

His Slave His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 291

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Chapter 291 The Handsome Young Man

Rebecca's POV: I agreed to Lambert's request. I cast a protective spell around the entire Blue Lake Pack territory. Although it wouldn't keep Alston out of the pack, it would at least sound an alarm when a wizard approached us. I knew my powers were limited, so I had to make the best use of them to help Lambert and Natalie. "Thank you. I wonder how long this war with Alston will last." Natalie walked towards me with a downcast expression. "You are welcome. Actually, Lambert has already paid me for this. It's my duty. Don't worry. Lambert is very proficient at solving these kinds of problems. It won't be long before he finds a solution to get rid of Alston permanently." It was not in my nature to comfort people, so I simply told her the truth. This was a life-or-death fight. With a soft helpless smile and a determined look in her eyes, Natalie said, "My biggest concern is Lambert. We only just ended one war. I thought we would finally be able to lead a peaceful life." "I have been living a nomadic life since childhood. I have never known peace before, but I turned out okay. At long last, I have got the chance to live a stable life in the Blue Lake Pack now. Don't worry. I have promised you, and I will do my best to protect the pack for you," I said from the bottom of my heart with a grin. "I can't thank you enough, Rebecca," Natalie said animatedly. The sincerity in her eyes made me uncomfortable. I began to feel a little antsy. I quickly teased her, "Then find me a few handsome men as a thank-you. What do you say?" Natalie's smile widened. Just as she opened her mouth to reply, my phone pinged. "Sorry, I need to check this message." Very few people had my phone number. I reached for my phone curiously. It was a message from Andre. He was asking me out to dinner at a restaurant tonight. I had been so preoccupied over these past few days that he had nearly slipped my mind. "I have something to do right now. Let's chat about handsome men the next time we meet, okay?" I raised my eyebrows naughtily and winked at Natalie. "No problem. You carry on with your plans. I'm going back to look for Lambert." After saying goodbye to me, Natalie turned around and left. I was very sure that it was impossible for me to have a relationship with Andre since I was a hybrid. If that wasn't enough of a hindrance, he was also the son of an Alpha. Even though we were mates, there was no way for us to be together. Besides, I wasn't ready to invest too much time in him when we didn't have any future together. But it was also necessary for me to have some fun every now and then. Besides, Andre had taken the initiative to ask me out. Dinner sounded boring though. I preferred to get directly to the exciting part. I looked at my phone and smiled saucily. I accepted his invitation and gave him the name of a hotel. I went straight to the hotel room to take a shower. Andre didn't arrive until half an hour later. He stood at the door uneasily. With a very hesitant expression, he said, "The restaurant in this hotel is quite good. Would you like to go downstairs and check it out?" I noted his red ears, leaned against the doorframe, and nonchalantly said, "No. Are you coming in? If you're not going to, I'll close the door." I didn't want to waste my time chatting with him. As soon as I went to shut the door, Andre's sneakered foot stretched out, preventing me from closing it completely. He dithered at the threshold, apprehension clearly visible on his flushed face. I stepped close to him. Just like the last time, he refused to meet my eyes. Instead, his eyes darted around, evading mine, making him look cute and innocent. I nudged his chin, forcing him

to look at me, and kissed his warm and trembling lips. Andre froze for a moment, then reached out and wrapped his arms snugly around me. We were so close to each other that his scent tickled my nose. Andre's cheeks became redder and soon, he was hard. He parted his lips with the intent of saying something, but I swallowed his words with another kiss and slid my hand into his bulging trousers.. "Do you want to come to the bed?" I lifted my foot and rubbed it provocatively against Andre's calf. My voice was sultry with "Do you want to come to the bed?" I lifted my foot and rubbed it provocatively against Andre's calf. My voice was sultry with desire. Andre gasped and just allowed me to drag him to the bed like a docile lamb.

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Chapter 292 One Night Stand

Andre's POV: After meeting Rebecca at the university that day, I thought she would make the first move to contact me. We had already discovered that we were each other's mates. My gut told me that she also liked me. However, after waiting for a few days, I still didn't receive any message from her. Did she dislike me? She was so mature and sexy, She must have several men trying to woo her. I didn't want to dwell on that possibility. Instead, I screwed up my courage to contact her first. She readily agreed to come out on a date, but called me to a hotel. Wouldn't it be inappropriate for us to meet in a hotel on our first date? I was quite hesitant, but still couldn't stop myself from showing up at the hotel. I hadn't expected Rebecca to be so forward and enthusiastic. When I entered the room, she greeted me with a kiss. I was infatuated with the fragrance of roses that wafted from her body. I was attracted to her and wanted to sleep with her. But I believed we should make our relationship official before that Rebecca didn't give me a chance to speak. She slid her hand into my trousers and her red-painted toes rubbed against my calf every now and then. "Do you want to come to the bed?" Rebecca's sultry voice gave her the appearance of a bewitching siren. She must have just got out of the shower. Her red hair was still wet and tiny drops of water dripped to the floor: My last thread of control snapped. Rebecca leaned into me and I obediently fell on the bed. She took off her bathrobe and revealed black lacy lingerie. Her skin peeked out between scraps of fabric. She was very skilled in bed. She removed a condom from the drawer of the bedside table and clamped it between her lips. Then she slowly unbuttoned my trousers with her slender fingers, which were painted red. She ripped open the condom package then and put it on for me. Her fingers wrapped around my dick and she expertly guided me inside her. As soon as I was completely inside her, she threw back her head and moaned with pleasure. Her pussy was tight and wet, and soon, I was ready to come. "Honey, don't come yet." Rebecca seemed to have sensed that I was close. She leaned forward and kissed my ear and cheek. Her voice was soft and husky, and her red lips quirked up slightly as she said, "Let me enjoy myself first!" After saying that, her tongue darted out and we kissed deeply. I wrapped my arms around her waist, flipped her, and pinned her body with mine. Then I drove into her to hit her deepest spot. Rebecca screamed provocatively. I lowered my head and kissed her bouncing breasts as I thrust faster. The room echoed with the sound of slapping flesh. I lost count of the number of times we had sex that night. The only thing I could

