

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 41

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Chapter 41 Pretended To Be Sick

Tiffany's POV:

After being confined to house arrest for five days, I decided to go to the construction site to see how miserable Diana's life was. However, to my surprise, I learned from the other werewolves at the construction site that Diana had been assigned to work at the hospital.

I thought I had heard it wrong at first. After all, doctors and nurses who worked at the hospital were paid handsomely. Why would Lambert give one of the best jobs in the Blue Lake Pack to a measly slave?

I went to the hospital as soon as I could because I couldn't let Diana enjoy a single moment of peace.

Just as I was passing by the outpatient room of Sampson, I happened to see Diana through the window. She was wearing a doctor's white coat, smiling and chatting happily with Sampson. She looked vibrant and full of life, far from any slave I had ever seen.

Sampson was held in high esteem among the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack. What was Diana doing with someone of his stature? Only a handful of werewolves were known to have the sagacity to match his intellect. Was something wrong with him? Why was he fraternizing with Diana instead of making things difficult for her?

I was shocked to see such a drastic change in Sampson's attitude. Everything about it felt wrong! Why was the daughter of a ruthless tyrant allowed to work at a hospital instead of slaving away at some construction site?

I couldn't let it go on like this. If Diana were to pass all the tests, nothing would stop her from having a better life in the future.

I cut in line ahead of the next patient in the queue when I overheard Diana and Sampson talking about a third test. After all, I couldn't pass on an opportunity like that.

I knocked on the door before walking in, pretending like I had a bad headache. I suggested that Diana give me treatment for my ailment as a test, knowing that Sampson wouldn't be hard to convince. He willingly agreed to my proposal because it saved him the time and distress of having to come up with a way to test Diana's skills.

The frown on Diana's face told me that she wasn't happy to see me there.

"Is it just a headache? Or are there any other symptoms?" Despite Diana's reluctance, she had no choice but to comply because of her bet with Sampson.

"Well, apart from the headache, my knees feel weak and wobbly. Sometimes I can't sleep because I get nightmares. When I wake up, my head feels heavy and I feel a pang of pain in my waist from time to time. Will you please help me?" I deliberately made up a story and described my illness as strangely and vaguely as I could.

"Wait a minute. You have too many symptoms. I have to write them down. Do you remember what you ate before you started feeling sick? Do you have any unhealthy habits? Such as drinking, smoking, and staying up late at night." Diana looked at me seriously as she took notes.

"I have a very healthy lifestyle. I eat a lot of vegetables and fruits. I don't smoke or drink alcohol. As for staying up late, I usually only stay up late when I am with Lambert." I looked at her and smiled when I said that because I wanted to see how she would react.

Diana's face darkened and she frowned.

"You need to get a blood test first. It's very strange that you have so many symptoms even with such a healthy lifestyle." Diana was about to take me to get a blood test.

"Why do I have to get a blood test? I just have a headache."

"I can't make an accurate diagnosis of your condition without a blood test. This is a fairly new hospital and we don't have all the necessary equipment for doing various check-ups yet," Diana explained.

"You don't sound very professional! If you can't tell what kind of illness I'm suffering from, you should at least relieve my headache first, right?" I was being aggressive because I knew that this test was very important to Diana.

"Okay, I'll give you some painkillers and a head massage first. Let's see if that helps," Diana replied politely, trying to hold back her impatience. Then she laid me down on the bed and tried a few methods to relieve my headache.

After a while, I told her that my headache hadn't subsided.

"I feel like the headache has gotten worse. Diana, what medicine did you give me? Why does my head hurt more than it did before? Are you even trying to help me?" I squeezed my head with both hands and screamed as if the pain was absolutely excruciating

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Chapter 42 Bluff

Diana's POV:

I was positive that a young and healthy werewolf could not be afflicted with so many diseases at the same time. Besides, I had already prescribed some medication and given Tiffany a massage to relieve her headache. There was no way it could have worsened considerably.

Tiffany refused to cooperate with me to have her blood tested. The Blue Lake Pack's hospital didn't have all the required diagnostic facilities. Noting that she continued to create a ruckus, I assumed that she was probably just pretending to be sick and purposely creating trouble for me.

