

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 56

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 56 Public Trial Lambert's

POV:

After considering it carefully, I believed that letting Diana live in my house was the perfect solution. It was not safe for her to live in her old apartment anymore. The door lock was aging and could easily be broken. I had to keep Diana under my protection

"I really can't tolerate you anymore. If you want to sleep with her, can you be more firm about it? I can't believe you even made up an excuse and ordered her to live in your villa," Uriel said disdainfully.

"Fuck off, Uriel." His voice in my head was annoying me.

"Let me clarify something for you. Since you have told her to live here, you had better assign her the toughest and most tiring work. Dismiss all the servants in the villa and let this bitch do all the work," Uriel said irritably.

"I know. Go back to sleep." I was impatient and short with Uriel. He didn't want me to show any kindness to Diana at all.

I took Diana to the villa. She was obviously surprised and looked at me with soft eyes. I couldn't help but ridicule her again. I didn't want to admit that I was doing this for her safety.

"You will be responsible for making dinner and breakfast from now on," I ordered as I lounged on the sofa. Obviously, Diana wanted to oppose my order and had a retort ready. But when she saw the warning in my eyes, she bit her tongue and nodded submissively.

"I don't need you for now. Go upstairs and sleep. I have some pending business that requires my attention." Diana was standing by the sofa and constantly yawning. She must be exhausted tonight.

I got up and left the villa. I still had a lot of matters to deal with. I hadn't even had a chance to confront Tiffany yet.

I ordered all her accounts to be frozen, and discovered that Loren had indeed paid her fifteen million dollars. A werewolf at the bank informed me that she had deposited the money into her account that evening in a hurry.

Now that I had obtained irrefutable evidence, I summoned the werewolves of the pack the next day, and ordered Marwin to bring Tiffany there.

"Today, I publicly announce that Tiffany has disobeyed the Alpha's direct order, sold our slave without permission, and even sneaked in outsiders into our territory. She will stand trial for all these charges." The rules stated that all trials and convictions Pack would be publicly announced to the pack members. Tiffany was bound and kneeling on the ground. She had never been in such a situation before. Her body was quaking with fear. The werewolves whispered amongst themselves and discussed her crimes.

"Loren offered fifteen million dollars for Diana. She is worth so much money. I sold her for the pack's profit. After all, our pack is newly established, and we need money for our development. I did all of this solely for the future of the Blue Lake Pack." Tiffany's eyes were red-rimmed as she did her best to defend herself.

"Is that so? Then why didn't you hand over the money to the pack's accountant? Why did you deposit all of it in your own bank account?" I played the surveillance video I had retrieved from the bank.

Tiffany was rendered speechless. She lowered her head and fell into an embarrassed silence.

"Tiffany, do you have anything else to say? If you have nothing useful to add, I will announce your punishment according to the pack rules." Talking to Tiffany was pointless. I had given her several warnings, but she refused to mend her ways. This time, she was not going to be able to get away with a simple apology.

"Wait! Diana's father, Baldwin Lawson, has committed numerous heinous crimes in the past. Everyone knows that Diana is the daughter of our enemy. My selling her is not a big deal. We should let her suffer as a sex slave in Loren's pack. As Baldwin's daughter, she should pay for her father's sins. Alpha, I know you are kind and you can't make up your mind. That's why I wanted to help you deal with Diana!" Tiffany suddenly raised her voice in panic so that all the werewolves could hear her.

She was changing the topic. I knew she was trying to shirk her responsibility. She was deliberately bringing up the past to incite hatred for Diana amongst the werewolves.

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 57

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)

Chapter 57 Begged For Mercy Tiffany's

POV:

Since it was impossible to defend myself from the charges of embezzling money, I tried to stir everyone's hatred of Diana to reduce the severity of my crime in their

The werewolves around me began to discuss amongst themselves. I thought everyone would curse Baldwin and Diana, but things began progressing in the opposite direction of what I was expecting. "I don't think Tiffany did anything wrong. After all, Diana is just a slave. Trading her for fifteen million dollars is a worthwhile deal."

"But Tiffany disobeyed our Alpha's direct order and brought Loren's men into our pack's territory without permission. That is a huge crime. We can't just forgive her that easily."

"What Baldwin did to us was barbaric, but Diana is a good person. She once saved my child in the hospital. Why does Diana have to pay for Baldwin's sins? She is only eighteen years old."