remember was Rebecca's warm body underneath mine. She seemed to have an active sex drive and got wet quickly. Every time I heard her scream in pleasure as she came, I got hard again. When I woke up again, it was already the next morning. Rebecca was hastily getting dressed by the bed, as if she was in a rush to leave. We hadn't enjoyed the morning after spending our first night together yet. "Rebecca, since we are mates, let's go to my pack when you have the time. We don't need to hurry into an engagement. I'd like you to meet my parents first," I said as I blushed furiously and sat up, wrapped in the quilt while I stared at Rebecca, who was hooking up her bra.

She had already been so active. It was only right for me to take the next step to propose and then get engaged. Rebecca froze for a moment when she heard my words. After hooking up her bra and pulling on her skirt, she gave me a serious look and said, "I'm sorry, Andre. I can't be your mate." What? I couldn't believe that Rebecca, who had enjoyed herself so much with me yesterday, would say something so heartless to me today with an indifferent air. I knew I had performed well in bed last night. I had made her come several times. So why had she suddenly changed her attitude towards me? "Why?" I felt like I had been struck by a bolt of lightning. Rebecca played with her long messy curls, a hint of regret flashing in her eyes. What did she regret? Did she regret sleeping with me last night? "Since you are such an innocent boy, I don't want to play with your feelings anymore" Rebecca stood by the door and sighed. "I'm a werewolf and wizard hybrid. You're going to succeed your father as Alpha in the future. A hybrid could never be your Luna, right

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Chapter 293 Made It Clear

Rebecca's POV: I had no choice. Andre was definitely my type and the sex had been great, but we came from different worlds. Maybe I shouldn't have seduced him last night. Andre was dumbfounded by my words. After a while, he studied me with a helpless sadness. "Don't leave me, Rebecca. Give me some time. I can find a solution to these problems." But this idea didn't appeal to me. My time was precious. I just wanted to use it for making money and flirting with handsome men. I didn't want to waste it on an innocent boy like Andre. "No, Andre. It's not that I don't trust you. It's just that I'm not interested in wasting my time waiting for you after we have just had a one night stand," I said in a harsh voice as I crossed my arms over my chest. "How can you do this to me, Rebecca? You just made love to me last night." Andre was affronted and resentful. His expression clearly conveyed that he was upset I was abandoning him. I couldn't let things progress like this. I didn't like the innocent hurt on his face, which was filling me with guilt. I walked up to the bed and resolutely said, "Let's not waste any more of our time. Andre, you are not required to take the efforts to solve this issue for me. We barely know each other. Listen to me, you can refuse to be my mate. Of course, I shall accept your refusal, and you will be free to find your next mate." Andre lowered his eyes and pursed his lips. He seemed to be deep in thought. His blonde hair dazzled in the sun, and his physique was stunning. When he had taken off his clothes, his well-honed muscles had been revealed. I knew it

was not a good idea to lead him on, but I just couldn't stop myself. I waited for several minutes, but Andre didn't say anything, nor did he refuse me. He just sat obstinately and silently on the bed. I smiled. Maybe he needed some time to process this development. But I didn't have any more time to stay here with him. "Now that I've made myself clear, I'm leaving. If you're interested in having sex with me again, give me a call." I spun on my heels, shut the door, and walked away without looking back. – After I left the hotel, I almost succeeded in putting this entire issue out of my mind. Although this was the first time I had encountered such a situation, I thought I had handled it well. I knew Andre would show some resistance and be upset. Perhaps because he was a virgin, it was inevitable to have some feelings for his first sexual partner. Once he matured a little, he would come back to me and break off our mate bond. Such happenings were commonplace. Even if a male werewolf and a she-wolf were brought together because of the mate bond, there was no guarantee they would be a perfect match for each other. I had grown up alone, sandwiched between the werewolves and the wizards. Werewolves didn't like to associate with wizards, and the wizards also hated werewolves. As a hybrid, my existence was an abomination to them. I had no memory of my parents' faces anymore. I never understood how they fell in love with each other and why they chose to bring me into this world. I didn't long for a werewolf mate or a wizard husband. I was happy living such a free and unrestrained life. A gust of cold wind interrupted my ruminations. Why was I thinking about all this? I shook my head with a small smile. Andre's innocence and the sincerity in his eyes must have made me reluctant and bewildered for a moment. Fortunately, all this wasn't a part of my life now. I turned around and went to the nightclub I frequented, continuing to party hard.

