

# Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 115

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)  
Chapter 115 Lust couldn't wait.

William's hands gripped Doris's hips roughly as he pulled her against him. He didn't let her think she had control for even a moment. His dominance overrode her determination and his kisses tried to devour her whole but she only wanted more. She crept her hands up his body with only sinister intentions and she could feel his muscles tense under her touch. She wondered how long either of them could last before he lost his sense of control.

It was a strange feeling. It was like her body needed him more than she could express with words. His hands on her felt right and made her feel whole again. His lips sang their own symphony against her own. It was almost hard to keep up with his movements but she twisted her fingers in his dark hair and pushed herself up into him as she allowed him entrance into her mouth.

A growl rumbled from the back of his throat, she swallowed the sound and tried to win the battle-but he was not one to surrender to anyone. William lifted Doris and wrapped her around his waist before he slammed her back against the stone walls. She gasped against his mouth but he only kissed her harder. Her mind fogged and blocked out the world around them.

"William-" She groaned and tore off the shreds of his shirt that still remained. His bare chest was blinding to her lust, it made her head spin and legs shake but he held her firm. The shame that tried to silence her desires were gone for the night. Her mind felt empty of anything but William and the way his body responded to even the

slightest touch from her.

"I knew you couldn't hide from me forever." William said roughly against her ear. She could feel his length press up between her legs and she had to bite back her own whimpers. "Tell me what you want." He demanded. His voice circled around her like a rope that tried to tie her to him and she was only willing to allow it.

Doris knew from his voice that he already had her right where he wanted her. She could toy with him a bit longer but that would only be torture to herself. He didn't seem willing to allow her to tease him today. They had been apart much too long. "You." Doris whispered.

William put her down for a second to take off her pants. Doris tangled their limbs as she pushed his own pants down to free him from any sense of restraint. He moaned when her fingers caressed his length and the sound sent shivers down her body and pooled a warmth between her legs. Her fingers itched to touch herself just to show him how wet he'd made her so quickly but her own shyness prevented her from being any more bold than she already was. It took mere

breaths before they were both bare before one another and not even the cold could chill her heated flesh.

William gripped her hips and spun her away from him until her back pressed against his chest. He moved her hair out of the way and gripped the side of her head. "You're mine." He growled. Her body shivered from his voice. Doris closed her eyes and felt her blood rush through her body with such an intensity that it almost left her weak.

He forced her forward and made her grip the wall as his large hands pulled her hips back against him. His length teased her entrance for agonizing seconds before he pushed inside her wetness without another hesitation. She didn't expect him to be so rough but she didn't want him to be so soft anymore. She knew he'd held back before, but he didn't have to anymore now that her body was used to him..

"Oh!" Doris gasped. Her fingers curved against the stone as he started to push inside her. There was nothing but ice to grip onto and she was surprised their bodies didn't melt everything around them. He gripped her so hard, she knew his fingers would leave marks like tattoos across her pale hips. Each time he thrust inside her, her face pressed against the stone almost painfully but she didn't want him to stop.

William's length pushed so far inside her, Doris couldn't help but scream. She gripped her own breasts when they ached, William moaned and fisted one of his hands in her hair as his hips rocked harshly against her own. It was impossible for him to touch every inch of her, but she wanted his hands all over her. .

William thrust in and out of her with a rhythm that kept changing. It was as if he knew he was driving her crazy and it only encouraged him to push in deep and hard before he slowed down.

"William—" Doris groaned. He suddenly pulled himself out of her throbbing core and Doris was ready to beg on her knees for him to push back inside her.

Before she could, William turned her back towards him and lifted her up around him again. Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist and he wasted no time as he pushed back inside her. Doris screamed and tilted her head back, William's teeth found her neck and claimed her skin with love bites that made her want to spin out of control. He did this on purpose, she knew he wanted everyone to know who she belonged to.

"Doris—" He groaned against her skin. His hands moved her up and down on his length as his hips rocked up against her. His movements weren't kind or hesitant. He moved with a force that let her know she belonged to him in his mind and he wasn't afraid to claim her as roughly as he wanted. There was no sense in her mind, her body wanted him.

His hungry blue eyes were flames as they watched her breasts bounce each time he thrust inside her. He looked at her as if she was the only thing he ever wanted to taste on his tongue again and it made her feel as if she was about to unravel in his grip. If he hadn't been holding her so firmly, she just might have.

Her fingers curled around his neck as she forced his mouth back to her own. It was almost hard to kiss him with the constant noises that tried to erupt from her throat but his own moans tasted so good. She wanted to bottle up the sound and carry it with her wherever she went.

A pool of pleasure warmed the bottom of her stomach. He forced himself up deeper inside her and brought her down hard on his length for each thrust. She felt her gaze fog and body ache as her moan's became more frequent but he only seemed to want more from her—as if each sound was his own reward.

He must have felt her tense because his hips smashed against hers quicker than her body could register. A pressure rose inside her body and she couldn't form words to tell him.

"Come on," He groaned against her ear. She wanted every single bruise he gave her and wished she could tattoo them on her skin to remember how good it felt to get them. She never expected a wave of pain to be filled with such an intense pleasure that she couldn't explain. 1

"I'm—"Doris whimpered. He silenced her with a kiss and pressed her back up harder against the cold wall as he moved up inside her. Her entire body tingled and she knew she was done for.

