

# His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 263

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Chapter 263 Rescued

Victor's POV: I was under the impression that since I had ordered Natalie to stab Lambert, he wouldn't be able to move again so soon. I never expected him to sneak into Alston's residence. Besides, I had learned a lesson from the past. Afraid that there would be spies around me again, I would act alone whenever I went to find Alston. At this moment, I was heavily outnumbered. I transformed into a wolf and shoved away the black wolves that pinned me to the ground. But before I could flee, I was once again surrounded by Lambert's men. They bared their sharp claws as they opened their bloody maws, closing the distance between us quickly. In just a few minutes, they caught me effortlessly. They shackled my wrists and tied me up with iron chains, preventing me from escaping. "Fuck! I underestimated you! Did you seriously think you can catch me this way?" I gritted my teeth in anger. My eyes swept over Lambert before falling on the closed wooden house nearby. I could ask Alston to help me stall Lambert with his black magic for the time being. Lambert's gaze followed my line of sight. He looked at the wooden house as well, but oddly enough, his lips curved into a faint smile. "Alston! Alston, come out and help me!" I hollered in the direction of the wooden house, confident that Alston would aid me.

The door soon creaked open, and Alston walked out slowly. "I've already paid what I owed you, Victor. Now, we have nothing to do with each other," Alston refused, his voice ice. Upon hearing what he said, realization dawned upon me. I cursed, infuriated. So, Alston and Lambert were on the same side all along! Lambert's men stuffed me into a car, and Lambert sat in the passenger seat. He didn't ask anything about Natalie, which was contrary to my expectations. I had hoped I could return Natalie to him in exchange of my life. Lambert wanted to kill me, that was clear. He probably wanted to bring me back to his pack and have me executed in public. "Lambert, let me go! I'll return you Natalie and give you the antidote!" Of course, those were all lies. After all, I was only one step away from achieving my goal. It wouldn't be long before I took full control of the Blood River Pack. I couldn't possibly die here! "I'll give you a lot of money as compensation! Name your price, and I'll give it to you as soon as I get back. The Blood River Pack also has a lot of land and resources. As long as you let me go, I'll give them all to you!" Despite my tempting offers, Lambert kept silent all the way and ignored me. I tried to bargain more, tempting him with more offers. I even begged for mercy, but in the end, I didn't get any response. Feeling defeated, I looked out of the window in despair. Maybe this time, I really couldn't escape. The bright sky gradually darkened. By the time the car finally arrived at the Blue Lake Pack, the sky had darkened completely. "Put him in the dungeon," Lambert ordered his men before leaving me to rot in prison. Immediately after he left, I looked around the dungeon. There were walls on three sides, with more than a dozen werewolves guarding the iron fence. "Fuck!"

I cursed, feeling so helpless that I began to break down. I couldn't come to terms with the prospect of being executed by Lambert. I had done so much, but in the end, I still lost. It was unacceptable! In the middle of the night, a strange noise

outside the door of the dungeon caught my attention. One of the guards in front of my cell walked out to check, but as he did so, a muffled sound suddenly came from the door. The rest of the guards rushed out, as if they were facing a formidable enemy. Another series of muffled sounds followed, and soon, the place grew silent. Not long after, Faye appeared with a gun and a key in hand. She promptly opened the iron fence of my cell and unlocked the shackles on my hands. "I'm relieved to see that you're fine, Victor. Hurry up! We don't have much time." Seeing that I was fine, Faye looked greatly relieved. She then pulled me out of the dungeon.

