

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 143

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 143 Came Back

Diana's POV: I returned to the clinic's attic from the hotel. Everything that had happened today felt surreal. Lambert had found me and he had promised to release me if I could cure his wolf's lunacy. This was supposed to be good news, but it still didn't cheer me up. I buried my head in my pillow. Tears leaked out of the corners of my eyes, soaking the pillow cover. Nothing could change the fact that Lambert and I would remain enemies forever. I was packing our bags the next morning when Angela woke up. She eyed me with bewilderment. "Diana, are we going somewhere else?" Angela groggily rubbed her eyes and asked me. I didn't know what to tell her. She had just spent the past couple of weeks living freely, but now she would have to go back to the Blue Lake Pack with me. Would she be crushed? "Angela, I'm sorry. We've been discovered. Lambert is going to take us back to the Blue Lake Pack today," I crouched down next to her and informed her dejectedly. "It's okay if we have to go back. In fact, I like the Blue Lake Pack. You know I enjoy myself there," Angela consoled me with a smile. She didn't seem upset and even helped me pack. I picked up our luggage and went downstairs with Angela. Lambert was leaning against a car waiting for us, looking distant and aloof. Even if he didn't say anything, people would feel intimidated by his mere presence. When he saw me come, he stepped forward and relieved me of the bags in my hands. We hadn't spoken much since our conversation yesterday. We didn't know the status of our relationship now. We were neither Alpha and slave nor a couple.. "How's your wound? Are you feeling better?" Lambert glanced at my arm and asked softly. "I'm much better now. Thank you." I shot him a polite smile. A werewolf's wounds always healed quickly. I glanced at him from the corner of my eye and noticed that he was looking especially pale today. The bags under his eyes indicated that he hadn't slept well last night. His snow-white skin generally gave him the appearance of being weak and delicate, and he looked even more fragile right now. I got into the car with my head lowered and didn't ask him any questions. I would have to understand my place and behave myself. Once I cured Uriel, I could leave, and we would have no more contact with each other.

We boarded the plane, flew back to the Blue Lake Pack, and returned to the familiar villa. A few ribbons which hadn't been cleared up still littered the carpet. I put my things away upstairs. When I went back downstairs, Lambert was leaning against the table. He looked up at me and placed his hand on a neatly wrapped present on the table. "This is your birthday gift. I wanted to give it to you on your nineteenth birthday, but I'm fifteen days late now." Lambert handed me the gift.. I had never expected him to remember my birthday. After all, I believed that he was a very busy man and had no time to care about such trivial matters. "Thank you." I took the present and dropped my eyes to hide my anticipation. When I opened the box, I saw a set of rare out-of-print medical books in it. The set was so precious that Lambert must have gone through a lot of effort to procure it. My lips automatically curved up in a wide smile and I accepted the gift silently. I was also overcome with the urge to kiss Lambert. He was a lot more tender-hearted and romantic than he appeared on the outside, but all of these beautiful feelings were not destined to be mine. Lambert sent me back to the university the next

day. I continued my classes as usual. As I had only missed two weeks of classes, my study was not interrupted much, but I had a lot of homework to catch up on. As for the university, I explained to them that I had some personal problems. On an impulse, I had boarded a plane and flown to another place to hide for some time. The university didn't bother investigating this matter. They just gave me a stern lecture, and a warning. The police also closed their case.

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 144

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 144 Infatuation

Diana's POV: That afternoon, I went to Amelia to let her know that I was back. "How on earth did Lambert manage to find you all the way in Alaska?" Amelia was surprised to see me in the cafe. "I have no idea. I was surprised to see him there as well. Perhaps the Moon Goddess had something to do with it," I said jokingly. "By the way, did Lambert ask you about my whereabouts?" I found it strange that Lambert was able to find out where exactly I was. However, I set aside my worries before long. After all, he could have pieced up together some clues at the airport and found out where I was going. "Alpha came to see me, but obviously I didn't tell him anything." Amelia rested her chin on one hand and looked out the cafe window with a pensive look. 6,

What was she thinking about? It seemed as though she wasn't happy about my return.

