

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 110

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)
Chapter 110 Don't think I forgot about you.

"Allow me to introduce myself." The large man said, his smile looked as if it was pure yellow and black. He brushed his dirty hand across his large stomach as if he was wiping dirt off it and went to shake her hand. She refused to even look at him in the eye.

Instead of being insulted, he laughed louder. It was a disgusting sound, it made her think he had dirt lodged deep in his throat with no hope of ever getting it out. "My name is Marcus and I work for Life Pharmacy. Normally, I clean the grounds and care for the dogs, but I was told a pretty little thing escaped and I knew I had to come find ya before you froze to death." 1

Doris struggled to get the rope off her, but Marcus only tugged tighter until it squeezed the breath out of her. He kept pulling until she laid back against the snow in complete defeat.

"Now now, you don't wanna do that. You're already in a heap of trouble, I wouldn't want to add to your punishments." He grinned again. The sight would haunt her dreams for many nights, she wondered if he knew how terrifying it was.

A few large dogs came up to sniff her face with a low growl in the back of their throats. She cringed away from their wet noses and wished she could melt into the ground. As long as they didn't bite her face, she was fine. She hoped. At least it wasn't a pack of wolves out for her blood. 1

Marcus forced her to stand. "Unless you want me to drag you all the way back, I recommend you walk. Though, I wouldn't mind it either way. I quite like the sound of girls begging for their life." He said through his teeth. Doris straightened herself quickly and followed him with his rope still humiliatingly wrapped around her body as if she was another dog. He tugged on her every few minutes to remind her how much control he had over her and how much it hurt to be squeezed if she tried to

run.

"You weren't far from where you wanted to be." Marcus said suddenly. She wasn't sure why he told her that, perhaps to make her feel worse for being so close. There was no way he would have known where she was headed unless they told him where to look. "Only a few more miles up the road and you'd be at Enzo's camp." He laughed his nasty sound again. Doris glared at the back of his head and wished she hadn't dropped her rock when he grabbed her,

"You're lying." Doris said.

“Nope. Truly, just over the hill. We’re quite a long way from Life Pharmacy, I almost pulled back in and told them you were gone until one of my dogs caught your scent again. If you were just an hour sooner, you might have already been there with your prince.”

She was miles from William—if she had known that she would have run until her lungs bled inside her chest. She would have never rested a second until she was back beside him. Then he could tear them apart for taking her in the first place. All the effort she made went to shit and knowing she was so close would keep her up for nights. Just like Marcus wanted. He glanced at her over his shoulder with a satisfied smirk planted on his lips.

Her one chance was wasted because of the hideous man in front of her. If he wasn’t surrounded by vicious loyal dogs, she would have tried to bash his head in with her bare fists

Oh, what a terrible thought. When had she gotten so violent? She couldn’t blame it on her wolf this time. She was like a ghost inside her now. No, this was all Doris. Everything that happened to her made her feel more and more anger build up inside her. What would happen when it finally cracked open?

They walked back to Life Pharmacy as if she was walking to her own funeral. It sort of felt like it in a way because she knew her freedom was now ruined beyond repair. She ignored all of the man’s attempt at conversation that usually circled back around to how screwed she was in his opinion.

She was now at the mercy of the rogues-her literal nightmare. Beth would have fainted if she knew what was happening to Doris. Once again, she was glad her friend wasn’t here to see this despite how much she missed her and wished to see her. In her mind, Doris imagined she was curled up in her bed in their old room. Safe and far from any sort of danger. She longed to be there too.

Mr. Hugh, Joseph and a few other guards stood on the steps of Life Pharmacy waiting for her. She didn’t dare try to decode the emotionless look on Joseph’s face as she stepped closer. Marcus untied his rope and held out his hand.

One of the guards placed a sack of coins in his grasp and she wanted to spit on him.

person at all—all they cared about was how much money they could make off of her.

Mr. Hugh shook his head in disappointment. “Doris, I thought better of you. You truly thought you could escape in the middle of the night and we wouldn’t notice?”

