

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 91

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Chapter 91 Trap

Diana's POV:

I had no idea what Tiffany had said to Lambert, but as soon as he came back to the private room, he ordered his subordinates to put me under house arrest. He had the same hateful look in his eyes from when we met for the very first time.

This wasn't the first time he had treated me like this, but I was upset because I knew that I didn't do anything wrong.

John, the butler, was the only person allowed to enter my room, and even he never spoke a word to me on his daily trips to bring food to my room. I wondered if he was behaving like that because of Lambert. I felt isolated from the outside world and I didn't know what was

I also didn't understand why Lambert hadn't taken the next move yet. Knowing him, he wouldn't have only grounded me if he believed I had attempted to poison him. This matter was too weird. I couldn't think of what Lambert was going to do.

The only thing I knew was that he had his subordinates install a surveillance camera in my room on the same night he put me under house arrest.

To think that he thought so lowly of me, broke my heart. After all the times we had spent getting to know each other, I thought that he would trust me. Moreover, his tender behavior made me feel like he had changed his mind about me.

Perhaps it was my mistake to foolishly drown myself in fantasies. The more I thought about it, the more I came to realize that Lambert was right to treat me like that. After all, we hardly knew each other and I was the daughter of his enemy. How could I expect him to trust me? The obstacles threatening the foundation of our relationship were insurmountable.

Right now, I was more worried about how I would get out of this damned place. I couldn't stay under house arrest forever. I wondered if Lambert would punish Angela because of me.

Lambert was as temperamental as he was unpredictable. His bone-chilling silence and sharp eyes had the ability to fill me with paralyzing fear.

Much to my surprise, it seemed like I wouldn't be able to speak with Lambert even if I wanted to because he seemed to have disappeared from the villa without a trace. I hadn't heard his voice or footsteps in almost a week.

Two days later, it was a stormy night. The sound of the wind howling and tearing apart the branches outside woke me up from my sleep.

I wrapped myself in the quilt, shaking as I stared out of the window blankly. Suddenly, a pair of black claws reached into the window sill and gently tapped on the glass.

sprang out of bed in fear, but I soon heaved a deep sigh of relief when I found that it was Nick's wolf.

I quickly opened the window with a startled expression on my face and he transformed into his human form as soon as he came inside.

How did he know where I was being kept? And why did he come here? I felt overwhelmed by all these questions in my mind. I was afraid that if Lambert came to know that Nick had willingly come to see me, he would kill us both and leave our dead bodies to rot without a burial.

"Have you lost your mind? Get out of here before someone sees you!" I panicked and tried to push Nick out.

"Don't worry. Everything will be all right. I didn't expect you to take action so quickly. Diana, I'm glad to know that I was right about you. You really are your father's daughter." Nick looked at me with satisfaction as he gave me a pat on the shoulder.

What on earth was Nick talking about? I couldn't understand what that psychopath was talking about, but I had no intentions of dying there.

"What are you talking about? Aren't you afraid that Lambert will kill us when he finds out that you came here? This is his villa." Nick must have been insane. Why else would he come here?

"Wait? Don't you know? Lambert is dead. Apparently, he was poisoned. It's all over the news. You finally killed Lambert and avenged our pack and your father. If Baldwin was still alive, he would have been very proud of you. Well, don't be so frightened. You did a good job. We should celebrate soon, shouldn't we? Lambert must have never expected you to be the one to kill him. I hope he suffered before dying. Did you spit on his face when he cried out for help?" Nick burst into laughter.

As I slowly recollected my thoughts, I slowly glanced at the camera above. That was when I realized that this was all a trap.

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Chapter 92 Confirmation

Diana's POV:

I finally understood Lambert's plan. He had imprisoned me in my room and released the news that he had been poisoned to death. He had wanted to lay a trap for Nick.

"The guards have relaxed the security at the entrance of the pack. Let's go find Angela and run away from here." Nick urged me to leave with him.

"Nick, I still have a few things to deal with. You can go back now." I tried my best to calm my nerves and hinted at Nick to get out of here.

