

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 119

## Chapter 119 An Invisible Cage

Diana's POV: I temporarily regained my freedom in the university. I had always longed to live on campus. I didn't abandon my idea of escaping from Lambert. I repeatedly reminded myself that the Blue Lake Pack was not my pack. I only felt an intense hatred for that place. Taking revenge was the sole purpose of my life. I secretly began working part-time in a burger shop near the school. I would work there for four hours every day, and they would also provide free lunch. The money I earned at the shop was completely mine. I could save it and use it freely. If I used Lambert's card, he would know what purpose the money was used for, which would make it hard for me to flee the Blue Lake Pack in the future. When I was working, Andre often came to the shop to eat. I didn't know when he had developed a love for hamburgers. I remembered that when he was a child, he disliked this kind of junk food. "You can order French fries next time. It's a shame to waste these burgers when you can't finish them," I said as I brought a burger to his table. Although he often ordered a hamburger, he rarely ever finished the whole thing. "Okay, please change my order to French fries for the next time. Why don't you work part-time at a steak shop? I like steak very much." Andre frowned and shot me a grimace. "Good idea, but you don't have to come here every day," I said jokingly with a smile. I didn't want to dwell on his intentions. But he often came to the shop and waited for me to get off work. It felt very strange. Andre didn't respond to me. He waited for me outside the burger shop when it was closing time. "Would you like to watch a movie with me tonight?" It was snowing heavily outside. Andre was dressed in a brown jacket. He stood in the cold wind and vigorously rubbed his red fingers as his breath misted while he spoke. "Thanks, but I haven't finished the homework assigned by the professor yet," I said. Andre tried to ask me out quite frequently these days. I dropped my eyes to the ground and kicked the snow beneath my feet, unwilling to look at him. It was weird. I would have to nip this situation in the bud before things became worse. As a medical student, I got a lot of homework, and I was also working part-time in the burger shop. That meant I barely had any spare time for myself. Andre also knew this, so he didn't push. In the evening, I suddenly received a call from Lambert. "Why do you need to work part-time? The money I have given you is enough for you to live comfortably. Do you intend to save money so that you can run away later?" Lambert asked in a hostile tone. I was surprised. How did he know this? I instinctively surveyed my surroundings. The hair on my neck rose as I felt that he or one of his subordinates was observing me from a car nearby. The feeling of being watched made me feel anxious and on edge. I studied at a university that was miles away from the Blue Lake Pack, but Lambert had managed to find out about it. I realized that I had never escaped from Lambert's control. He was around me like an invisible cage, trapping me in tightly. "No, it's not what you think. I just took a fancy to a beautiful dress, but it was too expensive. I was afraid you wouldn't approve of me spending so much money on it, so I got a job to pay for it." I hastily denied his accusation and fed him an excuse. "I won't be angry. I sent you to college so that you can focus on studying. I have given you enough money for your living expenses. You can buy whatever you want. Don't waste your time working, okay?" Lambert's tone softened after he heard my explanation. "Okay," I answered absent-mindedly, feeling like my

freedom was just an illusion. Was I destined to spend the rest of my life under Lambert's control? "Quit your job now and go back to your dormitory to rest." Lambert's voice was soft but his attitude was firm. "Okay." I hung up the phone. The invisible pressure from Lambert made me feel stifled. He was keeping close tabs on me, and I didn't dare to disobey his order. I was left with no choice but to contact the burger shop and resign.

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### Chapter 120 Pursuit

Diana's POV: "Why did you resign so soon? Did they burden you with a lot of work in the burger shop?" Claire was brushing her teeth. She was surprised to hear that I had made a call and quit my job. After all, I was determined to earn money when I had applied for it. "No, it's because of a personal reason." I lay on the bed listlessly. Claire noticed that I was in low spirits and didn't question me further. Andre showed up again the day after I had resigned from the burger shop. Claire and I had finished our classes for the morning and were eating lunch in the cafeteria of our university. Shortly after we had taken our seats, Andre came with his food and sat next to Claire and me. "Why did you resign? I didn't see you at the burger shop today." Andre immediately brought up the topic with a bright smile on his face. He seemed to have a very buoyant persona in front of most people. Even though I had bullied him and made him cry when he was a child, he would instantly wipe his tears and shoot me his infectious smile. Unlike Andre, Lambert was always aloof and unapproachable. "I didn't want to work in the burger shop anymore." I didn't want to give a more detailed explanation. I absent-mindedly stirred the soup in my bowl with my spoon. "A wise decision." Andre raised his eyebrows with a beaming smile. I appreciated that he didn't push me to talk more about this matter. "Diana, do you have any classes this afternoon? Do you want to study in the library?" Andre scooped up a spoon of pumpkin soup and asked nonchalantly. It was a well-known fact that the library was a perfect place for couples to go on a date. When the new semester had begun, I'd gone to borrow a book in the library and had seen several couples kissing inside.