“It seemed to take you a long time to notice.” Doris said with a lifted chin.

“Ah, but who is here at my feet looking as if she was just dragged through the mud?” Mr. Hugh smiled before it fell completely. “Since you don’t respect us, I see no reason to respect you. Throw her in the lower cells. She no longer

deserves our hospitality." He said before he turned his back on her. He must have expected her to object but Doris was out of a fight. There was nothing left inside her.

Joseph and another guard grabbed each of her arms and led her through the building to the lower, much darker area. It looked as if no one had been down there in years. The thought of all the bugs and rodents that resided down there made her skin crawl. It was even worse than the cells were at the palace, at least there was some sort of light there.

Joseph tightened his grip when he felt her tense. She glanced up at him but he refused to look at her. The other guard held her normally and didn't seem the slightest bit peeved at her like the rest did. Still, she knew she wasn't a favorite among the night crew now. She bet they all had to say goodbye to their many naps and now had to pay a bit more attention to people sneaking right past them.

There were rows and rows of unoccupied cells. Joseph wasn't kidding when he said they weren't used to having prisoners, it made her wonder why they even had an area like this to begin with unless they were here from previous lords.

The guards didn't put her in a close cell to the door, they walked her all the way back through the darkness as if they were hoping to find a corner darker than hell to stuff her in.

Once they finally stopped, she couldn't see an inch in front of her face as they unlocked the cell and pushed her in. She stumbled over her own feet and fell harshly on her knees. She could feel the grim under her fingers, it made her want to gag. What on earth was down here?

"Wait! Joseph," Doris turned and gripped the bars. She wasn't sure if he was still there, she couldn't see anything. "I'm sorry for taking your keys. You had to know that I needed to escape, it's not safe for me here."

Silence. Dead silence. Doris reached her hands through the bars and grasped onto nothing. A few moments later, she heard a set of feet walk away and she knew he had heard her.

They brought her nothing while she was down in the cells. No food, no blankets or candles. She had no choice but to sit in the dark and hope sleep would help her escape the misery she was in.

A lifetime had passed before she heard the sound of approaching footsteps and the tsk of disapproval from a voice she'd come to hate.

Mr. Hugh sighed as he leaned against her bars. She couldn't see him, but she knew he was there. "Don't think I forgot about you, dear." His laugh echoed all around her and tried to swallow her whole. "Are you ready for our dinner? I hope you're hungry."

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Chapter 111 Unexpected dinner.

The dining room Doris was brought to was a lot smaller than she expected. A table fit for two had a beautiful emerald cloth and matching plates that were already piled with food before they could even sit down. One of the servants pulled out her chair and Doris couldn't help but feel embarrassed with how messy she looked. It was no palace, but it was still beautiful.

Doris tried to smooth out her greasy hair and ignored the dirt on her arms as she discreetly tried to wipe as much as she could from her hands beneath the table. Mr. Hugh took the chair across from her and smiled widely as if they were old friends. She couldn't help but wonder what his motive was behind that grin.

"We're set to leave after dinner to the church, I thought it would be wise for us to get there a night before your party arrives." Mr. Hugh said as he placed a napkin across his lap. She watched his every move just as he watched her own as if it was a game between them.

"We're going to wait all night for them?" Doris asked. She eyes the food on both of their plates and saw they were laid out exactly the same. "I would think it was unnecessary to arrive that early."

"Well, we can't be unprepared. A trade this big deserves a bit more of our preparation, wouldn't you say?" Mr. Hugh said lightly as he picked up his fork for the first time.

"I—"

"Besides," he continued as if Doris hadn't said anything, "I wouldn't put it past your prince to be just as early as us." Mr. Hugh winked across at her. Doris only blinked. It made her skin crawl each time he referred to William as her prince. As if he was in on a secret that was just between the two of them.