I was certain that Lambert was observing us on the monitor. I could even picture his face hardening with anger. He must be staring at me with furious eyes.

"Lambert is dead. Why do you still want to stay here? I'm here to save you. The Blue Lake Pack is in chaos right now. It's the perfect opportunity for us to escape. If you stay here longer, aren't you worried that the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack will start suspecting you?" Nick asked me in confusion and raised his voice slightly.

Words failed me. I could feel a headache coming on. The more Nick spoke, the more trouble I was going to land in. His words were only going to fan Lambert's anger and make him torture me endlessly.

"Nick, stop talking. I don't want to discuss this with you right now. Can you please just leave?" My stomach churned with anxiety. I just wanted Nick to leave this very moment.

But obviously, Nick didn't read between the lines and refused to leave. "Why?

What's wrong with you, Diana? Look, I know you're probably still scared. But everything will be fine. The werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack are in disarray. No one will give us a second glance right now. It is the best time for us to get away from here." Nick grabbed my arm and tried to pull me out. I shook off his hand and put some distance between us.

He had no idea of the true state of events. It wasn't that I didn't want to leave, but that I had no way to escape now. Our every move was taking place under Lambert's watchful eyes.

"I'm not afraid. Nick, have you ever considered that Lambert is still alive?" I was very close to losing my mind. I had made myself crystal clear, but Nick still didn't get my meaning. With my back to the camera, I warned Nick with my eyes and kept gesturing for him to leave.

"What? What are you talking about?" Nick didn't pay any attention to me. Instead, he grabbed my wrist and opened the window. A gust of wind blew in, bringing in a sheet of rain with it and making me shudder violently.

I felt like crying but didn't have any tears to shed. Nick was such an idiot!

"This is a trap! Lambert faked his death to lure you here! Nick, run!" Despite the fact that

Lambert might be watching us on the monitor, I still shouted my warning at Nick.

He looked at me in astonishment and instantly reacted. He released me and transformed into a wolf, intending to flee. But at that moment, numerous werewolves belonging to the Blue Lake Pack burst into the room. Armed with guns, they surrounded Nick and me and began shooting mercilessly, aiming for Nick's thighs.

Nick let out a heart-wrenching howl and collapsed in a pool of blood. The werewolves tied him up with iron chains.

Steady and powerful footsteps approached the door, and a pair of black leather shoes appeared in front of me.

I looked up and was greeted by Lambert's perfect, yet expressionless face. His eyes were deep-set and his lips were pressed into a thin line. His eyes flashed coldly as he stared at me.

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Chapter 93 Fury

Lambert's POV:

Tonight, one of my subordinates who knew I was alive sent me a message through mind-link. He reported that a suspicious werewolf had slipped into the Blue Lake Pack territory. This seemed to be the right time to swing into action.

I instantly went back to the basement of the villa to watch the monitor. I had ordered well armed werewolves to surround the whole villa and wait for my further orders.

When I detained Diana in her room, I had also instructed my men to install a surveillance camera and a bug in her room. Within a few minutes, a werewolf had entered her room through the window. The werewolf was none other than Nick.

He looked jubilant. As soon as he went into the room, he talked about the plan to murder me, but Diana didn't refute it.

It was only then that I finally believed Diana truly wanted to kill me. Anger and disappointment overwhelmed me, making my muscles tense up. The severe pain

in my head made me feel like it was going to explode, but I struggled hard to suppress it. I couldn't lose control, or Uriel, my crazy wolf, would take possession of my mind.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had even considered making Diana the Luna of the Blue Lake Pack in the future. It felt like an absolutely ridiculous idea now. I was glad that I had never brought this up with her. If I had, she would have definitely scorned and ridiculed me condescendingly. Even though I was the Alpha of the Blue Lake Pack, I had blindly walked into her honey-trap like an idiot.

"I had warned you that Diana is a bitch. You didn't believe me. There are so many women in the world, but you had to fall for her. What the hell! She only wants to kill you." Uriel was very

today's revelation felt like a slap in my face.

