

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole

Chapter 31

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Chapter 31 Collapse Diana's POV:

"Do you want me to inform everyone that you were also involved in helping them with me before? I'm not ready to watch you do dirty and heavy work every day and get abused by them. Diana, trust me. Your life will improve drastically after bringing the truth out in the open," Amelia held my hand and said in a firm voice. She had always been good at coming up with ideas and had an excellent presence of mind.

I wanted to live a better life too, but right now, I was a mere bitch in the eyes of the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack. Even if I gave them an honest explanation, I was quite sure they wouldn't believe me. In fact, I even worried that they would brand me a liar.

"When I had brought them food, I had never actually faced them. I don't have any proof to go along with my words. These guys won't believe me. They might even think that you are lying to protect me, and then they will hate you as well. Forget it," I told her frankly.

Amelia's suggestion was indeed excellent. Even I wanted to live a more comfortable life with Angela. But I couldn't be absolutely certain that the werewolves would believe me. If Amelia also got into trouble over this, the loss would outweigh the gain.

Amelia knew my reasoning was sensible and didn't push the matter further.

"Don't worry. I'm here. Your days of living miserably are over." Amelia's face broke into a bright smile as she tried to comfort me. Then, a thought occurred to her, and she hesitantly said, "By the way... A little bird told me that Victor has left and sought refuge with another pack."

Victor was my ex-boyfriend. When our pack was attacked, he broke up with me in a moment of panic when he realized that the Maroon Hill Pack was going to lose. Since then, he hadn't contacted me or reappeared in my life.

"It's okay. I barely even remember that time." I shook my head and forced a smile. Victor and I had mutually ended our relationship. I didn't care about what he was doing anymore, or whom he sought refuge with.

I took Amelia to meet Lambert. If she wanted to live here now, she would have to get the Alpha's permission first.

Lambert was sitting in a bright and spacious office, and was busy working.

"What's the matter?" Lambert put his pen down and intertwined his slender fingers when he saw me. Today, he was dressed in a black shirt and a striped vest. His pocket square was bright red. He might be dressed like a gentleman, but his expression remained serious, indifferent and closed off.

"I'm fine. Don't worry. Look, this is not the Maroon Hill Pack anymore. You need to keep a low-profile," I brushed off my tears and reminded her in a low voice. Everything had changed for us and we needed to tread cautiously now. "By the way, how did you get in here?" I asked.

Amelia belonged to the Maroon Hill Pack. The guards of the Blue Lake Pack were not easy to convince, so they must not have let Amelia just walk in.

"Diana, do you remember how we would help many werewolves who were locked up secretly on our premises before? Some of them were from the Blue Lake Pack. Someone recognized me and let me in, probably out of gratitude." Amelia wiped the tears off my face and continued, "We had even covertly treated the wounds of the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack and brought them food. How could they be so inhuman to you?"

Amelia was furious about the injustice I was facing. She was still just as brave as she had been in childhood.

A long time ago, Amelia and I had helped treat the wounds of the werewolves who had been locked up by my father. We would even sneak some food to them from time to time. However, I had been afraid of facing my father's wrath if he found out what I was doing. So, I would give the food to Amelia and stand outside as a lookout. This meant that I had never met those werewolves. Naturally, the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack didn't recognize me.

As destiny would have it, some of the werewolves we helped back then belonged to the Blue Lake Pack. I felt much better at discovering this truth. After all, my father had done many terrible things. The food and medicine I sent to those werewolves were only a small atonement.

"It doesn't matter. I'm back, Diana. I won't let you be abused anymore!" Amelia looked at me seriously and decisively. I nodded with red-rimmed eyes. "Thank you, Amelia." I was overwhelmed with more gratitude than words could express.

A lot of werewolves who were walking by saw Amelia holding me. They cast curious glances at her and realized she was the same girl who had brought them food when they were being tortured. All of them came to thank her.

"Hey, aren't you the she-wolf that gave us bread when we were in captivity? You have grown up to be so beautiful!"

"Are you the she-wolf who helped us back then? No wonder your face looks so familiar. Thank you so much for what you did for us back then."

"It seems that some good werewolves still exist in the Maroon Hill Pack. I thought everyone was as evil as Baldwin Lawson."

Amelia greeted them with a smile.