"William!" Doris screamed. The sound echoed around them and deep down she hoped that it didn't leave the privacy of this cave but she couldn't bring herself to care in the moment. She wouldn't care if someone had heard them loud and clear let them hear her. 1

"Fuck, Doris." William groaned as his own release came undone inside her. She hit her peak seconds before he unleashed his own. Her body felt limp in his arms as his thrusts slowed all at once as if his own exhaustion was finally catching up on him. 1

He held her against him as their breaths filled the air. She rested her head against his shoulder and closed her eyes. For a moment, she allowed herself to pretend that they were normal lovers that were caught out in a snowstorm. No palace, no rogues or enemies wanting them dead. They were just normal people that were meant for each other despite all of the fights. 3

When he set her down, she remembered all of their troubles like a wave that tried to drown her. Piece by piece, she pulled on her clothes as if they were armor against what awaited them.

## Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 116

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Chapter 116 A little show of emotion.

The shadows of the flames flickered across the walls and made everything seem so much larger than they were. Doris leaned against the wall and brought her legs up against her chest. Somewhere out there, Enzo and his people were being hunted as if they were animals and all she could do was sit here uselessly and wait for the sun to

come.

“Aren’t you tired?” William asked from beside her. He was close enough to touch but she resisted the urge. She couldn’t get used to her closeness with him when it could get taken away at any moment. It was hard to lay her trust on someone that seemed so temporary but her body still wanted his comfort. Even when her head knew he wouldn’t be able to stay around. ?

“Yes, but I don’t think I can sleep knowing what’s happening out there.” Doris shifted herself to face him. Her eyes trailed along his tired face and down to the veins on his arms. He closed his eyes for a moment and it was amazing how someone could look so much like an innocent angel when they were closer to the devil. In this moment, it was almost a crime how beautiful he was.

“There’s nothing you can do at the moment. They’ll be fighting in the morning just the same, if not more.”

Doris watched as William’s hand ran up her leg and rested on her thigh almost lazily. Small chills broke from his touch. “Aren’t you worried about Enzo and his people? They don’t deserve this because of us. He was nothing but kind and now his whole world is turned upside down because of it.”

William opened his eyes, the blue storm always startled her when he was this close. “Enzo is more than capable of taking care of himself. I saw him fight last night and I can admit I underestimated him before. He’s much stronger than I gave him credit for.”

A small spark flickered inside her, almost as if something was stirring. Doris closed her eyes and tried to reach inside herself. A thick wave of exhaustion rumbled through her—could it be?

“What?” William asked. Doris gripped his wrist to silence him. “I think my wolf is starting to wake.”

“What do you mean she’s starting to wake? You couldn’t shift?” William sat up a little straighter, he sounded more awake than he had a moment before.

“No, they injected me with some sort of drug that made her sleep inside me so I couldn’t shift and defend myself. She’s been gone since I was taken-I thought they gave me more of a dose last night but-perhaps not. I think I can feel her waking.”

A presence inside her moved and she knew it was her wolf, it had to be. Even if she wasn’t fully awake yet-Doris could feel her inside her fill the hollowness that was left by that drug. She opened her eyes to see William watching her.

"I can feel her again, she's waking up." Doris smiled widely, the side of his mouth lifted just slightly before it returned to a line as if it was never there.

"Tell me more about this drug, Doris. Why didn't you say anything sooner?"

"I—what do you mean sooner? This is the first time we've been able to talk about it " Doris let out a breath, a fight wasn't important. "One of the guards told me about the drug they made for their enemies. It prevents them from shifting for days at a time. It felt as if she wasn't inside me at all anymore when they injected me. She was silent, I was afraid she wasn't coming back."

"Do you know how much of this drug they have made? Or what they are planning to do with it?"

"No, he said they made it for you but he used some of the dose on me. That's all I know about it."

William's eyes darkened at her words. She knew what must have been running through his mind—all the unsure thoughts and concerns that now came with the knowledge. If he was caught for a second, they could use it on him and it could be the end of William. Doris moved a bit closer to him and rested her head against his shoulder.

"I wasn't sure if you were going to come back for me. I'm thankful you did." Doris whispered.

William said nothing. He stared forward and let the silence fill in the blanks of her mind. Perhaps admitting he came back for her was too much for him, but it didn't change the fact that he did it. He saved her again even when she promised herself that she was done being saved. If it was by him, she didn't mind one bit.

"I never left." William said quietly, almost as if he didn't say it at all. Doris lifted her head to look at him. "What?"

"I didn't get more than a mile from Enzo's camp. I missed you by only seconds when I turned back."

Doris tried to swallow the lump in her throat and the warmth that trailed around her heart like a smoke cloud. "You didn't leave?"

"I couldn't." William looked forward, his eyes refused to meet her own. Doris tried to move so he would look at her. She gripped his face to turn it back to her own. Finally, she saw his eyes fall back to her. "Why couldn't you leave? Say it." William's blue gaze flickered over her face. A small battle brewed behind those eyes but she couldn't tell what side of him was winning. "Because I couldn't leave you." 1

Doris ran her thumb across his cheek and leaned forward to kiss him every so lightly. She would have never expected him to be capable of such a softness, but the small side couldn't hide from her forever. She forced it out of him.

William pulled back and gripped her hand that held his face. "Be honest with me. Did they hurt you in any way? You can tell me if they did."

"No." Doris said quickly. "I fell in that hole and sprained my ankles, but they didn't do anything to hurt me. At first, they were kind and respectful. Near the end they had gotten a bit impatient but didn't harm me."

William nodded and leaned his head back against the wall to close his eyes. It wasn't that long ago that he had watched Melody almost beat her to death and all he did was tell her to be more private about it. How fast the night had changed between them. What would they become when they stepped foot back inside his palace?

"I want to help tomorrow. If my wolf is back by the morning, I want to be out there to help fight." Doris said carefully as if she was treading her steps around a bear.