"Is there a reason you gave me—the honor-of a private dinner with you?" Doris asked. "Not that I'm ungrateful, but I can't help but feel as if there is more you wish to talk about."

felt her stomach grumble from the delicious scents in front of her, but he hadn't taken a bite yet-and neither would she. "Normally, I'd expect a bit more conversation to soften the mood but I have to admit, I'm more like you." Mr. Hugh spiked a piece of meat with his fork and took a large bite. Doris finally did the same and almost moaned from the taste. If he wasn't in front of her watching her so intently, she would have devoured the entire plate in seconds.

"I know that you're aware of the real reason the prince has come all the way to the north. I was told he came to find some plant but I know that can't be the whole truth."

"His lady was poisoned by a plant that's only found in the north. We came here to try and find who bought it and why they would poison her." Doris said calmly as if she had rehearsed it a hundred times. Mr. Hugh raised his brows, her grip tightened on her fork.

"His lady? I was told you were his lady." He said, amused.

"I'm not his lady, I'm just his maid. His lady is back at the palace." Doris said carefully. She willed herself not to blush but her cheeks never listened to her. "He's come all this way to find who wished her harm."

"Interesting. Does his lady know how close you are with the prince? Or is it normal for him to be close with his pretty servants?"

Doris swallowed her food and set down her fork. "As I said, we're just here to find the poisonous plant."

"And have you found it yet? With all of your time here?"

"We have. He already discovered who was responsible." Doris straightened her shoulders. She knew that William hadn't tried to find exactly where the plant was bought since he already knew Luna Queen had done the poisoning. Mr. Hugh didn't have to know that they hadn't been investigating that mystery, though. If he thought Doris was easily intimidated, he was sadly mistaken.

"Ah, so who was the one responsible?" He asked.

"I'm afraid only he knows. He's very private about his matters and he doesn't care to share the information with his maid." Doris said a little loudly as if it would get the point across more. "He's a man of very little words."

"You expect me to believe that the prince came here to discover who poisoned his lady when he could have easily sent someone else in his place?"

"I don't know what you believe but it's true. We were set to head back the day you attacked Enzo. The prince prefers to handle his own matters."

"Hmm." Mr. Hugh leaned back with a smile that never wavered. It gave her the chills. "I think the prince had another intention coming all the way to the north with only a handful of guards and a maid."

"A prince always should have at least one servant with him to meet his needs—" Doris blushed the second it was out of her mouth and Mr. Hugh laughed.

"I bet he does. Though, I didn't expect him to go through so much trouble for any maid. I heard he goes through plenty at the palace. But here he is, ready to trade

"He feels responsible for his people. He wouldn't want me to suffer because of him, he's a good man."

Mr. Hugh leaned across the table and eyed her closely. Doris kept herself as even as she possibly could even though his stare made her want to shrink back into herself and disappear.

"I think we've treated you kindly enough considering you bed our enemy. I would've hoped you'd be more willing to be truthful with me." Mr. Hugh said. She could hear the patience running out of his voice.

"You locked me in a dark cell all night." Doris glanced at her dirty clothes and arms. "I wouldn't say that's the kindest I've been treated. Or do you expect me to be grateful you didn't leave me out in the cold chained to a tree?"

"Yes, well—you had my rogues in a bit of a frenzy looking for you all night. Perhaps we should have considered chaining you to a tree." Mr. Hugh slammed his fist down on the table and made her flinch. "I know you're lying. I know the prince has a more sinister plan in mind and I'm not as blind as Enzo to ignore it and let my people die."

He stood from the table and their dishes were cleared immediately. Doris hadn't even gotten to finish and her stomach still felt hollow. "I heard he didn't do a thing when that prince ripped through villages looking for you. Killing innocent people who wished him no harm!" Mr. Hugh shouted. Doris felt as if the room had blurred around him. Her head was almost too heavy to lift.

"What kind of leader puts his enemy over his own people? He had his own villagers put to death for harming you of all people!" Mr. Hugh walked around the table and leaned his face closer to her own. She tried to move away from him but he kept her firm. "Why is your prince really here? Is he working with Enzo?" 1

"No." Doris said simply. It was the truth, and she wasn't willing to give him any more. Mr. Hugh growled and smacked the sides of her chair so hard, she was certain it would crack. "He wishes the rogues no harm, that's all I know. We came here to find a poisonous plant."

