

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole

Chapter 26

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Chapter 26 Not Everything You See With Your Eyes Is The Truth

Diana's POV:

As my eyes swept around this deserted place, I felt even more on edge. If Angela was here, my wolf would have definitely picked up her scent, unless she had been taken somewhere else and was never here to begin with.

"Angela is not here." I lowered my head dejectedly, feeling my heart deflate abruptly.

"Everything will be okay. They can't have gone far. Let's walk a little ahead and search there." Lambert had probably expected this possibility, which explained his – calmness. He raised his hand and gently patted my back. Holding my hand, he

continued the search for Angela with me.

I just nodded in response, as my mind wandered to all the places Angela could have been taken to. My brain was too occupied to converse with Lambert, until I noticed him glancing at me every few minutes.

"What are you looking at?" I asked suspiciously. "What happened to your face?" Lambert asked with a frown.

He raised his hand to touch the scar on my face, but I instinctively dodged it. He hastily withdrew it, but his previously calm face instantly became taut with tension.

"I had a fight with Tiffany at the construction site. She had scratched my face, but it has healed now," I answered honestly as I consciously raised my hand to block the scar from his view.

I really hoped that Lambert would control Tiffany better, so that she stopped bothering me. Lambert remained quiet and stood still. "I called Marwin through mind-link just now and told him to interrogate Tiffany later.

"But the surveillance video showed that it was a man who took Angela away, didn't it?" Tiffany was a petite she-wolf, so her being the kidnapper was out of question. Feeling perplexed, I looked at Lambert.

"Some things are far more complex than your imagination. Not everything you see with your eyes is the truth. Baldwin Lawson was more cruel than anything

you could predict, yet he managed to keep you in the dark for all these years,” Lambert said in a glacial tone, his amber eyes boring into me. I didn’t know how to answer him, After everything I had heard in the Blue Lake Pack, I wasn’t sure if my father’s methods had been correct. Besides, I needed Lambert’s help to find Angela right now, so I didn’t dare to argue with him.

All of a sudden, Lambert pulled me into his arms forcefully. His tall and strong body pressed into me, and he bit my ear hard as he fondled my breast with his palm.

“Don’t do that...” I bit my lower lip hard to suppress my groan. The memories of my father’s brutalities must have come rushing back to him, making him decide to humiliate me like this.

“Stay with me forever, forever,” Lambert whispered harshly in my ear, making it sound like a warning. His words were branded in my brain. His warm breath fanned over my neck, tickling me.

“You smell so good...” he moaned. “Like vanilla and chocolate.”

I struggled to raise my head and was met with Lambert’s lust-laden eyes, but I didn’t smell like vanilla and chocolate at all. I gritted my teeth and tolerated his amorous advances, hoping that he would behave himself after releasing his anger.

He didn’t continue his overtures for long. Soon he regained control of himself and was cool and collected once more. Pulling me ahead, he began to scour the vicinity of the street.

It was getting dark and the street lights had come on. We still had nothing. It was pointless to search around aimlessly like this.

“We should transform into wolves and split up. We can be more efficient that way.” I was very anxious to find Angela. The longer I waited, the more unsettled I felt.

Lambert avoided my eyes and remained quiet. I could sense his hesitation.

His reaction made me feel strange and curious. I had made a reasonable proposal. What on earth was he so reluctant about?

“It’s dark now, and not safe to be alone. We are almost at the border of our territory. We will find Angela soon. Don’t worry.” Lambert gripped my hand and we continued searching for Angela.

I understood that he had just made an excuse and deliberately changed the subject. At this moment, Lambert seemed to receive a message from Marwin through mind link.

“Marwin has asked us to inspect the ruins just ahead of us. While inquiring about Angela’s whereabouts, he just got information from some of the werewolves that they had seen her being taken underground. Let’s go. Marwin and the others are on their way here.”

After saying this, Lambert took me to the ruins which were only a little distance

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Chapter 27 Basement

Diana’s POV:

The ruins were originally a three-story building, which used to house a lab during the days when the Maroon Hill Pack was in power. My father had always taken a keen interest in medicine. I had a blurry recollection of him coming often to this building to conduct experiments.

