

His Slave, His Unwanted Mate by Luna Cole Chapter 99

Chapter 99 Arrogance

Tiffany's POV:

Just as I had expected, Nick came here looking for that bitch Diana. I heard rumors from the pack's soldiers that Lambert flew into a rage that night and he imprisoned Diana again.

I couldn't have been happier to hear that because with Diana gone, now Lambert would start treating me nicely again.

I had been looking forward to this day for a long time and the end result was better than I had imagined. As long as Lambert believed that I saved his life again, he would feel heavily indebted to me. I was hopeful because I thought it would be enough to eliminate Lambert's previous prejudices against me. However, much to my disappointment, all I got from Lambert was a measly "thank you", and he canceled the freeze of my bank card.

I wanted things to get back to the way they were between us, but unfortunately, even though we were on good terms again, he was reluctant to open his heart to me. He completely isolated himself from everyone, devoting his time only to work, as if he was a soulless robot.

I could tell that Lambert was in a bad mood because of Diana and it made me green with envy. Why was Lambert feeling sad over Diana? He should have tortured her for being Baldwin's daughter.

The fact that he was still sad about Diana and hardly even looked at me, even after she tried to kill him, baffled me. I found it was strange that he only imprisoned her. This wasn't like him at all, because the punishment did not fit the crime. If it had been anyone else, he would have killed that person without a second thought.

However, I wasn't going to let that bother me. Since Lambert didn't have the heart to hurt Diana, I decided to take matters into my own hands. I put on my best dress and got dolled up before going to Lambert's villa.

"Tiffany, what are you doing at Alpha's private residence?" No one was allowed to enter the Alpha's residence without permission, which would explain why John looked at me in confusion.

"I've come to see Diana." I walked past John with a smile and went inside right after I said that. Perhaps, despite John's reluctance, he didn't stop me because he knew that I had saved Lambert's life again.

Lo and behold! As soon as I walked in, I saw Diana scrubbing the floor on her knees like a dog. She looked like she hadn't bathed in weeks and her clothes were as dirty as the cloth she was using to clean the floor. It had only been a few days since the last time I saw her and already she had lost her radiance. I couldn't wipe the smirk off my face as my lips curved into a contemptuous sneer. She was bleeding from her wrists and ankles due to the weight of the shackles.

"I told you that as long as you are in the Blue Lake Pack, I will make your life a living hell." Recalling the humiliation I suffered before, I felt a strong urge to strangle that bitch with my own hands. It was because of that despicable bitch that I lost everything that was supposed to be mine.

"Tiffany, I never did anything to offend you. If you suffered anything, it was because you caused it yourself." Diana's eyes had an unyielding glint. I couldn't stand her self-righteous arrogance, but I knew that it was her character and tenacity that drew Lambert to her.

I kicked over the bucket of water Diana was using so she would have to clean it up again. However, it wasn't enough to erase the hatred I had for her in my heart.

"Look at these, you little bitch! These are all the new pieces of jewelry Lambert had bought for me. They are worth far more than a dozen sex slaves who are more beautiful than you. Once Lambert is finished with you, he will sell you to the other packs. With the money he gets from the sale, I will buy more clothes and jewelry for myself. However, I wonder if he's going to get a good price for a haggard bitch like you." I deliberately showed off my newly bought accessories and Hermes bag as I danced around happily.

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Chapter 100 Provocation

Diana's POV:

Tiffany barged into the villa arrogantly and showed off her luxuries. She also said that she would make my life a living hell. What a petty fool! I didn't know what I did to deserve this! Tiffany went to extremes to win Lambert's heart, but she wasn't sensible enough to contemplate why Lambert disliked her in spite of all the efforts she had made.

Losing someone like Lambert must have been a hard pill to swallow, but she should have just accepted the reality and moved on. Besides, was Lambert really worth losing her dignity over? Apart from his charming good looks and perfectly chiseled body, Lambert was just a moody child trapped in a man's body. I couldn't understand why she was so obsessed with him in the first place.

Tiffany gritted her teeth and kicked over the bucket, making a mess of the floor I had just cleaned.

I felt my anger rising as I tried to quench it. I was already knee-deep in trouble and the last thing I needed was to cause another trouble. I thought that perhaps Lambert might have changed his mind about her after she saved his life by warning him about the poison in his soup. I was merely a slave now. I didn't even have the right to speak, let alone lose my temper at Tiffany.

