

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 24

Chapter 24 Disappearance Diana's POV:

Tiffany's wolf charged at me with razor-sharp claws and scratched my face before I could make a move. Fortunately for me, the life of comfort that Tiffany had been enjoying made her wolf unfit for battle, and before long Cora was able to gain the upper hand in battle. After a few rounds, Cora had Tiffany's wolf pinned to the ground in submission.

"I order you to let go of me! Diana, if you so much as put a mark on my face, I will kill you!" Tiffany struggled for a while, but when she couldn't move, she howled in anger as she transformed back into her human form.

She was just as stubborn and conceited as I thought she was. Even in defeat, Tiffany resorted to making childish threats.

"I'll let you go this time, but if you dare to provoke me again, I will scratch your face off." I changed back to my human form as well and stretched out my sharp claws at Tiffany. I could tell from her expression that I had her attention. After all, her delicate beautiful face was at stake here.

"I...I see. Please, let go of me first." I could see the look of fear in her eyes as she stammered and trembled like a helpless pup.

I finally let go of Tiffany and sprang to my feet. Tiffany clumsily scrambled on the dirty ground before she got up to her feet and the look of embarrassment on her face soon turned into resentment.

"Diana, if you think that this is over, then you are wrong! I will make you regret this! As long as you are with the Blue Lake Pack, I will make your life a living hell!" Tiffany turned around and threatened me again before she trudged away, gnashing her teeth in anger.

I felt frustrated because of my helplessness. Why did she hate me so much? I had never offended her.

The next day, I went to work at the construction site as usual.

I barely had any sleep and I was overworked at the Blue Lake Pack. I wondered if I would ever overcome such a difficult time in my life.

I carried on with my duties as I would, but I felt restless for some reason as if my instincts were telling me that something bad was going to happen.

I must have jinxed myself by thinking that because when it was lunchtime, something bad did happen.

Hazel arrived at the construction site in a fit of panic. I was enjoying my hard-earned lunch when she came over and pulled me up.

“The teacher told me that Angela is missing!” Hazel huffed and puffed as she tried to catch her breath.

“What? We have to go to the school right now!” I was so horrified that my face turned pale in an instant. I put down my lunch box immediately and ran to the school with Hazel.

As soon as we arrived at the school, the teacher told us what had happened.

“The last time I saw Angela, she was chatting with a werewolf near the gate this morning. At first, I thought they knew each other, so I didn’t pay much attention to them. But then, I saw that werewolf take Angela away with him. I felt something was wrong, so I called Hazel right after.”

The teacher showed us the surveillance video. The footage showed Angela being taken away by a tall werewolf, dressed in a black coat and a cap. We couldn’t see his face clearly because he was hiding under the cap.

“What are we going to do now?” My hands shook uncontrollably as I had never felt more flustered and agitated in my life.

The camera could only capture the scene at the school gate, but there was no way to find out who the werewolf in black was, why he had kidnapped Angela, or where he had taken Angela.

“Cora, can you pick up Angela’s scent?” I asked Cora in a fit of panic.

“I’m sorry, Diana. I can’t sense her scent around me,” Cora said helplessly.

Feeling at a complete loss, I dashed out of the school, not knowing what to do or where to look. All I could do was walk in the direction where the werewolf had taken Angela while Hazel followed me anxiously.

I asked every werewolf I met on the way, each time describing Angela and the figure dressed in black to them. However, most of the passers-by knew me and it seemed as though they despised me too much to give me an answer. The look of disgust on their faces when I approached them told me that it was no use asking them for help.

Just as I was aimlessly running around, wondering what to do next, I came across Lambert who came to offer his help.