William's eyes shot open and his grip tightened on her hand. She winced and he pulled away. "Are you crazy? No. You are the main target to take as hostage. They know that you're my weakness and they all know what you look like now."

Doris ignored the flutter in her stomach at his words. She hated that he made her feel like a nervous schoolgirl when she was grown-but she couldn't help it. "If we stay close together, they won't get a chance to take me. Besides, if you leave me here there's more of a chance that they could take me again."

William narrowed his eyes at her. "I could just sit here with you and make sure that didn't happen."

"And wait until they're all dead out there? That's madness!" Doris huffed and crossed her arms over her chest. "You know we have to help them. Once my wolf wakes she will want a taste of vengeance for herself."

"I know that." William grumbled. "I have every intention to help tomorrow and put an end to this-war or whatever this has become. I would prefer if you didn't try to get yourself killed every damn minute."

"I'm only trying to help, William. I didn't ask to be a target—"

"No, but you are one whether you like it or not." William rolled his eyes to the ceiling and sighed. His exhaustion was weighing on him, she wondered when the last time he had even gotten an ounce of sleep. Possibly not since she was first taken. 1

"If I stay near you, you can keep watch at least." Doris whispered. She moved closer to him again and leaned her head on his shoulder as if it was always meant for her.

William sighed again and closed his eyes.

"Alright. Only if your wolf has its strength when you wake. Otherwise, I'm tying you to a fucking tree and you're not going anywhere near the battlefield."

## Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 117

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Chapter 117 I'm glad you came.

The next morning, Doris woke with a headache sharp enough to kill. William was still out next to her with his arm draped lazily across her body. She gently moved his arm just enough for her to slip out of his hold. "Finally, you're awake." A voice said inside her. Doris flinched at the sound.

"Cordelia?" Doris said hesitantly inside her mind. She glanced over to look at William still sleeping soundly. "Who else?" Cordelia grumbled. "Did you miss me?" "I thought you were gone—I didn't feel you at all." Doris got up to pace around the fire that had long gone out. She looked around for something to light it again but couldn't find anything.

Cordelia laughed inside her as if it was all one big joke. Doris felt the sudden urge to strangle her with relief. "They wish they could have silenced me forever. I'm still here."

"Where did you...go?" Doris asked.

"I was asleep. All I saw was darkness and suddenly I woke up and you were here with our mate." Cordelia made a sound of approval. "I knew you would come around. Don't think I missed your pleasurable night—"

"This isn't the time for that," Doris said quickly, her face flushed. "When William wakes up, we have to go help Enzo before it's too late. I hope he's doing okay out there, wherever he is."

"Don't I deserve some sort of day off?" Cordelia whined. Doris wanted to slap her and hug her at the same time. "I saw how tough Enzo is, he can handle himself. His wolf is almost stronger than William's and much stronger than all of the other rogues we've met."

"What are you doing?" William asked. Doris stopped her pacing and turned to find him wide awake with watchful eyes.

"My wolf-she's awake." Doris pointed to her head. William rolled his eyes. "Oh she is? Wonderful. I assume you're ready for battle then?" William said as he pushed himself up to stand. "Care to explain what even happened to me?" Cordelia asked almost lazily as if she didn't really care.

"We were drugged. It mostly was to put you out for a few days so I couldn't defend myself." Doris said silently. William raised his brows.

“You look as if you’re having a deep conversation, should I leave?”

“No, no. Of course not—I’m finished now, I swear.” Doris moved to the cave entrance and peered outside. “It’s morning, we should move out and try to find where Enzo is.”

“Enzo this, Enzo that.” William pushed past her and shrugged on his coat. His shirt was in a mess on the floor and she felt her skin prickle just looking at him. How was he not freezing? “He’s going to be fine.” William grumbled.

“How are we going to find him and the rest of your royal party? They must be going crazy searching for you all night.” Doris followed him through the snow. He set off in a direction without a thought, she wondered how he could always be so sure.

“I told them to stay with Enzo and help him when I went after you. They know not to expect me anytime soon.” William said quietly. His steps were light as he moved through the snow and Doris tried to match them. She gripped onto his arm when she felt herself start to slip.

Doris followed William through the snow towards where she could only assume was towards Enzo’s camp. It was a wonder how he knew his direction so well when she would wander for days before she found anything near where she needed to go.

They walked in complete silence, only the wind whistled through the trees but nothing else could be heard for miles. A small frozen lake up ahead made Doris

finally aware of where they were.

“We have to stay quiet.” William whispered when she opened her mouth to comment on the lake. “I don’t know if the cabins have been taken over by the other rogues or if Enzo is here. Stay down.” He hissed.

William tightened his grip on her hand and crouched as he led her towards the path that led up towards the cabins. She tried to calm her breathing but it only made her want to choke the more they walked. They paused by a large tree and she strained to hear above the growing winds—but she couldn’t hear a thing.

It was as if there was no soul for miles. They crept towards one of the buildings and stayed close to the sides as they peered around the corner. The sight shocked her. Everything was ransacked and flipped over and it looked utterly abandoned. William moved out further into the camp to observe the wreckage but it was clear there was no threat still here.

“They’re all gone.” Doris said as she followed him. William opened each cabin but there was no life inside.

“They must have emptied out when they heard the rogues were coming.” “Or the rogues had come and forced them out.” Doris said sadly. When they got to her cabin, she went inside to change into something clean and warmer, William did



the same. She took precious seconds to clean the dirt off her body and pack a bag full

of essentials before she met William back outside. The sight startled her, he had shaven the roguish beard he'd grown. He looked fresh in a dark sweater and sharp jacket. William looked more like a prince for the first time since he'd gotten here.