Mr. Hugh laughed bitterly and snapped his fingers. Two guards came and forced her up from her chair. "Take her to the carriage. It's time to go to the church."

Their grips made her wince as they practically carried her out the door. She tried to keep up with their long strides but they only ended up dragging her most of the way like she was a dog. Doris glanced up to see Joseph on one side of her and she felt sick to her stomach. Hours ago he was dancing with her in the snow, now he was acting like she truly was a prisoner. One he despised, at that. How could he not understand that she needed to get out?

They dragged her out into the snow and forced her into a waiting carriage with no sense of warmth to ward off the cold. Joseph locked eyes with her for a moment.

“Joseph—”

He shook his head and slammed the door. In her bones she knew that something wasn't right.

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Chapter 112 The Darkest Pit.

The ground of the church was almost worse than the snow outside. She felt the cold stone burn into her back the second she regained consciousness. Not even her clothes could help her fight off the nasty climate.

Doris knew one thing, she was right not to trust any of the food they had given her but still her stomach yearned for more. She wished she had cleared her plate when she had the chance even if it was drugged. She'd sooner die of starvation than whatever else they had in store for her. 1

Doris opened her eyes to see a delicately carved ceiling that showed a story of wolves running from a kingdom. She knew instantly that it told the story of the rogues with one simple glance. It would have been beautiful, if she didn't feel like every inch of her was in agony. Whatever they had given her made her head ache and limbs feel like jelly.

She tried to reach for her wolf like she always did, but was only met with more silence. Half of her wondered if they had only given her more of the drug Joseph had mentioned. If so—when would she hear from her wolf again? When would her suffering end

“...on their sightings. I don't think they intend to wait until morning.” Doris quickly closed her eyes again when she heard approaching voices echo off the stone walls. A door near her had opened and quickly closed.

“Call them out now. I don't want them anywhere near here when we unleash our men on them.” Mr. Hugh said.

“Enzo might be ready for us if we do that,” said another familiar voice. Joseph?

"Even better. I love a good fight." Mr. Hugh growled. Doris kept her eyes closed tightly but panic rose in her throat. They were planning on ambushing Enzo and William. Again. 1

"Keep at least ten guards here to make sure she doesn't try to escape again. She's good at pretending she's innocent but now we know how false that facade was."

"Will do, sir. We'll find a place to put her in case they come for her here. I can imagine that the prince might try it."

"It would be easier to keep her unconscious during all this, you might want to consider that if she wakes any time soon. She won't be able to call for him if she's out like this."

"Noted."

Doris listened as silence followed. She wasn't sure if they were looking at her closely

or communicating silently but she tried to stay as still as possible. Could they hear her heart trying to bang out of her chest?

Soon, one set of steps moved further away from her while another came closer. Doris felt her chest try to cave in and her breath start to get harder to control.

"I know you're awake, Doris." Joseph said quietly. Doris slowly opened her eyes to see him peering down at her. She swallowed the lump in her throat, he did not look even a little bit happy to see her. He looked at her as if she was some rat he'd found on the floor.

"Are they going to attack Enzo's camp?" Doris asked suddenly. She moved to sit up but it was like a spike of pain erupted at each small movement. "This was all a big show, wasn't it? There was never going to be a trade-I knew it."

"Enzo hasn't had his people in mind for quite a while. He's become a lazy leader and now we have to push him to be something great." Joseph recited as if it was on the back of his hand. Doris narrowed her eyes at him. He ignored her gaze. "It's time for him to step up or be pushed out."

"Do you truly believe that? You're willing to attack the camp where Sir Antony rests?" "There would never be any harm to our founder. He is off limits to all—his power is too great to mess with." Joseph glanced behind his shoulder as if to make sure no one was there to overhear them. She looked around the empty room that only had rows and rows of benches with a podium at the front but no one else.

