

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 36

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)  
Chapter 36 The Exam

Diana's POV:

A few minutes after I sat down, an old man of about sixty years old, wearing presbyopic glasses and having gray hair walked in. Sampson looked much different from the photos I had seen in the newspaper, and was obviously much older.

"Are you Baldwin Lawson's daughter?" Sampson shot me a glance and sat down with disapproval written clear across his face.

"I hate Baldwin Lawson, so I don't like you on principle. When Alpha Lambert told me to give you a job here, I objected. But rumors have it that your medical skills are excellent. The Blue Lake Pack hospital has just been established, so we need outstanding medical talents. That's why I deferred to Alpha's decision." Sampson's eyes shone with disdain and he was curt with me.

"Okay, I see." I nodded placidly. I was already accustomed to the indifference and contempt of the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack.

"Although I am following Alpha's order, I am still responsible for my patients. If you want to work in this hospital, you must pass three tests I have set up for you," Sampson continued rudely after he saw me nod.

"No problem. I accept your condition." His proposal sounded reasonable to me, so I willingly agreed.

Sampson was taken aback when he saw how readily I agreed. He frowned and looked at me with a strange glint in his eyes. Perhaps he was thinking that I was just putting on a front and cursing him inwardly.

I walked to the ward with Sampson. I didn't expect that Grace would be the first patient he arranged for me. I secretly sent up thanks to the Moon Goddess, because I already knew about Grace's illness. I had even prescribed her medication several times. It was not very difficult to cure her.

"This patient has been a long-time resident of our hospital. Do a thorough examination, figure out what disease she is suffering from, and tell me the specific symptoms and the pathology of her disease," Sampson instructed as he pointed one finger at Grace, who was lying on the bed.

Grace's condition had significantly improved from the first time I'd seen her. She was obedient and submissive as I conducted her check-up.

"Grace is suffering from malnutrition, which is caused by loss of appetite. In addition, she is also in a poor mental state, which is probably the result of having frequent nightmares. Generally, such types of patients make a complete recovery once their sleep quality returns to normal..." I explained Grace's condition to Sampson and

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frequent nightmares. Generally, such types of patients make a complete recovery once their sleep quality returns to normal..." I explained Grace's condition to Sampson and prescribed some medicine. I wrote down the diagnosis and prescription on a piece of paper and handed it to him.

Sampson studied the paper I had given him with furrowed eyebrows. Finally, he pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and looked at me again.

"Your diagnosis is correct. But how long will your prescribed medicine take to show results?" Sampson was skeptical about my prescription,

"I promise she will improve in three days," I said affirmatively.

"Are you sure?" Sampson asked incredulously.

"If she shows no change after three days, I won't come to the hospital anymore," I replied confidently.

"Okay, it's a deal." Sampson accepted my bet and put away the paper. "You can go and work in the pharmacy today."

I wouldn't be able to examine patients until I passed my tests, so I was temporarily assigned other tasks around the hospital.

But the work here was very easy, and much less demanding than that of the construction site. When it was lunch time, I was about to go and eat something, when a beautiful figure standing at the hospital gate caught my eye. All Amelia had to do was stand there and people were easily attracted to her. She was graceful and sexy.

"Why are you here?"

"Why, I'm here to visit you of course. How's it going? Did anyone bother you?" Amelia walked with me to the canteen.

"I'm fine. But I have to pass a few tests before I can treat patients here."

"That's child's play for you. You have always been a medical genius. You will definitely be able to work here," Amelia encouraged me and held my hand excitedly. "I'll request Alpha Lambert to give me a job in the hospital. Maybe we can work together then."

Amelia was studying medicine in university. It would be much easier for her to work at the hospital than me, who hadn't even been to college.

Amelia left after having lunch with me.

Because of the collapse at the construction site, many patients required critical care from the doctors and nurses, so I also stayed and helped. It was almost midnight when I finally clocked out.

The street was completely empty. As soon as I walked out of the hospital, I bumped into Lambert, who was standing at the door. I didn't know who he was waiting for.

As he was dressed in a black windbreaker, the darkness of the night swallowed him. His pale and bloodless face seemed to have never seen the sun. His eyes were still mysterious and deep-set.

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Chapter 37 Went Berserk Again

Lambert's POV:

Amelia came to me this morning and asked me to let her work in the Blue Lake Pack's hospital. I had no reason to refuse Amelia's request as she was a medical student.

After I finished my work in the evening, I went to the hospital for an inspection. I had to check up on the werewolves who had gotten injured at the construction site. We were still short-handed because the Blue Lake Pack was still in its early stages of

development.

"Don't you want to know how the injured are doing at the hospital? Why are you waiting at the gate of the hospital? Fuck! Don't tell me that you are waiting for that bitch Diana!" Uriel roared in my mind.