Doris stepped up to him and traced her fingers across his smooth skin. He gripped her hand and eyed the knife on her belt that Enzo had given her. "Some of the horses are still in the stables."

"We only need one." Doris stepped back and shoved her hands in her pockets. "We're going back to Life Pharmacy, aren't we?"

"I don't suppose you know of any other places to look?" William rolled his eyes and kicked at the snow. "We should have left when I said to. None of this would have happened if we did."

"I assume you think this is my fault then? I'm not the one who met every night with Enzo to discuss kingdom politics—"

"Of course not. You don't give a shit about the kingdom or its politics." "I care about what is right—"

"You only care about your own freedom." William spat. Doris crossed her arms over her chest as a small ball of anger rose in her throat.

"At least I'm not trying to throw my own brother off the throne by working with known enemies. I don't know what you hope to gain by enlisting Enzo, but neither of the parties would be willing to work together—".

"I am trying to make peace!" William growled. Doris flinched at the sound. "If I can get the rogues on my side, the crown would be mine. Not even the charming crown prince could convince the rogues to unite with the kingdom again—but I can."

"You truly think that would win you the crown? If you can create peace between the rogues and your kingdom?"

"My father has been trying since before I was born to claim the north as his own again. No one from the kingdom has dared travel through here because of the vicious stories and people—but I could be the one to bring peace." William lowered his voice a little when it started to raise. "Martin has no interest in even touching the north because of the reputation. I wouldn't be so weak. The kingdom needs a strong leader, not a charming fool." He spat.

Doris hadn't realized how determined William was for the crown, he had it all worked out in his head. She already knew he didn't come here for the poisonous plant—but for his own benefit. She just didn't realize how far ahead in the game he was.

"I had hoped you moved past your feeling for my daft brother—" "I don't have any sort of feelings for him!" Doris said angrily. "How could you think I would have feelings for him and be with you like I have been?"

"You wouldn't be the first maid to sneak in more than one prince's bed." 1

His words were like ice, she didn't expect them to hurt as badly as they did. Doris turned away from him and headed straight for the stables without another word. She didn't need him, she never needed him despite what her stupid mind tried to make her believe. 2

Tears blurred her vision, she wiped them away quickly. She'd rather drop dead than let him see her cry. When she opened the doors to the stables, an old familiar man stood next to one of the horses. Sir Antony turned to her with a smile.

"Ah, good. I'm glad you came."

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Chapter 118 Old habits.

"Sir Antony." Doris bowed her head because she wasn't sure what else to do. The old man only laughed and she felt the heat crawl up her neck. She hadn't yet broken her old habits.

"No need for that, my child. It seems I've been in the dark about some of the matters between rogues. I woke up this morning to an empty house and village." Sir Antony brushed his hand across one of the horses though a sad look formed along his features.

"They haven't told you anything?" Doris asked in disbelief. "Surely you must have noticed the tension—"

"I was told it was being handled respectfully, now I see that wasn't true." He glanced over her shoulder. She didn't have to turn to know that William was there. Sir Antony didn't smile, but he didn't glare at least. "You look just like her."

His soft tone shocked her a bit. Doris glanced back to see William clench his jaw. They all knew he meant William's mother that used to live in this very camp. "Must be why my father hates me."

Doris cleared her throat and took a step closer to Sir Antony. "Is there anyway you can help us? Perhaps they would see reason if you were to intervene. I know how highly they all think of you."

"I'd first like to know what the prince is doing in my territory. I haven't had a chance to ask him personally." Sir Antony kept his eyes on William and Doris was starting to feel as if she was invisible again. "Didn't you get any of my invitations for a private meeting? I was beginning to think my messenger was keeping them for himself."

"I did. I didn't think they would be useful to me." William said calmly. Doris looked at him, surprised. She didn't know that he had been ignoring an invitation with the founder of the rogues. Doris hadn't seen Sir Antony come out of his cabin since she arrived, she thought he was just unwell.

What did he mean that a meeting wouldn't be useful to him? She couldn't think of anything more useful than having the founder of rogues on your side.

Sir Antony offered a small, sad smile. "I know you are the reason my people are separated. You owe me a reason, the very least."

"I would think you would be the one to owe me something." William spoke as if he was disinterested in everything around him. The disrespect was plain, but Sir Antony only looked amused by William's mood.

"William, what are you talking about? I thought you—" William silenced Doris with a glance that could have cut her. She narrowed her eyes at him and balled her hands

into fists at her sides.

"I came to unite the rogues back with the kingdom, but not everyone is happy with the idea." William forced out as if Doris had tortured him to say it. "I wanted peace between our lands."

"Oh really? And how would you expect to do that?" Sir Antony asked curiously.

"Once I become king, I'll be able to enforce peace towards the rogues. Any mistreatment won't be tolerated under my order. All I need is the rogues agreement and support but it seems most of them won't stand still enough to listen."

"Once you become king? I was under the impression that your older brother is first in line." Sir Antony tilted his head. She admired how calm and kind he sounded whenever he spoke, even when he was confused himself.

"My brother doesn't know what's right for the kingdom. He's just a copy of my father, no peace or goodness will come out of his ruling. The rogues will be treated the same if he takes the crown—" William took a deep breath. "I know how to be the king these lands deserve and I came here to prove it. I just need a chance to convince them of it."

"I see." Sir Antony nodded. "I'm not sure how you will get their approval, but you can certainly try."

“Do you know if the villagers were taken to Life Pharmacy?” Doris asked.