At least the werewolves of the Blue Lake Pack were cordial to her. Amelia wouldn't be humiliated like me here. Relief flowed through my body.

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Chapter 32 Grounded

Lambert's POV:

Diana had come to me with her friend Amelia. The scar on Diana's face had scabbed over, and it looked like it would recover nicely. Even though a scar marred her face, Diana still looked as beautiful as ever.

My eyes were automatically glued to her, as I hoped to elicit a reaction from her light brown eyes. However, Diana barely spared me a glance before *looking away* again.

I had lost my mind. What the hell was I thinking? "I think you are hopeless. You are insane! I really should find you a doctor," Uriel began roaring in my head again after Diana had left.

"Shut up, Uriel! I need to work on these files. Your shouting distracts me too easily." I massaged my temples agitatedly, but Uriel kept cursing in my mind, as if he was on stimulants.

"Do you think I don't know why you have been hesitating so much? You claimed that you only allowed Amelia to stay in the pack because she had aided your pack members. But I know you agreed so that Diana's life improves with Amelia's company. You are such a hypocrite! You can't forgive Diana. Don't forget that she is our enemy! The daughter of the despicable Baldwin Lawson!" Uriel shouted.

"No, I didn't. I allowed Amelia to live here because she has helped my pack members. That's all," I immediately refuted him with a scowl.

"You can offer all the denials and rationalizations you want, Lambert. But don't get carried away in your feelings for Diana and do something stupid. Otherwise, not only will the entire Blue Lake Pack loathe you, but the other packs won't spare us either! She is a mere mate, and there are still other she-wolves in the world! I know you are just lusting after that little bitch's body. You should just rape her and kill her!" Uriel roared fiercely.

I could feel a severe headache coming on. Knowing that Uriel was prone to ranting, I had to stop him immediately.

"Okay, I understand," I comforted him. Then I took a pill out of the drawer and swallowed it in the hopes of relaxing myself. Uriel's situation was worsening.

While I was contemplating about how to improve my mental state, Tiffany knocked on my door and entered.

"Lambert, would you like to have lunch with me? I asked the servant to make chicken soup." Tiffany walked up to me and curled her fingers around my arm. "Tiffany, I have cautioned you once before," I said in irritation and shook her hand off. Tiffany had been repeatedly ignoring my warnings, making me furious. "What? I haven't done anything recently." Tiffany tilted her head to one side and looked at me with innocent eyes.

"Jerry told me everything before he was kicked out of the Blue Lake Pack." My eyebrows furrowed. Tiffany's behavior was making me more disgusted by the minute.

"What did he say?" Tiffany was still playing dumb. "You gave Jerry the information about Angela's school."

"Jerry had asked me the location of Angela's school, but I didn't know what he had planned back then," Tiffany said in an aggrieved tone as her eyes widened.

I stood up, crossed my arms across my chest and leaned against the desk, struggling hard to hold back my anger. I was certain Tiffany was evading the truth, but she had saved my life and had made significant contributions to the pack. If I punished her without any proof, it would certainly incite resentment amongst the other werewolves of my pack.

Tiffany knew my weakness, so she was getting increasingly devious "Fine, let's forget about Jerry for now. Did you hit Diana on her face?" I still had a bone to pick with her.

"I did slap her, but she disrespected me first. She is just a slave. Can't I beat her?"

Tiffany was so indignant, it was obvious she felt like she had done nothing wrong.

"This is my last warning to you, Tiffany. If you dare to make such a mistake again, I'm afraid you'll be following Jerry," I rebuked her. Calling the guard at the door, I ordered him, "Take Tiffany back to her room. She is to be detained in her room for five days."

My order lit a new fuse in Tiffany.

"Why? Are you going to punish me for a lowly slave? Lambert, don't forget that you are now Blue Lake Pack's Alpha. Any misstep you make will cause an uprising. You and Diana will always be enemies!" Tiffany was so enraged, she momentarily forgot about her elegant image and shrieked at me.

I ignored her. I didn't bother looking up until the guard had taken her out of my office. A sharp pain shot through my head. Prompted by Tiffany's words, Uriel was rioting

"Alpha, a building has suddenly collapsed at the construction site. Many werewolves have been trapped and injured!" Marwin suddenly sent me a message through mind link.

I rushed out of my office in alarm.