Tiffany flaunting her pearls and diamonds proudly showed nothing other than the fact that she was just a vain and materialistic person. If she had used her wealth to help the pack, perhaps the other werewolves would have spoken highly of her to the Alpha. The members of the Blue Lake Pack weren't the type to be fooled so easily. They knew what they needed, and what they didn't need was a loser who was good for nothing other than squandering the money that rightfully belonged to the pack. At this rate, she would never become the Luna of this pack.

When she realized that I didn't care about what she was talking about, she lost her patience

and snapped at me.

"Stop pretending like you don't care because I know that you're jealous of me. You're jealous of everything I have." Tiffany pulled my hair, yanking my head back, and forced me to look at her.

I felt a sharp tug on my scalp but I gritted my teeth to endure the pain. Tiffany was too self absorbed to see that a person's value was in their character, not their appearance. It made me question the kind of upbringing she had had as a child. However, then I soon realized that it was too late for her to change as she was far too shallow and ignorant to leave room for any self-improvement.

I made peace with the fact that it was futile to argue with Tiffany. Although she resorted to hurling insults, I wasn't going to let her drag me down to her level.

My indifference must have fueled her anger as Tiffany walked to the cupboard and threw a vase on the floor. However, it didn't make her feel any better and she proceeded to the corridor and smashed all the vases there. The sound of porcelain and glass breaking echoed throughout the villa, and broken shards spread all over the floor.

"Oops, I apologize for being so careless." Suddenly, Tiffany put on a fake smile on her thin

lips.

I stood there in stunned confusion, wondering what that childish woman was going to do next.

"What a mess! You should clean this up before Lambert gets here. Hurry up! Stop slacking, you lazy bitch!" I could hear her high heels tap down the hall as she walked towards me with a smug grin on her face.

The entire floor was covered with dirty water and broken glasses. I was afraid that if I didn't clean it up by the time Lambert returned, he would punish me again for all the mess and broken vases.

I took a deep breath and squatted down to clean up the floor. I couldn't help but wonder if this was just the beginning of Tiffany's torment.

I noticed that Tiffany was still staring at me. All of a sudden, she came closer and pushed me hard.

"Go to hell! Bitch!"

"Tiffany, don't you dare lay another finger on me!" | struggled and tried to keep balance, but I failed as my legs were still shackled.

Just as I was about to fall on the broken shards of glass and porcelain on the floor, someone grabbed me from behind in the nick of time.

The moment I turned around, my eyes widened with surprise as I found out that it was Lambert.

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Chapter 101 Kicked Her Out Diana's POV:

I felt Lambert's warm and powerful fingers curl around my shoulders and slowly help me up. I could hear the whisper of his faint warm breath in my ear. He only released me once I had steadied myself. Then he kicked away the broken vase that lay at his feet and sat down heavily on the sofa.

An eerie silence descended over the room. From the corner of my eye, I could see Tiffany's quivering fingers and nervous expression. She probably hadn't expected Lambert to return so soon.

"Who allowed you to enter my villa?" Lambert crossed his legs and leaned back against the sofa. He raised his head slowly and pinned Tiffany with a stern look.

"I just wanted to punish this bitch who tried to harm you. Lambert, since you are acquainted with her true nature now, you should torture her. Why do you let her continue to live in the villa? She should be tossed into the dungeon again." Hearing the reprimand in Lambert's voice, she felt both enraged and wronged. After giving her explanation, she even glared at me fiercely. She was really hopeless.

"Regardless of the severity of Diana's crimes, I will be the only one who will punish her. This is none of your business. Tiffany, you were very helpful to expose Diana's role in the poisoning. But I didn't know you would be this arrogant.

Maybe I have been too lenient with you, so you think you can go back to your old habits and not face any ramifications. From now on, you will not be entitled to any privilege from me. Fuck off now." Lambert's voice was cold and detached, making him look like an emotionless monster.

"No, please. Lambert, I just wanted to help you. Diana deserves to die. I was being too impulsive." Tiffany's eyes widened in shock. She ran to Lambert and held his hand. Tears welled up in her eyes and streamed down her face as she spoke.

Lambert ignored Tiffany's pleading. He just scowled and massaged his temples slowly. Finally, he ran out of patience and growled angrily, "I'm so disappointed in you. Get out of here."

Tiffany seemed to have sensed that she had really pissed Lambert off. She wiped her tears and ground her teeth. Giving me a final glance, she ran out sobbing.

Everything was peaceful again. I thought everything was normal now, so I crouched down and continued cleaning up the fragments. There were so many small shards that I was scared I would be clearing them up late into the evening.

"You still have a lot of unfinished work. I had warned you about the consequences in the morning." A deep chilly voice came from behind me. I spun around to see Lambert staring at me unhappily with his forehead resting in his hand.