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### Chapter 264 Now It's Your Turn

Victor's POV: I didn't expect to still survive in such a desperate situation, especially when all odds were against me. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine Faye, out of all people, to rescue me. We escaped the dungeon and ran into a forest. I was so touched, I took Faye's hand and held her tightly in my arms. "Faye! Why are you here alone, you silly girl?" I had never been as grateful to Faye as I was now. Before, I used to only take advantage of her. Regret bubbled in me when I recalled how I had suspected her several times in the past. Perhaps, in the whole of the Blood River Pack, she was the most loyal person to me. "It's good that you're not hurt. We have to leave as soon as possible! It'll be terrible if Lambert and his men catch up with us." Faye pushed me away. She flashed me a strained smile as she led me into the depths of the forest. The moonlight at midnight was the brightest and softest, and the mottled light shone on Faye's side profile. "How did you know I was caught?" I asked out of habit. "You didn't return to the pack for a whole day, and I couldn't contact you. I guessed that something might have happened to you. After thinking about it, I assumed that you were probably caught by Lambert, so I decided to sneak into the Blue Lake Pack at night," Faye explained patiently as we entered deeper into the forest. "You should've brought more people with you. If Lambert or his men found you alone, you'd be in danger," I said, breathing a sigh of relief. "If I brought too many people with me, it wouldn't be easy for me to take action." Suddenly, the smile on Faye's face vanished without a trace. A strange emotion, unfathomable to me, surged in her eyes. For some reason, her words sounded rather confusing to me. "What are you talking about?" I teased, not understanding her. Gradually, I realized that the forest we had entered looked strangely familiar. Slowly, I let go of Faye's hand and took a few steps forward. As I was very sensitive to the environment, I could remember every place I had been to with relative ease. Since this area felt so familiar, then I must have been here before. Just as I was about to take a few more steps into the forest, I heard the muffled sound of a gun behind me. Immediately after, I was struck by a severe pain in my leg, as if it was burning. I lowered my head, only to find that a bullet had hit my shin. Fresh red blood kept gushing out, seemingly unstoppable. I covered my wounded leg automatically. The pain was so terrible, I couldn't even stand. "Fuck!" I cursed loudly, infuriated. Had Lambert caught up with me and Faye? And so soon, at that? However, I didn't smell any other werewolves.

I gritted my teeth, enduring the pain, and turned my head to look behind me. Yet, the sight that greeted me made my eyes widen in shock. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Faye held a silver pistol in her hand as she slowly approached me, her face ice-cold. The next instant, this cold expression relaxed and her eyes revealed undisguised joy that came from the bottom of her heart. Suddenly, I had a feeling that Faye had been looking forward to this day. "Faye? Are you crazy? Why are you doing this to me? Listen to me! My relationship with Natalie is long over. If you're angry about it, I can promise you, I'll never see Natalie again!" Shock and anger enveloped my being as I tried to make sense of the situation at hand. I shrank back warily, covering the bleeding wound on my leg. Truth be told, I had never seen Faye looking so cruel and menacing. The woman before me seemed like a total stranger. The stupid and spoiled little girl from before was nowhere to be seen. "What are you saying? You idiot. I was never jealous of anything between you and other women, not since the day you killed my father." Hatred burned in Faye's eyes. She glanced around, her eyes sweeping across the forest. "Are you familiar with this forest, Victor? Do you still remember what you've done? This is the place you killed my father. He died by your hands. Now it's your turn."

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**Chapter 265 It's Not Good To Underestimate The Enemy**