"Well, it's fine. It doesn't matter how he found me. Shall we have dinner together later?" I smiled and pretended as though nothing was wrong. @ I could tell by her expression that she wasn't happy to see me back. I guessed that perhaps she was blaming herself or something. I changed the topic quickly because I wanted to get her out of the funk she was in. "I'm sorry, but I have to attend a party with my friends tonight. Why don't we make plans for another time?" Amelia forced a smile. When I noticed her reluctance, I didn't insist anymore. After we finished drinking our coffee, we bid farewell and went our separate ways. The news of Lambert bringing me back soon reached Andre's ears. He sent me numerous text messages saying that he was sorry. Perhaps he felt guilty because his planning and preparation weren't meticulous enough. I could sense the remorse in his words, but I never thought that he deserved to be blamed for what happened. How could I blame him after he had helped me? I texted Andre back telling him not to take it to heart. Perhaps we were both to blame for underestimating Lambert. As it turned out, he was smarter than we had thought. I also told Andre that Lambert promised to let me go in the future. I wouldn't have to run away again. As long as I could cure Uriel's mental disease, I would regain my freedom. Soon, it was Friday night and Lambert said that he would bring me back to the Blue Lake Pack for the weekend. This time, I called Amelia and asked her to come along with me. Amelia came downstairs as soon as she got the phone call. Amelia wanted to sit in the back seat with Lambert, so I naturally sat in the front passenger's seat. Although Lambert and I were on good terms, things had been a little awkward between us ever since we talked about our future plans openly with each other. While I sat quietly in the passenger's seat, I couldn't help but

glance through the rearview mirror from time to time. Perhaps knowing that Lambert was my mate made it harder for me to see him with another she-wolf. I became more infatuated with him. I couldn't help but feel a little envious even though it was just Amelia sitting next to him. As our eyes met, I noticed Lambert consciously trying to keep a distance from Amelia. He stared back at me through the rearview mirror and just by looking at his gentle eyes, I could tell that he only loved me.

I couldn't help but smile, It was only then that I realized that Marwin was the driver again. I noticed him staring blankly in the direction of the dormitory as if he was eagerly waiting to see someone. It wasn't until Lambert told him to start the car that he looked away from the dormitory with a frown on his face.

"Diana, what has Claire been up to lately? I haven't seen her for a long time." On the way back, Marwin suddenly asked me about Claire in a low voice.

I had never seen such a dull man speak with so much eagerness in his eyes when Marwin mentioned Claire. It was clear to me that he fancied her. "She's been quite busy attending all the balls. You should just talk to Claire in person. I'm afraid that you won't be able to see her often if you just wait for her at the school gate." I chuckled. Marwin didn't say anything, but his ears and cheeks blushed a deeper shade of red.

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 145

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 145 Treated Uriel

Diana's POV; The next morning, I went to talk to Lambert. I wanted to try to cure Uriel's lunacy for Lambert as soon as possible so that I could leave with Angela. "You can try to release Uriel now." I pulled Lambert into the living room which was spacious enough for our agenda today. Even if Uriel lost his temper and tried to hurt me, I would be able to find a place to hide here. Lambert had just finished eating his breakfast. He might not have expected me to attempt to treat Uriel so soon, so he looked a little unsure.

"Uriel is not a morning guy and is usually grumpy at this hour. I think we should start his treatment in the evening." Lambert's eyebrows furrowed thoughtfully. This was truly a flimsy excuse. Why did he keep trying to delay the treatment Uriel's illness, the quicker Angela and I could get away from this place. We could also end this awkward relationship as soon as possible. "Stop making excuses, Lambert," I sighed and said in a serious voice. I knew I was doing myself no favor by always being taken in by his gentleness. It would only make it difficult for me to leave him in the future. I constantly reminded myself of the deep hatred that existed between the two of us. Burying my head in the sand served us no purpose. We had to face the cruel truth head-on. "Okay, fine. Wait one minute. I have to get something." Lambert's smile was tinged with bitterness and helplessness. He went upstairs to his room and came back with shackles and a pistol. "Uriel has a short fuse. I'm going to bind myself to this pillar first. Take this. If he tries to hurt

you, don't hesitate to use it." Lambert thrust the pistol into my hand, placed the shackles on his ankles and wrists, and tied the iron chain to the stone pillar in the living room. I quietly wrapped my fingers tightly around the gun. I had already seen how powerful Uriel was last time, but there was no way I was going to hurt Lambert. "Release Uriel now." I inhaled deeply and studied Lambert, whose hands and feet were shackled.

