

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 7

Chapter 7 A Crazy Wolf

Lambert's POV:

"That's right, you should punish her like this. Lambert, think about everything you have suffered because of her father. You should use her as your sex slave until she can't bear the torture and dies," my wolf Uriel urged me manically in my mind.

"Enough, Uriel! Stop it!" I tried my best to suppress my wolf.

Uriel had suffered prolonged torture. As a result, he had become cruel, unhinged and bloodthirsty. Our thoughts were linked. Sometimes Uriel even wanted complete command of my mind. I had been doing my best to keep him leashed inside me.

After we had escaped, his intense hatred for Diana's father never abated. When we had confronted Baldwin Lawson, the fiend who had abused us for years, Uriel had completely lost control and killed him without hesitation. But that wasn't enough to quench his thirst for revenge. He refused to spare anyone related to Baldwin.

"Lambert, since you don't have the stomach to do it, let me do it! I'm going to rape her! Kill her!" Uriel bellowed excitedly.

"I told you to stop!"

Uriel and I argued fiercely. He wanted me to transform and surrender complete control of my mind to him. Under his bestial influence, I'd torn Diana's clothes apart and tossed her on the sofa. Right now, Uriel was overwhelmed with desire and loathing.

Although I hated Diana too, I didn't want to succumb to Uriel's control. He was completely deranged now, but he was still aware enough to try to control my mind. That was something I absolutely refused to do.

I did my best to keep Uriel reined in for some more time.

"Fuck off!" I roared at Diana with everything I had.

Instead of leaving, Diana gave me a worried look and stubbornly asked me if I needed help.

Was this woman out of her mind? She was tryi

ng to help a man who had almost raped her.

“Fuck off! Didn’t you hear me?” I roared again, this time with a sense of urgency, and pushed Diana off the sofa.

I was losing my fight for restraint with Uriel, and I knew I didn’t have much time left.

Fortunately, Diana wrapped herself in a blanket and ran out.

After Diana left, Uriel was still ranting angrily in my mind.

“Lambert, have you forgotten all the sufferings we have been through? Have you forgotten how we survived?”

“Uriel, be quiet. I haven’t forgotten anything, but I still don’t agree with your methods.”

Uriel’s words brought those horrifying memories rushing back to my mind. I had been captured, tortured, and my family and pack members had been murdered. Those memories had been indelibly imprinted on my mind.

“Uriel, I swear I won’t pardon Diana.”

“Lambert, I hope you won’t be so tender-hearted again; otherwise I will step in and take revenge myself,” Uriel warned me through gritted teeth.

After some time, he began to gradually calm down. I asked someone to call Hazel in.

“Keep an eye on Diana. Make sure she doesn’t escape,” I ordered.

“Yes, Alpha,” Hazel replied respectfully.

“How is that child? Diana’s sister, how is she?” I asked her then.

“The kid is fine now. She is playing with Grace.”

I recalled that Grace was Hazel’s granddaughter. Grace’s mother had also been tortured to death by Baldwin.

“How has Grace been doing?”

“She is always crying for her mother, and she often has nightmares at night,” Hazel said with a depressed sigh.

“You should take her to the hospital for a checkup. Thank you. You can leave now.” I waved my hand in dismissal.

Baldwin Lawson had committed too many crimes and would never receive mercy from our pack!