"Look at you. You are such a loser. You look so pitiful as if you had been abandoned by that bitch. I had told you numerous times that Diana is not an honest werewolf. She is just as vicious, cold blooded, cruel and ruthless as her father. You would even look for various excuses to treat her nicely. And this is how she has repaid your kindness." Uriel became increasingly smug. His sarcastic laughter rang in my ears.

The more Uriel mocked me, the more pain I felt in my heart. Even if he hadn't been adding fuel to the fire, I was still in a terrible mood.

I used to be imprisoned in a filthy dungeon in the Maroon Hill Pack, and now I lived in a clean and luxurious villa. However, I was still plagued by fear and loneliness. I found my life to be stifling, as if I would suffocate to death at any moment. I had always believed that my only purpose in life was to liberate my pack members from that dungeon and give them a better life. Other than that, my life was meaningless.

Many werewolves in my pack had mates. They were always smiling happily, but I had never ever experienced that kind of feeling.

I knew Tiffany liked me, but I didn't share her sentiments. I couldn't even imagine living with her for the rest of my life. That would truly be a terrible fate.

When I had laid my eyes on Diana, I knew I had met my destined mate. I was attracted to her because she was as tough and tenacious as me. Initially, I had despised her, but gradually I fell in love with her.

I had never in my wildest dreams thought that she would betray me and even want to kill me.

"See? I'd told you that she hadn't returned to save your life out of kindness last time. She probably just didn't want you to die at someone else's hands. She wanted to make sure she was the one to kill you so that she could unleash her hatred on you." Uriel kept deriding me in my mind.

I did my best to keep a tight rein on my anger, but it didn't work. I was easily affected by Uriel's emotions, and I was even hit with the urge to kill Diana.

"Lambert, be realistic. You and Diana are enemies and can never be together. *Why* are you struggling to accept this? You should kill that bitch Diana, or torture her savagely now," Uriel said as he coaxed me to punish Diana.

The poisoned soup and Diana's tacit admission kept running through my mind on loop. She had been so calm and had shown no trace of remorse. How could she stomp on my love so heartlessly?

My emotions felt like they were spiraling and I didn't have the ability to think clearly anymore. The rain was coming down heavily outside the window. I saw my reflection in the window, and noted the malicious and harsh expression on my face. I didn't look like my normal self. It was as if I had transformed into a completely different person.

I left the basement and walked into Diana's room.

She spun around quickly. Her big eyes widened in horror when she saw me. But now, I just wanted to rip her apart.

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Chapter 94 Became A Slave Again

Diana's POV:

"Take him away and lock him up in the dungeon," Lambert looked up and ordered in a hostile voice.

A few of his men dragged Nick away. The others also seemed to have sensed the waves of anger emanating from him, so they beat a hasty retreat.

Lambert walked to the sofa and sat down. His invisible intimidating aura instantly filled the room.

I didn't dare to even peek at his face. My eyes were glued to his leather shoes as I stood there shaking. My back was drenched with cold sweat, making my wet shirt stick uncomfortably to my body. I staggered backwards and fell heavily on the bed.

"Sorry, I... I didn't... I didn't... I didn't poison you..." I was flustered and scared. I couldn't stop the quiver in my voice. I didn't even know what I was saying anymore.

"Did Nick give you the poison?" Lambert asked in a dangerous voice. He stood up and approached me with measured steps. When he reached me, he crouched down, grabbed my jaw roughly and forced me to meet his eyes.

Lambert's breath and fingers were as frigid as the howling wind outside, making me shudder with cold.

"Yes..." I couldn't defend myself and my eyes dropped back to his leather shoes.

Lambert sneered and grabbed me by my neck. He easily lifted me up and slammed me against the wall. The violent impact sent a burst of pain through my skull. I could even feel a hot liquid trickle down my scalp.

"Do you really want me to die?" Lambert gritted his teeth and squeezed my neck hard. His eyes were vindictive and emotionless.