"If that's true, why can't we just have him decide what to do instead of start a war between your people? He's wise enough to know what's best for the rogues. He started you guys."

"Mr. Hugh believes that Enzo has betrayed us and is working with the palace. This can prove he's not if he stands with his people instead of the prince! Sir Antony doesn't need to get involved. He's old—".

"He won't stand with people who are attacking him ahead of an agreement! Do you hear how crazy that sounds? He expects your word to be met. Not betrayal." Doris wanted to shake Joseph if it would make him realize how ridiculous this all was. She stood from the ground and wrapped her arms around herself. Her sweater felt like nothing against the cold, she might as well have been naked. His eyes flickered over her as if he noticed, but he didn't say anything.

"You wouldn't understand." Joseph turned away from her. Doris swallowed her bile of guilt. No matter what she did, she couldn't escape the feeling that she was always at fault when something went wrong.

"You think they won't just try to come here and get me? They know where I'm at!"

"There are hundreds out there right now to prevent anyone from getting in here and even more on their way to his camp. It doesn't matter that they know where you are."

—

"I think you underestimate how determined Prince William will be." Doris said through her teeth. Joseph narrowed his eyes a little. "Oh? For just some maid? I thought you said you're nothing more." "He doesn't like when people take what he thinks belongs to him. I work for the palace, so I qualify—"

"Save it, Doris. Everyone already knows what you mean to him. It's foolish for you to try and convince us otherwise. No one believed you for a second."

Doris frowned and seated herself on one of the benches. "No, get up. I have to move you somewhere else. This is too open for you, I wouldn't want you to run out into the snow again." He grabbed Doris's arm and forced her up. Doris glared at him as he glanced around the room. "This is just a church, I don't think there's anywhere for me to—"

"There." He interrupted and dragged her to the center of the room with his eyes on the ground. Doris followed his sight and saw exactly what he was looking at.

"Under ground? Oh, no—I don't do well with darkness—"

"You seemed fine after the cells." He released her and forced up the wooden boards. She really must have bruised him if he was acting so cold. Or perhaps this was how he truly was and he was only being nice before because he wanted something from her. Men were always nice to pretty girls when they wanted something from them. 2

Joseph pulled up five boards before he peered down into the hole. Doris shook away a sick thought to shove him inside when she knew it was a losing game.

There were most likely countless guards right outside the door waiting for her to pull something like that again. 1

"It looks fine. Get down there."

"You don't think someone would easily hear me down there? Honestly, Joseph. What's the point of putting me in a hole?"

Joseph grabbed her arm and forced her against him. "This is to make sure you don't try to escape. I don't give a damn who can hear you down there, they'll never find you if they can't get in here."

Joseph lifted her by her waist and dropped her right into the dark hole. She fell hard on her legs and swore she twisted both her ankles on impact. When she screamed, she heard him intake a sharp breath of air. Good, let him feel bad.

"I'll bring by food in a little bit."

"Wait!" Doris shouted, her own voiced echoed back to her. "You can't leave me down here, please!"

Joseph seemed to hesitate. The hole was a lot deeper than she thought, there was nothing for her to grasp onto to get out. He so looked small at the top of the hole. For a moment, she thought she'd gotten through to him. But then he started to seal her in by placing the boards back where they were.

"Joseph!" Doris screamed. "I'm sorry! Please, I think I broke my ankle!"

He paused again for a second before he continued on. Doris screamed until the last board was in place and she was trapped in her own darkness.

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Chapter 113 I thought I knew you.

Silence answered her screams. They came back to her in echoes that were more haunting than anything else down here. Lines of light were above her, but that was all. Doris felt as if she was in a small box, she couldn't help but wonder what this area would even be used for. If she stretched out both of her arms, her fingertips would graze the walls.

Perhaps she wasn't the first person that was forced down here by the rogues. It was getting harder to defend them when half were so cruel. They silenced her wolf so she couldn't even defend herself and used her as leverage. Just when she started to think they weren't as bad as she thought, they proved her wrong.