Claire seemed to have understood Andre's intentions and burst into laughter. "Are you really going to study in the library?" She looked at me with amusement dancing in her eyes. Maybe she had assumed that Andre and I were in a relationship. "I don't want to go there. Maybe you can go there with someone else." I wasn't sure if my reply would embarrass Andre. Maybe it made more sense for him to invite someone else. He was handsome and quite popular among girls. There must be a line of girls who would jump at the chance to go on a date with him. However, my refusals didn't discourage Andre from continuing to make his advances. Over the next few days, he found various opportunities to approach me. He would send someone every day to put lily flowers at the door of my dormitory room. Claire would constantly tease me about how romantic Andre was and she would encourage me to give in to his pursuit. It dawned on me that Andre might have a crush on me. He was a good man, but I wasn't interested in being in a relationship with anyone. Since Andre hadn't come out and expressed his feelings for me to my face, there was no way for me to actually turn him down.

Instead, I started keeping a distance from him. Friday arrived quietly. I quickly packed my clothes, as Lambert was going to pick me up and take me back to the Blue Lake Pack for the weekend.

When I went downstairs, I saw Andre standing in front of the dormitory building. "Where are you going?" Andre asked as he eyed my travel bag. "I'm going back to see my sister." Honestly, I found it quite inconvenient to go back for just the weekend. However, I had no choice but to give in to Lambert's insistence. "What a bummer. I was going to invite you and Claire to go camping this weekend, as a friend." Andre put his hands into his jacket pockets and shot me a disappointed smile. "Well, I love camping. You have come at the right time," Claire replied with a bright smile as she walked out of the dormitory building. "I'm busy these two days. If you guys decide to go some other day, I will be able to join you both," I said hesitantly. I would like to join them if this was an invitation from a friend. "Can you come next weekend?" Andre asked me instantly. "Diana." Just as I was about to reply, a cold voice startled me from behind. I turned around and saw Lambert. I didn't know when he had come and stood behind me. He strode towards me with a darkened expression and pierced Andre with a hostile glare.

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### Chapter 121 I Was Still His Slave

Diana's POV: Lambert strode towards me and pulled me into his arms. The air around us buzzed with tension. "She won't come with you. You can leave now," Lambert said in an unpleasant voice. I could feel waves of suppressed rage emanating from him as he gripped my shoulder hard. "Sir, who are you? Why are you making decisions for Diana?" Andre kept an amiable smile pasted on his face and remained modest and polite, but there was also a trace of hostility in his tone. "Because I'm her boyfriend." Lambert cast a cold glance in Andre's direction and forcibly pushed me into the back seat of his car.

I turned my head to look at Andre. Disappointment flashed through his eyes as he stared at me with a frown. "What are you looking at? Diana," Lambert warned me fiercely and rolled up the window as he spoke. He pulled me into his arms and squeezed his fingers tightly around my waist. My eyes fell to the floor and I was unwilling to talk to Lambert. He was behaving like an unreasonable child right now. The car didn't start immediately. When I looked up, I realized that Marwin was sitting in the driver's seat. It was a little strange. Picking me up was a trivial matter. It was unnecessary for a Beta to drive me. And Marwin seemed to be staring outside all the time. It was not until Claire passed by our car that I realized that Marwin's eyes had been fixed on Claire. She seemed to have seen him as well, but she was deliberately ignoring him. She just scoffed and spun around to leave. What had happened between Marwin and Claire? It was quite obvious that the two of them knew each other. However, it looked like Claire detested Marwin. I instinctively studied Marwin carefully from the rearview mirror. He was perpetually dressed in black clothes, a jacket, or a t-shirt. He never wore another color and his style was drab. Besides, he was also a very reserved man. As far as I knew, this kind of dull man wasn't Claire's type. But

Marwin was mature and steady. Women found him attractive once they got to know him. I couldn't help snickering. Was Marwin interested in Claire? "What are you thinking about? Why are you so happy?" A frosty voice brought me back to the present. I met Lambert's unhappy eyes. Why was he angry? "Nothing." I couldn't help but roll my eyes and turn my face away from him. The more restrictions Lambert placed on me, the more disgusted I felt. All I wanted now was to stay away from him. "Are you thinking about that man right now?" Lambert grabbed my jaw roughly and asked me in a menacing and jealous tone. "No, I'm not. Don't project your thoughts on me!" I broke away from Lambert's grip. He was so strong that my jaw felt sore. "Then how do you know him? You won't casually talk to a stranger." Lambert sounded like he was interrogating me.