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Chapter 294 Abandon

Natalie's POV: Ever since Alston had realized his Noose Curse was ineffective on Lambert, he hadn't made any moves or contacted me for healing his internal injuries. He must have understood that he had no leverage now. Even if he came to me, it would be futile. Lambert and I led an untroubled life until Carl came to me one day. Angela had told me several times that Carl still wished to go back to Alston. "I want to leave the Blue Lake Pack and find Alston." The boy's eyes glinted with determination. "I still don't believe that he would do something like this to me. Maybe he acted like that because of some unknown reasons." I sighed inwardly. I had no problem with him returning to Alston. I was just worried that Alston would hurt him. "Aren't you afraid that he will try to kill you like the last time?" "Even if he wants to kill me, I have to talk to him. There has to be a reason," Carl insisted. I was unable to change his mind, so I finally let him go. I presumed that Alston just didn't see Carl as his brother anymore. He didn't hold a particular grudge against him, so maybe he wouldn't try to kill the little kid. I told Lambert about my fears, but he seemed indifferent. We both covertly tailed Carl instead. Carl took a car and left the Blue Lake Pack territory. After exiting the car, he stepped onto a lonesome path. Both sides of the path were lined with thick trees, giving it an eerie appearance. To ensure we didn't alert Alston, Lambert parked the car on the side of the road. He led me forward until a wooden house slowly rose in the distance. I spotted Carl knocking on the door. After a while, the

door opened. Alston walked out of the house and shot Carl an icy glare. Carl stood at the door and didn't say anything. "What are you doing here?" Seeing that Carl was just standing there like a statue, Alston spoke first. "I'm... I'm here for you," Carl stuttered. He was obviously afraid of Alston. "We have no relation to each other from now on. Don't ever come to me again." Alston's expression became more menacing. Carl's eyes were red. He didn't cry. He just stared at Alston with doleful eyes and pleaded, "I won't cause you any trouble ever again. I will always be obedient." Alston's icy expression didn't thaw one bit. He walked into the house, and a moment later came back out holding a bank card in his hand. "There's a decent amount of money in this card. It is enough for you to live comfortably in the future. The password is your birthday." After saying this, he shut the door firmly. Carl finally broke down. He wiped his eyes miserably and continued banging on the door, but there was no response from Alston. Carl sat by the door for several hours with his arms wrapped around his knees. Even as darkness fell, Alston didn't open the door to let him in. Carl realized that Alston didn't consider him his brother anymore. He stood up and left, sobbing. Lambert and I continued to follow Carl. Carl looked around the forest, his face a mask of confusion. He probably didn't know where he could go. I always felt guilty. I believed that I was responsible for all Carl's suffering. If I hadn't suggested using him as a hostage, Alston wouldn't have disowned him and viewed him as a burden. "Stop the car. I want to talk to Carl," I said to Lambert, who was sitting in the driver's seat. Lambert didn't refuse and stopped the car silently.

I ran out of the car and caught up with Carl. "Where do you want to go?" Carl turned around slowly. He was perplexed to see me at first, but then something seemed to have dawned on him. He frowned and astutely asked, "Are you following me?" "I was just worried about you. You have nowhere to go. If you want, you can live in pack from now on." I didn't give him an elaborate explanation, but just made the offer as I was overcome with guilt. Carl studied me for a while and finally nodded reluctantly.

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Chapter 295 Claire's Wedding

Natalie's POV: Carl moved back to the Blue Lake Pack. After that, we didn't face any trouble from Alston, at least for the time being. A month later, summer vacation started for the university students. Early summer had arrived. The weather was predicted to be particularly hot and humid this year. Marwin and Claire's wedding day had almost arrived. On the day before the wedding ceremony, we discovered that the wedding gown Claire had designed could not be made in such a short period. The wedding invitations had already been sent out. Besides, she was probably counting down the hours before she would be married to Marwin, so she wasn't ready to wait for the wedding gown anymore. So, one day before the ceremony, she asked me to accompany her to choose her wedding gown. Marwin drove us to the boutique. "If I had known this was going to happen earlier, I would have picked my wedding gown well in advance. I should never have bothered designing it myself!" Claire was annoyed. She had devoted about half a semester to designing her wedding gown. "Cheer up, bride-to-be.

Choose a wedding gown quickly. Otherwise, you will run out of time, and you will have nothing to wear for your ceremony tomorrow," I teased Claire. Claire then shifted her complete attention to picking out her wedding gown at the bridal boutique. She chose a special white asymmetrical gown, which was made from a light flowing fabric. After selecting her wedding gown, she picked up several pieces of punk jewelry, which was her favorite style. As for Marwin, he chose a black suit. It felt like he never bought clothes in another color. Black seemed to suit him quite well, but that was probably because I had never seen him wear any other colors. "Oh my God, can you wear something else, Marwin? Tomorrow is our wedding. If you wear this suit, it will feel like you are the officiating priest of the ceremony." Claire was exasperated when she saw the suit Marwin was wearing. She quickly chose a white suit from the men's display section that matched her white gown and handed it to him. "Here, try this one." Of course, Marwin didn't resist and readily went to change his suit. He always listened to what Claire said. Claire's taste in clothes was exquisite. The white suit made Marwin look less serious than usual. It also enhanced his maturity and elegance. Lambert and I arrived at the wedding hall ahead of time. Marwin was well organized and a perfectionist. He had decorated the venue in a simple but resplendent fashion. Claire detested elaborate wedding ceremonies, so he had taken her wishes into consideration. This was the best ceremony I had seen after my Luna Ceremony. Numerous guests from the Golden Leaf Pack, the Blue Lake Pack, and various other packs had been invited to attend the wedding. Many people were milling about the hall. I spotted a familiar face in the crowd. Andre had probably been invited as he was Claire's classmate at the university. He was scanning the guests of the Blue Lake Pack as if he was looking for someone. A few moments later, his eyes landed on me and he paused. Then he strode towards me hesitantly. This was the first real conversation I would have with him since I had become the Blue Lake Pack's Luna. We only exchanged brief greetings when we ran into each other at the university. Andre approached me and eyed Lambert, who was standing next to me. He smiled politely and said, "Long time no see, Lambert." Lambert nodded politely. "What were you searching for just now? You look anxious." I had noticed Andre's eyes still darting towards the guests. Maybe I could help him. He wavered for a few seconds and asked, "Does your pack have a hybrid named Rebecca?" "Yes. Why are you looking for her?" Rebecca was a witch, so she and Andre shouldn't have had any opportunity to cross paths. How did they know each other? "She is my mate," Andre replied bluntly. Lambert looked at me with a stunned expression. He seemed to be as astonished as me. I had never expected Andre and Rebecca to be mates. Rebecca was a wild party girl. I was worried that Andre might not be able to win her heart. But Andre had helped me immensely before, and I owed it to him to spare no effort in assisting him this time. "Rebecca likes to go out and have fun. She hasn't been back at the pack for the past few days. I don't know where exactly she is right now. Maybe she has gone into town. You can check if she is home. I'll give you her address." Then I forwarded Rebecca's address to Andre. Andre acknowledged me with a preoccupied smile, as if he couldn't wait another minute to see Rebecca.