Again: Enzo was the one who made her want to give them a second chance, but now she wished she hadn't..

Doris closed her eyes to try and ward out the small stream of light. She didn't want to see it, it was starting to drive her mad. She sat on the cold floor and tried to ignore the thought of what else was down here with her. It smelled old and musty, as if it hadn't been touched in years. Doris had sneezed so many times, she felt as if her nose was stuffed with dust.

All Doris could think about was the possibility that William was out there getting ambushed. She wished he had left when he said he would, he was the only true target. It didn't matter what happened to Doris compared to him. If he had gone back to the palace, they would have either let her go or put her out of her misery once and for all. 4

Had they attacked them yet? They must have. It'd been hours since she first heard their plan and was left in the dark. She would know if William was hurt-wouldn't she? Or would only her wolf be able to tell those sort of things? It was pure agony not knowing more than anything. William could be dead for all she knew while she sat here uselessly. 1

She should have known it was too easy. Mr. Hugh agreed to Patrick too quickly and made the deal too smoothly. The back of her mind had told her it was wrong, but she allowed herself to believe it like a naive fool. Now Enzo and the rest of the villagers suffered because of her. It was always because of her. If she had never come on this trip, it might have gone a lot smoother instead of turning into hell at every turn.

"Joseph?" Doris called. "I think I broke my ankles." She said weakly. She knew he didn't care, there was no point. How many times had she tried to get a response out

had any last shred of sympathy for her, he would at least check on her. But Doris had the feeling that she was completely alone,

"Is it really broken?" Joseph said in a small voice from above. Doris glanced up but he hadn't removed the boards yet. His shadow crossed through the light and stopped . just above her. Each board creaked loud enough to strain her ears but it was better than the silence he forced her to endure.

"Yes." Doris cried. She laid her emotion on heavy with each word. "It hurts so badly, Joseph. I don't think I can move." 1

"I have no way to get you out right now." He said as he leaned down. "Are you bleeding?"

"I think so... I can't see anything down here but I hit the ground hard when you dripped me." Doris gripped the wall. It was ice cold, she wanted to cringe away from it but it was all she had to lean on. "Why can't you get me out of here? I wouldn't be able to run with broken ankles."

"I would have to get the rope but Mr. Hugh has taken it with him. I wouldn't be able to get you out by myself."

"You're not strong enough to lift me out?" Doris asked almost innocently. There was nothing worse to a man than a bruised ego. "I didn't say that—" Joseph huffed and started to pull up the board before he suddenly stopped. "Are you trying to manipulate me again?"

"What are you talking about?" Doris tried to stand but she groaned the second she put weight on her ankle. "I just need something for my ankles..."

"I thought you were different, Doris." Joseph said quietly. Doris frowned as the usual ache of guilt thumped in her chest. "I thought maybe you cared for me like I cared for you."

"You don't know me, Joseph. How could you care for me so quickly? You're handsome and I want to believe you're kind—you don't need my approval."

"I wasn't asking for your approval! I thought you liked me."

"Joseph—you told me that you knew about the prince and I. Why would you go for me? I don't know what you expected from me, I was a prisoner you had to look after."

Joseph scoffed as if what she said was ridiculous. "You're the play thing for a prince who is notorious for going through women like they're clothes. I didn't think you would be dense enough to fall for him but clearly I was wrong. I should have known you were lying when the prince sent a guard to negotiate your safety. He wouldn't have done that for just any maid." 2

Doris knew he was trying to get under her skin, but she wouldn't let him. "I'm sorry for using you, Joseph. No one deserves to have their kindness thrown back at them. Can't you understand why I did it? Look at me! You've thrown me in a hole and you can't tell me this wasn't the plan all along. I was never going to be given to William without a fight."

Joseph shifted above her. Doris continued, "I thought you were a wonderful man that any woman would be lucky to have. My mind changed about you the moment you became someone else. I'm not even sure what side of you is real or not."