Victor's POV: My body froze, turning cold as fear crashed down on me. Shock and despair struck me like terrible lightning. I was so frightened, my palms were sweating. So Faye had known the truth all along! But, the most horrible part was that she managed to keep me in the dark for so long. "Who told you that? I didn't kill Gavin! You really shouldn't trust the rumors, Faye. I admit, there are some werewolves saying that his death had something to do with me. After all, both of us were the only ones in the forest at that time. But Faye, please believe me. I definitely didn't do it!" I was positive that Faye didn't have any evidence. She probably believed in the rumors in the pack, and came to the conclusion that it was me who killed her father. "Victor, you have a fatal weakness. You're always so self-righteous. I'm not a fool. You may not expect it, but Natalie sent me a video of you killing my father. After that, I've allied with her and the Blue Lake Pack. You have no idea how much I hate you, Victor. Every day, I wish I could kill you and avenge my father!" Faye stroked the trigger of the pistol with odd gentleness. Her voice was calm, but her words were laced with a threat that seemed to oppress me greatly. "Natalie... Then, did Lambert let you take me away on purpose tonight?" I gritted my teeth. The painful, bleeding wound was draining me of energy, reducing my voice to a weak and frail tremor. Faye nodded. So, she was the one who helped Lambert get back Natalie, and told him my location so that he could catch me. She went as far as to murder my confidant so that she could make him a scapegoat. I'd really underestimated this woman! "You're really something! You've hidden it so well. I guess you really did become more mature than before. You're not as stupid as you used to be," I hissed through gritted teeth, seething. To say I was shocked by Faye's drastic change would be an understatement. Based on my impression of her, Faye had always been an innocent and ignorant little girl. She hated wars and had no interest in the pack affairs. Because Gavin sheltered and protected her too much, she was

very stupid and clueless. She used to tremble with fear at the sight of blood, but now, she was pointing a gun at me calmly. She put on a convincing act and kept me in the dark this entire time. Even though I doubted her several times, she successfully dispelled all of them. "I'm flattered. You thought that I was deeply infatuated with you and that I was brainless in a relationship, so you've never taken me seriously." Faye sneered, glaring at me with mocking eyes. "It's not good to underestimate the enemy, Victor." I took in a deep breath, panicking, as sweat drenched my forehead. At this moment, somehow, I felt that Faye and Gavin were similar. They were both vicious, but Gavin would reveal his viciousness openly while Faye was very good at hiding it. She would only show her vicious side at the crucial moment. "I killed Gavin because he wanted to abandon me first! I had to get rid of him before he hurt me. If he didn't die, my life would be in danger! I was forced. I had no choice! And do you seriously think that Natalie wants to help you for no reason? The Blue Lake Pack and the Blood River Pack are enemies. She just wants to get rid of me first, and after that slowly destroy the Blood River Pack." I tried to persuade Faye, desperately holding on to a small glimmer of hope. If Gavin hadn't told me to break up with Faye, I wouldn't have come to this point. Since he wanted to abandon me senselessly, why should I tolerate him? "Stop making excuses when you're about to die." To my chagrin, Faye refused to listen to me. She turned her gaze to the night sky before looking back at me, and said, "But it doesn't matter. You won't be able to see the sunrise. I guess it's good for you to say all the things you wanted to say before you die."

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**Chapter 266 Execution**

Faye's POV: That night, I brought Victor back to the Blood River Pack. I was going to expose his crime to the public and finally put an end to this damn war.

I ordered my men to quickly summon the members of my pack. Hundreds of lights soon illuminated the dark Blood River Pack. Over a thousand members had assembled on the square in a short while. Victor had been bound and was kneeling on the stage with a black cloth gagging him. I projected the video that showed him murdering my father on the big screen. There was an instant uproar among the crowd that had gathered off-stage. Although my father was not an affable Alpha, he had protected the Blood River Pack for decades, and most of the members regarded him with awe and respect. "Damn it! Victor must be executed immediately!" one of the pack members suggested furiously. "When was this video shot? Why wasn't it released earlier?" Many werewolves from the crowd were dubious. I stood at the front of the stage and my eyes swept over the werewolves who were voicing various opinions. In the past, I had never dared to speak in front of such a big crowd. I didn't know where my courage came from today. But I knew with a certainty that since matters had reached such a critical point, I had to take charge and solve this problem. "I'm sorry that I didn't reveal the truth until now. This video is absolutely authentic. The reason I didn't release it before is I wasn't sure I would be able to take on Victor. I had to take responsibility for my people and innocent pack members. Victor's crime is

