for all your help, Lambert. I believe you will meet someone better than me one day." Diana peered up at me with red-rimmed eyes. She forced a smile on her face. "Don't ever say something like that again." As soon as I said my piece, I turned away from her and felt my expression crumble. Diana might still wish to sever our mate bond. But I would stand firm. I would never be able to let her go for the rest of my life. Diana stayed quiet and seated herself in the passenger seat instead of sitting with me in the back seat. I knew that she was still keeping her distance from me. I asked one of my men to drive us to the university as usual. Her fragrance teased my nostrils. I tried to catch her eye in the rearview mirror, but she kept her gaze down. I shut my eyes tightly against the pain that lanced through me, unable to imagine that I would never see her again. I felt my arms tense and the desire to possess her crashed into me. I desperately wanted to take Diana back to the villa and confine her for the rest of her life. At least we would be able to stay together forever that way.

"Lambert, I'm going now."

The minutes had rushed by so quickly. I felt like we had reached the university in a matter of minutes. My eyes popped open and I saw Diana waving goodbye to me. She turned around and walked away without a backward glance. Staring at her aloof and resolute receding figure, I realized that our relationship had come to an end.

When I returned to the villa and stood in the middle of the empty room, I suddenly felt a big hole in my heart. This used to be Diana's room. She didn't know that every time I dropped her off at the university, I would come back and lurk in this room, inhaling her scent like a psychopath. I usually liked to talk to her as soon as I woke up. The next morning, I powered my phone on and dialed her number out of habit. A moment later, it struck me that I had promised her I wouldn't disrupt her life again. I recalled how every time I called her, she seemed eager to hang up on me, but she would still listen to my mundane talks patiently. I scrolled through my phone irritably, not knowing what I was looking for. I only came across some call records with Diana. I didn't even have one photo of her. I placed my palm on my forehead in despair, regretting that I had not taken any photos of her. I hadn't ever gone to the cinema with her, or dated her like a normal boyfriend. Our relationship had been dominated by my control over her and even violence. I felt like a fool. Uriel was also in low spirits. I could sense that he was secretly crying. As I was mulling over this, the guard outside knocked on my door and said, "Alpha Lambert, a werewolf named Mila wants to meet you."

"Bring her in," I said absent-mindedly, massaging my temples and slowly getting to my feet.

# His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 154

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)  
Chapter 154 Crescent Shaped Birthmark

Lambert's POV: The guard brought in a woman who seemed to be in her forties. She was skinny, pale, and gaunt with dark patches under her somber eyes. I remembered seeing her at the hospital a few times before. As such, I surmised that she must have been Diana's patient, Mila. "Alpha, my name is Mila, Mr. Sampson told me that I could leave the hospital today. I'm here to thank you for taking me in and taking care of me during my illness. I will be leaving the Blue Lake Pack today." Mila bowed her head to me, expressing her gratitude. Her words came in stutters which told me that she must have had trouble speaking. She didn't seem as fit as any other healthy werewolf, but I expected as much from someone who was still recuperating from a serious illness.

If this were in the past, I wouldn't have cared about her. After all, she was not a werewolf of the Blue Lake Pack. I wasn't obligated to ensure the safety of a werewolf that did not belong to my pack. However, a lot had changed now and even I felt differently than I did before. One look at her and I could tell that she wouldn't survive even for a day outside the Blue Lake Pack. I doubted any pack would take her in because werewolves weren't too keen on the weak. Since she was under Diana's care in the hospital, I felt partially responsible for her wellbeing. "What are you going to do next? If you wish, you may stay here. You can help out by doing odd jobs. I think some of our restaurants could use part-time workers," I suggested, resting my forehead on my hand. "Thank you for your generosity, Alpha. But I must find my daughter, Natalie," Mila said with determination, shaking her head at me. "What does your daughter look like? Perhaps I can help you find her," I said casually. I was willing to help her for Diana's sake. "Really? I don't know what to say. Thank you, Alpha," Mila answered gratefully as she stared at me in surprise. "Natalie and I were separated when she was still an infant. I don't know what she looks like now, but when she was born, she had a crescent-shaped birthmark on her back. She also had a pair of beautiful light brown eyes, just like her father."

A pensive frown appeared on my face. When Mila mentioned the crescent-shaped birthmark, I got reminded of the one on the snow-white shoulder blades of a woman. I remembered it clearly after having kissed it countless times before. The woman I was thinking of also happened to have a pair of charming light brown eyes with which she would somehow make my heart skip a beat. That woman was none other than Diana.

I sat up straight with a look of shock on my face. I remembered thinking that Diana's birthmark was quite beautiful while I was making love to her.

"Tell me what year was it when you lost your daughter and how old would she be today." I pretended to be calm as I spoke to her, but I had to clench my fingers to stifle the curiosity and excitement in my heart.

“Baldwin took Natalie away from me not long after she was born. Perhaps, if she’s still alive, she would be the same age as Diana. My daughter was living with the Maroon Hill Pack, but that was before they got destroyed. No one knows where she is now.” Mila looked at me with a sad and helpless expression as she added, “I don’t even know if she is still alive.” Unbeknownst to her, Natalie was still alive, but she was going by the name Diana now. I was almost certain that Diana was Mila’s long-lost daughter. Baldwin must have raised her as his own daughter after he stole her from Mila. The deep-seated hatred between us no longer needed to exist because Diana was just another one of Baldwin’s victims. We could finally be together without having to worry about what anyone would think. I felt ecstatic and there was unrestrained joy on my face. I rubbed my forehead and took a deep breath. I felt as though a weight had been lifted off my chest. “Get the car ready. I’m going to Diana’s university,” I immediately ordered the guard. I was so excited that I wanted to transform into a wolf and bolt out, but there were humans in Diana’s school and I couldn’t expose my identity. I stifled the excitement in my heart and quickly walked out, oblivious of Mila, who was standing behind me and looking at me in a daze.