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Chapter 296 Made Trouble

Claire's POV: I had been eagerly looking forward to my wedding ceremony. I believed that marrying Marwin was the best decision of my life. The romantic music playing in the hall floated to my ears. The wedding was about to begin. I stood in front of the full-length mirror and stared at my reflection. I hadn't applied my signature bright red lipstick. Instead, I had worn subtle makeup and a pale pink lipstick. My pure white wedding gown was simple and unique. From today onwards, I was going to be Marwin's wife. As these thoughts were running through my head, the closed door behind me suddenly flew open. I was curious about who it could be. Maybe it was Marwin. I excitedly spun around. But when I laid my eyes on the person who had entered, a frisson of fear ran through me and I instinctively stepped back. Kelly looked at me snidely. He scoffed as his eyes swept over me. "Wow, you look so gorgeous today. I remember you'd told me before that you didn't want a wedding ceremony, right? You are such a slutty liar!" I didn't know how Kelly had got the address of my wedding venue or how he had managed to sneak in. "Get out!" My cheerful mood instantly evaporated, thanks to Kelly. He was such a disgusting bastard! I knew he didn't have good intentions. If he stayed here, he would ruin everything! Kelly nonchalantly sat down on the sofa and grinned like a rascal. "I'll happily leave now, but it will cost you. I want one hundred thousand dollars right now." He was so audacious! "I don't have any money to give you. You won't leave willingly, will you? Fine, I'll ask someone to throw you out right now!" I sneered, gathered my dress around me, and was about to step out of the room to call for help. Kelly was very calm. When he saw me move towards the door, he lazily said, "Go out and get some help. I'll be happy to tell everyone about all our past escapades, like how we had sex in a public bathroom. I'm sure they will be delighted to hear about it. Or I could tell them about all of our other sexual encounters. I'm certain your current mate doesn't know the kind of whore you are in bed!" I froze and eyed him furiously. He wanted to disrupt my wedding. "I won't let you succeed! And I won't give you any money!" I knew Kelly very well. He was a greedy and despicable man. If I gave in to him even one time, he would continue to blackmail me for the rest of my life. All of a sudden, the smile on Kelly's face vanished. His lips curled up maliciously and he made to rush out of the room. I grabbed his shirt, but he immediately shoved me to the floor. I stood up in my wedding gown and tried to stop him again, but the sweeping hemline got in the way, and I failed to halt him. By the time I had rushed outside, Kelly was already yelling out in the hall. "I'm Claire's ex-mate. I guess you all don't know today's bride all too well, Marwin, Claire has tricked you. She is actually a wild and promiscuous party girl. She was not a virgin before we first had sex. She even lured me into having sex with her in a public bathroom. She is a slutty bitch. You'd better watch

out." Kelly was a gangster, so he didn't care about anything and used the most obscene and vulgar words. Marwin was standing at the door of the hall with several of his men. With a dangerous expression, he hurriedly rushed to Kelly, grabbed him and covered his mouth. "Take him out!" Marwin instructed his men. Kelly was dragged away by several strong male werewolves. Unfortunately, it was too late. The guests in the hall must have heard what Kelly said. A light buzz went through the crowd and everyone was watching me with a strange expression. Their silent accusing glares felt like sharp blades that directly pierced my heart