After the Maroon Hill Pack was invaded, the lab was burnt down by the Blue Lake Pack and the building had been abandoned.

“Let’s go inside.” Lambert stared at the dilapidated building sullenly. In the darkness we could only vaguely make out the outline of the building.

“You seem to be very familiar with this place,” I commented.

Lambert guided me inside and found a hole that was well-hidden in the grass. He really did know this building well. He jumped down first and then caught me as I jumped into the hole. “Of course I do. This is where my nightmare began,” Lambert said with disdain, sending a chill down my spine.

We walked until we reached a secret passage.

Lambert’s strange tone made me uneasy. My gut was giving off a warning signal. It looked like the truth about what my father had done was going to be brought to light here.

The underground passages crisscrossed like a maze, but what astonished me the most was how familiar Lambert was with this place. He took me deep underground without hesitation.

The underground passage was illuminated by dim lights, and every room was secured with a lock and a password. But now they were all deserted and run down. It was obvious that a specific password was needed to enter the rooms.

What purpose did these rooms serve in the past? And who had gone to so much trouble to make this facility so secure? It gave off strong vibes of being a calculated attempt to cover up a crime.

"Have you been here before?" I took a guess. It was so chilly here, it felt like the air conditioner was on. Even though the day was hot, a cold breeze was blowing inside. I could feel myself shuddering right now.

"Yes. I was imprisoned here once, so I'm very familiar with this place." Lambert's fingers were turning cold as he held my hand. I could only see his tense back and hear his quivering voice as I followed behind him.

The secret passage was very long. A few lifelike masks of werewolves hung from the wall. My fingers automatically curled tightly around Lambert's hand.

We passed a room which was filled with creepy surgical instruments and other various instruments of torture. The blood on the instruments had dried up, and small clumps of black hair could be seen littered on the floor. A pungent smell emanated from this secret room. If we inhaled too much of it, we would feel dizzy.

"What's this smell?" I frowned in pain. "The knockout drugs must be stored here. Maybe they have been knocked over." Lambert immediately covered my mouth and nose.

"What are those things for?" A fine tremor passed through my body. Everything was so horrible here. Why would anyone need to use such drugs? It was simply unethical.

"Don't pepper me with such stupid questions, Diana," Lambert snapped. "This place belonged to the Maroon Hill Pack, and these rooms were built on the orders of Baldwin Lawson." Lambert's grip on my wrist tightened, and his eyes were cold and sharp. Although he didn't elaborate further, his eyes were enough proof of the activities that were conducted here.

"Sorry, I thought..." I lowered my head guiltily, and my voice trailed off. Staring at the mottled blood under my feet, I felt like I was stepping on corpses.

We walked for several minutes before finally reaching an entrance to a basement. A faint sound was coming from within. The door had been locked from inside. Lambert kicked it open swiftly.

The dark room was filled with torture instruments and some werewolves' hair and skin. A male werewolf, who was dressed in black, got frightened when Lambert charged into the room. He immediately placed a knife on Angela's neck.

Angela lay motionless on an iron bed in the corner. Her eyes were shut and her hands and feet were bound.

"Angela! Angela, can you hear me? I'm here to take you home," I called out to her.

When I saw that she hadn't even stirred, my dam of emotions burst open. I col with my hands on my face as I sobbed in anguish. I didn't know what to do next. My whole life revolved around Angela, and I couldn't survive without her.

"Who are you? Put the knife down right now!" Lambert stood in front of me and ordered in a serious and threatening voice.

"Alpha? Why are you here?" The man in black panicked when he saw Lambert in front of him. As soon as he spoke, I instantly recognized that this voice belonged to Jerry.

Lambert shared a look with me. He had also realized that the man in front of us was Jerry.

"Jerry! I'm ordering you to release that child!" Lambert urged and confronted Jerry in an authoritative voice.

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Chapter 28 Expelled

Lambert's POV:

Diana must have recognized Jerry's voice because I noticed her eyes redden with anger the moment I looked at her.