I didn't feel like explaining myself to Uriel and to be honest, I had no idea why I was waiting at the gate of the hospital. I just knew that I was compelled to come here by an inexplicable feeling,

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Before long, Diana came walking out of the hospital in a white doctor's coat and a pair of dark blue jeans which accentuated her slender waist and toned buttocks. Her long black hair was tied into a ponytail, and her light brown eyes sparkled like stars under the light. She seemed to have a jovial spirit which suggested that she was feeling much better than she was before.

In truth, I felt relieved to see her like that. It seemed as though it was a wise decision to let Diana work at the hospital.

"You idiot! You promised me that you would torture her, but look at her now. She looks so happy! She doesn't even look like a slave anymore. She's prancing

around in a neat and clean hospital uniform with a smile on her face! Damn it, look at her face! She is radiant and full of energy. I think she is living too comfortably right now!" Uriel couldn't stop complaining when he saw Diana.

"Well, what do you expect? She works at a hospital. Needless to say, she has to pay attention to personal hygiene. We can't let Diana work at the hospital if she looks dirty and disheveled," I explained.

"Baldwin Lawson's daughter doesn't deserve such a respectable position amongst our people. She should be given the hardest tasks in the pack. Why is she allowed to have a comfortable job at the hospital?" The more Uriel spoke, the angrier he became.

"Diana's medical skills are remarkable. We've always needed someone with her skills ever since the pack was established. The development of the pack is more important than personal grudges and hatred," I continued to persuade Uriel calmly.

"Well, Lambert, I'm tired of arguing with you. I think you just can't make up your mind to kill Diana. Since you are so indecisive, I'll just get rid of her for you!" All of a sudden, I felt a sharp pain in my head as Uriel started to get irritated.

"Uriel, she is still useful to the Blue Lake Pack. Besides, she is our mate. I order you to calm down! There's no need to be so brash." I did my best to control Uriel, who was about to wreak havoc. I could feel that Uriel was also trying to manipulate my thoughts.

"The daughter of that devil Baldwin Lawson doesn't deserve to be our mate at all. She deserves to rot in hell. I'm certain that the Moon Goddess will assign a more fitting mate for the both of us. I've seen how you look at her and I know that you fancy her. Why don't you just fuck her? You don't always have to pretend to be a gentleman, Lambert. After we have sex with her, we'll let the soldiers have their way with her before we skin her alive. Isn't that what Baldwin Lawson used to do to our people? Have you forgotten everything?" Uriel's words felt like needles in my brain. I felt like I was going to lose my mind.

I knew that Baldwin Lawson used to peel the skin off the back of our pack members and make carpets out of them for him to walk on, but the woman in question was Diana.

I felt as though someone had reached into my chest and squeezed my heart when Uriel became mad with rage. I could feel myself losing control over my thoughts. I caught my reflection on the car window. My eyes were bloodshot as if they were consumed by hatred.

"Diana is a dirty bitch who deserves to be in hell with her father!"

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Chapter 38 Rape

Diana's POV:

Why was Lambert here? Was he waiting for me?

I couldn't believe that I was even a little flustered and expectant. Lambert was not always that bad, was he? He chose to trust me in that crucial moment, and even got me a job at the hospital. Even though he had only promoted me because my medical skills had been of so much help to the pack, I was still heavily indebted to him.

After considering it, I decided to thank him for allowing me to work at the hospital.

But before I reached him, my intuition warned me about his strange appearance. He was staring at me with resentment. His eyes were bloodshot, and his face twisted with ferocity and brutality. When I had gone to his office once, he had behaved as weirdly as today. Even though he hadn't transformed into a wolf, his face somehow resembled a wolf's.

I immediately sensed that something was wrong. Lambert seemed to have morphed into another person.

Just as I turned around with the intention of leaving, he suddenly charged at me. He lifted me up with his strong arms and tossed me over his shoulder.

"Put me down! What are you doing?" I struggled, overcome with panic. Tears of fear leaked out of my eyes. Lambert looked so monstrous that I was overwhelmed with unprecedented fear. Even though he had tortured me before, I hadn't felt such a visceral fear of him.

"Bitch! Shut up!" Lambert roared at me furiously. Carrying me on his shoulder, he raced into the depths of the forest.

Night in the forest was particularly quiet. The only sound I could hear was Lambert trampling over branches and shrubs.

"Lambert, please let me go. I've obeyed all your instructions these past few days..." I begged restlessly. I was no match for Lambert's strength at all.