"It was the real me—"

"Joseph! You have to come stand guard, the prince is already here." A guard shouted, he sounded panicked. Doris felt her heart skip—William was here? Already?

Joseph stood quickly and she watched as his shadow disappeared and soon the door slammed. Doris strained to listen for any hint of William, but she couldn't hear a thing. If she knew anything, she knew that William wouldn't stop until he got what he wanted. Why did her blood race at the idea that he wanted her this badly?

Her entire being ached for him in a way she didn't expect. She'd dreamed about his arms around her every night but only woke up to the nightmare that he was no where to be found. Now he was here.

Doris forced herself to stand on her sore ankles. "Hello?" She called. No one said a word, she must have been completely alone. "William!" She shouted uselessly. She knew there was no way he was already here,

A chorus of screams erupted from outside the door. It made Doris shiver, she covered her ears when the sounds turned sickening. It sounded as if wet bodies had slammed against the doors over and over until it finally cracked open and bursted from the hinges. Doris certainly hoped it was William, otherwise she wouldn't have wanted to come out. 1

"Doris?" A breathless voice said. It was like music to her ears to hear that deep sound. It vibrated through her body and left her desperate for more.

Doris couldn't help her tears as she shouted. "William! Down here!"

His stomps were thunderous as he sought her out. She felt him deep in her bones as if a part of her had finally started to wake up just from his presence. "Down where?" He growled impatiently. Doris closed her eyes and it was like she could see him already. His angered expression and bloodied body. Her fingers curled at the thoughts. How had she gone from despising his frowns to craving them? 1

"Below the floorboards!" Doris shouted weakly.

That was all she had to say. William fell to his knees and started to tear up the boards until he found her. The wood splintered beneath his touch, he shoved the wood away and suddenly he was above her like a god shining down on her. Doris held her breath, she wondered if he could even see her.

William wasted no time, he reached down into the darkness and found her outstretched hands. William pulled her up out of the darkness and into his

arms.

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Chapter 114 You came for me.

His warmth enveloped her whole. She had never in her life felt more safe or relieved from a single touch. It was like all of her fear had melted out of her the second she felt him touch her. Doris had never known what it was like to have someone to make her feel that way.

William lifted Doris into his arms and held her tighter than anyone had ever held her. His strong arms refused to let her go as her feet dangled off the ground. It was like a dream she didn't want to wake up from. How strange that he once was the reason for all of her nightmares. Now he was the only thing she wanted to see at night when she closed her eyes.

"I thought I lost you." William whispered against her ear. She didn't need her wolf to tell her how she should be feeling—for once Doris allowed herself to feel everything towards him. All the relief and pain and love that tried to pull her under and drown her until she was nothing. It was all worth it to hear his voice and how much he yearned for her as much as she did for him.

It felt like a decade had passed as well as no time at all. She knew from one touch that she was all he thought about since he left her. Even if he never admitted it to her face, she knew it was true. How could it not be?

"You came for me." Was all Doris could say. William pulled away for the first time and set her down in front of him just so he could look at her more clearly. His blue eyes were almost blinding to her tired heart.

"Of course I came for you." He said as he gripped her waist. Doris caught sight of his appearance and almost fainted with how much blood covered him. She had little doubts that it all belonged to people that had stood in his way. His shirt was torn down the middle and she realized he hadn't changed into his wolf. He came for her with a vengeance that he fulfilled with his barehands. Every inch of her tingled at the thought. She could almost see him on a battlefield in her mind. All the rage that must have poured from him, she was sorry to have missed it.

"Did they hurt you?" William asked through his teeth. Doris glanced at the door he had ripped off the hinges and saw blood smeared across the walls. She briefly wondered if Joseph was part of that massacre and a sad part of her throbbed. Even with what he had done to her, she wouldn't have wanted his lift to end that way. No one deserved that.

"No. They just put me in dark places, but I'm okay for the most part." Doris said.

A flash of anger still touched his features. She wished she could wipe it away with a single caress.