He had only been gone for two hours. How could I finish so much work in such a short time? Besides, this whole mess and the shards of glass and porcelain on the floor were Tiffany's fault.

"I will clean it up." All of a sudden, I felt upset and aggrieved.

Lambert didn't seem to have heard me. Instead, he strode towards me. His tall body towered over me, blocking out all the light around me, and his eyes glinted maliciously. He pulled me up from the floor and dragged me to my room.

My body wouldn't stop shaking and I struggled violently. If Lambert had sex with me now, I was sure he would kill me right there on the bed.

"Wait a minute. Will you let me clean up the vase fragments in the corridor first? Otherwise, John and others might step on it," I almost shrieked out. My voice trembled with fear.

I would at least be able to buy more time with this excuse. If I could stall for even one second, I would be able to delay facing Lambert's terrible abuse for that long.

Lambert glanced back at the debris in the living room and corridor, and gave me a hostile look. Then he loosened his grip and threw me to the floor.

"You only have ten minutes," Lambert warned.

Having secured his permission, I instantly got to my feet and rushed to clean up the mess. I swept all the debris and threw it into a trash can in the bathroom nearby. As I stared at the fragments of the glass and porcelain, I was suddenly struck by an idea.

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Chapter 102 Evidence

Diana's POV:

My mind had flashed back to the evening I was at the Bele Restaurant. I had flushed the poison in the toilet and tossed the small glass bottle into the trash can in the bathroom.

My mind was buzzing with questions now. Lambert's soup had indeed been poisoned, but who had done it?

Tiffany was the only one who had overheard Nick's plan to poison Lambert. She was also the one who had rushed in with the warning of the soup being poisoned. However, I hadn't poisoned Lambert. The only logical explanation here was that Tiffany must have poisoned Lambert's soup herself. (This novel will be daily updated at) Since I didn't poison Lambert, Tiffany couldn't expose me, so she probably poisoned Lambert herself and framed me.

But it was highly unlikely that she would have also been able to get her hands on the special poison Nick had given me. After all, he had explained to me before that the poison was colorless and tasteless, and it was very difficult to obtain. I was quite certain that Tiffany's poison was different from the poison in the bottle I had. The residue in that bottle simply needed to be tested, and it would show that the two poisons were different. That would conclusively prove that I wasn't the one who had poisoned Lambert. And even if this proof was not enough for Lambert, it would still establish the fact that many inconsistencies remained in the matter of the poisoning.

Before I had been detained in the villa, Lambert had closed down that restaurant. I guessed that the trash hadn't been taken out yet. There was still time to retrieve that bottle.

I felt like there was finally a glimmer of light visible in the darkness, and I was very excited. At this moment, the door opened behind me. A pair of powerful hands suddenly wrapped themselves tightly around my neck.

"Time is up." Lambert's voice was very menacing. I parted my lips slightly to tell him about my epiphany, but I was greeted with his bloodshot eyes that were

brimming with hatred and disgust. He looked like he wanted to tear me apart right now.

"Listen to me, Lambert. What happened..." I tried my best to explain the situation to him.

However, he looked like he was in no mood to listen to me. He grabbed me, effectively cutting me off. He hoisted me on his shoulder, went to my room, irritably pushed the door open and flung me on the bed. I struggled to get up, but Lambert immediately pinned my body with his. (This novel will be daily updated at) His strong and scorching body was glued to mine. He roughly grabbed my jaw and stared at me with gritted teeth.

"You're such an ungrateful bitch. Do you think I'll give you a chance to argue? You deserve to be my sex slave forever. I was so kind to you before, Diana," Lambert sneered and trapped my hands above my head. He removed his belt and bound my wrists to the head of the bed, as if

he was going to eat me up. He took off his coat and his eyes swept the room, probably looking for something to gag me with.

He finally snatched a pillow towel on the bed and made to thrust it into my mouth.

I shook my head to dodge his hand and shouted with all my might, "Please hear me out. If you don't listen to me now, you will regret it in the future!"

My voice almost broke in the end. He must have sensed the despair in my tone, because he stopped and sat on my hips as he looked down at me with curiosity.

"I have figured out a way to get you evidence to prove my innocence. (This novel will be daily updated at) When you went to the bathroom at the restaurant, I also went to the bathroom and flushed the poison in the toilet. I threw the bottle in the trash can in the bathroom. You can ask someone to test the residue in the bottle. The poison in the soup is definitely not the same as the poison in the bottle." | pointedly ignored Lambert's intimidating eyes and began my explanation, trying to steady my trembling voice enough so that I sounded calm and convincing enough.