

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 4

Chapter 4 Revenge

Lambert's POV:

Diana had no choice but to obey my orders even if she felt humiliated. The sad look of hopelessness on her face was what I wanted to see.

My eyes swept over her exposed skin, covered in blood.

"Did the guards do this to you?" I asked Diana.

After all, the guards in the dungeon were cruel and heartless. They must have been angry at her for making them look bad. Whenever the prisoners tried to escape, the guards would subject them to harsher torture so that they wouldn't dare to escape again.

I noticed that Diana stopped massaging my legs for a moment when she heard my question. I could sense her trying to restrain her emotions.

"It's none of your business," she said coldly.

"Don't take that tone with me!"

Perhaps, I suddenly lost my temper because Diana's cold attitude irritated me. I sat up and got close to her.

I put my hands on her chest, fondling her breasts and caressing her body. I could sense her shaking like a dry leaf with every touch.

As I leaned forward and looked down, I pressed Diana under my body and sneered.

"I ordered the guards to torture you on purpose. How do you feel now?" Then, I whispered in her ear, "My slave."

I felt my hunger for revenge satiated when she looked at me with shock and anger.

It was only fair that she suffered like that. She had no idea what I had been through when I was tortured by her father.

In fact, her father had me locked up in a dark room where he took great delight in torturing me while I screamed in agony. All the scars on my body were caused by her father.

He starved me for days and whipped me whenever he pleased. For several times I thought I was going to die, but I survived in the end. The Moon Goddess must have felt sorry for me and blessed me with an opportunity to make a narrow escape.

I never got over the horrible memories from those days as if they were forever imprinted in my mind. The more I thought about the past, the more my resentment grew.

Diana was muc

h luckier than I was. Fortunately for her, I was not as crazy or bloodthirsty as her father was.

“Fuck off! Fuck off right now!”

An inexplicable anger rose in my heart and I couldn't tame it no matter how hard I tried. I grabbed Diana from underneath me and pushed her out of the bed.

Diana grazed her knees and elbows on the way down and blood seeped out from her wounds. However, she didn't utter a sound or a word. She just picked up the bath towel from the floor and wrapped it around herself again before scampering out in a hurry.

“Wait!” I stopped her.

Diana froze, trembling in fear. She gripped her bath towel tightly with both hands.

“Come back.” I tried to stifle my anger as I spoke.

However, Diana was rooted to the spot as she didn't dare to move an inch.

I took two steps forward to grab her hand before I threw her on the bed.

I grabbed the edge of her bath towel and tugged at it. She tried to pull back, but her efforts were in vain. Then she pulled the quilt from the bed to cover herself. As I remained silent, I noticed a hint of fear and anger in her eyes.

“The more you try to cover your body, the more I want to see you naked.” I pulled the quilt off her body and threw it on the floor.

She curled up into a ball and trembled.

“I like my slaves to be beautiful, so try not to add more scars to your body,” I whispered in her ear.

I stood up to fetch the first aid kit and then roughly applied medicine to her wounds. At first, I deliberately hurt her in the process. The pure joy of vengeance

surged up in me as I watched her wince in pain. However, I didn't even realize since when I became gentle.

By the time I had realized it, I had already finished applying medicine to her wounds.

"Get out of here!" I screamed at her at the top of my lungs.

She ran to the table in a hurry like a helpless animal and walked out with her clothes in her hands. As I watched her receding figure, I leaned against the headboard of the bed and sighed.