unpardonable. I will execute him tonight. As for all the werewolves who were loyal to him, I know you all were also deceived by his lies. If you are willing to continue serving the Blood River Pack, I will forgive your past actions." I shot a warning look at the army Victor had organized that stood to one side of the stage. Victor had wielded considerable influence in the Blood River Pack. I wasn't sure if they would defend Victor or start a rebellion. The whispers from the crowd gradually became more coherent. "Faye, I will always be on your side irrespective of the others swearing their allegiance to you or not," an elderly werewolf stepped out of the throng and said. He was a soldier who was loyal to my father before. He hadn't stepped on the battlefield in many years because of his advanced age. "You are Alpha Gavin's daughter and the rightful heiress to the Blood River Pack." I was astonished and my heart was flooded with myriad emotions. I had expected that Victor would have a majority of the pack's support. After all, I had never been involved in any of the pack's affairs, and I rarely interacted with the werewolves of the pack. At this moment, I could finally see and understand the true character of the Blood River Pack. It had existed for decades, and our strong sense of identity had been shaped by our history. At least a few people were still willing to stand by my side. "We are willing to continue serving the Blood River Pack, Faye," a werewolf leader declared solemnly on behalf of the army. Victor held no more power, and his loyal followers had realized that he was now at my mercy. After weighing all the pros and cons, they also took my side. "Okay." My fingers curled into my palms and my confidence soared. "Why should we believe you? The video could be forged! How can a she-wolf be the Alpha? The Blood River Pack will become a laughingstock if other packs discover this. Faye, do you think you are worthy of this position?" A werewolf had come running on the stage. His voice was aggressive and inflammatory, as if he was trying to stir up trouble. I remembered him. He was Alpha Loren of the Black Basin Pack. He had abandoned his pack some time back and sought refuge at the Blood River Pack. He had been working for Victor since my father's demise. Beside him stood several burly werewolves, all of whom were Victor's confidants. "You are just Victor's lackey. You have no right to judge me." I met his gaze unflinchingly and commanded the soldiers beside me in a loud voice, "Arrest them all!" "Faye! If you act according to your whims, you will destroy the Blood River Pack sooner or later!" Victor's henchmen were outnumbered and were soon overpowered by the soldiers. The crowd gradually settled down. I glanced at Victor, who was tied up, took out a gun that had been tucked into my waistband, and aimed it at his temple. "Dad, I have finally avenged you today," I muttered to myself bitterly. The sharp crack of the gunshot echoed through the air, instantly followed by a blanket of silence. Victor's body thudded loudly to the ground and his blood splattered across the stage. "Victor deserved more than death. From now on, I will be the Alpha of the Blood River Pack." Facing the intense gazes of scores of people from the crowd, I wasn't even sure if I could carry these burdens alone. I also knew I would face plenty of disputes and difficulties in the future. But the Blood River Pack was the fruit of my father's painstaking labor, and I couldn't hand it over to anyone else. "Please trust me!"

