

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 15

Chapter 15 Whipping

Diana's POV;

I couldn't contain my happiness when I saw Angela. I was so relieved to see that she was safe and doing well in that house. After all, I couldn't sleep for days thinking that she was rotting away somewhere else.

Hazel was a kind-hearted woman, and knowing that Angela was with Grace gave *me* peace and solace.

The next morning, I went to the construction site on time and continued to haul cement with the other werewolves. Lambert had just established a new pack, and now they were busy building a stronghold for themselves. Day in and day out, the werewolves and slaves were put to work at the construction site.

The other werewolves I was working with still stared at me with resentment as if nothing had changed.

"Diana, stop slacking off! Go and bring the cement here!" Jerry, the head of the construction site, fiercely cracked his whip at me. Ever since he failed to molest me last time, his attitude towards me became worse because he couldn't look at me without feeling humiliated.

However, I kept my head down and endured it all because I knew that things could have been much worse and at least my sister was alive and well. I kept my spirits up and did the work as quickly as I could without complaining in hopes that I'd be able to see Angela again.

In truth, the thought of Angela kept me going the whole time.

"Why do you look so happy? You're just a lowly slave. Stop smiling and get back to work!" Tiffany raised her voice at me.

When I looked up, she was standing in front of me with a sun umbrella in her hand, Without responding, I simply ignored Tiffany as if she wasn't even there and

continued to carry the cement.

"Thank you all for your hard work and dedication. Please get some rest. I've prepared some refreshments for everyone. Diana can carry the rest of the cement on her own. She seems to be enjoying her job a lot." Tiffany smiled at me, but her eyes couldn't hide her contempt as she pompously distributed the cold drinks to the werewolves.

Each and every one of us was sweating profusely because the scorching sun had turned the construction site into a burning stove. As such, when Tiffany brought cold refreshments with the help of her servants, all the werewolves cheered for Tiffany as they appreciated her kindness and generosity.

"Please keep an eye on Diana for me. I will come back to check up on her work before sunset. If Diana fails to finish her work on time, she will be punished tonight. Diana, do I make myself clear?" Tiffany stared at me. Although she wore a sweet smile on her face, her words were dripping with contempt and hatred.

I clenched my fists to stifle the anger I felt as I looked at the large piles of cement. After all, even the strongest werewolf there couldn't move all that cement by the end of the day.

"I see," I answered perfunctorily. I knew that I had no choice but to try my best to finish the job. I could tell that Tiffany was just looking for an excuse to punish me.

I couldn't tell what I had said or done to offend Tiffany, but it was clear from her actions that she hated me.

In the blink of an eye, night fell, as a brilliant sunset became a glorious moonrise, transforming the day into a delirious nocturne.

Tiffany arrived with an entourage of several strong werewolves, each with a whip in their hands. She didn't waste any time as she walked up to me, crossing her arms to her chest and said, "I knew you would slack off. You only moved a little cement the whole afternoon!"

"Are you crazy? Have you seen how much cement there is here? There is no way I could have finished carrying it all on my own!" As soon as I said that, the strong werewolves grabbed me and tied my hands.

"How dare you talk back to me? Who do you think you are? Get this bitch out of my sight and give her a good lashing!"

As soon as they got the order, they dragged me into a dark secret room where slaves were brought to be tortured.

Just one lash of the whip broke my skin and sent my blood gushing to the floor. The pain I felt was excruciating.

I clenched my teeth, and the sharp pain blurred my vision, but I didn't want to cry for mercy. I would rather suffer the pain than suffer humiliation at the hands of Tiffany.

Tiffany watched me with great interest from a distance. I could see why she and Lambert were a perfect match. They both liked to watch others in pain.

“Is that the best you guys can do? Can’t you exert more strength?” Tiffany grew impatient and she grabbed a whip from one of the werewolves and lashed me a few times.

The piercing pain made my head spin and even though I wanted to say something, I had no strength at all.

“What are you doing?” All of a sudden, a voice drew everyone’s attention and the whipping finally stopped.

I looked up somehow and saw a tall figure standing in the darkness. It was Lambert