Jerry threw his peaked cap to the floor and stomped on it angrily as soon as he realized that his cover was blown.

"Alpha, why are you protecting the daughter of Baldwin Lawson? All the werewolves of the Lawson family need to die. They killed my wife and my children. I will never forgive them!" Jerry's hatred provoked a dramatic outburst. Infuriated, as he pushed the knife closer to Angela's neck, he grazed her skin slightly causing her to bleed.

If my memory served me right, Jerry wasn't fond of his mate at all. When I was being tortured in the darkroom, I saw him beating and scolding his mate repeatedly without remorse.

Jerry's mate was a very kind woman, who often gave her bread to the young children. Unfortunately, she wasn't blessed with a face or figure Jerry could come to cherish. After all, his mate was assigned to him by the Moon Goddess. Although he never wanted to be paired with a fat and ugly she-wolf, he had no choice but to accept her as he was afraid that he wouldn't be able to find another mate if he defied the Mood Goddess.

"Do you really care enough about your mate to avenge her? Aren't you the same man who sent your pregnant mate to the battlefield because you were afraid of death? Aren't you the same man who told her to die when you were drunk?" My words were dripping with sarcasm. I despised hypocritical werewolves.

"I... I didn't..." Jerry stammered and he lowered his eyes in shame after Lambert exposed his lie.

"You don't really care about revenge! You just kidnapped Angela because you're a hateful person and you were just trying to force Diana to sleep with you." I exposed Jerry's lie without hesitation.

I had grown tired of him making trouble for Diana again and again. After all, I had seen the way he looked at Diana. There was not a lot of hatred in his eyes, just filthy lust.

"So what? Diana is Baldwin's daughter. She deserves to be fucked and used like a rag doll. I didn't do anything wrong! Alpha, you know that I'm not the only one who thinks that. You can ask the other werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack. They all want to see this bitch die!" Jerry was mad with anger.

"I've told you that those evil crimes were committed by Baldwin and I've killed him. His daughter only needs to be a slave. She doesn't deserve death."

The moment I said this, I felt a pang of pain in my head. I sensed my wolf Uriel's restlessness at the same time and I knew very well that he must have felt the same way as Jerry

Jerry shot a deathly glare at Diana. Although he didn't want to miss this opportunity, he had no other choice but to follow my order and withdraw his knife.

"How did you know which school Angela was in?" I secretly arranged a school for Angela, so the other werewolves wouldn't know about it.

"Tiffany! She also warned me not to mention the school's name to the other werewolves," Jerry replied. I sighed with exasperation. Tiffany again? She was becoming more and more troublesome.

As soon as Jerry finished talking, he turned around sulkily to leave as if he had nothing to do with this matter.

"Jerry, stop!" As he stopped in his tracks, I added, "From now on, you will no longer be protected by the Blue Lake Pack. You are officially banished from the Blue Lake Pack."

Jerry looked at me in utter disbelief and he fell to his knees, begging for mercy.

"Alpha, I know I was wrong! Please give me one more chance to correct my mistake!"

You can't punish me like this for the sake of Baldwin's daughter!"

"I forgave you when you tried to rape her last time. That was your last chance. You have disobeyed my orders again and again. I can't allow you to challenge my authority anymore," I looked down at Jerry and said coldly.

"Are you crazy? Jerry doesn't deserve to be punished so harshly. He'll become a rogue if you expel him! How could you be so partial to Diana?" Uriel roared at me.

However, I pretended not to hear Uriel's plea. I knew that Jerry shouldn't have been punished like that just because he had disobeyed the Alpha's orders, but I had to make an example out of him today.

As for the reason why, I was unwilling to get to the bottom of it.

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Chapter 29 Gratitude

Diana's POV:

Soon, Marwin arrived with a group of werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack. Jerry continued to beg for mercy as he was tied up and dragged away.

Once he left, I immediately untied the ropes that bound Angela's hands and feet and gave her a quick once-over. Her breathing pattern was steady and even. It seemed that she was just unconscious and there was nothing seriously wrong with her. I believed she would wake up soon. A wave of relief swept over me instantly.