Lambert shot me a dubious look and then turned into a strong silver wolf.

Uriel's eyes were bloodshot. He stared at me viciously, as if he wanted to lunge at me and bite me. However, he couldn't break free from the iron chain. He could do nothing but struggle and roar furiously. He kept tugging on the iron chain with his claws.

Without wasting another second, I summoned my healing power with the intention to approach Uriel. He looked at me with a feral glint in his eyes. His mouth opened wide, making saliva drip onto the floor, and he bared his sharp fangs in protest.

I hurriedly placed my hand on his forehead. Initially, he frantically shook his head and struggled irritably. As my healing power began to take effect, he gradually calmed down. His eyes slowly changed from scarlet to amber, the same color as Lambert's.

Uriel's anger and violence vanished. He dropped his tail and obediently wagged it, and stuck his tongue out to lick his claws. I carefully crouched down next to him. The sunlight made his fur look especially shiny and bright. As I rhythmically stroked his fur, he quietened down. He laid his head on my lap, and his wild wolf eyes became tranquil. His eyelids became heavy and he finally fell asleep on my lap in his wolf form. I breathed in deeply. It looked like my healing power had worked perfectly. As I stroked Uriel, I felt intense fatigue overwhelm my body. I must have used my healing power for too long, leaving me drained of energy. I rested my head on Uriel's fur and unknowingly fell asleep. When I woke up the next day in Lambert's room, Uriel was gone.

Just as I was wondering about his whereabouts, the door opened and Lambert walked in. He had already turned back to his human form and was dressed in dark blue pajamas. He held a tray of breakfast in his hand.

I felt like he looked much healthier than before. His usually pale skin now had a bit of color in it, and his eyes were also softer than before.

"How are you feeling now?" I asked Lambert with a smile when he took a seat next to me.

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 146

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)

Chapter 146 Started To Recover

Lambert's POV: "I feel so much better than before. Get up and quickly eat your breakfast." I placed the breakfast tray on the table and sat next to Diana, I had slept soundly last night. My sleep was devoid of any nightmares and violence, making me feel unusually calm and warm.

I instinctively wanted to get closer to Diana. She had just woken up and her sleepy eyes were very inviting. Her sweet scent was making my pulse race. Diana glanced at me attentively and shifted a bit to put some distance between us.

"That's good to hear. I can see that you have got some of your color back. Don't worry. You'll fully recover in some time. I'm going to go wash my face and brush my teeth." Diana smiled and studied me carefully. She must have noticed some improvement in me, making her lips curve up in satisfaction as she went to the bathroom. I couldn't even recall the last time Uriel had fallen asleep in his wolf form. I believed that he had slept well, and he was in a much better mood than usual when he woke up.

"Diana has promised that you will fully recover after her treatment," I told Uriel.

"I'm not sick. What kind of treatment are you talking about? Are you both idiots?" Uriel snorted with disdain. He was still ill-tempered, but he wasn't as enraged and unhinged as before, which was a good

sign.

"We both just want to help you, Uriel. You will soon be alright." I grinned as a wave of relief crashed over me. I had been longing to get Uriel some medical attention. My face beamed with unrestrained joy when I considered that there was a chance he would recover completely. "But Diana will leave after she heals me. Why are you so jubilant about it?" I could feel Uriel rolling his eyes at me, but he didn't sound as arrogant as he used to. He had probably sensed the mate bond between Diana and me now.

"I know you don't want to lose your mate either." I placed my palm on my forehead and sighed, my spirits sinking at once. I had promised Diana I would free her as soon as Uriel recovered.

Uriel remained silent when he heard my words. Once Diana came out of the bathroom, she directly went to the table and sat down to enjoy her breakfast. She was sitting right in front of me. Maybe I could find a way to convince her to continue staying in the Blue Lake Pack. I walked to stand opposite her and poured myself a cup of coffee.