I couldn't speak. I couldn't even draw a breath. I shook my head desperately to deny it. Lambert's fingers gradually tightened around my neck. I felt like I was suffocating and kept struggling to break free. Just as I thought I was about to die, he suddenly flung me to the floor.

My body hit the floor with a loud thud. My head was spinning from the lack of oxygen. I lay coughing on the floor for a long time before I recovered.

I tried my best to pull myself up into a sitting position. I saw Lambert storm out of the room from the corner of my eye and return shortly with a heavy iron chain and collar in his hands. I had no strength left. He lifted me up like a ragdoll. He put the collar around my neck. When the cold iron touched my skin, another shudder rocked through my body.

As I looked at myself in the mirror opposite me, I felt like I was a dog which had been chained by its master. My face was white and my eyes were red and swollen. Lambert secured the chain to the head of the bed. It was only long enough to allow me to move between the bed and the mirror.

"I had decided to cancel your slave identity. However, since you don't appreciate it, you deserve to be my sex slave for the rest of your life." Lambert stood up. His voice was dark and menacing, and dripped with cruelty. His eyes blazed with hatred and malice, wiping away all traces of gentleness.

I lowered my head, covered my face and cried bitterly. Losing my freedom again left me heartbroken.

But I hadn't done anything wrong. I didn't know what to do next.

I might never see Angela again. Maybe Angela would also get into trouble because of me and be treated badly in the Blue Lake Pack.

"No, it's not like that. Nick did give me the poison, but I didn't use it on you. Lambert, I didn't put the poison in the soup..." I cried hysterically and tears

streamed down my face. I tried to grab Lambert's arm and explain everything to him.

However, he didn't even stop. He dodged my touch with revulsion, as if my hands were filthy, and left without looking back.

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Chapter 95 Interrogation

Lambert's POV:

"This bitch is crying so pitifully that I am getting even more aroused. This day has finally arrived. Lambert, this is definitely the best decision you have ever made. I can't wait anymore. "Uriel was so excited that he couldn't wait to fuck Diana. He kept shouting in my mind as he looked forward to torturing her.

I could feel Uriel becoming overstimulated. He was hit with the impulse to possess my thoughts again. I left as soon as I secured the chain to the bed and made sure Diana couldn't escape. Otherwise, that lunatic Uriel would definitely kill her right there in the room.

"Why are you leaving? Why don't you continue? Why don't you rip her clothes off? A sex slave doesn't need to wear clothes." Uriel's mood changed as soon as he realized I was walking away.

"I'm enraged right now. If I end up killing that bitch tonight, I will be letting her off too easily. Whoever betrays me must live and suffer slowly," I replied with a dark smile.

Diana and Baldwin were the same. I wouldn't have mercy on anyone who tried to harm me.

"That's good. We have plenty of time anyway." Uriel's voice was filled with anticipation and he finally stopped pushing me.

This matter wasn't shut just yet. I still had to interrogate Nick. He was a rogue who had lost his pack and had no one to support him. However, he still dared to hatch such an elaborate plan. Perhaps someone else had helped him carry this out.

As soon as I walked out of the villa, I bumped into Amelia, who was anxiously pacing outside. She was holding an umbrella in her hand even though the rain had already stopped a while back. She must have been waiting for a long time for me.

"Alpha, I just heard from other werewolves that Diana had plotted with Nick to poison you. Is it true? You should know Diana's character by now. She will never kill an innocent person without reason. There must be some misunderstanding. I have known Diana since childhood. I know what kind of a person she is." Amelia followed me and kept pleading for mercy. She tried to mediate with me on Diana's behalf. But hearing Diana's name was only making me more agitated.

However well we might know a person's exterior, we could never truly know their heart. It seemed that Amelia didn't know her friend as well as she thought she did.

I didn't want to lose my cool at Amelia, who was uninvolved in this matter, nor was I in the mood to discuss this subject with her. In the end, I chose to stay silent. I ignored her and got into the car.

The car began moving, but Amelia kept knocking on the window. I couldn't shake her off until the car picked up speed.