"He is Andre. He is my friend, and we know each other since we were children. We study in the same university now. He just invited me to go camping with him as a friend," I said truthfully. "I know you will make new friends at school, and I understand that. But you can only make friends with girls. You are not allowed to get close to other boys. And if you disobey my order, I will take you back to the Blue Lake Pack and make you a slave again," Lambert whispered in a threatening voice as he held me tightly in his lap and nuzzled my neck. His warning reminded me of the fact that I was still a lowly slave. Even though I was not shackled anymore, I was still his slave. As the Alpha, he was significantly superior to me. His control over me, and his intense possessiveness made me feel smothered. "I'm not a pet. I need freedom and privacy." I pushed away the pain that rose in my heart and tried to defend myself calmly. "You can have your freedom and privacy, but on the condition that you are honest with me and you give me your heart." Lambert raised his head and gazed at me intently. His fingers brushed over my lips and he lowered his head to kiss me gently.

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### Chapter 122 Decided To Help

Andre's POV:

When I was about eight years old, I had visited the Maroon Hill Pack for the first time. My father had instructed me that we had to become friends with the Maroon Hill Pack, because they were very powerful. We were weak back then and needed their help. That was the first time I had laid eyes on Diana. I had met princesses of other packs. Most of them were very haughty and looked down upon the weak packs. I had assumed that Diana would also be cut from the same cloth. But I was wrong. Diana was an enthusiastic and cute kid. She liked to take care of children who were weaker than her. Every time I played with her, I would pretend to be hurt by her grip and cry. Then she would notice me and come to comfort me. Just like me, Diana wasn't fond of the rules and restrictions of the pack. She loved reading medical books and told me that she would attend the best medical college when she grew up. I thought our friendship would last till the end of time. However, the Maroon Hill Pack broke the peace agreement. They began to invade other packs. After that, we lost contact with each other.

Later, I heard that the Blue Lake Pack had occupied the Maroon Hill Pack. Some rumors were spreading among the packs. The news was that the Alpha of the Maroon Hill Pack had died with his daughters. But someone else said that the princesses had survived and they were now slaves.

When I heard these rumors, I was devastated. Although both these rumors were heartbreaking, I hoped that Diana was still alive.

After finishing high school, I decided to study medicine at Horsley University instead of studying astronomy which was my favorite field. Wars were always breaking out between werewolf packs. They happened frequently, plunging people into misery and agony. Werewolves suffered a lot of casualties as a result. By studying medicine, I would be able to save more lives. I had a fantasy that Diana hadn't been murdered. If she was still alive, she would definitely attend the best medical college. Maybe we would bump into each other again. The Moon Goddess must have heard my prayers, and I finally saw that girl again. Diana had undergone a lot of changes. She had long hair, an attractive and sexy figure, and her features had become more delicate and captivating. I picked her out of the crowd in one glance. Besides, she also seemed to have recognized me. Her light brown eyes were just as clear and pure as before. I could feel the tips of my ears turn red instantly and my heart began thudding against my ribs.

I eagerly went to greet her. Her eyes lit up at the sight of me. Even though we hadn't seen each other in years, we were still able to have a hilarious conversation like long-lost friends. However, Diana always evaded talking about her personal life. She was not as open as before, as if something had happened to change her. These small changes filled me with concern. After all, Diana's pack had been destroyed. On top of that, she was Baldwin's daughter. Rationally speaking, she must be having a difficult time in the Blue Lake Pack Today, I saw a man step out of a car when I was talking to Diana. He must be Lambert. I'd heard my father talk about him just some time back. He had described him as a werewolf with pale skin and murderous eyes. I had pictured Lambert as a middle-aged man in my mind. But when I saw him, he looked to be the same age as me. At the most, he would be one or two years older than me. Lambert had actually been in the car while I was talking to Diana. He had been glaring at me with animosity. When Lambert told me that he was Diana's boyfriend, sadness flashed in my eyes for a moment before I got my emotions under control. But Diana's reluctant expression told me that she didn't really like him. Maybe this was the unutterable reason why Diana had been unwilling to talk about her personal life. Diana's situation might not be as simple as she had implied. Since she refused to share any information with me, I had to investigate it myself. Fortunately, her situation was not a secret. After making some inquiries, I soon found out that Diana had indeed become a slave in the Blue Lake Pack. Ideally, Lambert should despise Diana. I didn't know why he allowed her to attend college. But Diana was obviously under Lambert's thumb and she had no freedom. And judging from her reaction, it was obviously not what she wanted. It would not be easy for her to get rid of Lambert, so I decided to help her covertly.