“I would think they were. There’s no where else big enough to hold them.” Sir Antony patted the back of one of the horses. “You better get going before they try to make a ruling themselves.”

“Aren’t you going to come help?” William asked with a sneer. Doris wanted to stomp on his foot, he wasn’t trying very hard to get on the rogue’s favor.

“Oh my dear boy, I’m not fit for a horse any longer. Besides, something tells me that this is something for you to eam on your own.”

“Thank you for wasting our time.” William grumbled and went to mount a horse on his own. Doris ignored his outstretched hand and went to mount her own horse with much difficulty.

Once she was finally on, she nodded her head to Sir Antony. “Thank you for your time. I hope we see you again before we leave.”

“I would certainly think you will.” Sir Antony smiled.

Doris lightly motioned for her horse to move out of the stables. William said nothing as he kicked his own horse to go faster. Doris glared at the back of his head and tried to make her own follow close by.

Doris gripped on tightly to the reigns and tried her best not to fall off and make a fool of herself as she followed William up the path. It was the first time she had to steer her own horse, but she at least knew how to hold on well enough and her horse seemed to want to follow William’s.

He didn’t turn back once to make sure she was behind him and it only made her more angry at him. He spoke to her as if she would always be around no matter what he did or said, and she couldn’t wait to prove him wrong once they were back at the palace.

Once Life Pharmacy came into view, William slowed his horse immensely. His head jerked to the side and he suddenly pulled off to the side and down a path that led the other way. Doris almost flew off her horse when she tried to follow him. She gripped the horses neck and tried to steer him towards William again.

The arrogant prince didn’t think to make sure she was fine as he bolted down a new path. Doris tried her best to catch up and luckily her horse was fast enough. He halted to a stop up ahead. Doris pulled her reigns back to stop her own and a wave of snow exploded from the ground.

“What is it?” Doris shouted through her pants. He glared at her over his shoulder for shouting, but she didn’t care. She was close to finding a nearby rock to toss at his head.

“William? Doris?” A voice said from the nearby trees.

“Patrick?” William called. He stepped out from between the trees and looked as if he had been dragged through the mud. William slid off his horse and embraced his friend as if he thought he had died. Doris slowly slid off her own horse and almost fell right in the mud crusted snow. Several other guards from the palace came out behind him and Doris felt a little bit of relief to know they had survived.

“What happened? We went to the camp—”

“Enzo was taken as prisoner from Life Pharmacy. They deemed him a traitor and injected him with something that made him weak.” William glanced at Doris and they both knew what he’d been injected with. That must mean he was completely weak to them at the moment without his wolf.

“We saw them coming and left before they could catch us. We came here in hopes to find you since the church was already empty by the time we got there.” Patrick explained. He gave Doris a simple nod and she offered nothing more than a smile. “We have to get him out of there, I know exactly where they would have taken him” Doris said.

“It’s too dangerous. All of their guards have pulled back and returned here. We simply don’t have enough people to help.” Patrick said lightly. Doris sighed.

“He’s in there because of us. The least we can do is help them! We have it in us to help. William, you know we have to do this.”

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William looked away in thought. “If we help him escape, then that’s all we’re doing. We can’t carry this battle on our backs.”

“If we help him, he might know how to get their attention again.” Doris said. William raised his brow. “Perhaps we can trick the rogues into following us to another location and there—you can tell them all about your plans of peace.”

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Chapter 119 A little control.

“How would you figure they would listen?” William asked with a bit of a bite. Doris wanted to roll her eyes at him. He was insufferable whenever he was mad at her-or anyone, for that matter. She wondered how Patrick had stuck around with him for as long as he did.

“Because, we lead them back to Enzo’s camp where Sir Antony is. He will at least make them see reasoning and give you a chance to speak.” Doris explained as if she was talking to a child. It only made him more angry which is exactly what she wanted. She wanted to poke the bear inside him like he did to her.

“Sir Antony won’t want to help me, Doris. You heard him yourself—he thinks this is something I have to do on my own.” William said bitterly.

“I think he would help us if we brought them back there. It might force his hand, but I think he would still be willing.” Doris crossed her arms over her chest. “Isn’t that why you came here? To get them on your side?”

“Yes, but this has become something bigger than any of us can handle.” Patrick cut in. “We don’t have enough men to take them on. It would be a suicide mission to try and toy with them.”

“It’s not toying with them we just need to lead them back to Enzo’s camp and I think it will work if we do. It’s worth a try.” Doris said a little quieter.

William rolled his eyes to the sky as if he might be able to find the answer to their problems or perhaps he was only irritated by her suggestions. It wouldn’t have been the first time—and it certainly wouldn’t be the last. “I suppose we can try and hash a plan, but first we have to figure out how we’re going to get Enzo out of there.”

“They have cells that run under ground that they put me in. But first, we can check the old room I was first set in. It had a small window that Enzo visited me by—”

William snapped his head towards her. Doris clamped her lips shut on her own words, she’d forgotten that she wasn’t supposed to mention it. “What do you mean Enzo visited you? When did he visit you?”

“When I was held in the room, Enzo had stopped by to visit me.” Doris said lightly. William parted his lips to ask more, but she interrupted him. “As I was saying. I know where the window is at. We can check there first before we try the lower cells.”

“How would you think we could get to those cells?” Patrick asked. “It doesn’t seem as simple as you’re making it out to be.”

“I remember how to get there. I can sneak in by myself and try to get the keys to release him.” Doris offered.

“There’s no way I’m allowing you to go into the belly of the beast. You’ll be killed if any of them catch you.” William said instantly.