Diana was also at the construction site. Was she also one of the trapped werewolves?

When I arrived at the construction site, screams rent the air and the situation was more terrible than I had imagined.

My eyes anxiously swept the area until they finally landed on Diana, who stood outside the rubble. Covered in dust, she was hurriedly moving slates and bricks to save the werewolves who had been trapped in the rubble.

A wave of relief swept through me and I took a calming breath.

"You were so terrified. Why don't you just admit that you care about her?" Uriel said angrily.

"You're reading too much into it. I was just worried that Diana would die too soon. I want to torture her slowly."

After that, I immediately joined the rescue efforts.

I helped the werewolves to move the heavy slabs that had collapsed. When the doctors and nurses of the pack arrived, we loaded the injured onto the stretchers one by one.

Unfortunately, there were too many injured people and not enough medical staff. Many of the wounded werewolves could not receive timely treatment, and they lost their lives still trapped in the rubble.

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Chapter 33 Rescue

Diana's POV: Fortunately, just before the building collapsed, I was able to save that little girl and bring her back to her mother. After that, I began to look for the other werewolves in the rubble who needed to be rescued.

The building crumbled to the ground in a hail of debris. I moved the slates and bricks alone, trying to save as many werewolves as I could reach. All of a sudden, I recalled memories from the last war which plunged people into a period of misery and suffering. Many died of serious injuries before we could dig them out of the rubble.

Lambert arrived as soon as he could. Although he was the noble Alpha, he didn't hesitate to get his hands dirty. He removed large piles of bricks and pulled out werewolves trapped under the collapsed mass and then carried the injured to the stretchers.

Unfortunately, his pack was short of medical staff, and after sending away a group of casualties, there were only three doctors left on site.

"Do you need my help? I've studied medicine. I think I can help you." I walked over to offer my help sincerely.

I knew the werewolves in the Blue Lake Pack hated me to the core. Most of them would rather see me dead if they had the choice, but I couldn't just stand by and watch them suffer.

As I had expected, the rescuers and doctors around didn't believe me.

"We don't need your help. We have enough doctors to look after our pack. Mind your own business."

"Kindness and generosity from the daughter of Baldwin? I bet she's just trying to be nice to us because our Alpha is here! What a disgrace! Does she take us for idiots?"

"Tell her to get the hell out of here! We don't want her to get in the way here. We have to help the wounded." As I lowered my head in disappointment, I accidentally locked eyes with Lambert. He gazed at me silently as if he was trying to see through me.

I brought disgrace on myself. I knew what would happen, but I still wanted to help them. It seemed that I was only asking for trouble.

I bit my lip, stifling the grievance in my heart, and was about to leave.

"Let her try! We can use all the help we can get right now!" Lambert came over and led me to the medical team.

"But Alpha, she is the daughter of Baldwin Lawson," someone objected. "This is not the time to be finicky! We are short-handed and if we don't do anything soon, our people are going to die! I'm sure you don't want that to happen, right? Please, just work together and help as many pack members as you can." Lambert provided a voice of reason in a time of crisis. He looked at me and said, "Go! The Blue Lake Pack needs you!"

I appreciated Lambert's trust in me. I nodded at him immediately and then rushed into the ruins with the medical team, treating the injured in an orderly way.

"Doctors! We have found two werewolves here." We rushed over to the survivors as soon as we got word from someone.

When we approached them, we found that a beam had crashed down and fallen on the two werewolves. I couldn't tell if they were still alive, but their bodies looked lifeless.

"Move the beam away," yelled one of the doctors of the medical team.

"The beam is too heavy and there isn't enough space to bring the truck in here. We can't move the beam now," said one of the people from the rescue team.

"Then what should we do? If we try to save one of them, the entire weight of the beam will shift over to the other survivor and kill him. But we have to act quick or we'll lose both of them..." The doctors of the medical team checked the position of the two werewolves and came to a conclusion.

The doctors looked at each other, hesitating. Perhaps they knew that choosing one would lead to the death of the other. None of them wanted to make such a difficult choice as they didn't want to feel guilty all their lives.

"Diana, what do you think? Should we try to save the one with the higher chances of surviving? Hurry! We have to make a decision now or they'll both die!" one of the doctors wearing glasses looked at me and asked.