I glanced around and realized that most of the werewolves were not as outraged as I thought they would be. Many of them even endorsed Diana. Why was everyone defending that bitch Diana?

"What are you talking about? Baldwin Lawson's daughter is definitely not a kind person. She is only pretending to be nice to you. Don't let her deceive you!" I had never been so agitated before. I could clearly sense that the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack were highly supportive of Diana.

"Diana has helped us a lot in the hospital. Tiffany, we are just saying the truth. Sometimes you can't even match up to Diana. You are forever only causing us trouble. You need to reflect on your actions." They were no longer hostile to Diana. Some werewolves even defended her.

They were even comparing me to Diana, which was so humiliating for me.

"Have you all lost your minds? Diana must have bewitched all of you. That's why you are standing up for her. What is wrong with you? She is the daughter of our enemy!" I was so furious that I didn't pay attention to what I was saying and blurted out something stupid.

"According to the pack's rules, Tiffany, you will be imprisoned for six months. I hope you will seriously reflect on your mistakes in prison," Lambert announced to everyone present at the trial, ignoring all my explanations.

"I object, Alpha. I did all this for the Blue Lake Pack. You can't treat me like this!" I

had made a mistake in the past, he had only confined me to my room for a few days.

"Tiffany, you know exactly why you did something so heinous." Lambert glared at me coldly. He seemed to know all the details of what I had done and my real purpose of selling Diana. His eyes shone with disgust and disappointment.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I was short of money. That's the only reason I agreed to Loren's idea. I will carefully consider all my mistakes and will never create trouble

for Diana in the future. Please give me another chance, Alpha. Please don't sentence me to six months in prison," I pleaded for mercy. I refused to accept the possibility of being locked up in prison for six months. By the time I got out of there, Diana would only gain more influence with the pack.

Lambert remained unmoved. Scowling, he spun on his heels and was about to leave.

"Lambert, have you forgotten the fire? You said you would always care for me. That was your promise to me when I had saved your life. And this is how you choose to repay my kindness? I don't want to go to jail. I suffered too much when I was locked up in the dungeon by Baldwin. You are well-acquainted with that kind of pain, right? Please spare me this one time, okay?" I cried profusely and my tears dripped onto the ground.

I knew with certainty that Lambert valued his family and friends above everything else. He had lived a life of violence and abuse since childhood, so he especially appreciated werewolves who had helped him. He was still grateful to the werewolves who had given him bread and water in the dungeon.

I cried out loudly. Hearing my voice, Lambert stopped in his tracks and turned around slowly to look at me.

Lambert's POV:

Tiffany was crying hysterically behind me. She spoke of the fire. My mind flashed back to that particularly cold winter. At that time, all of us were imprisoned in the dungeon.

– Flashback

Strangely, Baldwin hadn't come to the dungeon for inspection today. All the werewolves in the dungeon, including me, were happy, because that meant we wouldn't be flogged today. I remembered how Baldwin had killed a minor werewolf just a few days ago. They had hung his body on the city wall and let it rot in the sun. I wondered if I would be the next one to die.

Hundreds of werewolf slaves were locked up in iron cages and cells. The stench of decay and excrement hung heavy in the thick air. I was locked in the innermost cell and heard a very loud scream from somewhere in the outer side. The blaze of a fire suddenly lit up the front of the dungeon, accompanied by thick rolling smoke. Many werewolves were crying in terror.

"The wood and withered grass at the front of the dungeon are on fire!" one of the werewolves shrieked.

I immediately sprang to my feet and began shouting for help, but the guard remained oblivious to the fire in the dungeon. The fire was spreading rapidly. We were all locked in the dungeon, unable to escape. We could only desperately rattle the iron

“Put out the fire! The cell is on fire! Is anyone there outside?”

“Help! Please save us!”

The guard of the Maroon Hill Pack finally heard our screams and rushed to release us. Most of the werewolves in the prison were released by him. However, there were too many of us imprisoned in the dungeon, and he didn't have enough time to unlock all our cells.

As the fire grew hotter, the guard began choking on the thick smoke and coughing continuously. I looked directly into his indifferent eyes, and realized that he was debating if he should continue saving us. Two or three seconds later, the guard turned around and ran out without hesitation.

He was going to abandon the remaining werewolves in the dungeon. “Please give us the keys. We can let ourselves out,” I ran to one end of my cell and bellowed for help with all my strength. I desperately wanted to survive

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 58

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 58 Saved My Lite

But all I was greeted with was smoke and silence.