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Chapter 297 Honesty

Claire's POV: Dear Moon Goddess, today had got off to a terrible start. Was this my punishment for all my transgressions of the past? I lowered my head like a little kid who had done something bad. I felt so humiliated that I wanted to bury myself in a hole. Suddenly, Marwin's leather shoes came into view. He caressed my hair with his warm comforting hands. He didn't say anything but stood silently next to me. "I'm sorry, I tried to stop him. And about what happened before..." I raised my head and looked at Marwin with pleading eyes, trying to find the words to make this better. Finally, I could only manage to croak out, "I'm sorry." There was no point crying over spilled milk. I had chosen every path of my life, and I deserved the repercussions. But I didn't want Marwin to be dragged down with me when he had done nothing wrong. Marwin had already taken today's incident in his stride. He seriously said, "You should know that I don't have an issue with your past." I nodded and took a deep breath. This was not the time to be upset. I glanced around the hall and said, "It looks like I'm going to have to put out a lot of fires today." "How about I take care of it?" Marwin asked gently. "I want to clear the air myself." I shook my head. Marwin was inarticulate. Besides, this was my mess. I had to clean it up myself. I walked up the stage in the front of the hall and studied the crowd. Gathering up my courage, I slowly said, "Good afternoon everyone. I sincerely thank you all for attending Marwin's and my wedding ceremony. I apologize for this interruption. I know you must all be very curious about me after hearing all the accusations the man shouted just a few minutes back. If it were up to me, I wouldn't talk about the past ever again. But I can't stand Marwin being criticized because of my past actions." There was pin-drop silence in the hall. My fingers curled into fists and I continued, "Last year, I was still not an amenable woman. I didn't like studying at the university and was constantly rebelling against my parents. I was blind to what I had at that time, and I met a gangster. Back then, I had believed that he was my Mr. Right. I behaved naively and stupidly, and was almost gang-raped by that man and his friends. It was Marwin who had come to my rescue that day. It finally opened my eyes to the fact that Marwin is a clumsy, yet perfect man. He is so smart, but sometimes he doesn't know how to act in a relationship. He always supports me silently. I'm so grateful to him and I love him very much. And that is why I'm marrying him today." Marwin walked up the stage and came to stand beside me. The warm glow of the sun, streaming in through the window, bathed his shoulder. I could see a slight sheen of tears in his eyes. Maybe my little speech had moved him. "Everyone makes mistakes when they are young. It's not something to be ashamed about. I don't care what you have done in your past." Marwin gave a brief glance to the guests and then looked directly into my eyes. I couldn't stop myself from bursting out laughing. Marwin was so serious. He sounded like a boss who had forgiven his employee for an error she had committed. "What are you saying? You should say you love me." I looked at Marwin and nudged his side with my elbow, pretending to be angry. He had never told me those words before. "There are too many people here." Marwin blushed and looked a little awkward. After hesitating for a few minutes, he finally wrapped his arm around my shoulder and said in a self-conscious but gentle voice, "I love you." I kissed Marwin's lips with a bright smile.

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Chapter 298 The First Date

Natalie's POV: Claire and Marwin were happily married at the beginning of the summer vacation. Lambert granted Marwin fifteen days off so that he and Claire could go to Florida and enjoy their honeymoon. I leaned against the window. The air was balmy, and the cicadas, who had come out for the summer, were creating a small racket. After I watched Claire and Marwin's car drive away, I turned to look at Lambert, feeling a little jealous.

"We never had a honeymoon. I want to go on one too." Lambert was perusing some documents related to the pack when I mentioned this. He was holding a pen and was about to sign, but his hand froze mid-air when he heard me. He had an embarrassed expression on his face. "I'm sorry, honey. Since Marwin is on leave now, I'm busier than usual. I won't be able to spare some time for us to go on a honeymoon." I knew that Lambert was the Alpha, and there was no way he could leave the Blue Lake Pack without its leader now. Noticing that I didn't reply, Lambert came to me and wrapped his arms around me from behind. He rested his cheek on my shoulder, surrounding me with his unique scent and warm breath. He nuzzled my cheek and gently asked, "Are you angry?" "No, I know you need to be here to deal with pack business. But let us go on a date at least. We haven't been on a proper date yet," I said sullenly. Lambert must have decided that he could spare some time to go out on a date, because a small smile appeared on his face. "Okay, I'll arrange everything for you," he said in agreement. "Really? Are you sure?" Even though I felt a little worried that our date could be ruined, I still felt my heart soar with excitement. So I spun around and threw my arms around Lambert happily. "Of course." A soft smile played on his lips, and his eyes were shining with affection and tenderness. The next day, Lambert woke me up very early and took me into town. After having breakfast, he took me to a lively amusement park. "This place is for kids." I stared at all the humans crowding the place. The shops were stuffed with toys and snacks for children. Colorful small triangle-shaped flags were hanging along the street. The entire amusement park resonated with the sound of laughter, interspersed with the screams of people on the Tron Lightcycle Power Run and the Pirate Ship rides. Lambert smiled helplessly. He placed his hand on my shoulder and guided me towards the Pirate Ship. "You're an adult. Do you want to try the rides?" "Are you going on the Pirate Ship? It's scary." I didn't want to go any further. I flinched when I heard the shrieks of the people on the ride. "You think so? I saw everyone laughing happily," Lambert said casually, staring thoughtfully at the people on the Pirate Ship who were screaming at the top of their lungs from fear.

"Lambert, you must have seen it wrong." I was eager to go on the ride, but I was also scared. Lambert seemed to have read my mind. He dragged me onto the Pirate Ship. When I was back on the ground, I felt a little dizzy. I couldn't walk steadily, but I felt exhilarated. Lambert pursed his lips as he tried hard to hold back his laughter. His eyes narrowed slightly. He raised his hand to caress my hair and teasingly said, "My Luna is very brave." We visited the aquarium in the afternoon. Inside the aquarium, only the ground was opaque. The walls and

ceiling were made of transparent glass. Through the glass, we could see the light blue seawater and a variety of strange marine creatures. Lambert raised his eyes and stared blankly at a huge jellyfish that was floating above his head. "Do you want to click some photos? I don't think we have ever taken a photo of just us together." I held up my phone as I recalled how all the photos we had taken at the wedding included friends and pack members. Hearing me, Lambert seemed to snap back to reality. He nodded and came closer to me. He draped his arm around my shoulder as his eyes twinkled with amusement. I made several goofy faces as I clicked the pictures, while Lambert's expression was serious with a stiff smile. He seemed to be quite happy. A faint smile still lingered on his face when it was time for dinner. At dusk, we went to a restaurant by the river for a romantic candlelight dinner. The ferry's horn was blowing in the distance. The

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Chapter 299 The Mysterious Couple Theme Room