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Chapter 267 Antidote



Lambert's POV: After Faye took Victor away from the dungeon, I headed to the Blood River Pack. Faye told her subordinate to take me to the house where they lived. Reaching there, I pushed the door open and saw Natalie curled up on the bed. She looked much more haggard, but her eyes weren't as dull as before. When she saw me walking towards her, her eyes widened slightly in surprise. "Let me take you home, Natalie." I sat on the edge of the bed and tucked the hair on Natalie's face behind her ears. I was careful to speak gently to her, in case I frightened her. To my surprise, Natalie didn't resist. However, her face was pale and awfully gaunt. Perhaps the effect of the drug had weakened a lot, so she showed me no hesitation and simply nodded timidly. I circled my hands around her slender waist and held her in my arms. Natalie replied by leaning against my shoulder, though she remained silent. After that, I brought her out of the house and took her to the car. We reached the square, but the road in front of us was blocked by many people gathering there. I saw Faye standing on the stage, confident, as she proudly announced that she would be the new Alpha of the Blood River Pack. Dawn had just passed, and the sky had yet to brighten. This was the end, but it also marked a new start. When Faye spotted me in the car, she signaled to the soldier beside her to step down and hand me a bottle of red blood. This was Victor's blood, which was one of the most important ingredients to create the special aphrodisiac's antidote. My gaze met Faye's, and I flashed her a smile. I nodded to her in thanks, and then ordered the driver to take a detour to leave the Blood River Pack. When we arrived at Alston's house, it was already noon. I handed the bottle of blood to Alston. He was dressed in a black wizard suit. After receiving the blood from me, he poured a muddy liquid medicine into a transparent bottle, and then chanted a strange spell. After that, he poured Victor's blood into the liquid medicine. The bottle immediately emitted a smell similar to that of a vervain flower. "You can just give it to her." Alston handed me the bottle of medicine after he was done, casting a brief look at Natalie. I took the medicine and patted Natalie's back, indicating her to take it. However, the taste of the medicine was so strange that Natalie kept shaking her head and refused to obey. "You won't recover if you don't drink this," I coaxed Natalie patiently, keeping my voice low and gentle. She seemed to understand my words, and took to staring dazedly at the medicine. After a while, she finally opened her mouth and drank it obediently. As soon as she finished drinking the medicine, she immediately began to feel sleepy and leaned tiredly against my arms. "What happened?" I turned to Alston, my expression hostile. "She'll be fine after a good sleep." Alston cleaned up the medicine and the bottles on the table, staring at Natalie expressionlessly as he did so. I trusted his words for now, and so moved to leave with Natalie in my arms. Before I walked out of his house, Alston was quick to give me a reminder. "Don't forget what you've promised me." "I won't. When Natalie wakes up, I'll take you to the Blue Lake Pack." So saying, I left. Amelia followed me out of the cabin as well. Since she had made amends for her previous sins, she wanted to return to the Blue Lake Pack "Take the car at the back." I had no intention to let Amelia be, especially after all she had done, but I figured that Natalie should punish her in person. Arriving at the Blue Lake Pack, I took Natalie back to my room in the villa. I sat on the edge of the bed and stared at her pale and bloodless face, my heart aching at the sight. She was already so thin before, but the special aphrodisiac rendered her into skin and bones, and her face was sunken. I raised my hand to gently stroke her face. Natalie's tightly shut eyelids flickered slightly at my gesture. The next second, she slowly opened her eyes, and I saw her usual bright and clear gaze staring back at me. "L-Lambert!" Natalie woke up, looking fearful, before hugging me tightly. "It's alright now." A sigh of relief and delight fell out of my lips. I caressed Natalie's long hair, happy. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to stab you then, but I couldn't control myself. I'm sorry... And about Faye, I didn't want to expose her. I don't like Victor. I hate him

more than anything! Oh, Lambert... I don't know why I did that. It's terrible! It's all my fault!" Natalie burst into incoherent ramblings, flabbergasted, tears streaming down her face. She seemed to have recalled everything that happened after she was drugged. "I know it's not your fault. None of us will blame you. Let me see. Look, your eyes are red from crying." With a gentle smile, I wiped the tears off Natalie's face. Her tearful appearance shattered my heart into pieces. Of course I knew none of this was Natalie's fault. I would never blame her. Instead, my heart ached for her.

