

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 23

## Chapter 23 Made Trouble

Diana's POV:

After I left Lambert's place, I went back to the construction site to carry cement. Lambert's warning seemed to have worked. Jerry and the other werewolves at the construction site had reduced some of my workload. They only expected me to finish my daily quota now.

Just as I had finished moving a bucket of cement, I received a message from Lambert through mind-link.

"Did Jerry give you a tough time again? Is everything okay?" "I'm fine. How are you feeling? Has your fever gone down?"

I sensed that Tiffany had left, so Lambert was in the mood to message me.

"My fever has reduced. The medicine you gave me was very effective. Thank you for your concern." Lambert seemed to be in a happy mood. His conversational tone had become more polite and formal. He had never spoken so kindly to me before. This sudden change left me feeling off-kilter.

"I'm just doing my job. The goal of studying medicine is to cure people's illnesses. I treat all my patients with the same consideration. You don't need to thank me," I answered carefully. I meant each word I'd said from the bottom of my heart.

"Do you only see me as a patient?" Lambert's tone suddenly became sour. I wasn't sure if I'd said something wrong and upset him again.

"What else should I see you as?" I questioned him back in confusion.

His question was very weird. What did he want me to consider him as? An enemy?

He was responsible for killing my father. But I had to accept the fact that my father had tortured him first, even though I was still struggling to wrap my head around it. When I had seen the horrific scars that littered his body, I couldn't view him as my

enemy who had murdered my father anymore.

Lambert became quiet. Before I could salvage the conversation, the mind-link was cut off.

It was time for lunch. After standing in line for food, I went to find a place to sit and eat. This was the only benefit of working at the construction site. At least I could have somewhat of a full meal.

As soon as I found a place to sit, I could feel the heat of the hostile gazes of the werewolves beside me.

“She doesn't deserve to eat at all. Our Alpha is too kind-hearted. We should kill the daughter of that demon as soon as possible.”

“I agree. Or she should be made a sex slave. She makes me nauseous. I lose my appetite when I see this little bitch.”

“I heard she seduced Jerry in exchange for reducing her workload. She is truly capable of going to any lengths. I can't believe she slept with Jerry, that fat, greasy and pot-bellied man.”

The surrounding werewolves were exchanging vicious gossip about me. If I had been unaware of my father's crimes, I would have definitely stood up to them and fought them in a heartbeat. But now that I was saddled with a guilty conscience, I could only run away from their hateful presence with my lunch.

I left without a backward glance and settled down in a quiet corner to eat.

Angela was living a comfortable life now. As long as Hazel fed and clothed her properly, I was relieved and satisfied. I could ignore the other werewolves' curses and abuses.

I focused on scarfing down my lunch. If I could finish my work early today, I would be able to steal some time with Angela again.

When I was halfway through my meal, a shadow fell over me.

Tiffany stood in front me wearing a dark green dress and holding a sun umbrella in her hand. Since she had appeared at the construction site on such a hot day, I was certain she had come with malicious intentions.

I dusted my clothes and was about to leave, but Tiffany blocked my way. She grabbed the lunch box from my hand and smashed it on my clothes. Oil stains from the food smeared the shirt, and the lunch box fell to the ground, filling up with sand and cement.

Tiffany continued standing in my path with an arrogant and tyrannical expression on her face. Trying to avoid a confrontation, I lowered my head. I just wanted to escape from here as soon as possible.

“You, Baldwin Lawson’s daughter, are a real piece of work. Not only did you seduce our Alpha, but you also slept with a minion from the construction site. I underestimated you, Diana.” Tiffany shot me a sweet smile, while her eyes flashed with deliberate provocation, as if she wanted to rip me into pieces.

“I didn’t seduce anyone, nor did I sleep with Jerry.” Even though I was saying the truth, I doubted if Tiffany would believe me. I didn’t feel like arguing with her, and just wanted to get away from her.

“Then why are you wearing Alpha’s clothes? Aren’t you flaunting it on purpose? Bitch!” Tiffany abruptly grabbed my collar with no intention of letting me go.

“Look, I have no interest in Lambert. If you like him, you can work on winning his affection. Don’t create a scene here.” I wasn’t in the mood to give her an elaborate explanation.

I knew that Tiffany loved Lambert, and he didn’t return her sentiments. However, she had no right to take her anger out on me.

“Damn it! You bitch! Who do you think you are? How dare you talk to me like that?” Tiffany turned red with anger. She charged at me and wanted to hit me, but I fought back and overpowered her.

Tiffany didn't give up. She turned into a white wolf and charged at me again. Seeing that she was hell-bent on creating a ruckus today, I released Cora and battled against Tiffany's wolf.