I lifted Angela up with the intention of carrying her out on my back. However, now that the excitement was over, my adrenaline level crashed and my whole body felt limp and numb. After standing up and taking just a few steps, my legs gave way.

"Let me take her." Placing a gentle hand on my shoulder, Lambert took Angela from my back and walked out of the basement.

Lambert was tall and strong. As I watched his muscular back, my mind flashed back to all the instruments of torture we had just seen in the basement. Lambert must have been abused and tortured down here, and had his self-esteem destroyed.

I was filled with mixed emotions, but the most prominent one of them was indescribable sadness. Everything I had seen today had completely changed my opinion of my father. In my heart, he felt like a strange and terrible man now.

As Lambert had remarked, some things were complicated beyond my understanding.

Lambert and I took Angela back to Hazel's house.

"Thank you. Thank you so much." I turned around and thanked Lambert awkwardly after I placed Angela on the bed and tucked her in.

Thanks to him, Angela was safe today. If I had gone searching for her alone, I would've definitely fallen into Jerry's trap.

Lambert was a little taken aback by my sincere gratitude. His lips curved up into a faint smile.

"I just don't want anyone to think they can challenge my authority as Alpha. You don't have to thank me," Lambert said seriously, as he stared at me with his hands behind his back and an arrogant expression on his face.

I couldn't stop the smile that spread on my face. When Angela had disappeared, Lambert had been kind enough to help me find her. I now knew he was merely bluffing when he had threatened me that he was going to make Angela a sex slave.

Lambert was not a cruel man underneath his cold demeanor. He was principled and could differentiate right from wrong. If my father hadn't committed such brutal acts, Lambert and I could have become good friends, even though he was moody and erratic sometimes.

"Thank you very much." I looked directly into Lambert's amber eyes and thanked him with gratitude again.

"The only reason I helped you find your sister was because she disappeared in my territory. My responsibility as Alpha wouldn't allow me to leave her to her fate. You'd better not get any ideas now. If you dare to escape or challenge my authority, I won't hesitate to break your legs and make you a sex slave." Suddenly, Lambert looked like the terrifying Alpha again. He must have guessed the thoughts running through my mind and known I didn't think of him as a bad person anymore, so he was pretending to issue a dire threat.

"Okay, I won't run away." I nodded obediently with a smirk and played along.

The anger in Lambert's eyes gradually ebbed and a faint smile played on his lips as he gazed at me.

"Behave yourself, Diana," he warned me half-heartedly. He raised his hand and touched my head. With a sigh and a final glance at me, he spun around and left.

After he left, I continued to tend to Angela. Rope burns covered her wrists and ankles, where the bindings had rubbed into her skin. I disinfected and bandaged her wounds carefully.

Sometime later, she opened her eyes groggily.

“Diana!”

I instantly hugged her and cried with joy.

“You finally woke up. I was so worried about you!”

“Diana, I was so scared... That... That fat man said he would take me to see you, so I followed him...” Angela stuttered and burst into tears. I hugged her and wept as well.

“Don’t go anywhere with strangers ever again, okay?” I rubbed Angela’s back and sobbed so hard that my voice was trembling.

The two of us had to depend on each other to survive rough situations. Angela was my only living family now.

I didn’t want to leave Angela’s side, so I was still at Hazel’s house as night came around. In fact, I was deliberately stalling for time in order to stay with Angela for a little while longer. Hazel seemed to have read my thoughts. She didn’t take me back to the dungeon. Instead, she generously brought me a quilt and allowed me to sleep beside Angela.

I held my little sister in my arms and lay on the bed. As I zoned out, I imagined we

were living a free life again. Our only trouble was figuring out what we would eat tomorrow. Our sole worry was if we slept till noon, we would have to face our father’s lecture. Unfortunately, reality intruded and convinced me that this was all in the past.

I dozed off with Angela in my arms. Hazel woke me up quite early the next morning.

“What’s the matter, Hazel?” I asked as I rubbed my sleepy eyes.

“A woman has come to our pack and said that she wants to meet you.”

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Chapter 30 Amelia

Diana’s POV:

On my entire walk over, I kept wondering who had come to meet me.