However, I caught them winking at each other which told me that they were deliberately putting me in this difficult situation, so they could pin the blame on me later on. In their eyes, I was already sinful, so it didn't matter that I caused one more werewolf's death. 1

"Wait! Give me a minute to think!" I was so nervous that I could barely think straight. I immediately stood up and checked the position of the two werewolves. I had seen these two werewolves before. They were both workers at the construction site. 1

"Help the werewolf on the left first, his wound is threatening the main artery of his neck. He needs urgent treatment. We have to save him first," I spoke with confidence. After all, that werewolf would have died from blood loss if we didn't save him first.

After hearing my answer, everyone looked at me in shock, because I chose the werewolf who had a higher chance of dying.

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Chapter 34 Strange Things

Diana's POV:

"What did you say? Shouldn't we try to save the werewolf with less injuries first?" The doctors were in an uproar as they were surprised by my choice of action.

"The werewolf you chose to save doesn't have a high chance of survival. Why did you choose him?" One of the doctors looked at me in confusion.

"If we follow your plan, he will definitely die," I replied, pointing at the badly injured werewolf and added, "But if you do as I say, they both will have a chance to survive."

"Did you even stop to think that the werewolf whose injuries are less would die from not being able to withstand the weight of the beam? If that happened, neither of them would have a strong chance of making it out of here alive. We should at least try to save one werewolf, just to be on the safe side. I think we need to save the slightly injured werewolf first." One of the doctors looked at me sternly.

"If you already knew that, why did you ask Diana to make a choice for you in the first place? It seems to me that you just don't want to take the blame if one of the werewolves dies. How pathetic of you to let someone else take the fall for you!" Lambert, who stood behind me, curled his lips in disgust as he sneered at the doctor who just spoke.

The doctors lowered their heads in shame as they were rendered speechless.

"I'm not giving up on either of them. They both deserve to live. I know I can save them both!" I blurted out all of a sudden, even though I had no idea where I was able to find such confidence in myself.

Perhaps it was because of the way Lambert looked at me with trusting eyes that made me believe that I could save them. After all, I couldn't fail him. I had to save them.

I asked the werewolves of the rescue team to move the more seriously injured werewolf so we could treat his wounds. Fortunately, his main artery was still intact, and we managed to sew up his wounds in time. The other doctors gave him a blood transfusion right after.

Meanwhile, the other werewolf under the beam got moved out of the rubble.

"Be careful! Pay attention to his wounds!" I immediately turned around and ran towards the young werewolf who was being carried out.

The weight of the beam broke the young werewolf's legs and he was losing blood at a fast pace. "It worked! His heartbeat is steady and his vital signs are stable!"

The doctors who were treating the first wounded werewolf behind me cheered excitedly.

I felt relieved for a moment. The second werewolf was as seriously injured as the first one now. Since we were able to save the first werewolf, I was certain that we could also save the life of the second one.

I tried to stop the bleeding, but some of the wounds of that young werewolf were too big. He was losing blood faster than I was able to treat his cut.

"He's losing blood! Go and inform the blood bank to send more blood here." As soon as I saw how much blood was left in the bag, I became nervous again. The patient needed blood to stay alive just long enough for me to sew up his wounds.

"I'm sorry, but we've been informed that there is a shortage of blood at the blood bank. The hospital doesn't have enough supply of blood to cover the casualties. A few more werewolves were sent to the hospital for blood transfusion," the doctor beside me said worriedly.

It seemed as though there was nothing I could do to stop the young werewolf from dying of blood loss.

My back was drenched in sweat and I did everything I could to stop the bleeding, but all my efforts were in vain.

I felt sorry for this young werewolf. Although everyone treated me like a lowly slave, he often helped me in secret at the construction site.

I once asked him why someone of his age was working on a construction site and he simply said that he did it to earn money so he could take care of his sick grandmother at home. After all, Alpha Lambert said that the werewolves who worked on the construction site would get double the salary.

I felt so bad all of a sudden. I couldn't help thinking what would happen to his grandmother if he died here and couldn't bring back home his salary. Why did I always fail at such critical moments?

I prayed helplessly to the Moon Goddess as I tried to stop the bleeding again. I knew that I was wasting my time praying because the Moon Goddess didn't care about me, but I had no other choice.

Suddenly, without me even doing anything, the bleeding stopped and his wounds started to recover on their own. I couldn't tell what was going on as I stood there confused.