“You can’t allow or not allow me to do anything, we’re not at the palace. I’m the only one that knows how to get in and out of that place so I think I would be the only option.” Doris hissed. William looked away from her but she knew he wanted to strangle her just from the look on his face.

“Fine. I’ll go in with you and we can get him out.” He finally said. Doris wanted to object, but it would be useless. He would never let her go in there without him.

“Perfect.” Doris grumbled. “We’ll get him out and figure out how to lead all the rogues to his camp after he’s safe. I’m sure he might have some sort of idea.”

Patrick looked between them as if they were some part of his amusement. He snorted and turned to glance at his men. 1

“Alright. We will be close by on watch in case things go wrong.” Patrick glanced at Doris. “You understand that we must rescue the prince over you, don’t you?” 1

Doris lifted her chin and nodded. William shifted beside her.

“You’d be wiser to go for Doris first.” Was all he said before he climbed a small hill that overlooked Life Pharmacy. Doris quickly followed him before he decided to leave without her. He peered down at the building as if it was a puzzle he was destined to solve.

“When should we leave?” Doris whispered. She hoped he still heard her over the growing wind.

“They wouldn’t expect us during the day.” He said without looking at her. Doris tried to spot any sort of guard that might have been patrolling the grounds but she hadn’t seen anyone yet. “They have more men on patrol at night. I noticed the last time we were here.”

“Then it’s the perfect time to go?” Doris asked. Her eyes flickered over him and noticed how tense he stood. Was he nervous about this? Or was she imagining it?

“Take me to the small window, then we can discuss if we go in yet.” He said quietly. Doris nodded and started to head down a side path that was covered with trees. There was less of a chance that someone from Life Pharmacy would see them rather than heading straight for it.

She crouched low to the ground when they reached one of the fences. Doris waited by the trees for what felt like hours before she built up enough courage to hurry across the clearing and over the short gate. William’s heavier footsteps were close behind her own, for a moment she’d almost forgotten he was near.

They hid behind every object big enough to hide them until they scaled the wall. Three guards passed by them as they hid in the shadows and didn’t turn their way s once as they slipped by. Doris followed the line of the wall and looked away when she saw the clearing where Joseph had asked her to dance. As romantic as it was, it wasn’t a real memory to her.

The small window was near the corner of the side of the building. William gripped her arm and held her against him when two guards popped out arouofd the corner. She could feel his warm breath against the back of her neck, his hand covered her mouth and pressed her back against his chest as they passed. “...I wasn’t told about his new...”

The voices faded away after a few moments. Doris watched as their shadows disappeared around the corner before she went towards the small window again.

She knew it was the one for the room she had been in. It was white, the rest of them looked brown or black but there was only one white one.

Doris pointed to the small window and William bent over to force it open with little to no effort. Doris dropped to her knees to peer into the small window, but it was completely dark. It smelled exactly the same as it did when she left and there didn't seem to be any sort of life left in the place. She quickly stood and dusted off her pants before she shook her head at William. Of course it wouldn't be that easy. 1

William motioned for her to stay quiet as he gripped her hand and led her back around the building. He paused when they came in view of the back door Joseph had led her out through. She silently motioned that the door would be locked, but he didn't seem bothered in the least.

A few minutes passed without a word from William. He just stayed still and listened. Doris wrapped her arms around herself when the anticipation started to fade and the cold crept back in.

A pair of guards came around the corner with their heads bent in a deep conversation. William leaned over to whisper in her ear. "I'll take the bigger one." He said. Doris widened her eyes and went to grab him, but he was already up and behind them.

Doris scrambled to get up and help. He leaned down to grab a rock and placed it in her hand without taking his eyes off the men. Doris knew exactly what he wanted her to do—and she wanted to object and yell at him for even suggesting it. But William didn't even glance at her. As if he knew she would object if he did.

William lifted his rock and smashed it against the back of the larger guy's head. Doris quickly did the same to the shorter guy before he could turn and sound the alarm. Blood gushed from their wounds, William turned them over before any could soil their outfits.

She eyes him curiously. He stood and brushed himself off.

"Help me pull them into the bushes, we're going to need their clothes."

## Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 120

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)  
Chapter 120 What took you so long

Doris looked like a child in adult clothing. The man's clothes hung from her body like a dress but she did her best to shove the shirt into the pants and make the belt as tight as possible so they didn't fall off her body. With a coat on, it didn't



look half bad. But she knew it was still painfully obvious the clothes didn't belong to her.

William was a little too big for his own clothes. His muscles strained against the fabric and he was one sharp turn away from splitting his clothes open. He pulled a hat down on his head and shoved a bit of his black hair beneath it. 1

He looked her up and down with the nerve to look amused. "I sometimes forget how small you are." He said quietly. Doris rolled the sleeves a bit so they didn't fall past her hands before she pushed all of her hair up into the sweaty hat on her head. It was almost a brilliant idea from William, but she was afraid if she admitted that, he would insult her again just to keep it even. 2

"Yes, well—let's hope no one looks too closely at how giant my clothes are." Doris whispered back. He gripped her hand and led her back towards the door with keys in his grip. Her stomach turned the closer they got and she tried to hold in her sick feelings. 1 Once they stepped out of the bushes, they both stood up straight and acted as if they were back on duty. He dropped her hand the second they stepped back on the main path. She used her feet to cover the traces of blood that were left from the other guards—she didn't have time to feel guilty about what she'd done.

He looked around casually, Doris kept her head down until they reached the door. He slipped the keys in her hand and she tested the door before she started fitting the keys one by one. On her luck, it took a dozen tries before she found the right one. She opened the door and they slipped inside quickly before they clicked the door shut behind them. Her head spun along with the room around her.