"How is school going?" I asked nonchalantly.

There were times when I wanted to discover more about Diana, but I didn't know where to start. All her beautiful memories were tied to her childhood, which I was not a part of. Instead, I was responsible for her tragic past. Diana popped a piece of bacon in her mouth as she rested her face in one hand. She was obviously

taken aback on hearing my question, perhaps because I had rarely ever taken interest in such mundane matters.

S

"Everything is fine." She immediately lowered her eyes to her plate.

"If you need any help, don't hesitate to call me any time." I took a seat opposite her with my cup of coffee. Diana nodded and continued eating silently. "Where will you go once you leave the Blue Lake Pack?" I asked with affected calmness. If Diana intended to go to one of the neighboring packs, I might be able to arrange everything for her to settle down there. That way, I would be able to meet her often, and we wouldn't lose contact with each other. Diana's chin was resting in her hand as she got lost in thought. Her eyebrows furrowed and she cocked her head to one side, looking so cute and adorable that it took me everything I had to not lean over the table and gather her in my arms to kiss her. "I want to go to Europe. Since I am leaving this place, I would like to get as far away from here as possible," Diana met my eyes and said seriously. It was hard to tell if she said this to get a rise out of me because I could see the sincerity shining in her eyes. Her words annoyed me though. She was making it so hard for me to come up with a way to make her stay. My expression became stern again. Neither of us said anything else. We continued having breakfast as the air around us swirled with despair.

Scanned with CamScanner

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 147

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 147 The Secret Of Mila

Diana's POV: I had made something up to deliberately piss Lambert off. Maybe that would make him loathe me. I could sense that Lambert was trying to make me stay, which scared me. Nothing could erase the deep hatred that existed between us. 1 Uriel's condition was improving now. He would definitely recover soon. When that happened, Angela and I would leave as well.

I tried to push these thoughts away. The notion of leaving Lambert always upset me. Besides, now that I knew he was my mate, he was even more appealing to me than before. I couldn't stop myself from stealing glances at him sometimes. His gentle and captivating eyes, tall and powerful physique, and calm and steady temperament all made my heart race wildly. I instinctively felt antagonistic towards every she-wolf who interacted with him, which was a terrible feeling. I was left with no other choice. When the time came, Lambert would not let me leave easily. I would have to be firm and end this relationship. When Lambert asked me where I would go after I left the Blue Lake Pack, I said I would go to Europe. I had just picked a random place. All I truly wanted was to go somewhere he couldn't find or contact me.

The mood in the room was depressing while we ate breakfast. After Lambert had heard my answer, he stayed silent and his face became stern again. Then he stormed out and slammed the door behind him.

After breakfast, I went to the pack hospital. I hadn't seen Mila since I had fled to Alaska.

nurse w

Seeing how my healing power had proved useful in healing Uriel, I thought it might also help in treating Mila's disease. Just as I walked to the door of the ward, a nurse came out holding a medicine box. "Diana, we haven't met in a long time. Why have you come back? Sampson told us that you had gone to university and that you wouldn't come to work for a while," the nurse said as she greeted me with a smile. "Actually, I came back to check on my patients here. How is Mila now?" I returned her smile and asked her about Mila's current condition. This nurse was responsible for Mila's care. "She just took her medicine and fell asleep. Since you left, Mila's condition has greatly improved. She just likes to talk to herself every day. She asked for you every day in the ward. She will be overjoyed to see you." The nurse glanced in the direction of the ward with a grin. I felt a little relieved on hearing that Mila's health was getting better. The nurse chatted with me for some time longer before returning to work. I walked into the ward and saw that it was just Mila and me. Mila was sleeping soundly on the bed. I sat beside her, secretly summoned my healing power, and held her wrist.

I didn't want to reveal anything about my power to her yet. She still hadn't recovered completely, so I was scared she would accidentally tell someone about it. I would be in danger if more people found out about my power.