Natalie's POV After dinner, Lambert and I went to a nearby cinema. Lambert chose to watch a newly released romance movie. He had booked the whole theater. The cinema was empty but for us. We sat in the middle. "How do you know so much about planning a date?" We had had such a busy schedule today. I hadn't even got a chance to catch my breath "What do you mean?" Lambert held my hand as if he didn't understand my question. He brought his face close to mine, closing the distance between us. "Who gave you the idea to make all these arrangements? Have you been on so many dates with other women before? Is that why you are so familiar with planning a date so perfectly?" I asked with mock suspicion. "I looked it up online. I wanted to make today very special for you since we have never really had a proper date before," Lambert said seriously. He tightened his grip on my fingers, his gaze riveted on my face instead of the movie. His eyes glittered in the dim light I instinctively laughed. "A date should be laid-back and casual. You don't need to look so stressed out. All day, you have been carrying on like you have to complete a mission. Anyway, we have the rest of our lives to go on more dates." I truly believed that we had numerous wonderful years ahead of us to do everything we wanted to. Lambert smiled and stayed quiet. After a while, he planted a tender kiss on the back of my hand. "I've booked a mystery couple theme room in a hotel tonight. Would you like to go there?" he asked in a low voice. I blushed and whispered in Lambert's ear, "Of course. I have never been to such a place before." Just then, Lambert turned his head slightly. The tip of his sharp nose nuzzled my cheek, and I could see my tiny reflection in his twinkling eyes. Before I could say anything, his hand caressed my cheek and jaw, and he pulled me closer to him. His warm lips pressed into mine. Lambert sucked my lower lip and my lips parted in response, giving him access to my mouth. We kissed passionately and our tongues tangled together. He didn't

release me until I was gasping for breath. When my breathing evened out, he began kissing me possessively and eagerly again. By the time we stopped, my lips were tingling from the kiss. I presumed that Lambert probably felt the same, but he didn't show it. He just sat in his seat and caught his breath quietly. I had nearly forgotten the plot of the romance movie. My thoughts only, buzzed with Lambert's addictive scent and the passionate kiss we had just shared. After the movie, Lambert took me to the hotel for couples. Initially, I thought it was just slightly more romantic than an ordinary hotel as I took in its ambience. But as soon as I opened the door of our room, my eyes widened in shock. The room was decorated in a red and white theme, and there were numerous delicate red roses placed inside. Black handcuffs and shackles were on the bed in place of a quilt. The chains of the shackles extended from the head to the foot of the bed. Just above the bed, a clean and gleaming round mirror was affixed to the ceiling. My blood was thrumming with excitement.. I reasoned that the designer of the room must be a fan of bondage sex. The walls were not decorated with paintings, but with items like a black whip, a black blindfold, and a pair of nylon ropes one could use to tie something. "Oh my God!" My face had turned bright red. Shyly, I turned around and buried my face in Lambert's chest. Lambert also looked a little surprised. He held me snugly, caressed my hair, and kissed me on the forehead. His body shook slightly with suppressed mirth, as if he was amused: I looked up into his deep-set eyes and asked, "Did you know about this before you booked the hotel room?" I hoped that he wouldn't confess that he was into kinky bondage sex now. Although he seemed to be a little rough before when he was still a little mentally unstable, once he had recovered, he had always been gentle and restrained when he made love to

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Chapter 300 Made Love In The Theme Room

Natalie's POV: "It's a surprise to me as well. I wasn't expecting this. When I booked the room on the website, I didn't see any pictures of these toys." Lambert's words slowly penetrated my fog of shyness. I could hear the faint smile in his deep voice. He must have sensed my embarrassment, so he lowered his head and kissed the side of my face. He softly asked, "What's on your mind? Why are you blushing?" I was certain he already knew the answer to his question. I scoffed and shot him an annoyed glare. Lambert chuckled and released me. Then he slowly walked to the bed and removed his black jacket and the silver watch on his wrist. He was wearing a white t-shirt inside, and I could make out the distinct outline of his bulging biceps peeking through his sleeves. "Do you want me to take a shower first or do you want to come in with me?" "I don't want to come with you. You take your shower. I'm exhausted from our hectic day." Ignoring Lambert's piercing gaze, I went directly to the bed and plopped myself on it. The iron chains beside me rattled loudly as the mattress sank under my weight. Lambert didn't say anything more and went straight into the bathroom. It was only then that I realized the glass wall of the bathroom was translucent. Even though I couldn't see the person inside clearly, I could make out Lambert's silhouette and the color of his skin as he moved about inside: The sound of flowing water began coming from the bathroom. Suddenly, Lambert rapped the bathroom glass wall twice with his knuckles and said, "Can you get me another