However, as soon as I spoke, he slammed me into the ground. "Bitch! Baldwin Lawson was such a bastard! His daughter deserves to be a prostitute and used to satisfy my lust!" Lambert was no more his usual calm and gentle self. He spoke in a vulgar and barbaric manner. He pounced on me like a deranged man, and his strong body pressed hard onto me, knocking the breath out of me. While cursing me, he ripped my clothes off and sat on my hips, biting my neck and cheeks viciously. He lifted my t-shirt and bra out of the way and kneaded my breasts and nipples hard, sending bolts of pain shooting through me.

"Bastard! My father is dead. What else do you want?" I cried and fought him desperately. My father had indeed committed crimes, but he was dead now. Why couldn't Lambert let me go?

Lambert became even more enraged when he heard what I said. He wrapped his fingers tightly around my neck.

"Baldwin Lawson got a quick death, which was too simple a punishment for him. I won't spare his daughter that easily!"

Lambert's face was merciless and violent. When I couldn't draw another breath and was about to die, he suddenly loosened his grip on my neck. He undid the belt on his suit pants, picked me up and held me against a tree. "Help! Is someone here? Please save me!" I knew Lambert's intentions, so I shouted in despair.

He unbuckled his belt and tied my struggling arms to the tree.

"Since you are such a slut, I should fuck you like a whore," Lambert squeezed my jaw and said savagely. Ignoring my pleas, he took off my jeans and the rest of my clothes in one swift move. I saw my bare skin slightly redden in the moonlight.

Lambert stared at me scornfully, as if he was looking at a prey he was about to slaughter. "I won't forgive you, Lambert, you asshole. I will never forgive you... Help! Help!" I tried my best to swallow my tears and scream for help.

"Bitch, shut up!" Lambert angrily pinched my cheek, bit my lower lip and kissed me deeply. He didn't release me until I was gasping for breath.

I noticed a little hesitation on his face. His expression alternated between viciousness and distress. His erratic behavior and shifting emotions filled me with doubts.

"Diana! Are you over there?" Amelia's voice sounded in the distance, and I heard her rapidly approaching footsteps. When she had almost reached us, the color drained from her face as she took in the scene in front of her.

"Lambert! Don't do this! We can talk this out once you have calmed down. Has Diana done something wrong? There must be some misunderstanding!"

Amelia tried to distract Lambert.

Lambert stared at me with furrowed eyebrows. Suddenly, he staggered back and placed his hand on his forehead. When his eyes met mine again, they were not scarlet anymore. His forehead was beaded with cold sweat.

"I'm sorry." His face was etched with pain as he undid the belt that bound my arms. Then he stiffly stood rooted to the spot, like a child who had done something wrong and was at a loss about what to do further.

Amelia hurriedly gathered up my clothes and hugged me. Lambert made my insides quake with fear now. Amelia grabbed my hand and we fled together.

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## Chapter 39 The Unconscious Woman

Diana's POV:

After Amelia took me back to my room, she said, "I wanted to wait until you got off work, but I couldn't find you anywhere. Fortunately, I heard your cry for help when I was looking for you in the forest. Did you have an argument with Alpha Lambert? He looked very angry." Amelia sat on the edge of my bed, staring at me with concerned eyes.

I was still in a state of shock as I couldn't get over the murderous look in Lambert's eyes from a while ago. His red, infuriated eyes drove shivers down my spine.

It seemed as though Lambert still hated me. I started to think that if he had no use for my medical skills, he would have used me as a sex slave and killed me by now.

I couldn't understand why Lambert went into a fit of rage all of a sudden. I thought he no longer despised me, but I was wrong. I didn't even know how to answer Amelia's question.

"Lambert has always hated me for what my father did to the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack." I clutched at the hem of the quilt and pulled it over my body because I couldn't stop shaking. I was afraid that Lambert would lose his temper one day again and that would be the end of me.

"Everything is going to be all right. Alpha has permitted me to work at the hospital. I will keep you safe from any danger in the future," Amelia said before she hugged me and gently patted my back.

I nodded and let out a deep sigh. It was disappointing to see Lambert act in such a barbaric way as I thought he was different from all the other werewolves. I pitied myself for being so naive. I was completely wrong to think that someone like Lambert could be my friend.

"Just stay away from Lambert. Fortunately, you'll have a slim chance of running into him, since you work at the hospital now," my wolf Cora comforted me.

After the collapse of a building on the construction site, the injured werewolves were finally starting to make a full recovery. I continued to work hard every day

as more patients got discharged from the hospital. I was very happy to have Amelia working with me at the hospital.

Before I knew it, three days had passed and it was time to have a word with Sampson about our bet.

Sampson asked me to see him in his office. When I arrived there, he was reading the observation report sent to him by the nurse. After a while, he looked at me with a surprised expression

“Well, Grace’s condition has improved. I have to admit that you are really gifted,” Sampson said, with a hint of reluctance, as he closed the report and placed it on the table.

Since I had passed the first test, we moved on to the second one.