I instructed the driver to take me to the dungeon where Nick was imprisoned. Nick was in chains and his leg was still bleeding. I had seen Nick many times in the past. He had changed quite a bit since then. The lower half of his face was covered in an unruly beard, and he looked older and more wrinkled than before.

"Tell me everything you know. As you know, these instruments here were all used by the Maroon Hill Pack to torture the Blue Lake Pack before." I came straight to the point, unwilling to waste my time on him anymore.

"I'll tell you everything." Nick shot me a fearful look and confessed that he had given a poison to Diana and asked her to kill me.

"Did Diana agree to your plan at that time?" Even though there was concrete evidence in front of me, I couldn't stop myself from asking it directly.

"Diana didn't say anything at first, but in the end she left with the poison. I think she must have been ready to do it. If she hadn't wanted to be involved in my plan, she would have definitely refused and wouldn't have left with the poison."

I sneered inwardly. I thought back to Diana's gloomy face when she had come out of the university, and how her mood had drastically improved when I had returned from the washroom at the restaurant. I had even attributed her bad mood to performing poorly in the exam. But she had just been nervous then. And she was suddenly happy later because she had succeeded in putting the poison in my soup.

Damn it! What was I expecting? What was the point of even asking this question? Now, I was even more certain that Diana had wanted to murder me from the very beginning.

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Chapter 96 Darkness

Lambert's POV:

The dungeon was dark and gloomy, and the only source of light was a flickering incandescent lamp. No matter how brightly the sun shone outside, its rays would never reach down here.

Nick was such a coward that his body was shaking after being whipped just a few times, and he spilled his guts to me.

I had often suspected that even if I hadn't attacked the Maroon Hill Pack, it would gradually fall apart because of its incompetent leaders and be invaded by other packs.

"Why did you come to see Diana? You should have known well that she is a slave. Perhaps she wouldn't have been around me at all." This question had been boggling me in the past few days. Only the people close to me knew about my special relationship with Diana. In fact, most of the werewolves of the pack simply thought that she was an ordinary doctor.

"Oh that's because Loren had captured me some time back. He released me when he found out that I was thirsty for revenge. He was the one who told me that Diana has a special relationship with you and suggested that I could take her help." Nick hesitated for a bit, then added, "Please don't tell anyone I said this."

Nick was such an idiot. How could Loren not realize that he was the one who had blabbed?

I hadn't made Loren pay for his assassination attempt on me last time. This time he had found another way to harm me. I wouldn't tolerate him anymore. He had repeatedly crossed his limits.

"Continue spreading the news of my sudden death to other packs. Inform the guards as well to remain in their positions at our borders and stay on high alert," I ordered my men.

The Blue Lake Pack had to continue maintaining the illusion of my death. This information might have already reached Loren. How could he resist taking advantage of such a good opportunity?

Ever since the Blue Lake Pack had defeated the Maroon Hill Pack, the other packs had been casting covetous eyes on our territory, wanting to desperately get a share of the spoils of our hard-earned victory. And Loren had been waiting for me to die for a long time. He would definitely be the first one to start a war and

invade the Blue Lake Pack. I was going to set a trap for him and wait for him to come.

One hour into the interrogation, Nick had told me everything he knew. I left the dungeon and went back to my office to catch up on my work.

Most of the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack believed that I was dead, so I wouldn't leave the office until very late these days.

When I got back to the villa, it was already dark. The shadows of the surrounding trees around made the villa seem dark and desolate. I remembered that when I came back home before, the villa was always brightly lit and warm. Perhaps John had forgotten to switch on the lights today. I didn't like darkness.

"Why haven't you turned on all the lights today?" I walked into the villa and glanced around. My tone was unhappy.

"We seldom turn on all the lights in the villa. The lights were always switched on by Diana..." John's voice became so soft that I could barely catch her name.

I had almost forgotten that the bitch who had tried to murder me was still imprisoned upstairs. My mind flashed back to how she would turn on all the lights in the villa after she had moved in. Wherever she was, the place would be brightly lit.