I could sense the warm current flowing from my palm into Mila's body. Her body temperature obviously rose. It looked like my healing power had done its job.. The nurse had just informed me that her condition was improving, and now with my help, her recovery must have progressed further. I noticed that her closed eyes were slightly fluttering. Mila began murmuring to herself in her sleep. I couldn't hear her, so I decided to lean in and listen carefully. At that moment, her eyes flew open, and she held my hand agitatedly. "Mila, it's okay. It's just me. What were you talking about just now?" I held Mila's hand. Cold sweat beaded on her forehead as if she had woken up from a nightmare. "Someone wants to kill me! Someone wants to kill me!" Mila's voice was very urgent, and she spoke much more clearly than before. She could almost talk like a regular person now. "What? Who wants to kill you?" "Diana, I will tell you, but you can't tell anyone else." Mila was still very agitated, and her pupils had shrunk to pinpoints because of fear. I nodded in agreement with Mila. She whispered in my ear, but she was too anxious to form a coherent sentence. I listened patiently. What she told me left me shell-shocked. It had never crossed my mind that Mila had suffered so many hardships in life.

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 148

Chapter 148 Hidden Race

Diana's POV: Mila told me that she wasn't a member of the Maroon Hill Pack. She belonged to a special werewolf race called the Hidden Race. 1 Every member of the Hidden Race had inherited healing power, but they didn't belong to a specific pack. Because numerous werewolves had eyed the healing power of the Hidden Race, they had been arbitrarily captured for many years and were almost extinct. In Mila's generation, the werewolves began to have endless wars. Since she also possessed the healing power, my father targeted her and kidnapped her entire family, and brought them to the Maroon Hill

Mila refused to obey my father's orders, so he killed her husband in retaliation. Mila had also witnessed my father invade other packs and then torture them for a long time. As time passed, she became unhinged. Since Mila didn't serve any purpose for my father, he locked her up in the dungeon. I had never imagined that my father had such a cruel streak. From what Mila described, he sounded like a demon from hell.

Mila also told me that she had a daughter named Natalie. Since she was imprisoned in the dungeon, she didn't know Natalie's whereabouts. She couldn't figure out what my father had done with Natalie. If Natalie was still alive, she would be about the same age as me. I gently rubbed Mila's quivering back. Her body had become bent and bony with age. Wars and my father's ambition had destroyed her family. I could relate to her grief right now because I had also lost my family and pack. But if my father and pack had survived, they would only have spread more destruction in the world.

I was overwhelmed by a terrible feeling of blame and guilt. After everything I had discovered, I was already certain that my father was not a good person. He had committed too many sins, starting wars and killing his own kind. He was an evil and ambitious man. Perhaps this was my father's true face. "Mila, don't feel so dejected. Maybe Natalie is still alive. I can help you find her." I hugged her tightly. Her eyes were red from crying, making me feel like my heart was shattering.

"Can we really find her?" Mila raised her head and peered at me with dull eyes. Her arms tightened around me, even as her eyes were devoid of hope.

I knew chances were slim that my father would show his enemy mercy. He was the kind of man who would go to extremes to eliminate them. Mila must have also known my father's true nature, which was why she felt like it was pointless to search for her daughter. My father might just have murdered Natalie many years ago.

"Of course. There are many women in the Blue Lake Pack of my age. Maybe your daughter is one of them. I'll make some inquiries. You have to have faith that you and your daughter will be reunited," I said with a faint smile. I

I didn't have it in me to shatter Mila's hope, especially after she seemed to be showing an impressive amount of improvement. I couldn't let her regress because of this matter.

Mila instantly smiled back and gave me a small nod. Her eyes were fixed on me, making me wonder why she was staring at me in this way. However, one detail was niggling at my mind. Mila had mentioned that the healing power could only be

– νη 1τυυυειηαι possessed by members of the Hidden Race. I had to have inherited my powers from my parents, which meant that at least one of them had the blood of the Hidden Race flowing through their veins. My father definitely didn't belong to that race; otherwise, he wouldn't have needed Mila's expertise. I had been raised by my father. I just had a very distant and vague recollection of my mother. She had died from excessive blood loss after giving birth to Angela. I only remembered that she had brown hair as gorgeous as Angela's, and she had a sweet smile. She also made delicious pineapple pies. *Maybe my mother was a member of the Hidden Race. But it didn't make sense at all. I recalled that my mother didn't have the healing power. When I was a child, I had hurt myself once. My mother was very scared, but she couldn't do anything about my injury. No one else had been around at that time. If she possessed the healing power, she would have used it. Had my mother never revealed her healing power because she was paranoid?*

