

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 21

## Chapter 21 Got Sick

Diana's POV:

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" I was trapped and struggled to break free from Lambert's hold.

"Don't move," Lambert said in a low and weak voice as he pressed himself into my squirming body. I could feel his burning chest. I placed the back of my hand on his forehead and realized that it was very hot. He had a high fever. "Are you feeling unwell?" I wanted to know how he was feeling physically.

"Yes, I feel quite uneasy." Lambert's eyebrows were furrowed and his face was flushed.

"Are there any antipyretics in the room?" I asked as my eyes swept the room.

"No." He shook his head, his voice sounding hoarser. His eyelids felt heavy and he looked at me through partially closed eyes.

"Let me go. I will buy some medicine for you." I tried to pull Lambert's arm away, but didn't expect him to be this strong even while he had a high fever. I was no match for his strength.

"If I let you go, will you run away and never come back to me?" With great effort, he opened his eyes a bit more. His bloodshot gaze bored into me.

"I have trained in medicine before. I will never abandon a patient."

Lambert must have sensed the steel in my tone, because his grip on me slowly loosened.

I tucked him into bed before rushing out to buy him some antipyretics.

When I returned to his room with the medicine, he was already fast asleep. His body was drenched in sweat and half of the quilt had also become damp.

I went to the bathroom and wet a towel with warm water to clean the sweat off his body. This was the first time I had seen the scars on his body in such close quarters.

The sight shocked me.

His scars were obviously a result of vicious beatings. Large and small marks crisscrossed his back and chest. As I studied them more closely, my blood chilled. Who hurt Lambert like this?

I didn't dare to dig further. The more I contemplated it, the more I was beginning to believe that what Lambert and the others had said was true.

I was so lost in my thoughts, that I inadvertently exerted more force, making Lambert grunt in pain. His eyes popped open with a frown.

"Sorry, I was too forceful right now. Are you feeling better? I've bought some medicine. You can take it and go back to sleep." I mixed the medicine in warm water and fed it to Lambert.

He obediently swallowed the whole thing in one gulp.

"Does the sight of these scars make you feel queasy?" Lambert leaned against the headrest and tentatively asked me. His face was still pale and gaunt.

"Of course not. Don't overthink it."

I was once in charge of dressing the wounds of the werewolves of the Maroon Hill Pack. They used to get injured on the battlefield, and some of their wounds were even worse than Lambert's, so I was habituated to it.

“Were they inflicted by my father?” I bit my lip and asked in a hesitant voice, praying that Lambert would deny it. I still found it hard to believe that my father could be so brutal.

“Yes.” Lambert scowled. At the mention of my father, his face always contorted in loathing

“I’m...I’m sorry. I didn’t know that. I thought my father was kind to all the werewolves.” Sadness overwhelmed me so deeply that I couldn’t even string a coherent sentence together. I knew my apology did nothing to change the past, and it was meaningless to Lambert and his pack members.

Lambert just stared at me silently. “Rest well. Call me if you need anything.” Lambert nodded and was about to lie down again when the doorbell rang. He indicated for me to open the door. When I pulled it open, I saw Tiffany standing on the threshold. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw me. She did a double-take when she walked in and saw Lambert lying on the bed half-naked. She shot me a look filled with undisguised jealousy and anger.

“Alpha, why didn’t you come to the training ground? I couldn’t even get in touch with you. I was so worried, I couldn’t stop myself from coming to check on you,” Tiffany said in a seductive voice. She walked to the bed with a sweet smile on her face, ignoring me completely.

“Thank you for your concern. I’m sick, so I didn’t come today,” Lambert explained.

“Why are you sick? You are our powerful Alpha. You must care for yourself properly.” Tiffany lovingly stroked Lambert’s forehead.

She must have noticed Lambert’s unintentional glance in my direction, because she instantly turned to glare at me.

“You can leave now. I’ll stay here and take care of Alpha.” Her face was lined with displeasure.

I nodded and took one last look at Lambert. "Call me if you feel uneasy." After saying that, I spun on my heels, shut the door behind me and left.