

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole

Chapter 5

Chapter 5 Work

Diana's POV:

I didn't think that Lambert would let me go so easily. I thought he was going to skin me alive for sure, but somehow I managed to come out of his room safely.

It didn't matter why he let me go, but I couldn't let my guard down even for a second. Although I felt safe for now, it was most likely temporary. Not only did I have to find a way to survive, but I also had to figure out how to save Angela from this wretched place.

The next day, Hazel took me to the construction site.

She didn't say a word to me the whole time. Nonetheless, I could tell that Hazel was different from the others. She was kind and considerate. Perhaps, she distanced herself from me because my father once attacked their pack in the past.

This place became Lambert's territory as soon as he took control of our pack. The buildings of our pack suffered a lot of damages during the war. The werewolves here were trying to build new homes. I was brought here to work as a slave as they were shorthanded at the moment.

My job was to haul the cement here. I could sense hostility from the other werewolves who worked with me on the construction site.

When no one was keeping an eye on me, I secretly searched around for Angela.

After all, I was worried about my sister, eager to know how she was faring. I wondered if those werewolves kept their promise and let her alone. Although we couldn't get out of this place, I couldn't let her suffer like me.

"Cora, are you picking up Angela's scent?" I asked my wolf.

"No. I don't think Angela is nearby," replied Cora.

Much to my disappointment, I guessed that Angela might have been transferred to another place. Despite my fears, I decided to ask Hazel. After all, she looked so kind. Perhaps she could give me some useful information.

"Excuse me, have you seen a ten-year-old girl with blonde hair? She is about this height." I gestured with my hand to estimate Angela's height as I spoke.

All of a sudden, Hazel's expression darkened and she narrowed her eyes as if she was trying to warn me.

"Slaves here have no right to ask questions. You'd better work hard."

On second thought, it seemed like a bad idea to get information about Angela by asking around.

I had no choice but to drag the bags of cement while Hazel watched me. After a while, I found some time to look around again, but to no avail.

I couldn't help but feel worried.

"Hey, hot stuff!" I was drowning in despair when suddenly someone squeezed my buttock from behind. I turned around almost immediately and my eyes widened in astonishment when I saw Jerry, the person in charge of the construction site here.

I felt sick to stomach.

"Fuck off!" I wanted to rip his head off, but I resorted to cursing given the circumstances.

My reaction seemed to have irritated him because Jerry suddenly blew his top and ruthlessly dragged me to a corner. I could tell from his bloodshot eyes that he was mad at me.

"You arrogant bitch! Do you know how many werewolves your father hurt? I'm going to make you pay for his sins today!" Jerry screamed as he ripped my clothes off.

I desperately tried to fight back, but he overpowered me.

"What are you doing? Jerry, do you have a death wish?"

Just when I had feared the worst, Hazel appeared, almost out of nowhere, and pushed Jerry away.

"You're not allowed to lay a finger on Diana without Alpha's permission. If Alpha finds out what you did, he's going to punish you."

Jerry gritted his teeth in anger as he glared at me and then walked away.

As soon as Jerry left, I breathed out a sigh of relief and my tears streamed down my face uncontrollably.

"Hazel, thank you very much. You're the only one who helped me here." Still suffering from the shock, I held Hazel's hand and thanked her sincerely.

However, she pushed my hand away almost immediately and walked away from me as though I was the plague.

I stared blankly at Hazel's receding figure. The hatred all the werewolves had for me was clear to see in their eyes. Did they really hate me so much?

I began to doubt whether their hatred for me was just or misconstrued. Did my father really do a lot of cruel things?

No! It was impossible! My father wouldn't lie to me. I trusted my father unconditionally.

However, considering my current predicament, finding the truth about my father wasn't the priority at the moment. I had to find a way not to get killed out here.

I continued to drag the bags of cement, ignoring the strange gazes around me.

Since our father wasn't around anymore, I had to be strong enough to look after Angela.

When I was about to take a break at noon, I received a message from Lambert through mind-link. "Diana, come to my office at once."