The hall was a lot brighter than she remembered, it also stretched on more than she first thought when Joseph had led her down it. Perhaps it was due to the daylight, but there was no time to wonder. A few guards passed by the end of the hall and they both quickly ducked into a shadowy part of the wall until they were out of sight.

"Which way do we go?" William whispered against her ear. His warm breath tickled a little, she brushed her loose hairs behind her ear. It wasn't the time to focus on how close he was to her. It almost made her forget that she was supposed to be mad at him still.

"At the end of the hall, we turn left and there should be a green door. After that, we turn right and go all the way down to the end and that's where the cells would be." Doris whispered. She peered around the corner of the wall. "They're behind a big dark door. We might need to find a guard that works near the cells for the keys. I don't think these ones would have it."

William nodded and stepped back out into the light of the hall with more confidence than she could ever hope to obtain. Doris straightened herself and followed. He took the lead and walked down the end of the hallway with his hat tilted down a little to hide his eyes. To her, they were a dead giveaway to who he was but she doubted a lot of the rouges would feel the same

They passed by a few guards that didn't look at them twice, despite how ridiculous she must look. She tried her best to walk in William's shadow. Doris did notice how many more guards were around than there had been before. It almost looked as if they had doubled in just a few short days. n

They found the green door and casually walked inside as if it was where they were meant to be. He closed the door after Doris and they both glanced around the empty hallway. Somewhere, two voices echoed off the wall in a discussion and Doris dreaded the thought of running into a guard that might recognize her. Would they kill her this time? 1

William must have saw the look on her face because he motioned for her to stay as he took the keys out of her pocket. Doris tried to ask why with her eyes, but he was already around the corner before she could. Doris swallowed her nerves and leaned back against the wall and allowed herself to breathe for the first time since they put on these uniforms.

The voices faded even when Doris strained to hear more. She started to count in her mind but quickly lost count when her mind wandered to where William could be. What if he went ahead and left her here? What if he had gotten caught somewhere else and she didn't know it? What if someone saw her here and knew exactly who she was

"Come on." William whispered. Doris almost jumped out of her skin-she hadn't even heard him when he returned. William gripped her arm to steady her and placed a new set of keys in her grasp.

"Are these—" Doris started to ask before William silenced her with a look. She hated how good he was at that. Doris narrowed her eyes at him and his mouth lifted just a little before he turned and went down the hall again. Doris quickened her step to catch up with his annoyingly long strides. She could only bet he took pleasure in her annoyance-well, so did she. His annoyance was beginning to feel like the highlight of her day. 1

They turned right and headed down towards the dark door at the end of the hallway. Everything about it screamed to stay away, and that was when Doris realized they were exactly in the right place. Now she could see with clear eyes, it was all so much worse than she first thought.

A young guard sat in a chair near the door with a book in his grasp. He didn't look too concerned with anything that might go wrong and she was only glad she didn't recognize him. She could only hope he had seen her when she was held as a prisoner in those very cells. There was never a guarantee, but she hoped he didn't.

"Shift change." William said loud enough to make the boy jump. She didn't blame him, she had almost done so herself. 1

He looked a bit confused. "I'm due here til dinner."

"I didn't ask, did I? I was sent to relieve you and do a walk through." William kept his head tilted just enough to hide his telling features. Doris did the same as she stood behind his large form.

"I should go talk to Mr. Hugh. I don't want this to be a knock on my pay." The boy grumbled as he stood. Doris felt a bit of panic bloom in her chest and she knew it was there to stay. 1

William gripped the boy's arm. "He sent me himself. Don't go bothering the boss because you're wanting to sit back all day."

He released him and shoved him a little down the hall. The boy glared at William's back and Doris turned her head quickly before he could get a glimpse of her face. Once he was gone, William unlocked the door.

"Where did you get those keys?" Doris whispered.

William snorted. "There were two guards on duty down here other than that kid. I caught one alone and left him in a closet."

"Dead?" Doris gasped a little. William gave her an annoyed look as he pushed open the large doors.

"Of course not. I'm not a complete monster." 1

"I didn't mean it like that,"

"We don't have time for this." William grumbled and took the lead. It was even darker than she remembered, it was almost hard to see a foot in front of herself. The cells closest to the door were clearly empty. She knew they must have placed him in the far back just as they did to her.

It was like a new version of hell for her—she wondered if it was just as bad for Enzo.

Doris made sure the door was closed before she spoke.

"Enzo..." She whispered. William walked ahead as he peered into each cell. "Enzo?" Doris said a little louder. Something shifted back in the darkness and her heart skipped a beat. Could it be?

"What took you so long?"

## Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 121

/ [Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)  
Chapter 121 A dreadful escape.

Doris couldn't see Enzo, but his voice was all the confirmation she needed. Doris gripped the bars of his cell. "Enzo, are you alright?" Doris said quietly. They didn't have much time before that boy alerted someone of the shift change. They were probably already on their way here and every breath was a waste.

"As well as I can be, I suppose." Enzo said with a weak chuckle. William fumbled with the keys beside her as he tried to find the match in the complete darkness. Doris felt as if she could hear all of their breaths echo in her ears along with the beat of her heart. "I didn't think you would come for me."

"Of course we would. You're in this mess because of us." Doris said gently. William stiffened beside her. A moment later, the lock sounded and the door creaked open slowly. "You never let us down when we needed you."

"I appreciate your lies, they sound so sweet coming from your lips." Enzo groaned as he must have forced himself to his feet and over to them. "You truly didn't have to go through all this trouble for me. I expected you both to already be on your way back to the castle by now. I'm sure they would have realized their mistakes soon enough and let me go."