She was so evil. I would have let it slide under normal circumstances. However, this job at the hospital was extremely important to me. I was unwilling to tolerate her any longer. Now I would have to find a way to expose Tiffany's lie and teach her a lesson.

"Ouch, my head hurts so much. Is there a reliable doctor who can save me? My headache is worse than before. Diana is not a qualified doctor at all. The painkiller she gave me has worsened my headache!" Tiffany continued creating a racket, and her voice became increasingly louder. The other werewolves in the hospital were attracted by this commotion and crowded outside her room.

"Relax. Do you mean it still hurts after taking the medicine? I'll do a check-up again." I guided Tiffany to the bed and continued to examine her head carefully.

"Tiffany, I just felt a hard lump near your scalp. It's most likely a mid-stage tumor. This tumor will put pressure on your nerves, so even if you have a healthy lifestyle, you will still get frequent headaches." I abruptly pasted a shocked expression on my face and looked at the nurse standing next to me. "Go and tell Sampson that Tiffany requires urgent treatment. She must undergo an operation to remove the tumor from her brain immediately, or her life will be in danger."

The nurse took my words seriously and rushed out at once.

"What? Tumor? How can it be possible?" Tiffany was astonished and blew a gasket. "How can you confirm a tumor diagnosis by simply touching my head? There is nothing wrong with my brain. Don't talk nonsense, you bitch."

"If there is nothing wrong with your brain, how can you have a headache? Unless you are only faking your illness. Look, Tiffany, I understand that you are in denial right now. Some patients refuse to believe they are seriously ill. But according to the symptoms you have told me, there is only one possible diagnosis—there is a tumor in your brain. If you don't have this surgery, your life will be in danger and your headache will be exacerbated," I said assertively. Looking at the panic in Tiffany's eyes, I gave her a wide smile and said, "Don't worry, I'm an experienced doctor,

will be your surgeon.”

“I do have a headache... What? You will be my surgeon? I don’t want a bitch like you to perform my surgery. You will have ulterior motives!” Tiffany was scared out of her wits when she heard that I would be her surgeon.

“You asked me to treat you and suggested that Sampson consider this to be my third test. You are my patient now, and you are my responsibility.” Tiffany had asked for trouble herself.

“I refuse to have the surgery. You can use other methods to treat me!” Tiffany lost her temper

“There is no other way. Don’t be afraid. You have to get treated since you are ill. We will anesthetize you before the surgery.” After saying this, I went outside the door to call the nurse. “Take Tiffany to have her head shaved first, and then take her to the operating room. We will be doing her surgery.” I turned back to Tiffany and said in a soothing voice, “Although you will have to shave your hair off, and you may be left with some scars on your head, your life is more important.”

“I’ve told you, I don’t want to shave my head or have an operation. Release me!” Tiffany became more agitated when she heard that she was going to have her head shaved and be left with some scars. She shoved the nurse’s hand away and shot me a furious glare.

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Chapter 43 Expose

Diana’s POV:

“Tiffany, Diana is right. If you are ill, you need to get timely treatment. Besides, a brain tumor is not a minor matter. Once the cancer cells spread, it will endanger your life,” the nurse kindly persuaded Tiffany in a gentle voice while the latter was struggling.

Many of the werewolves who had crowded outside the room poked their heads inside when they heard Tiffany’s screams. I guessed that most of these werewolves knew that Tiffany had saved Alpha’s life, so they cared greatly for her. Seeing her stubborn refusal, they all tried to convince her nicely.

“Diana is a good doctor. She had saved many other werewolves when the collapse had occurred at the construction site. We will watch her closely, and we can guarantee that she won’t dare to hurt you.”

“Tiffany, don’t be concerned about the surgery. Nothing is more important than your life. If you delay your treatment, your illness will progress more.”

"Yes, we'll keep an eye on Diana for you. She won't dare to hurt you. All right, nurse. Take Tiffany to shave off her hair. Her treatment shouldn't be postponed anymore."