When I reached the door of her room, I could make out that it was dark inside through a crack in the door. *Maybe she was scared.*

I was so stupid! Why did I still care about her?

"Hey, it's time for you to have sex with her. Do you want to remain a virgin all your life? You idiot!" Uriel shouted impatiently. He was such a moron who couldn't control his desire. Once, he had even wanted me to find a lowly prostitute to satisfy his sexual needs.

Those she-wolves were just promiscuous sluts and could get turned on by anyone they slept with. They weren't able to arouse me at all. But all I had to do was stare at Diana, and I would be hard in a few seconds. Her tearful eyes looked so innocent and pitiful that I wanted to tie her to the bed and torture her, listening to her groan in my ears for mercy.

I didn't have sex with Diana before because I respected her and hoped that she would willingly sleep with me one day. However, now I was afraid she would not want me even if I waited for my entire life.

Why was I still so tender-hearted? A slave who wanted to kill me didn't deserve my respect at all.

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Chapter 97 Sympathy

Lambert's POV:

| angrily pushed the door open. The room was dark, save for the moonlight that streamed in through the window. Diana, who used to be the only woman that had a place in my heart, was now curled up in one corner of the bed, hugging herself. I could see her body shaking in the moonlight.

When I turned on the light and walked closer, I saw that her cheeks were flushed. Her hair was drenched with sweat and plastered to her forehead. Her rosy lips looked bloodless right now. I leaned down to smooth her hair off her forehead and discovered that she had a fever. Her whole body was burning hot.

Diana was delirious because of the fever and kept mumbling something. She seemed to have sensed a presence beside her. Her fingers grasped the hem of my shirt weakly, as if she were begging me to stay.

I put my filthy thoughts aside. The rage that made me want to torture her vanished instantly. My heart melted and softened.

Diana was so fragile that I couldn't bear to do anything to her. I had no choice but to tuck her in and ask John to buy some antipyretics.

"Please use this. This is the medicine Diana gave you the last time you had a fever, Alpha." John took out a small bottle of medicine from the drawer. I took it and saw the neat handwriting on the bottle. Obviously, it was written by Diana.

"What do you mean? Are you asking for leniency for Diana?" | glared at him with a bitter expression.

"I wouldn't dare, Alpha. I just think it's a pity to waste this medicine." John lowered his head. I scoffed and didn't say anything more. Diana was an excellent actress. She had even deceived John. Now he was begging for mercy for her indirectly. However, I had seen through her lie.

I went to the refrigerator to get an ice pack. After that I went back upstairs, fed Diana the medicine and placed the ice pack on her forehead.

Once I finished doing all this, I remorsefully paced in the room. Had I lost my mind? Shouldn't have come in and punished her? I couldn't understand what was driving me to take care of her instead.

“Why did you become soft-hearted again? What are you hesitating for? Can you be more decisive?” Uriel lost his temper again. I could even hear him grinding his teeth in my head.

“She is seriously ill. What’s the point of fucking her now? I’m sure she is too weak to make a sound even if I have sex with her right now.” | massaged my throbbing temples and sat next to Diana.

“Are you insane? Why are you taking care of this bitch? I really don’t understand you.” Uriel rolled his eyes speechlessly.

How could a lunatic like him understand me? Even I didn’t know what I was doing here.

Diana continued sleeping. I stayed in the room, leaning against the headrest and accompanying her. I couldn’t take my eyes off of her. Her face was fair and flawless, and her curly and slightly flickering eyelashes looked so captivating even in illness.

Diana murmured something in her sleep and subconsciously moved closer to my body. Her fingers reached under my shirt and she wrapped her arms around my waist tightly. She probably felt my body was cool. She kept rubbing her cheeks on my chest, and her troubled expression gradually relaxed.

My heart rate picked up and my hand involuntarily reached out to stroke her burning face. *My* heart was brimming with conflicting emotions. She wanted to kill me, but why did she have such a strong attachment to me? This undoubtedly tugged at my heart. Perhaps this was also a part of her plan. If I fell in love with her again, she would have another chance to hurt me.