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 149

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 149 Birthday Gift

Diana's POV:

"I... I want to go and look for Natalie now. You said she might be living in the Blue Lake Pack territory. Can you come with me to search for her right now?" Mila suddenly grabbed my hand and beamed at me with excitement. She must have been eagerly looking forward to the day she would meet her daughter again. "No, Mila. You need to rest right now and stay in the hospital for some time for your treatment. Once you get better, you will be discharged from the hospital and can go to look for Natalie. At that time, I will certainly help you," I said in a soothing voice as I tried to calm her down. She hadn't fully recovered yet. She would have to stay in the hospital for quite some time so that she could be monitored properly. There would still be time to find her daughter once she became perfectly healthy. After visiting Mila, I went back to the villa to look for Lambert. Yesterday's treatment for Uriel had been quite effective. I intended to give him another round of treatment today. Lambert shackled his limbs today as well before turning into a wolf. Uriel was well-behaved today and stopped his violent roaring when he saw me. As I treated him, I could sense that he had improved quite a bit, and his temperament was more docile than before. It looked like the day I would be able to leave the Blue Lake Pack for good was not far off.

In the evening, Lambert took Amelia and me back to the university, and Marwin accompanied us as our driver again. When I got out of the car, Marwin stopped me. "Diana, could you please do me a favor? Please give this to Claire. It's her birthday today, but she hasn't replied to my message," Marwin requested politely.

He scratched his nose awkwardly and his face turned a light shade of pink. "Why don't you give it to her yourself? Gifts should be given in person to show someone their true meaning," I deliberately said with a sweet smile as I eyed the large and heavy

"I don't think Claire likes meeting me. Please help me." Marwin's eyes darkened and disappointment flashed across his face. I didn't push him further. I simply nodded and took the gift from him. What was inside the box? Why was it so heavy? I went back to my dormitory and handed the gift to Claire. "Marwin sent this as your birthday gift. Is it your birthday today?" I felt a little ashamed. I hadn't got Claire any gifts. I hadn't even asked her when her birthday was. I wasn't sure if my oversight would upset

her.

"Oh, I had forgotten all about it. You don't need to give me any presents. I don't want to have to get you a return gift afterward. I just want to have a birthday party and celebrate. I'm surprised that Marwin remembered my birthday. But what did he get me? Why is this box so heavy?" Noticing my mortification, Claire remained nonchalant and didn't feel offended.

As she took the gift, her face lit up with surprise and anticipation. Maybe she thought it would be some luxury item. But when she finally opened the box, she was greeted with a series of medical books. As she studied the covers, she could already imagine how boring they would be. Her face flushed instantly. "No one in their right mind would gift such books as a birthday present! Marwin is such an idiot! These books are so heavy that they could bash people to death. Isn't it enough that I already read so many

medical books for my studies?" Claire's face had turned red with anger and she continued ranting. "How could a man give this type of a birthday gift to his fiancée? What the hell! Did he crawl out of a coffin from the eighteenth century?" I burst out laughing. Lambert had also given me medical books as my birthday gift. Maybe they had crawled out of the coffin from the eighteenth century together. "Diana, what's your take? I can't believe that he would give me such a gift. I think I am going to lose my mind. This is the worst gift I have ever received." Claire was so furious that she put her forehead in her palm and plopped down on the bed. "Aren't exams approaching? Maybe these books will give you a leg up." I glanced at the heavy books that lay on the floor and was at a loss on how to comfort her. I could only try to cheer her up with some unlikely reason.

"Marwin is such a moron. He is brainless. I don't need such help," Claire rolled her eyes and said. "Think about it. If someone gives you such old textbooks as a birthday gift, wouldn't you want to curse him to death?"

