

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 17

## Chapter 17

### Conflict Lambert's POV:

Uriel had been brutally tortured in the past. He roared like a deranged creature in my head. I could only try my best to control his emotions. He was violent and bloodthirsty, and if I didn't keep him on a tight leash, I was afraid I would become as demented as him.

"Alpha, I've brought her here. Can we come in?" Hazel knocked at the door.

I had called Hazel and asked her to bring Angela to the hospital to visit Diana.

"Come in." I moved aside to purposely put some distance between Diana and me.

As soon as Angela walked in, she began to sob loudly. It was probably because Diana's back and chest were wrapped in gauze.

"You are a horrible man! Why did you whip my sister so savagely? She is such a kind-hearted woman. We have never harmed the werewolves of your pack before!" Angela shrieked as she wiped her tears. Her eyes were red and she grabbed one corner of my shirt.

"It wasn't me who whipped your sister," I spat out as my impatience began to get the better of me.

Their father had invaded other packs and murdered my whole family. He had even captured me and my pack members and made us slaves. He had committed all kinds of crimes against us. I had shown a lot of mercy by allowing Angela to live.

"Angela, watch your behavior. This is our Alpha. You need to be respectful to him." Noticing that I was very close to losing my temper, Hazel immediately stepped forward and held Angela's hand.

"He is not my Alpha," Angela replied defiantly. "My Alpha was my father, but he was killed by this bad man. Now even my sister has been tortured and injured by him. I utterly despise him!"

Her eyes blazed with intense hatred as she glared at me, looking at me the same way Diana did. However, Angela and Diana had very different physical characteristics. Angela's black eyes reminded me of her father who had tormented me day and night, while Diana's light brown eyes evoked a completely different feeling within me.

"You should go to hell with your father!" I blurted out in anger.

Angela was so enraged she wanted to bite me. However, since she was short, the only damage she could cause was pull my shirt and throw a tantrum.

"Fuck off!" I was so irritated that I tried to tug back my shirt from her grip. I ended up

using too much force, and Angela lost her balance and fell to the floor

"What are you doing? Don't hurt my sister!" Diana's feeble voice came from the bed. As she came to her senses, she was shocked by the scene in front of her. She hurriedly got up from the bed.

Her sudden movements caused bright red blood to ooze from under one of her bandages. Her eyebrows furrowed and she clenched her jaw against the pain. She managed to stumble out of bed, but fell down.

My feet moved of their own accord as I tried to help her.

"If you dare to hurt my sister, I will kill you at all costs!" Diana roared furiously, her eyes burning with anger. Even though she had fallen down, she gritted her teeth against the pain and struggled to support herself on the edge of the bed.

I understood her feelings. I realized that I would be unable to explain the current situation satisfactorily. I stood up and studied Diana's offended eyes. An inexplicable feeling of indignation and bitterness filled my heart.

I seriously must have lost my mind. I should never have saved the daughter of my enemy. Uriel was right. Diana and I would always remain foes. We would fight each other till the end of time.

I straightened up my wrinkled clothes and left in a huff.

When I returned to my room, I contemplated why I had been so compassionate to my enemy's daughter. Was it simply because of our mate bond? How could it be? I immensely loathed the werewolves of the Maroon Hill Pack.

But Diana would find out about our mate bond when she turned nineteen. Would she be happy or resentful?

I knew without a doubt that she only felt unadulterated hatred for me. Judging from her hostile look just now, I got the feeling that she was chomping at the bit to skin me alive. If she found out about our mate bond, her intense animosity would certainly drive her to stab me in the chest.

I massaged my temples irritably. Even so, I couldn't make myself refuse her.

At this rate, I was afraid I would go crazy long before Uriel drove me insane. I always ended up feeling so helpless in matters involving Diana. I knew I was allowing my feelings for her to cloud my reasoning.