My eyes darkened. I couldn’t be deceived by her again. She was Baldwin’s daughter. What needed to do was torture her severely.

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Chapter 98 Became A Slave Again

Diana’s POV:

In my deep sleep, I felt like I had come to a desert and the heat was truly intolerable. The hot sun beat down on me, and my whole body was burning. I was so uncomfortable that I wanted to jump into a pool of cold water. My discomfort didn’t abate until an oasis appeared in front of me. There was a deck chair and a sun umbrella, beside which sat an iced lemonade. I felt very relaxed when I lay down on the chair.

This dream continued till the next morning. (This novel will be daily updated at) The dazzling sunshine entered through the window, stinging my eyes. The realization dawned on me that everything had been a dream. In reality, I was still a slave of the Blue Lake Pack.

I blinked my eyes sleepily and was surprised to see Lambert sleeping next to me. My arm was thrown around his waist. Worse still, my fingers had slipped under his shirt and were touching his powerful back and abdominal muscles.

I instantly snatched my hand away. My sudden movement woke Lambert up. Rubbing his nose, he frowned and shot me a cold glance. Then he quietly stood up and began putting his coat on.

"Lambert, do you have some time to talk to me? I want to explain everything to you. In fact, what you know is not the truth. I didn't poison you." Using my arms to support me, I sat up while staring at Lambert's back in fear.

"I don't want to discuss it. Diana, stop playing your little games. Do you think you will be able to fool me again?" Lambert said menacingly with his back still facing me. Even though I couldn't see his expression, I surmised that his eyes were glinting with sarcasm.

"Can I go to the hospital? Or to see my sister?" I asked him tentatively in a hoarse voice even as my eyes stayed glued to the bed. I had once again been given a slave identity. Although I wouldn't be allowed to attend college anymore, I still didn't stop hoping that I would be able to work at the hospital.

"Hospital? Do you think it's possible? I won't let you continue working there. From the moment you were shackled, you will only be my slave forever." Lambert turned around and pierced me with a vindictive glare. His tall and strong body blocked the sunshine streaming through the window. He looked down at me and sneered, "As for your sister, she has lost the privilege to go to school because you are a liar."

His words hit me like a bolt of lightning. I felt as if all my energy had been sucked from me in an instant, and my arms could barely keep me upright.

I really wanted to retort to Lambert with hatred or fury like before. But I couldn't bring myself to do it, and I didn't know why. Even though everything looked the same on the surface, many things had changed without me realizing it.

Lambert walked up to untie the iron chain from the bedpost and dragged me downstairs. (This novel will be daily updated at) Dusters and brooms had been prepared in the living room.

"You must clean the entire villa before I return. If you fail to complete your task, you will be punished at night." Lambert looked at me viciously, his expression as terrifying as the first time he had seen me. Then he left the villa.

I picked up a duster and began to mop the floor. All the servants in the villa had been dismissed by Lambert. I had to do all the housework alone from now on. The

villa was so huge that there was no way I would be able to finish cleaning it alone in one day. I knew Lambert had just come up with a random reason to torture me. When I had been imprisoned by him in the beginning, I had done a lot of this type of labor-intensive work.

In this current scenario, Lambert was definitely not going to believe me easily. It would be absolutely impossible for me to convince him using mere words. I would have to find some proof to prove my innocence. Either someone else had put poison into Lambert's bowl when we had both gone to the washroom, or the soup must have been poisoned before it was even served.

But all the evidence was pointing in my direction right now. With heavy shackles around my feet, I mopped the floor and tried to think of a way to find some other evidence as soon as possible.

When I reached the entrance to the living room, a pair of diamond encrusted black high-heeled shoes appeared in my line of vision. (This novel will be daily updated at)I raised my head and saw Tiffany dressed in an expensive overcoat and wearing gorgeous makeup. She crossed her arms over her chest and shot me a triumphant smile.