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Chapter 268 | Only Love You

Natalie's POV: "Did... did Victor control me?" I tried to recall what happened that day. However, I was unable to figure out why or how I was controlled "It's a bit more complex than that. The good news is, everything's settled now. Faye executed Victor, and now we have a temporary truce." Lambert kissed the tears on my face gently. As he moved, the stubble on his chin tickled my cheek. He had always been neat and clean, but now, his face was full of fatigue. There were dark circles under his eyes, as if he hadn't slept for a very long time. "I can't believe so many things happened after I was drugged..." I raised my hand to touch Lambert's jaw absentmindedly, feeling his skin under the tips of my fingers. Thinking of the time I stabbed him, I asked concernedly, "How's your chest? Did I injure your heart?" I unbuttoned Lambert's coat in a hurry and sat on him. Then I unbuttoned his shirt, eager to check on him and see if he was hurt anywhere. The muscles on his chest were strong and powerful. Luckily enough, there was only a very shallow scar across his chest where his heart was. "Mila came in time and helped me recover." Lambert's eyes were filled with desire. He didn't care about the shirt I had unbuttoned. Instead, he pinched my waist and reached for the hem of my skirt. His dry and rough fingers then moved to my thighs. His teasing gesture made me aroused. My private part grew wet, and desire began to burn in me. I pressed my lips against Lambert's, but he kissed me more eagerly than I did. The tip of his tongue pried my lips open, before he turned over and pressed me on the bed. He kissed me again, his movements both rough and affectionate. "Natalie... You don't know how jealous I felt when I saw you with Victor." Lambert let go of my lips and finally removed his gentle front. There was a hint of childish grievance in his eyes. I could sense that deep in his heart, there were strong possessiveness and desire. He looked into my eyes lovingly, as if he wanted to swallow me into his stomach so that I would belong to him forever. "I only love you." I ran my fingers through Lambert's hair. Then, I raised my head and kissed his Adam's apple. I slid my other hand into his bulging trousers and held his erection. Lambert moaned in pleasure, the sound deep and husky. His deep-set eyes were in a dreamy trance, and there was a trace of sweat on his prominent nose. He seemed to have reached his limit. Hurriedly, he tore off my panties, spread my legs, and thrust into me. I bit my lower lip, groaning in pleasure, and then buried my head in a pillow. However, Lambert wanted to see my face. He grabbed my chin and turned my face so that we could both see each other's expressions. "Look at me, Natalie." His eyes were filled with lust, and he looked strong and alluring. Soon, our bodies were covered with a thin layer of sweat. He kissed my lips, and then slammed into me. He buried deep into me,

each time sending me shuddering and trembling in pleasure. "Hmm... W-wait..." Lambert kissed me passionately, preventing me from saying a coherent sentence. Our bodies pressed tightly against each other. He quickly found my sensitive spots, and thrust in the deepest part of me, hitting hard every time. I arched my waist, curled up in his arms, and opened my legs wide to accept him. Sensing that I was on the verge of climax, he let go of my lips and held me tightly in his arms. Straightening his back, he began to speed up. His fingers caressed the place where our lower parts of bodies intertwined, and pinched my wet clitoris. I felt a surge of liquid bursting out of me as a wave of pleasure swept over me. Screaming loudly, I curled up in Lambert's arms. In the quiet room, the sounds of our lovemaking were clear. After my climax, I felt exhausted and allowed Lambert to turn me over and thrust into me from behind. My whole face was buried in the quilt, my whole body becoming extremely sensitive. But, Lambert refused to let me go. He kissed and bit my earlobes teasingly, not about to let me pass out so easily. "Hold on for a little longer." Lambert's hoarse and slightly panting voice rang in my ears. He rubbed my butt with his hands, and slapped them on purpose from time to time. I turned my head sideways slightly. He responded by pinching my cheek, and then kissed me again. I only remembered that he was still thrusting in and out of me before I lost my consciousness. It seemed he didn't intend to come in me, and could still hold on for a long time.

## His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 269

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Chapter 269 Cured The Old Wounds

