

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole

## Chapter 16

### Chapter 16 Familiar

Lambert's POV:

During dinner, I noticed that Diana was nowhere to be seen. Thinking she had escaped again, I checked her location, which showed that she was in the dark room where slaves were meted out cruel punishments.

For some reason, my stomach clenched anxiously. When I reached the dark room, I was greeted with the sight of Diana's naked back. Her snow-white skin was covered in open wounds, and a stream of blood flowed from her back to the floor. Diana was biting her lip tightly. Her eyes glinted with a stubborn and unyielding look. She had not forgotten that she used to be a princess who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Even though she was now just a slave, she still refused to beg for mercy. I didn't know why but I felt my heart crack a little and immediately stepped forward to put a stop to this torture.

"What are you doing?" I roared.

"Alpha, why are you here? Did you come looking for me? Would you like to have dinner with me?" Tiffany tossed the whip to the werewolf standing beside her and pulled me into a warm hug.

The werewolf grabbed the whip, eager to continue flogging Diana. Shaking Tiffany off me, I stepped forward to prevent the werewolf from raising the whip.

"How dare you whip a slave without my explicit orders? You are courting death!" I didn't have the patience to control my emotions right now. My tone was extremely cold and merciless.

"I...I'm not responsible for this. Miss Tiffany asked me to do it." The werewolf holding the whip instantly backed away in fright and scampered away.

"Tiffany, I'm warning you, don't behave obstinately under my nose. If you dare torture Diana again, I won't spare you." I couldn't stop the harsh rebuke that escaped my lips.

Tiffany had saved my life, so I had always been cordial with her. However, she always went out of her way to provoke me. This time, she had gone too far though, which really pissed me off. "Alpha, what are you doing? Why are you protecting the daughter of our enemy? Don't you remember the brutalities her father had inflicted on us? This is just a small punishment for her!" Tiffany's eyes brimmed with tears and she looked aggrieved. I picked up Diana, who had passed out. Every cell of my body screamed in distress as I saw her covered in blood.

"Only I am allowed to torture Diana. No one else can touch her," I warned Tiffany in a low, dangerous voice and shot her an icy glare. "Including you, Tiffany."

I rushed Diana to the hospital that was run by the pack. She was seriously injured and her breathing was gradually becoming laborious. "Alpha, please don't worry. These are just superficial injuries. A werewolf has the ability to recover quickly after getting injured. Once she wakes up, let her rest properly for a few days. Then her body will make a full recovery." The doctor checked Diana over and applied medicine to her wounds. I was unable to relax until the doctor bandaged Diana's injuries. Then I quietly sat with her in the ward.

My fingers had a mind of their own as they touched her cheeks and lips. Her pale lips had a rosy glow now.

As I relived the scene of seeing Diana after she had been whipped in my mind, I couldn't stop the onslaught of memories from when I had been abused by Baldwin. I had also been tortured in a secret dark room. The sounds of whips echoed in my ears again, and the disgusting smell of blood invaded my nostrils. My muscles bunched together and my body reflexively tensed.

"Are you out of your mind? Why are you showing so much kindness by taking care of your enemy's daughter?" My wolf Uriel sensed my dark mood and began to shout furiously.

"Shut up! Every time I torture Diana, I don't get the same sense of satisfaction I got when I had killed Baldwin. It's really weird," I said with a frown as I confessed my inner feelings. I realized that this strange emotion was clouding my ability to think clearly.

"You are making up excuses for your irrational behavior. You really should have killed Diana a long time ago!" Uriel continued to rant angrily. "Uriel, calm down. Don't you think Diana looks familiar? Especially her eyes. I feel like I have seen them before." I distractedly massaged my aching temples and tried to recall a vague image from the past, but everything remained blurry. I hesitantly told Uriel about my misgivings. But once I'd admitted it, I felt like my idea was very outlandish.

"What's wrong with you? I don't feel anything like that. You are overthinking this. What you should do now is enslave Diana, rape her, torture her, and kill her!" Uriel interrupted my train of thoughts. Obviously, he was in a state of lunacy and was uninterested in listening to logic.