Tiffany tried to escape from the crowd in panic, but she had no opening. The werewolves had blocked her path, and she was forced to stay on the bed. It seemed that they would persist until she gave in to having the surgery.

"Shut up! Stop speaking! My head doesn't hurt anymore. Go away, all of you. My head is fine. I don't need an operation!" Tiffany was forced to admit out loud that her head didn't hurt anymore. Seeing a small parting in the crowd, she seized the opportunity. She jumped off the bed and ran away.

"Tiffany, are you feeling better already?" I chased after Tiffany instantly and kept pace with her.

"Fuck off, bitch! I know you did this on purpose. I will make you pay for this!" Tiffany whirled around and cursed, her sweet face twisting into a vicious expression.

"You provoked me first," I retorted with contempt. I was a person who always believed in giving back even the smallest grievances. If I weren't in the hospital right now, I would not have spared her so easily.

"You don't need to chase Tiffany anymore. She will be fine. I asked the nurse to bring me the painkiller you prescribed for her and checked it. Your prescription is correct. She must have been faking her illness." Sampson stopped me and shot her receding figure an impatient look. He must have seen her lose her mind a moment ago, so he went and checked the diagnosis and prescription I had written for her.

I nodded and didn't pursue Tiffany anymore. Instead, I turned around and followed Sampson back to his outpatient room.

"We don't have the time to deal with such kinds of people. Not only is it a waste of our doctors' efforts, but it is also a waste of genuine patients' time. Who does she think she is? How dare she behave so conceitedly in the hospital?" Sampson's words were particularly grave, and disapproval colored his tone. It seemed that even he hated Tiffany's despicable behavior.

I liked him more for this. I had thought that he too would turn a blind eye to Tiffany's antics and defend her like the other werewolves.

After watching this farce and seeing Tiffany fleeing in fright, the other werewolves had probably figured out that she was just faking her sickness and purposely creating trouble for me, so they all gossiped about her.

"So Tiffany was only pretending to be sick. Why would she do something like that? She has wasted our time and delayed our treatment!"

"I was genuinely worried for her. But she was only here to create a scene!"

"I saw her cutting in line when she came. What an ill-mannered girl! I heard that she still wants to be our Luna. No way in hell!"

Everyone lined up again and continued to see the doctor, but they were still gossiping.

"You don't need to retake the test. You have passed your third exam this time. You can stay in the hospital and treat patients from now on. But remember, if you encounter any complications, you have to inform me and Alpha Lambert. This is the Blue Lake Pack, and you are serving our werewolves," Sampson said pointedly.

I nodded and felt relief flow through me. I was just glad that I had passed the third test smoothly. Since the day the Maroon Hill Pack had been destroyed, I had no say in any decision.

I suddenly felt someone's gaze on me. When I glanced up, I noticed Lambert standing in front of a distant ward through the window of the room. He was looking in my direction. He was dressed in his usual suit and looking like a gentleman again.

But I deeply loathed him now. Lambert's bloodshot eyes, which were filled with hatred, flashed through my mind again. His monstrous face and violent behavior had been branded into my brain. Back then, I had felt as if he was going to skin me alive.

I couldn't stop the shudder that rocked me as sweat trickled down my back. I immediately avoided his eyes and pretended as if I hadn't seen him.

Without any hesitation, Lambert spun around and left.

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Chapter 44 Stayed Away From Her

Lambert's POV:

I hadn't seen Diana since I had lost control of myself because of Uriel last time.

I still vividly remembered her expression as she looked at me that day. Her light brown eyes shone with fear and disgust, as if she had seen a terrible and horrendous monster.

But so what? Didn't Diana hate me anyway? Why should I care about her feelings? This was ridiculous. I had attempted to rape her. Did I really expect her to thank me for it?

"Fuck! Don't be upset because of a slave. You will piss me off again. Lambert, what is wrong with you? She is your enemy and a mere slave. You shouldn't have any affection for her at all. In fact, you should be grateful to me. Now that Diana detests you so much, she will run away from you as soon as she lays eyes on you." Uriel felt my mood shift and felt a little smug.