"What happened? I heard part of what they were planning just a few hours ago. I had no idea it was going to happen." Doris said quietly. She was too afraid to step out into the hallway and potentially see body parts and faces that belonged to people she barely knew. Even if she had only spoken with them for seconds, it would have haunted her to see it.

"Enzo thought it was best to wait at the camp until we were set to meet here, but I thought we should go early in case you were already here." William narrowed his eyes, but not at her. "I convinced him to go and halfway here we had gotten ambushed by hundreds of rogues. It was like an army had come out of no where."

"An army? They must have been planning this much longer than I thought... How did you manage to get free?"

"I tore through a line of them and came straight here." William grumbled. His hands tightened on her body as if he was afraid she would disappear any minute if he didn't hold on tight to her. Doris leaned against him as if she felt the same.

His head snapped towards the door, he motioned for her to stay silent and she clamped her lips shut on the question that tried to escape. Voices broke out in panicked shouts as they discovered the mess that William left for them. His grip tightened on her hand as he forced her back towards an opposite door.

"It might have guards outside it—" Doris warned. William stopped to think.

"We'll have to go out through one of the windows." He hissed and led her behind some of the benches. There was a low window that she didn't think would open easily. William gripped the frame and forced it up with a nasty creak that was surely heard by the guards outside the room.

William gripped Doris's waist and lifted her up through the hole effortlessly. She fell lightly into a pile of snow but the impact still tore through her ankles. She bit her lip until it almost bled just to keep in all of her screams. She couldn't help but wonder when her body would finally give up on her. Any second now she could fall apart and she was certain she wouldn't be able to get back up again.

William fell beside her an instant later. He took one look at her face and grabbed her

cheeks to look at him. "What is it?"

"I—my ankles. When I fell in the hole, I think I twisted them."

A dark look flickered over William's face. She swallowed her fear and remembered the man that held her face in his grasp. He could easily snap her neck without a single thought, but he held her so softly as if she was a delicate flower.

William stood and lifted her into his arms as if she was a bride. Doris normally would have objected, but even she knew that was an unwise decision. He carried her through the snow and peered around every corner before he headed straight for the trees. They only had seconds before it was discovered she was gone. 2

Seconds before a new layer of war was unleashed. It was only a matter of when.

William didn't lose his breath once as he hurried through the trees. She didn't dare to ask where they were going, she only trusted that he knew exactly where they should go. The further from the church, the better. Joseph had mentioned that hundreds of guards were watching the place, she only wondered how many William had torn through himself before he found her. Still, hundreds more could still be waiting.

His boots crunched through the snow as Doris gripped onto him tighter. Every turn he made was calculated and sure. It wasn't until she saw a small curve in a rock wall that she knew where they were going. "A cave?" Doris whispered.

William nodded once but said nothing until they were inside. He set her down gently and went to start a fire without a second to waste. He worked so determinedly and quietly, she was almost afraid to disturb him. Once the fire ignited, she felt something flicker inside her too.

Doris reached out her arms for him as the warmth caressed her skin. She could have groaned from the feeling alone. It was like her own version of heaven to feel her bones defrost. Soon she would be able to feel her toes again, she hoped. She'd almost forgotten how cold she had gotten until her body melted off the ice.

William glanced down at her arms with raised brows. Was he going to make her spell it out for him?

"Come here," Doris whispered. His shadow danced across the cave wall as he stepped around the flames to get to her. He kneeled down in front of her and Doris couldn't stand another second of his hands not on her. "Closer." 3 –

William removed his jacket and laid it across her lap. "You should get some rest." He said before he stood and walked across the cave as if her eyes hadn't been begging him to touch her. Doris felt a small heat burn out inside her and she knew she should swallow the feeling and sleep—but she couldn't.

How could he stand to be near her without feeling the same way? He always told her to sleep when he knew there was more they wanted between them. He always tried to brush her off when he knew he should be the one to warm her with his body. 1

Doris stood on her shaky legs and took a deep breath. She crossed the cave in three hurtful steps. When he turned, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her lips against his own to finally claim what was rightfully hers.