My eyes were wide open in disbelief.

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Chapter 35 Transiel/e

Diana's POV: I had never experienced this much surprise before. I stared in confusion at the young male werewolf's wounds, unable to believe what I was seeing. The young man's breathing started steadying, and his heartbeat began getting stronger. The gathered werewolves looked at the undulating heart rate curve on the monitor and began to cheer.

"This is awesome! She saved him!"

"I didn't know Baldwin Lawson's daughter was so skilled!"

"Maybe she is not as evil as we thought."

"Don't be silly. You can't just change a person's nature. Maybe she is just pretending."

While everyone was talking about me, not all of them were bad-mouthing me this time. It seemed like at least a few of them were looking at me in a more positive light.

The medical staff carried the young man to the ambulance and prepared to take him to the hospital for surgery. They didn't realize what had happened. All of them thought that I had saved the young man with my exceptional medical knowledge.

"Well done. I'm sorry that I misunderstood you initially. You are a good doctor. I thought the young man would die. After all, he has lost so much blood," one of the doctors stepped forward and apologized to me.

Even I had thought that the young man would not make it. I had no clue how his wounds had stopped bleeding all of a sudden.

"It's okay. You should go to the hospital and give him a thorough checkup immediately." I hid my bafflement from the others and forced a smile on my face.

After changing my gloves, I was on my way to treat another injured person who had just been freed from the rubble, when I noticed Lambert's gaze on me. His eyes shone with an unfathomable and complex emotion. It looked like he was lost deep in thought.

I wondered if he had seen what had happened a moment ago. Since I myself was unaware of what had transpired, I doubted he had made much sense of it either.

I was busy the whole day. I didn't return to the dungeon until I had finished dealing with the remaining wounded werewolves.

The dungeon was very damp, dark and cramped. In the absence of sunlight, it was always shrouded in darkness regardless of the time. I felt suffocated in this airless room, and a heavy depression settled over me.

As I lay down on the small wooden bed, today's bizarre incident was on the forefront of my mind again. Unfortunately, neither could I figure out why it had happened, nor did my mind offer up a new clue.

"Diana, are you asleep? Come with me. I'm taking you somewhere else." Hazel opened the door of the dungeon and asked me to step out.

I followed her and she guided me out of the dungeon to an apartment building. She opened one of the rooms and gestured for me to enter.

It was a clean and well-furnished room. Soft moonlight poured in through the window, and the faint scent of jasmine tickled my nose. I rushed to the window and saw jasmine flowers blooming in the garden.

"Alpha Lambert has given you this room as a reward for all the werewolves you helped today. He has also said that you won't be required to go to the construction site anymore. He has transferred you to work at the pack hospital. You have made significant contributions to the Blue Lake Pack today. I heard from the others about how you saved many injured werewolves today," Hazel said in a softer tone.

"It was my pleasure. But did Alpha Lambert really say that I don't need to go to the construction site anymore?" I asked incredulously. I was so excited that I nearly screamed.

Hazel nodded with a faint smile and I happily plopped myself on the bed.

This was great! I didn't have to work as a laborer and move cement on the construction site anymore. And from now onwards, I had the opportunity to continue working in the medical field. This was one of my biggest dreams.

"Thank you, Hazel. I'm so happy." I inhaled deeply. I had been a slave for the Blue Lake Pack for so long now, but this was the first time I was feeling hopeful about my future again.

"Remember, you still have to wear the shackle on your foot, and you are still a slave of our pack," Hazel warned me again. She was probably afraid that this small achievement would go to my head. "Thank you, Hazel. I know," I sincerely thanked Hazel again.

I was okay with wearing the shackle. My life had just significantly improved. Never before had I anticipated the next day so eagerly.

The next morning, I couldn't wait to reach the hospital of the Blue Lake Pack early. I had to admit that the health infrastructure of the Blue Lake Pack was quite advanced. Lambert understood that the health care of werewolves deserved to get top priority, so he had increased the health budget accordingly.

A nurse took me to the hospital director's office. The director of the hospital was a man called Sampson. I had once read his exclusive interview in a newspaper of the Maroon Hill Pack. I vaguely remembered that my father admired Sampson's skills immensely. I had heard my father say that he was a very strict and eminent person.