"Thank you so much, Uriel," I said sarcastically. A werewolf like me was destined to be without a mate. I was only capable of living with my crazy wolf Uriel for the rest of my life and fated to die alone.

"You're welcome, buddy. But you've barely seen her in the past few days, which is a good sign. I'm pulling you out of the abyss you have fallen into, so that you won't get upset when you kill her in the future." Uriel probably felt like all these events were going as smoothly as he wanted, so his tone became calmer.

He lost control quite easily whenever he laid eyes on Diana. I didn't dare to put myself in her path again for fear of Uriel's madness getting worse. Otherwise, if it went on like this, Uriel would gain control of my mind and body one day and we would both become deranged.

"But your behavior is very weird. Usually, you can't take your eyes off of Diana, but now you are making a conscious effort to restrain yourself. Are you scared that I will grab control of your body again and kill that bitch?" Uriel seemed to sense that something was wrong and asked savagely.

"No, I just think what you said makes sense. I really shouldn't get close to the daughter of my enemy." I hid my true feelings. I couldn't deny that I was truly worried Uriel would do something diabolical to hurt Diana again. When Uriel lost his senses, he was capable of anything.

I intended to stay away from all matters related to Diana. But in the afternoon, Sampson sent me a message through mind-link, informing me that today was Diana's last test. He asked me to go to the hospital and take a look. I refused

Sampson, and didn't plan to go. But that afternoon, I found myself in the hospital before I knew what I was doing.

As soon as I entered the hospital, I saw a group of people gathered outside an outpatient room. When I walked a little closer, I saw that it was Tiffany who was consulting a doctor.

She was complaining of a headache. Diana had diagnosed a tumor in Tiffany's brain and announced that she would operate on Tiffany.

I saw the panic and alarm creep into Tiffany's expression. She was being deceitful again. Diana seemed to have noticed that Tiffany was only faking her illness. Unable

I breathed a sigh of relief and decided to leave. However, I couldn't help but stop and admire Diana from afar. Her snow-white skin was particularly dazzling in the

sun, and her cheeks were more sunken than before. She looked more fragile than when I'd first seen her.

"How ridiculous! Lambert, you are like a peeping Tom," I muttered to myself. I realized that I had given too much attention to Diana, so I immediately spun around and left.

Maybe a few months later, I would think differently. When Diana discovered that I was her mate, I would refuse her outright. Then, the Moon Goddess would bless me with a more beautiful mate, and I would forget about Diana.

As soon as I left the hospital building, I saw Tiffany, who had just fled from inside. "Stop, Tiffany." I saw Tiffany shudder when she heard my voice. She turned around to look at me stiffly.

"What a coincidence, Lambert. Why are you in the hospital as well?" Tiffany forced a smile on her face as she tried to hide the panic in her eyes.

"This is my last warning to you, Tiffany. If you create trouble for Diana again, you can pack your stuff and get out of the Blue Lake Pack. Do you have too much free time on your hands now? I think it's time for you to find a job. From today onwards, your bank card will be frozen. Don't test my patience repeatedly." I refused to indulge her anymore. She was extravagant and always blew her money. Maybe she would mend her ways if her bank card was frozen for a few days.

"Are you on Diana's side now? You are crazy!" Tiffany's face flushed with anger.

I ignored Tiffany as she crazily cursed me while I walked away. I wasn't siding with Diana in this matter. This time Tiffany was the one who had gone too far.

A week passed by quickly and peacefully. I hadn't run into Diana again since I had seen her at the hospital. However, she seemed to have infiltrated every corner of my life. I was constantly distracted at work and consumed with worry about her current life.

This kind of torment was unbearable. One day, I happened to bump into Amelia on my patrol.

"Good morning, Alpha," she greeted me.

"Good morning. Are you settling in well at the hospital?"

"I am. The werewolves in the Blue Lake Pack are all very nice to me."

"Good, and what about your friend?" I asked indirectly.

"My friend?" Amelia asked in confusion. "Diana? She is also good. Recently, Sampson also praised her skills."