Sampson took me to a patient’s ward in the hospital. There was a woman, in her forties, lying unconscious in the bed. She had long black hair and her thin face and pale lips made her look like a skeleton wrapped in skin.

“This patient was also imprisoned in the dungeon together with the other werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack. I heard that she hadn’t spoken a word to anyone ever since. When we took her to the hospital, she was already in a comatose state.” Sampson felt it necessary to give me some information about her.

“Are her children here as well? The follow-up treatment will be much easier if I can get some more information about her.” For some inexplicable reason, this woman seemed strangely familiar to me and I got curious to know more about her past.

“When we inquired about her, the other werewolves in the dungeon claimed that they had nothing to do with her, or they didn’t know who she was. I guess she might have come from another pack. I need you to bring her back from her comatose state.” Sampson had told me everything he knew about this woman.

After Sampson left me in the ward, I fell into deep contemplation. I ran some tests and found that her health had begun to deteriorate because she had been in a coma for a long time.

As I stared at her lifeless face, I couldn’t help but feel sorry for her. My gut told me that I knew this woman, even though I couldn’t remember ever meeting her before

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Chapter 40 The Third Test

Diana's POV:

I spent the following two days taking care of this comatose woman, exhausting every kind of treatment to my knowledge. On the second day, the woman finally showed signs of waking up as her eyelids flickered from time to time for a brief moment.

I was afraid that if she didn't show any signs of improvement by the third day, my follow-up treatment would fail and she would remain in a vegetative state for life.

On the afternoon of the third day, the nurse ran to me, informing me that the woman had finally woken up. I ran into the ward as quickly as I could.

"Hello, how are you feeling? If you are feeling any sort of discomfort, please feel free to tell me. I am your doctor." I was looking forward to her resp

However, the woman in front of me remained quiet and all she could offer me was a blank stare. It was then that I realized that something was wrong with her. She didn't say anything. She just stared at the lush forest outside the window, muttering a few incoherent words from time to time, but she didn't respond to anything I had said. It was clear to me that she was mentally ill when she didn't respond to anything I said or did to her.

"I don't think that there is anything we can do for her here. Should we send her to a psychiatric hospital outside the pack?" the nurse next to me whispered.

The Blue Lake Pack's hospital was only equipped to handle patients with physiological problems. Patients with mental disabilities would be sent to the mental hospital or welfare house outside the pack.

"Wait a minute. I'll need to run some tests on her first. I'd like to keep her here for treatment if there is a chance for recovery." I didn't know why I was unwilling to let this woman be taken away.

After a simple examination, I concluded that she must have suffered a severely traumatic experience in the past which had left her in the state she was in. If by some miracle there was a way to cure her, it would take a very long time at the very least.

Sampson was tending to other patients when I told him that the patient had woken up. He looked at me incredulously at first like he couldn't believe what I had just said.

"Really? So soon?"

"Yes, but the bad news is that she is mentally ill. I need your permission to keep her here for further treatment. This hospital has enough resources to ensure a fast

recovery." I would be lying if I had said that I wasn't nervous. After all, this woman had no family to rely on, and no one would pay the hospitalization cost of her treatment. I didn't have that kind of money as I was just a mere slave working for the Blue Lake Pack.

"That's very kind of you, but who will pay for the medical fees?" Sampson frowned as he stared at me unhappily.

I couldn't say anything, knowing that I was asking him to do things that were beyond his power.

"Just forget about it. Keep her in a ward where she can recuperate slowly. As doctors, we are the beacons of compassion, benevolence, and kindheartedness. Diana, I hope you truly are a kind-hearted person. If you turn out to be as treacherous as Baldwin Lawson, the hospital of the Blue Lake Pack will not accept you, no matter how good your medical skills are. Congratulations, you have passed the second test!" Sampson winked at me with a smile on his face.

"Well, I assure you, I'm nothing like my father," I said firmly.

Sampson nodded.

"Then what's the next test?" My face was flushed with excitement and I couldn't wait to get to work. Although Sampson had a strict character, he was a good doctor. I really wanted to learn from him.

"I'm still working on what the third test should be. I'll get back to you on that later. I'm busy right now." Sampson fell into deep contemplation as soon as he said that.

Just then, the door of the office was pushed open from the outside and Tiffany strutted in.

What was she doing here all of a sudden?

"Long time no see, Dr. Sampson. I don't know why but I've had a bad headache for a few days now. I overheard you speaking with Diana just now. I was wondering why not consider my illness as Diana's third test?" Tiffany smiled sweetly.

"No problem." Sampson naturally agreed as he wouldn't have to bother coming up with a way to test Diana.

As I stood there shaking my head at Tiffany, she simply raised an eyebrow at me and smirked. Although I couldn't tell what was on her mind, I had a feeling in my gut that something bad was going to happen.