

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 8

Chapter 8 A Gift

Diana's POV:

I couldn't help but wonder why Lambert let me go after he fell into a fit of rage.

Fortunately, Lambert didn't summon me in the next few days.

I breathed a sigh of relief but I knew that my relief wouldn't last long. I would rather work my fingers to the bone on the construction site than be one of Lambert's sex slaves.

Lambert's birthday was fast approaching and all the distinguished werewolves from the other packs would come to congratulate him.

I spent the entire day before Lambert's birthday preparing for the grand ceremony.

Amongst the large group of guests, I overheard two of them talking in the main hall when I was on my way to the kitchen.

"I reckon Lambert doesn't have much strength yet since he only became the Alpha recently. He still needs support from our packs to gain a firm foothold."

"The other Alphas probably came here to test Lambert's strength as well."

"I heard that a few Alphas made a request to Lambert to give them the slaves he had captured as a gift and gesture of goodwill."

"Really?" one of the two male werewolves asked in disbelief.

"That's right." The other male werewolf nodded confidently and added, "Just wait and see. There is nothing Lambert can do but to grant their requests."

The first thing I thought about when I heard them was Angela. After all, Lambert said that he would make her a sex slave. I dreaded the thought of him giving her away to one of the packs tomorrow.

"Excuse me, do you know who will be given to other packs?" I couldn't help but ask the two male werewolves who were chatting amongst themselves.

They stared at me from head to toe as their lips curled with contempt.

“How dare you, a slave, ask us such a question?”

However, I wasn't discouraged by their ridicule because I desperately needed the information. As I rushed out of there in a hurry, I bumped into someone by accident.

“I'm so sorry.” I i

mmediately apologized to the person I had bumped into.

To my surprise, he sneered at the sight of me, and said, “Hey, aren't you Diana? How did someone like you get reduced to a measly slave?” After laughing at me, he continued, “Oh, right, you're a prisoner now because of what your father did. Serves your family right!”

I soon recognized him. He was Alpha Loren. He was still bitter from when my father had invaded his pack because of personal grudges.

Loren was a vengeful man, so I wouldn't be surprised if he tried to make life hard for me at the party.

As I expected, Loren approached me with a vicious smirk playing on his lips.

“Diana, you'll wish you hadn't run into me today. I'll ask Lambert to give you to me as a slave. Then, I will bring you back to my pack and torture you. Don't worry, I won't kill you because you're pretty.”

My body became stiff and I couldn't utter a single word.

After Loren walked away, cackling happily, my legs went limp and numb. My knees gave in and I slumped to the floor in despair and weariness.

I couldn't even protect myself. How could I protect Angela?

Hazel quickly ran to me when she saw me fall to the floor.

“Hazel, do you know whether Angela will be given to another pack as a slave tomorrow or not?”

Hazel remained silent.

“Please, you have to tell me. She is just a child. I really don't have the heart to see her suffer like that.”

“Don't be ridiculous! Why would such a young child be given to another pack as a slave? The members of our pack aren't that crazy.” In the end, Hazel's insouciant response indicated to me that Angela would be fine.

I felt a sudden wave of relief wash over me.

“Do you know where Angela is now?” I continued to ask Hazel.

“You’d better worry about yourself first.” Hazel walked away without answering my question.

However, judging by her words, I guessed that Angela was safe, wherever she was.