towel, please? The one in here has got wet." My eyes swept the room and fell on the thick stack of extra towels that were neatly folded and placed beside the sofa. I sauntered over, picked one up, and knocked on the bathroom door. "Here you are. Open the door." Lambert opened the door, sending a cloud of steam billowing out. He grabbed my wrist and pulled me in with the towel. "Are you insane?" The force of the water from the showerhead was so great that I couldn't even open my eyes. I wiped the water from my eyes and noticed that I was completely drenched. Lambert gently pinned me to the cold tiles, completely naked. He turned off the shower then. Water dripped from his sharp nose and clung to his eyelashes. "I've finally got you, baby. I have been aching for you from the time we were in the cinema.", He grabbed my jaw and kissed me passionately. I instinctively opened my mouth, tangling my tongue with his. Lambert slid his hand under my wet dress. His kisses became more urgent, as if he had restrained himself for a long time and had now reached the end of control. I could feel myself already getting wet from his kiss. I sensed two fingers sliding into my vagina. Lambert released me and smiled naughtily. He deliberately withdrew his fingers and held them up for me to see. They were covered in a thick liquid. "You are so wet." It dawned on me at this moment that he had done this on purpose. I felt a wave of shame and annoyance hit me. All he had to do was seduce me and my body would eagerly respond to him. My cheeks warmed and I kissed Lambert deeply to please him. He removed my soaked clothes and carried me to bed. The jangling of the iron chains reverberated in my ears. He bound me with the cold shackles and handcuffs. His lust-filled gaze and hard erect dick announced his staggering desire. My fingers curled into the sheets. Fear and excitement made me want to instinctively shut my legs. However, this wasn't possible as my ankles were tied to the bedposts with the shackles, leaving me wide open. Lambert kissed the corner of my mouth, and then knelt between my legs. His hot hard dick rubbed against my sensitive nub and then slowly drove into me to hit the deepest part of my core. "Lambert... Ah..." My lips parted slightly, and I raised my head as I gasped for air. In the mirror on the ceiling, I watched the reflection of a naked man and woman. The man was tall and powerful, the woman petite with slim legs that were splayed open. She clung to the man's arms and raised her head as she moaned. Lambert's ass was pumping fast, and he thrust into me violently. Our lower bodies fit tightly together. The scene in the mirror overwhelmed me. This was the first time I was seeing how passionate we were while making love. The fleshy thumping sounds of our bodies resonated in the quiet room. Lambert lowered his eyes and kissed my slightly parted lips, swallowing all my groans. His one hand was on my hip, while his other hand kneaded my breasts. His kiss felt like a gentle comfort, but his dick drove into me at a punishing pace. After plunging into me almost one hundred times, I felt his penis swell even more inside me. He found my sensitive spot and kept thrusting into me, hitting it at just the right angle. I immediately raised my head and screamed with pleasure. I felt an intense tingling sensation all over my body. "No... Hmm... Ah..." My whole body was flushed and I shrank in Lambert's arms, a quivering and trembling mess. After my climax, Lambert flipped me over and grabbed the blindfold on the wall, tying it around my eyes. "I have no strength left in me now." I struggled and lay limply on the bed. I had just come, and hadn't even got a chance to recover yet. "Will you try it once? I will take it off if you are afraid." Lambert seemed to be addicted to this kind of sex. He wasn't satisfied yet. He placed kisses on the side of my face and down my neck. His voice was gentle but dripping with desire, and I could feel myself getting wet again. The darkness that enveloped me heightened my senses. The moment Lambert plunged into me from behind, I could even feel his hard dick throbbing. The pleasure of every thrust was magnified in the dark, filling my body with satisfaction and happiness. Lambert pushed me completely into the mattress. He kneaded and spanked my

ass in between his thrusts, albeit lightly. The walls of my pussy involuntarily clamped around his dick as he slid in and out of me. Lambert groaned with pleasure and lay his hot chest on my back. Both of us were drenched in sweat. His fingers stroked the place where our bodies met, and he drove in and out of me at a rapid pace dozens of times. Suddenly, I was hit with the urge to pee, causing me to jerk and tremble. I kept shaking my head and incoherently begging for mercy. Lambert bit my earlobe, and my mind went blank.

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Chapter 301 You're Too Young

Andre's POV: After Claire and Marwin's wedding was over, I went to Rebecca's residence using the address Natalie had given to me. Rebecca refused me resolutely before, but that was only because of her thoughts. To me, it didn't matter whether she was a hybrid or a vampire. As long as she was my mate, I would be with her wholeheartedly. Once at her home, I was about to ring the doorbell. "Oh my... You're amazing. Hurry, go faster..." From inside, I caught the sound of what was undeniably a woman's flirtatious moans. "Are you close? Are you going to come?" A man's guttural growl followed. The sounds made it obvious that a man and a woman were making love inside. I leaned against the door, my posture still. I didn't move an inch as I listened intently. The wind and sun in June felt particularly hot. Somehow my legs had suddenly turned to lead, and it was difficult for me to take even a single step forward. I couldn't be more familiar with the woman's voice. She was the one who had appeared in my dream every night recently. Yet, I refused to believe that it was Rebecca. I tried to reason with myself: maybe it was another woman with a similar voice. Half an hour later, I heard a burst of rapid screams. Then, the voices disappeared and everything grew silent. I stood at a distance and soon saw the door open. Rebecca was clad in a loose night robe which revealed a portion of her skin and full cleavage. Her chest and neck were full of eager hickeys. She held the doorknob, sending a male werewolf out of the house. He was young and handsome, naked from his waist up, with a T-shirt slung over his shoulder. His pants were even unbuttoned. "Can I come see you again tomorrow?" The werewolf blocked the door to Rebecca's house as he asked eagerly, wanting more. Rebecca leaned against the doorframe and began drawing slow circles on his abdominal muscles with her red fingernails. She said with a lustful gaze, "I don't know. If I have time, I'll call you again." I stared at this scene, dumbfounded. At that moment, I wanted nothing more than to rush over and beat up that werewolf to an inch of his life. Just as I looked at them, Rebecca also saw me. Her eyes met my angry ones, and surprise painted her face. "I'll contact you later. Hurry up and leave! I have something to do!" Rebecca forced a smile and sent the young werewolf away in a hurry. He glanced at me as he turned to leave. Then, he let out a small whistle and slowly walked past me with a triumphant grin. I clenched my fists angrily, so close to punching him in the face. "Andre!" However, Rebecca stopped me with a cold snarl. She stomped towards me, wrapping herself tightly in the night robe to cover the marks on her chest. Frowning, she said unhappily, "Don't make trouble for me, and don't look at me as if I cheated on you. I've made myself clear, didn't I? We have nothing to do with each other." "You're my mate. You should be loyal to me!" I exclaimed passionately, my voice