Natalie's POV: I woke up in a daze, and promptly realized that it was already morning. Lambert had woken up earlier than me. His tall and strong figure stood by the window, blocking the scorching sunlight streaming through the glass panes. At present, he was slowly buttoning up his shirt. "You're up, Natalie? You can't sleep in today. We have something to do." As I lay on the bed, Lambert turned to look at me, probably hearing the sound coming from the bed. He grabbed a brown windbreaker from the wardrobe and put it on, ready to go out. "What is it?" I rubbed my sleepy eyes, willing myself awake, and picked up my underwear on the floor. Lambert informed me that we were going to help a black wizard cure his illness. Although he was responsible for curing me from the aphrodisiac, he was also the one who gave it to Victor in the first place. I was sure that helping a wizard who had worked with Victor was a terrible idea. However, Lambert had already made a promise in exchange for my, safety. It wasn't appropriate for him to go back on his word. After both of us had dressed, Lambert took me to another room. "I've sent someone to bring Alston here. He's inside now, but his condition seems to be worse than yesterday." Lambert pushed the door open and led me inside, holding my hand. When I entered the room, I saw Alston lying weakly on the bed. He was so thin, just skin and bones. It gave me the impression that he was nearing his final moments. Whatever he was suffering from, the pain seemed to devour his body day by day. Alston propped up his body with great difficulty and stared at me with dull eyes. "I think my injury is more serious than yesterday. Please, hurry." "What kind of injury do you have?" I cautiously took a seat at the edge of the bed and held Alston's thin wrist. He was cold all over, and the coldness was coming from the inside of his body. "You just need to treat my disease, not ask questions. You guys promised me



that." Alston refused to give me any details about his illness, intent on keeping them a secret. It seemed he was hiding something. I didn't press him, and pulled open his loose collar. He was so thin, his ribs and even his heart were almost visible through his skin. He must have suffered heavy internal injuries for a long time. I put my hand on Alston's abdomen and let my healing power flow into him. Alston frowned at first, but after a while, he could feel his old wounds were healing. His face softened and he stared at me in amazement and disbelief. However, his old wounds turned out to be a little difficult to deal with. I was pretty sure they were no ordinary internal injuries. All in all, it took me several hours to heal all the injuries on his body. He looked much better after the treatment. His thin and frail face still looked frightening, but colors began to fill his previously deathly pale cheeks, and his freezing body temperature returned to normal. But after doing so much healing, the energy in my body was used up and I soon reached my limit. My head began to spin and I started feeling dizzy. But I quickly shook my head and forced myself to remain lively, trying to not let my fatigue show. "It's incredible..." Alston touched his body before turning to me, beaming. He was looking at me as if I was some rare treasure. "Thank you so much! May I ask how you did it?" Alston grabbed me by the wrist eagerly. He was obviously very excited, as though he had discovered something new and groundbreaking. Delight and astonishment colored his voice as he spoke to me. Still, I was used to this sort of reaction. Those who had witnessed my healing power would always find it both miraculous and unbelievable. "I don't know," I replied politely with a strained smile, breaking away from Alston's grip. Both my mother and I had the same healing power, because we were from the Hidden Race. Obviously, I couldn't tell Alston that. "My wounds have been torturing me for so many years. I always thought that I'd never have a chance to recover. Thank you so much! You've helped me a lot." Alston was so delighted, even his face began to glow brightly. His eyes flickered, and then he blurted out a sudden apology. "I helped Victor before because I owed him a favor. He saved me once a long time ago. I had no idea that he would do something so awful with the potion I gave him. I'm sorry to have caused you so much trouble..." Honestly, I didn't want to offend a powerful black wizard. Now that Alston had apologized and Victor was dead, everything was all in the past. Water under the bridge, so they say. There was no need to care anymore. "It doesn't matter anymore. Victor had also been punished." I smiled. However, his words made me curious and I asked, "How did you know I have healing power?" I knew Lambert very well, so he wouldn't be the one to leak my secret. He was considerate and cautious in everything he did. He was also constantly reminding me, again and again, that I couldn't tell anyone about my healing power. Naturally, it was impossible for him to commit such a mistake. "A woman called Amelia asked me for help. She hoped that I could make the antidote to the aphrodisiac. In exchange, she would have you cure my old disease." Alston lifted the quilt slowly and wobbled out of bed. Satisfaction coloring his joyful face, he relaxed his thin arms and said with a sly smile, "If there's nothing else, I shall leave." I nodded with a smile, though my face had become quite stiff. Suddenly, I recalled feeling something strange when I drank coffee with Amelia before this whole fiasco began. If that was the case, then she was the one who drugged me at that time.

