

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 1

## Chapter 1 Imprison

Diana's POV:

"You two bitches! If you try to escape again, I'll break your legs!"

I was blindfolded and shoved forward by a hand on my shoulder. After a while, the hand on my shoulder pushed me harder and I fell to the ground.

When there was a deafening silence, I ripped off the cloth that covered my eyes. My surroundings were dark. A few minutes later, my eyes finally adapted to the darkness and I fumbled to stand up.

"Angela, are you okay?" I glanced around, eager to confirm my younger sister's condition, and prayed that she wasn't injured.

"Diana, I'm fine. I'm so scared," Angela replied with a sob.

"Don't be afraid. I'm right here." I held my sister to comfort her, but my heart felt like it was trapped in an abyss of despair. A teardrop rolled down my cheek unknowingly. I covertly flicked it away, unwilling to let my sister see it.

"Diana, can't we leave?" Angela raised her head and asked me.

"Believe me, I will find an opportunity to get you out of here." Although I knew there was only a sliver of hope in me succeeding, I still pasted a confident smile on my face. I gently patted her back to console her.

"I don't want to stay here anymore. I miss Daddy."

My younger sister shrank in my arms. At the sight of her frightened expression, my smile was replaced with immense sadness as I hugged her tightly.

Our father, Baldwin Lawson, was the most powerful Alpha on the continent. However, he had been killed. I had seen how my father was killed. He died miserably, and there was blood all over the ground.

After our father died, his killers took control of our pack. Angela and I were captured and locked in this place.

I had tried to run away with Angela, but in the end, I had failed miserably. This was the second time that we had been caught escaping. Every time we were re-captured, we would be punished more viciously.

The number of people watching us had increased. It was going to be more difficult to escape again. Realizing that we had no more chances of escaping from this hell, I felt desperate.

The dungeon was very large, like a maze. I had lived in the pack for eighteen years, but I had never known we owned such a place.

The air was heavy with moisture, sending a chill down my spine. I curled up in a corner with Angela in my arms.

Angela fell asleep cradled against my legs. Her light snores told me that she must have been exhausted.

I picked her up and placed her on the wooden bed that was a little distance away.

Not long after, the sound of footsteps came from outside the cell. The light shining a few feet away became increasingly brighter, and then the

door of the cell was opened.

"I heard that you tried to run away again? You really are a troublemaker."

The man who had walked in was tall, dashing and powerful. His skin was as white as porcelain, as if it had never been exposed to the sun. However, his eyes were malevolent and exuded coldness.

He instinctively inspired fear in people. I knew he was the leader of this group of killers. The moment my father was killed, the murderers had cheered and shouted his name—Lambert Hampton.

This was the first time we were in each other's presence since he had captured us. I couldn't help but wonder what was going to happen to me next.

There were rumors that many she-wolves of the pack had been made slaves or even sex slaves after being captured. What would Lambert do to me? Just thinking of this sent a frisson of fear through me.

Several guards came towards me and tried to shackle me, but I quickly dodged them.

"You can kill me however you want, but don't touch me!" I spat out.

I was the Alpha's daughter. I refused to wear the shackles of slaves.

"You are so stubborn!"

When the guards saw me resisting, they pinned my shoulders to the wall and grabbed my legs. I did my best to kick them and squirm free.

"Get out of my way!" Lambert commanded without hesitation.

My resistance seemed to have annoyed him. He focused his eyes on me as he walked in my direction. His boots fell with a dull and heavy sound on the floor, filling me with dread.

He crouched down, grabbed my foot and shackled my right ankle. He was stronger than these other werewolves. He didn't give me any chance to protest.

"Do you really want to play a game of cat and mouse? With this shackle, I will always know your location. Unless I die, you will stay here forever to atone for your sins." Lambert put his hand around my neck and gradually tightened his grip. "I will torture you slowly."

I stared at him in horror and my breath began coming in short gasps.

He wanted to torment me just because my father had invaded their territory. But my father had informed me that these packs that had been invaded by us had it coming.

"Atone for my sins? My father only invaded the evil packs. The werewolves we captured were all immoral," I struggled to say.

When he heard this, Lambert's lips curled up into a harsh sneer and he loosened his grip on my neck, but his eyes still blazed with anger.

"Then I will show you how an immoral werewolf behaves!" As he said this, his malicious eyes shone with iciness, making people quake in their boots.

Then, he turned his head to study Angela with a strange smile on his face.