"Really? That's good."

A sigh of relief escaped me, which was followed by a surge of resentment in my heart. It looked like Diana was living a perfectly good life without me. She was so ungrateful! I was the one who had transferred her to the hospital and enabled her to have a good life. However, she had neither visited me nor thanked me.

Even if she was terrified of me and couldn't face me, she could have sent me a message through mind-link. But there had only been radio silence from her for so many days, and I was worried about her!

Forget it. Why was I beginning to care about her again? I had made a clean break from her.

I firmly decided to leave her alone in the future and let her remain a slave for the rest of her life.

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Chapter 45 Inexplicable Sense Of Connection

Diana's POV:

A week flew by. I lived a much more comfortable life while working at the hospital. Initially, many patients refused to allow me to treat them, and the doctors of the hospital also snubbed me.

However, after successfully treating a few patients, the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack began to trust me and were more polite with me. Many doctors would generously share their knowledge with me in their spare time. They were very professional and filled up many gaps I had in my medical education. These werewolves were not as cruel and merciless as my father had claimed. Most of them were friendly and believed in repaying others' kindness benevolently. Honestly, I didn't understand why my father had invaded such a friendly and peaceful pack.

"Diana, do you have any plans for the future? I think you are highly talented in medicine. In fact, you can even choose to go to college in the future," a doctor of the

staff suddenly told me one day.

Truthfully, I had never thought about what I was going to do in the future. From the moment Lambert had captured me and turned me into a slave, I had ceased thinking

about anything related to the future

"I have not really given it any thought. Even though I am a doctor like you right now, it doesn't change the fact that I am also a slave of the pack." My eyes went to the shackle on my right ankle.

For all I knew, I was going to be trapped in the Blue Lake Pack for the rest of my life. Or if I upset Lambert for some reason, he would simply kill me. But Angela still had a bright future in front of her. When I had enough freedom of movement, I would find an opportunity to escape and leave this damned place with Angela. My sister was very young. I wasn't going to let her get stuck in this place like me.

I chatted with the doctor for a while and then went to make my rounds of the wards.

The woman who was mentally ill was staying in the last ward of my rounds. Sampson had assigned her to me for treatment. Although she had woken up from her coma, the medicine I had prescribed for her was still ineffective.

Just as I was about to enter, I saw the mentally unsound woman running out of the ward. She was shouting maniacally as she escaped. It took the nurse a lot of effort to stop her, and she struggled wildly again.

"This woman often runs out crazily, even though we say or do nothing to provoke her," the nurse remarked in confusion.

"She could be immersed in her own imagination because she was imprisoned in the dungeon for such a long time. Since she had been locked up before, her mind is constantly reminding her to escape," I guessed.

The deranged woman was dragged back to her room. To prevent her from escaping again, the nurse bound her limbs to the bed frame.

"No one will hurt you here. You don't need to run away. Everyone just wants to help you here," I comforted her gently in a low voice. The woman reacted as if she had heard me. Her manic eyes became clear and she turned her head to stare at me

dully.

"This woman seems to like you very much. No matter how we try to persuade her, she won't listen to us," the nurse beside me joked.

I was also surprised that this woman actually listened and obeyed me, as if she thought of me as a close and trustworthy friend. My heart did a happy little flip. Ever since I had met her, I felt an inexplicable sense of connection with this unhinged woman. Perhaps it was because I had no relatives or friends now, and I only had a sister to support me. I could relate to the loneliness and desolation this woman was probably feeling.

"Did she improve after taking the medicine I prescribed for her last time?" I asked the nurse.

"It wasn't very effective. She calms down at night, but still behaves erratically in the day." The nurse explained her condition to me in detail.

It was normal for a person with mental disease to take a while to recover. I planned to increase her dosage to see if it helped.

"I'll come often to visit you from now on. But you have to listen to others and not try to escape, okay?" I consoled the woman gently. I was determined to cure this woman as soon as possible. But she just stared blankly out of the window like before, as if she hadn't heard me. She looked extremely haggard and despondent.