

# His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole

## Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Humiliation  
Diana's POV:

"What are you going to do?"

The hair on the back of my neck stood up when I saw the way Lambert was assessing Angela. Angela was still so young. Would he be so barbaric to torture a child like her?

Lambert grinned when he saw the pure terror on my face. He seemed to take great pleasure in seeing people's petrified faces. I didn't know why he was like that.

"I can let you go, but..." He wiped his hands gingerly, as if he had just touched the filthiest thing on this earth. "I'm not sure what will happen to your sister."

"No! I won't try to escape anymore. Please leave my sister alone," I begged in horror as I tried to stop him.

"Take her away," he commanded, ignoring my pleas completely.

"Alpha, do you want us to take her or her younger sister away?" the guard asked.

"The younger one, of course," Lambert said as his malicious eyes bored into me.

His order both shocked and terrified me. I crawled towards him faster than I ever had in my life, and threw myself at his feet as I begged for mercy.

"Please, please leave my sister alone. She is just a child. I will follow all your orders if you promise to keep her safe."

"If you had been this submissive before, we wouldn't have had to take such dire measures. Your sister's life depends on your behavior now."

The guard lifted Angela up and placed her on his shoulder. The loud noise and jostling woke Angela up.

"Diana!" Angela shot me a look filled with unadulterated fear as she sobbed and struggled violently.

"Angela, don't worry. Everything will be fine," I tried to console her.

There was nothing else I could do as I helplessly watched her being taken away. I was oblivious to the tears that were streaming down my cheeks.

"Take off your clothes," Lambert ordered.

I knew my only choice was to obey him now. My hands still froze by my sides when I was faced with this command, and I couldn't move at all.

"Your sister's fate is in your hands. I'm going to count to three. One... Two..." My heart skipped a beat when he reached the final count.

Making up my mind quickly and steeling myself, I raised my hands and took off my coat with trembling hands.

"Go on." Seeing my hands hesitate, his volume increased by several notches.

Forcing my hands to move, I continued to hurriedly take off my remaining clothes and only stopped when I was down to my underwear. A chill crept up my spine and my whole body began shaking uncontrollably.

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Lambert strode towards me, grabbed my bra and pulled it down hard, his lips curling up into a smug smile.

A scream escaped my lips and my arms instinctively flew up to wrap themselves around my chest. Tears blurred my vision. I stared ahead unseeingly as I tried to block out my surroundings, but didn't put up a struggle.

I knew it was pointless. I had no way of evading this disaster. Never before in my life had I felt so humiliated, and I had nowhere to escape.

"How does she look?" Lambert turned around and asked his men.

"Alpha, this bitch is so fucking sexy."

"Yes, I wish I could fuck her right now."

"I've never laid eyes on a more beautiful and sexy she-wolf."

I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me when I heard these obscene comments.

Lambert remained quiet, and didn't even spare me a glance. "Do you all hate her?"

"Yes," the werewolves replied in unison.

"What do you plan to do with her?" Lambert asked.

There was a flash of hesitation in the eyes of the werewolves. For a moment, I assumed they wanted my life.

"How about letting her be our sex slave?" one of them suggested.

I couldn't stop the shudder that rocked me when I heard this. My breath came out in short gasps as this intense degradation overwhelmed me.

If it weren't for Angela, I would have fought them to death. It was much better to die than live with indignity. But I couldn't leave Angela alone, and I still had to avenge my father's death.

"Diana, what do you think? Isn't this what you want?" Lambert stared at me with blazing eyes.

My throat closed up and I bit my lower lip.

"Tell me you can't wait to be our sex slave, bitch." He pinched my chin, forcing me to speak.

"I can't wait to be your sex slave," I said through gritted teeth as I finally relented.

I had already been crushed by him. What was the point of arguing with him? It was meaningless!

Several werewolves walked towards me with outstretched hands, their eyes shining with lust. I shut my eyes tight, unwilling to face such a cruel reality.

"Stop!"

To my surprise, it was Lambert's voice.

My eyes flew open in confusion, and I saw the werewolves reluctantly put their hands down and move away. Overwhelmed by the intense emotions I had just experienced, my legs gave way and I collapsed on the floor.

"Ask Hazel to bathe her." After saying this, Lambert spun around and left, leaving me behind in a quivering mess.