full of disbelief and anger. I was disheartened over what I had just seen. "Ugh. How many times do I have to tell you, Andre? We can't be mates. I've told you before, and I even told you to refuse me. But you didn't listen! Now, you come here to question me. What right do you have?" Rebecca's tone was firm. She stared at me with a helpless look, seemingly at a loss for what to do. I stared firmly into her eyes and declared firmly, "I don't care if you're a hybrid. I told you, I can solve the problem. You can rest assured." But Rebecca shook her head and sighed, "How can I? What about your family? Your pack? Don't think that you can always solve everything by yourself. You'll only understand what it's like to be helpless when the problems blow up in your face. Everything you're saying right now is just wishful thinking." "I'll make them accept you! Trust me, Rebecca," I said sincerely, taking Rebecca's wrist into my hand. I was anxious. In all honesty, I didn't know how to prove my love for her. I could sense the decisiveness in her words, and it was obvious that she had never trusted me in the beginning. She had no intentions to get serious with me at all. Maybe... Maybe she slept with me on a whim. Just a one night stand, and that was the end. Rebecca's lips curved into a strained smile as she shook off my hand. She hardened her eyes and said, "You're too young, Andre. You should leave now."

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Chapter 302 Fuck Buddies

Rebecca's POV: It was easy to tell that Andre wanted to be my mate badly. Alas, perhaps we'd met at a wrong time. If only I could meet Andre in my teens! At that age, I was young and full of passion. I'd definitely be more than willing to take risks and brace the inevitability with Andre. A shame that I had gone through a lot during these years. My experiences had dulled my nature, turning me sophisticated and timid. I was too tired, too unwilling. I knew my hybrid identity would attract a lot of trouble. Andre's pack would never accept me. My existence would only drag him down and hurt him in the future. Right now, Andre was too young and impulsive to think about the consequences. For him, everything seemed possible at the moment. Still, I knew better. When he got older, he would no doubt regret his choice. I didn't want him to feel that way. A simple and innocent man like him was more suited to marry a well-bred princess from a pack that was well matched in social status. It would be the best choice, both for his pack and himself. With this in mind, I turned around, was about to close the door. However, Andre rushed to stop me in time by placing his foot against the doorframe. He pulled me back, his palms warm and powerful. When he spoke, it was in a rough and aggressive tone filled with determination. "Don't close the door on me, Rebecca. You should go back to my pack with me first. How'd you know if you haven't tried?" "No, Andre. I won't go," I repeated firmly, leveling a cold gaze at Andre. "Just once. Please, I just need you to believe me this once. I'll prove everything to you." Andre was so stubborn, it left me baffled. I didn't know what to do... I was used to acting cruel and indifferent. Because of this, I feared people like him, who held a truthful and sincere heart. There was no way I could ever reciprocate his warm and genuine love, so I could only refuse him blatantly. "I'm sorry, Andre, but I won't look for a mate in my life. I like to live freely and easily. Besides, I'm not a loyal person. You've seen that. We're not meant for each other. You should turn me down and find another mate." Sadly, there was no

other choice. This was the only way, and nothing could change that is Andre flared up at once, anger burning in his eyes. He sneered and cast me a sardonic glare full of derision, "What, don't tell me that you just want to find fuck buddies?" "Yes, you're right," I replied expressionlessly, my tone cool and uncaring. Judging from his current state, he probably hated me to the bone. Well, that was alright "I'm going back to my house. You may leave now." I refused to say anything more. What else was there for us to talk about? I turned around and entered the house, wanting to close the door a second time. Right after I did that, Andre's strong and tall figure pushed the door open with his bare hands. So powerful Andre was, he managed to break into my house with ease. His bright, burning eyes showed a furious storm. "I can be your fuck buddy too," Andre sneered, emitting a domineering aura. He approached me step by step and lifted me up. I struggled hard, but realized that Andre was very strong. I was at a loss. "You'd better think about what you are doing, Andre!" Andre acted as if he didn't hear me. He pressed me on the sofa, unbuckled his belt, and tied my wrists. Then, he spread my legs wide and pulled me under him. He quickly untied my night robe, ripped my panties, and then entered me roughly. "Ouch... That hurts, you bastard!" I bit my lower lip. I wasn't ready, but he went straight in me regardless. Needless to say, it was painful. Andre's eyes were bloodshot, and he got quite flustered when he heard my protests. Maybe he was angry and wanted to punish me, but he thrust hard inside me without caring. I was trembling with pain, feeling both numb and oddly comfortable. Andre probably felt comfortable too. He took off his T-shirt, held my waist, and continued to push in. His eyes were ferocious, revealing the innate toughness of a werewolf. Sweat bathed his forehead. "Honey, can you go deeper? Ah..." I wrapped my legs around his waist, feeling his thick length. Every time, it touched my sensitive spots and roused my desires. Whenever I made love with him, I would always come to enjoy it. The endless emptiness and loneliness in my heart were temporarily forgotten. Andre bit my lower lip, sliding in and out violently. He looked sullen and more lustful. He growled possessively, "Are you still looking for another man? Huh? Are you still treating me just as your fuck buddy? I'll give you a good time today!" What a childish brat... Seeing that I didn't say anything, Andre went harder. He pinched my chin, and kissed me deeply. Our saliva flowed down the corners of our lips. He was about to hit my deepest parts, yet he didn't intend to stop and wanted to go further. I grabbed the sofa tightly, feeling like he was tearing me into half.