

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole

Chapter 20

Chapter 20 Rescue

Diana's POV:

Just as I was about to turn into a wolf, someone kicked the door open all of a sudden. The wooden door made a loud banging noise as it fell to the floor.

Lambert strode in, donning a black shirt, with an anxious look on his face. The moment he saw my bare skin, a cold light flashed through his eyes and he charged at Jerry almost instantly.

"How dare you!" Lambert grabbed Jerry and threw him against the wall.

"This is your first and last warning. Diana is my slave. No one else is allowed to lay a finger on her again unless they want to die a miserable death!" I could only see the back of Lambert's head and his muscular back as he stood in front of me.

This was the first time I had ever felt a sense of security after my father died.

I had been certain that no one would come to my rescue since all the werewolves here wanted me to die. Although I had known that I wouldn't stand a chance against Jerry because I was weak from hunger, I had been left with no choice but to risk my life.

After Lambert let go of Jerry, he turned to look at me.

The frown on his face suggested that he was feeling sorry for me. Having noticed my disheveled state, he took off his shirt and put it over me. Then, he picked me up in his arms and left the construction site.

I couldn't believe what was happening. At first, I thought I must have been dreaming because the Lambert I knew, despised me. Why was he showing me sympathy all of a sudden?

Before long, we arrived in his room.

"Did he hurt you anywhere else apart from your face? What about your wounds from when Tiffany and her followers lashed you with a whip?" Lambert asked with concern as he took out some medicine from the cabinet.

I still was not used to him being so gentle with me. I couldn't help but wonder if he had some hidden motive behind his generosity.

"I'm fine. Why don't you put on some clothes first?" I distanced myself from him without conscious thought. I felt so embarrassed that I kept looking away from him because he wasn't wearing a shirt.

"I would gladly put my shirt on if you weren't wearing it at the moment. Why don't you give it back to me now?" Lambert spoke in a gentle voice as he disinfected the 2007 wounds on my face with a cotton swab dipped in medicine.

I clutched at the hem of the shirt I was wearing and looked down nervously. We were so close to each other that I could feel the warmth of his breath on my cheeks.

I couldn't give his shirt back to him because I was wearing nothing else but a bra underneath it. It would be no different from being naked.

"Then... please disregard what I've said. Thank you for letting me wear your shirt." I lowered my head and faltered.

There was a moment of silence in the room, but it wasn't the kind that made me feel uncomfortable. After dealing with the wounds on my face, Lambert sat beside me.

I was still recovering from the shock of what had happened and Jerry's words about my father were still fresh in my mind. Although I didn't believe a single word of what he had said about my father, I couldn't help but wonder why everyone had the wrong idea about him.

"Did my father really do a lot of bad things? Jerry told me that his mate was killed by my father," I hesitated for a long time and finally asked in a low voice.

"If I told you that he had committed crimes far outrageous than you could imagine, would you believe me?" Lambert looked at me and asked in a low voice.

Then, suddenly, his face turned pale and beads of sweat started to form on his forehead.

I immediately sensed that something was wrong so I let him lie down. There was a ferocious glint in his eyes as if he would go berserk again like the last time.

"What's happening to you? You look sick," I leaned over to ask Lambert.

However, he didn't respond. His eyes were closed and his lips kept quivering as if he was about to scream in pain.

"I'll go and get you a glass of water. Just try to relax." I assumed that Lambert didn't want me to see his vulnerable side, so I immediately found an excuse to get out of the room.

Lambert still didn't respond. When I stood up to leave, Lambert grabbed my hand, pulling me into his arms and held me tightly.