“Help us!” I couldn't die like this. I hadn't rescued my pack members from the Maroon Hill Pack yet. I couldn't just die here.

The flames scorched my skin. I coughed violently from smoke inhalation, and I had a splitting headache. Suddenly, I saw a thin figure rushing towards me from outside. I wanted to see the figure clearly, but my head was spinning. My legs went limp and numb, and I fell to the ground as my world went black.

I thought I would never wake up again. When I regained consciousness, I saw that I had been transferred to a new cell, and was surrounded by my pack members.

“Do you know who saved me?” I pulled my tired body upright and asked the werewolves in the surrounding cells.

“I don't know. We were all busy running for our lives and we didn't notice who it was.” Everyone shook their head, not knowing what had transpired.

“I saved you,” a girl, about fourteen years old with a dirty face, answered in a particularly childish voice from the cell beside me.

I studied this girl carefully. She was thin and very similar to the figure I had seen before passing out. "Thank you. What's your name? I will repay this favor. What kind of reward do you want?" I walked towards the girl.

"My name is Tiffany. Both my parents died in the war. I don't want any reward. I just want to stay with you from now on. If you want to repay me, please take good care of me in the future, okay?" Tiffany shot me a bright smile.

-End of flashback

"I promised to take good care of you, and I won't break my promise. You won't be imprisoned." I turned around and looked at Tiffany whose face was streaked with tears. As I remembered how she had saved my life, I couldn't stop my heart from softening for her again. "Thank you, Lambert." Tiffany was overjoyed. "This is your last chance. If you make trouble again, I will kick you out of the pack without hesitation." I whirled around and walked onto the stage without sparing Tiffany another glance.

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 59

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 59 Clarified It In Public Tiffany's

POV:

I knew Lambert well. He still valued his family and friends, and was grateful to those who had helped him. Lying to him back then had undoubtedly been the correct decision.

Numerous werewolves had been burnt to death in that fire. I had been running for my life, so there was no way I could have a chance to save Lambert, who was imprisoned in the innermost cell. I didn't even know who had saved him back then.

I happened to be locked in the cell next to Lambert by the guards of the Maroon Hill Pack after we had been rescued, and I had a huge crush on him. All the werewolves of the pack believed him to be decisive and intelligent. The old werewolves who were imprisoned in the dungeon believed that Lambert was the one who would be able to liberate us from the Maroon Hill Pack.

Lambert was the most handsome werewolf I had ever laid eyes on. Even though he was imprisoned, he still stood apart from the other sallow and smelly werewolves. His skin was so fair that I found it difficult to keep my eyes off of him. His pale skin made him look even more fragile. However, his eyes blazed with firmness and tenacity. They were calm and sharp, making him look like a natural leader.

When Lambert had regained consciousness, he had looked around in a daze and asked who had saved him, but no one knew the answer. For some reason, I had suddenly answered that I was his savior.

Lambert had eyed me carefully for a while, but he still believed me. He had asked me what kind of reward I wanted. Even if I had asked for a lot of money, it would have been useless. We had been imprisoned by Baldwin and lost our freedom.

What I really needed was to stay beside Lambert forever. I was certain that he would free us in the future, and that he would fall in love with me.

Fortunately, I had taken the risk and lied to Lambert back then, so he always gave me special treatment in the pack.

A guard came over and untied the ropes on my hands and feet. I exhaled in relief.

"I declare that Tiffany will be fined the fifteen million dollars in her account and that money now belongs to the pack. There's one more thing I need to clarify. Tiffany is not the future Luna of the Blue Lake Pack. All the news about our relationship is simply fake," Lambert announced in a serious tone on the stage.

What did he mean? He had always turned a deaf ear to these rumors in the past. Why was he suddenly distancing himself from them now? Was he scared that someone would misunderstand him? "

The audience was in uproar, and all the werewolves were looking at me with a strange expression. After all, I was the one who had proclaimed that I would be the future Luna of the Blue Lake Pack. Now, Lambert had exposed my lie in front of everyone. His announcement felt like a slap in my face, making me want to die in embarrassment.

"Lambert, are you rejecting me because you want that bitch Diana to be your Luna?" I rushed to the stage and demanded angrily, refusing to endure such indignity.