After all, there was no one I could trust in the Blue Lake Pack. All the werewolves wanted me dead.

“Diana!” As soon as I arrived at the pack’s entrance, I was enveloped in a hug by someone.

It was Amelia.

- Amelia was the daughter of the Maroon Hill Pack’s Gamma. Her parents had passed away in an accident a few years ago. She had been my best friend since childhood.

Although Amelia seemed to be exhausted from her journey, there was no denying how beautiful she looked with her light blue eyes. We hadn’t seen each other in six months. She had lost quite a bit of weight.

“What are you doing here?” I asked in astonishment. “The werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack despise our pack members thoroughly. Aren’t you afraid of being captured by them?” My eyes instinctively swept our vicinity and a wave of anxiety washed over me.

When Lambert had waged war against the Maroon Hill Pack, Amelia was away at college, so she had escaped their clutches.

“I was terrified when I heard that something had happened to the pack. I wasn’t intending to return, but then I got news that you had been captured by Lambert. The werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack will not readily release you, so I came here. Sorry, I’m late.” Amelia’s eyes were clouded with concern as she held my face between her hands. “I heard that the she-wolves of our pack were made sex slaves. Were you...”

“No, I weren’t. Lambert only ordered me to move cement at a construction site. Many of the werewolves of our pack were not tortured here.” I updated Amelia on the latest happenings..

“What about your father? How is he doing now? And Angela?”

“My father was killed. Angela is now studying in a school Lambert is sending her to.” I swallowed my tears. Every time I talked about my father, my eyes would well up without fail.

“I’m sorry, Diana. I came so late. I should have returned earlier. We’ll be okay. I will protect you from now on, just like you used to protect me.” Amelia’s voice was filled with sorrow. She hugged me hard as tears streamed down her face.

“I’m fine. Don’t worry. Look, this is not the Maroon Hill Pack anymore. You need to keep a low-profile,” I brushed off my tears and reminded her in a low voice. Everything had changed for us and we needed to tread cautiously now. “By the way, how did you get in here?” I asked.

Amelia belonged to the Maroon Hill Pack. The guards of the Blue Lake Pack were not easy to convince, so they must not have let Amelia just walk in.

“Diana, do you remember how we would help many werewolves who were locked up secretly on our premises before? Some of them were from the Blue Lake Pack. Someone recognized me and let me in, probably out of gratitude.” Amelia wiped the tears off my face and continued, “We had even covertly treated the wounds of the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack and brought them food. How could they be so inhuman to you?”

Amelia was furious about the injustice I was facing. She was still just as brave as she had been in childhood.

A long time ago, Amelia and I had helped treat the wounds of the werewolves who had been locked up by my father. We would even sneak some food to them from time to time. However, I had been afraid of facing my father’s wrath if he found out what I was doing. So, I would give the food to Amelia and stand outside as a lookout. This meant that I had never met those werewolves. Naturally, the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack didn’t recognize me.

As destiny would have it, some of the werewolves we helped back then belonged to the Blue Lake Pack. I felt much better at discovering this truth. After all, my father had done many terrible things. The food and medicine I sent to those werewolves were only a small atonement.

“It doesn’t matter. I’m back, Diana. I won’t let you be abused anymore!” Amelia looked at me seriously and decisively. I nodded with red-rimmed eyes.

“Thank you, Amelia.” I was overwhelmed with more gratitude than words could express.

A lot of werewolves who were walking by saw Amelia holding me. They cast curious glances at her and realized she was the same girl who had brought them food when they were being tortured. All of them came to thank her.

“Hey, aren’t you the she-wolf that gave us bread when we were in captivity? You have grown up to be so beautiful!”

“Are you the she-wolf who helped us back then? No wonder your face looks so familiar. Thank you so much for what you did for us back then.”

“It seems that some good werewolves still exist in the Maroon Hill Pack. I thought everyone was as evil as Baldwin Lawson.”

Amelia greeted them with a smile.

At least the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack were cordial to her. Amelia wouldn’t be humiliated like me here. Relief flowed through my body.