I smiled and remained silent. Claire didn't know that I treasured the books Lambert had given me. I would probably never get a chance to receive another gift from him again. By this time next year, I would have moved to some distant corner of the world. Maybe Lambert would send presents to other women then. What was I thinking about? I immediately put a stop to my musings. I had to stay rational. These kinds of thoughts would only make me feel more downcast.

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 150

[/ His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole](#)
Chapter 150 The Party

Diana's POV: The next day, the entire university had turned white. The snow was coming down heavily outside, and the people who entered the teaching building were all covered in snow. I spotted Andre in the crowd. He walked through the throng of people and jogged towards me. "Diana, did you hear about the ball at the university tonight?" Andre looked at me with smiling eyes and asked me tentatively. I vaguely recalled Claire mentioning it in the dormitory. However, I didn't have the energy to dwell on balls and parties. I had too many troubles weighing on my mind. "I've heard about it. Why do you ask?" I licked my dry lips. "I want to invite you to the ball. Everyone will be present. You should try to socialize more. Don't stay holed up in the dormitory every day. Parties and balls should also be a part of your college experience." A faint smile played on Andre's lips, but his eyes still glinted with obvious nervousness. Maybe he was expecting me to refuse him. "Okay. But I don't have a dress. I might need to borrow one from Claire." My fingers tightened around my book in my hand and I gave him an uncertain look.

I rarely attended parties, but what Andre said made sense. It would be beneficial for me to focus on something else. Maybe it would take my mind off of my troubles for a while.

The ball was held in the university itself. It was more formal and grand than I had anticipated. Men and women were energetically swaying to the music on the dance floor. Andre saw me across the dance floor when I walked in. He was dressed in a white suit and his hair was slicked back today, making him appear more mature than usual. He guided me to a seat away from the dance floor and got me some macaroons and fruits. I consciously adjusted my dress. Claire's dresses were all slinky and revealing. She had lent me a low-cut black dress. I felt uncomfortable as most of my skin was on display.

Andre slightly lowered his head and held his hand out to me. He wrapped his arm around me and began dancing with me.

"Do you have any plans for the future?" Andre abruptly asked me at the end of the first song. He met my eyes, took his coat off, and placed it around my shoulders.

"Thank you. I intend to go to Europe. I don't want to stick around here anymore." I pulled the coat more snugly around myself as awkwardness overcame me.

"Diana, will I have a chance to woo you once you are free of Lambert? I'm not joking." Andre paused. There was no trace of a smile on his face. He looked at me directly with serious eyes. My palms began sweating with nervousness. I didn't know how to answer his question. I had instructed myself to move on, but right

now, Lambert occupied all my thoughts. I couldn't even imagine having a relationship with any other man.

Andre quietly waited for me to speak. It looked like he wasn't going to back down until I gave him my answer now.

"Of course. I think you and Diana are a perfect match!" Amelia's sugary voice suddenly interrupted us. She strode towards me in high heels, slung her arm around my shoulder, and swept her eyes over Andre. I was a little astonished. Amelia had answered him for me. Why did she do it without even consulting me? "If you want a chance to court Diana, remember to wear black the next time. That's her favorite color. She once told me that black is very alluring." Amelia smiled sweetly and shot a wink in Andre's direction. "Thank you. Are you Diana's friend?" Andre glanced at me with an amused smile. "We are best friends. If you want to know anything about Diana, you can come to me. I know her the best." The smile on Amelia's face widened. She ignored my surprised reaction and continued chatting with Andre. "Do you want to know Diana's favorite food?" "Of course. I'll be sure to keep it in mind." "She likes desserts the most. Her favorites are brownies and tiramisu. Do you cook?" "Not much, but I can learn." "That's good. You had better treat Diana right once you start dating her, or else I won't spare you. By the way, how do you both know each other?" Amelia and Andre carried on their conversation happily. I awkwardly stood between them and was at a loss for what to do. Amelia was a proud woman, so I couldn't call her out in front of Andre. for more visit :- "You guys continue talking. I still have homework to finish. I'm going back to my dormitory." I made up an excuse and pasted a smile on my face. Then I spun around and left the party. I couldn't understand why Amelia had behaved the way she did. I thought she knew I would be pretty upset if she did such a stunt.