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## Chapter 270 Disappointment

Natalie's POV: After Alston had left, I narrated my suspicions to Lambert. "I think Amelia's suspicious, I was drinking coffee with her when I was drugged. Right after I took a few sips, I felt strangely drowsy." Lambert's eyes darkened, his brows furrowing in displeasure as he listened to me. He stood up and closed the door, and then sat next to me on the bed. It was obvious that he wanted to tell me something very serious. He was quiet for a while, as if trying to find the right words. Then he said, as gently as he could, "Your guess is right. Amelia was the one who drugged you. She tried to drug me as well, but she failed. She was working with Victor in secret the entire time. In fact, during the war, she purposefully led you into the forest so that Victor could kidnap you. When we managed to imprison Victor, she was the one who released him." As Lambert broke the news to me, his deep eyes never left mine. He spoke in an eerily calm tone; I couldn't tell whether he was happy or angry "I didn't punish Amelia. I wanted you to make a decision after you were cured of the aphrodisiac. I know you trust Amelia very much, Natalie, but she's not the Amelia you used to know. I hope you'll think it over and stop tolerating her. She has done far too much." The revelation left me beside myself with shock. I was aware that there had been a wedge between me and Amelia, but I never imagined that she could be so cruel as to want me to die. "I see..." I lowered my eyes, uncertain of how to react. All sorts of complex emotions welled in my heart, with anger and disappointment surging over me in waves. We were best friends before. I didn't, no, I couldn't understand why Amelia would do such awful things. Was it simply because of her love for Lambert? "Does Amelia like you?" I looked at Lambert, my vision slowly blurring with hot tears. "Yes. She told me after she failed in drugging me, but I didn't reciprocate her feelings." Lambert was expressionless, looking as though he couldn't care less about Amelia's love for him. Then again, he had always been indifferent to others. My guess had been right all along! Before, I had a nagging suspicion that Amelia held special feelings for Lambert. As it turned out, I was correct. To think she would commit so many stupid and heinous deeds, all to win Lambert's heart! "All because of this?" I could feel my composure slipping as turbulent emotions overwhelmed my very being. It was difficult for me to accept the cruel fact that my best friend would betray me, all because of a man! Amelia and I had been friends for many years. In fact, we knew each other since we were still wearing diapers! Childhood friend or not, she had crossed the line. She had gone too far this time. "I need to ask her." I stood up angrily, fury bubbling in me like a volcano about to explode. "Calm down, Natalie." However, Lambert grabbed my wrist and pulled me back. "I know! I know, but I can't understand why she did this to me!" I shook off Lambert's hand roughly and stormed out of the room with a sullen grimace. Ignoring everything, I marched straight to Amelia's apartment. I jabbed the doorbell multiple times, impatient, and Amelia soon opened the door. The second she saw me, she panicked. "N-Natalie! Why are you here? What... what's up?" Amelia had probably never seen me looking so furious. So nervous she was, she couldn't string a coherent sentence for a long time. Then, she burst into guilty tears. She probably realized that I had discovered the truth. "I'm so sorry, Natalie... I never meant to hurt you! I'd never..." "Really? You helped Victor several times. Now, you're telling me that you didn't do it on purpose? I never thought you'd be such a vile liar. You disappoint me, Amelia!" I Never in my life had I spoken so harshly to Amelia. In the time we have known each other, this was the first time I delivered such harsh, unkind words to her. "I didn't know what was wrong with me at that time! Maybe it's because I'm jealous, or maybe it's because I've never liked someone so much... I just wanted him for myself! T-that's why I did all those stupid things! I've seen the error of my ways,

Natalie. I went to the black wizard to get the antidote for you so that you could be healed! Please, Natalie. I hope you can forgive me. That's all I wanted. You really are my most important friend!" Amelia cried bitterly, her eyelashes soaked, her cheeks wet with tears that saw no end. She shook her head helplessly, biting her trembling lower lip pitifully.

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