Lambert was suddenly very eager to clarify this matter. It must be because of that bitch Diana's influence.

"That is none of your business, Tiffany. What you need to know is that no matter who becomes the Luna of the Blue Lake Pack in the future, it will never be you." Lambert's icy glare pierced me. His eyes were shining with disgust and impatience for me.

Everything had changed. He would never smile at me like he used to. It finally dawned on me that Lambert would never give me special treatment again or protect me like before.

"Why?" I was so enraged that I reflexively put my hands over my ears, thinking I could block out all the harsh comments around me.

“Tiffany was flattering herself. Now Alpha has exposed her. She deserves it.”

“I haven’t liked her for a long time. She is so pretentious and always thinks she is better than others. Before she began getting special attention from Alpha Lambert, she was just like us.”

The werewolves’ laughter echoed in my ears as they gleefully watched my fall from grace.

I covered my face and cried hysterically. I hadn’t done anything wrong. I wasn’t interested in being humiliated in front of everyone, so I ran away from there with tears streaming down my face.

had brought about this change in Lambert.

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 60

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 60 Mila And Natalie

Diana’s POV:

After Lambert left the villa, the butler arranged for me to live in a maid’s room upstairs, which was opposite his bedroom.

It would be an understatement to say that Lambert’s villa was extravagant and palatial. Although the room I was given was for maids, the decoration and fittings were far magnificent than that of any other place I had ever lived in. The balcony was very big, and everything in the bathroom was automated. I was only able to enjoy such luxuries when my father was still alive.

Lambert asked me to cook breakfast and dinner for him. I thought he would also make me do his laundry and clean the villa. After all, he made me clean the bathroom when he locked me in the basement.

“Is there anything else that I need to do, sir?” I asked the butler standing behind me. “Until we give you any other work, you only have to worry about doing what you were asked to do. You don’t always have to be so polite and formal with me. You can just call me John. Although Alpha Lambert asked you to cook breakfast and dinner for him, he told us not to force you if you’re too tired or unwell. He told me that you work at the hospital in the day. He said that’s a heavy burden to bear, so you need to make sure that you are well-rested,” John said, as he smiled at me.

I never thought that Lambert would be so considerate. Judging by his cold eyes, I thought he brought me to his villa so he could torture me again.

The next day, I went to the hospital in the early morning. After all, I had to look after the mentally disabled woman and figure out what was wrong with her. The nurse assigned to her care told me that she had finally stopped running around and throwing tantrums. Apparently, she was starting to respond to some of the nurse's words as well.

"Good morning," I walked into the ward and greeted the patient with a smile. She looked back at me blankly with a faint smile at the corners of her mouth. She did not respond, but I could sense that she felt safe around me.

I quickly ran some tests on her to see how she was doing. Indeed, her vital signs had improved and I could understand a few words from her now that she was slowly starting to regain her ability to speak.

"Do you remember your name?" I tried to encourage her to speak. After all, knowing her name would be a great place to start if I wanted to find her family.

The woman stared at me blankly, and then turned to look at the scenery outside the . However, her lips quivered ever so slightly, as if she was mumbling something

"Well, can you speak a little louder? I can't hear you properly." I leaned closer to her. "M... Mila..." It took a lot of effort, but she finally said her name.

"Mila? It's nice to meet you, Mila. My name is Diana." I was overjoyed to finally know her name. A strong sense of accomplishment engulfed my heart at the thought of a patient making a gradual recovery because of me.

Mila slowly turned her head to look at me before she nodded.

"Do you remember anything? For example, your family or friends. Are they still living in the Blue Lake Pack?" I couldn't help myself from showering her with questions as I couldn't hold my excitement. Unfortunately, Mila shook her head and her eyes still had that empty and unfocused glint.

"Natalie... Natalie..." After a long time, Mila finally uttered a name.

The moment she uttered this name, her eyes became dark and she started laughing and crying at the same time. I heard from the nurse that even after I left the ward, Mila still kept muttering Natalie's name.

I guessed that whoever Natalie was, she must have been very important to Mila.

There was never any fixed schedule when working over-time at the hospital. I ended up seeing two more patients before I got off work and it was almost nine o'clock in the evening when I returned to the villa.

As soon as I went upstairs and opened the door of my room, I saw Lambert coming out of his bedroom, dressed in black pajamas. He frowned at the sight of me.

"Come here," Lambert said, as he pulled me inside his room before I could even react.