"I wouldn't hold your breath about that." William muttered and brushed past her. "How are we supposed to get him out of here without them noticing? Everyone knows what he looks like, he's their leader."

"There's a reason they keep the cells so dark down here." Enzo said. William paused his steps. She couldn't see either of them but she could sense William anywhere like he was a part of her. "They easily forget that I am the one who helped design this building. At the end of the hall there's a cellar door that leads under ground. They were originally made for servants—"

"We don't need a history lesson on your building, on with it." William snapped. Enzo only laughed. Doris wanted to step on his foot but she knew she wouldn't have been able to find it in the darkness. Unfortunately.

"He's delightful, glad to see that hasn't changed a bit." Enzo shifted his body and brushed by Doris. "It travels underground straight to the kitchens where we can slip out of the back door before they realize I'm gone. At least we have the keys."

"We'd better hurry, then. I think the guard that watched the door was going straight to Mr. Hugh to ask about the sudden shift change." Doris said. Enzo gripped her hand in the darkness, it almost startled her.

"Let's go, then."

Doris reluctantly reached out to grip William's hand and forced him to follow them. Enzo led them down the long, dark hallway and stopped to steady Doris several times when she tripped over her own feet. She was only glad it was dark enough to hide her blush from the two men who must have felt like she was a clumsy fool. 1

At the end of the hallway, he released her hand and tried to force open the door. William reached across to hand him the keys and a second later, they were inside. A blinding light made her eyes water. The hallway was brighter than day and looked like a stone cave that stretched far.

"Why do they keep it so bright down here?" Doris whispered and wiped her eyes with her sleeve. She glanced back and saw some of the dirty cells lit up behind them. "The bright light is just enough to light up the servants path down the row of cells. It's only on when they have someone in the cells. I suppose we should be lucky they wanted to light it just for me." Enzo grumbled. She turned to get a good look at him and almost gasped at his state. He had two black eyes and cuts across his arm and neck. His clothes were torn in more than one place and he looked as if he could barely stand straight.

"Oh my... Enzo, I can't believe they did this to you." Doris reached out her hand to lightly touch the bruises under his eyes. He gripped her hand and held it against his chest. 2

"I have to admit, it was on me. I gave them one hell of a fight and I refused to stay down." Enzo cleared his throat and tried to offer her a smile. He gestured for them to walk down the hall and he made sure the door was locked behind them. It might not keep the guards out, but it would certainly slow them down a bit.

"We have to turn this around and get them back on your side, Enzo. I think we might have a plan to try." Doris quickened her step to keep up with the men.

"It might end up getting us killed." William grumbled.

Enzo glanced at both of them with raised brows. "Care to expand on this so called dangerous plan? My own plans have fallen flat for the time being."

"I think if we can lead the rogues back to the camp, perhaps Sir Antony could calm them down and allow them to listen to a bit of reason." Doris explained. "I know it will be complicated, but they'll listen to him. I heard the guards call him untouchable so perhaps they'd be willing to listen to him if he says to listen to William and his idea. If they don't want anything to do with William still, we'll leave and never come back. Maybe Sir Antony can restore their hope back in you, the very least." 1

William snorted and shoved his hands into his pockets. They both ignored him.

Enzo looked thoughtful, and also in a bit of pain. "We won't need to do anything to lead them back, they'll know that's where I went. I just need a night to regain a bit of strength before we attempt that."

"I know it could backfire, but it's worth a shot."

"Doris is right, as usual." Enzo offered her a smile while William rolled his eyes. "I can't sit back and go into hiding forever, we have to try something and I don't hear any better suggestions."

“We can hide out with my guards for the night and go back to your camp by morning. I’m sure they will already be waiting for us by then.” William said. They

reached the end of the hallway and Enzo gestured for them to stay still.

He unlocked the door with the set of keys and peered inside the kitchen. Doris was hit with a warm air of sweetness that made her realize how hungry she was. She gripped her stomach when it started to grumble. William eyed her suspiciously.

Enzo closed the door and turned back to them. “There’s several cooks at their stoves but no one is near the door. We can make it through if we hurry but we must be quiet. Their equipment is loud, but not that loud.”

They both nodded and Enzo opened the door slowly. William went in front of her and gripped her hand. They all crouched and slowly crawled out of the door and into the kitchen. Trays of fresh bread and baked goods cooled on the edge of the counter Doris wished she could shove all of it in her pockets to eat later.

As if William had the same sort of idea, he reached up to grab one of the larger loafs to shove in his jacket before he continued after Enzo. Enzo gave him a quick glare over his shoulder before he made sure the cooks hadn’t seen William.

There was nothing but the sound of metal clinking together as the cooks moved around the kitchen. It was possibly the warmest place she had been in since she’d first came to the north. None of them turned towards them as Enzo lightly pulled open the door for them to slip out of and into the harsh cold once more.

They all stood once they closed the door behind them.

“Well, that was easier—”

“There they are!” A voice screamed across the clearing. A line of guards stood exactly where they needed to leave through. William stepped more in front of Doris as if he could block her entirely from their view. 2

“What do we do?” William hissed to Enzo.

Enzo looked over each of the guards and Doris couldn’t help but wonder if he recognized any of them as his own men. “Head left. We can lose them through the trees.”

“Should we shift?” Doris asked.

“No. I won’t be able to and it will only turn worse if we do.”

“My men are out there, they have horses for us. All we have to do is reach them—” “Get them!” The guard roared.

# Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 122

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)  
Chapter 122 Closer and closer.

It was all one big blur that Doris could barely register. William grabbed her arm and took off in a run towards the trees. She felt as if her feet barely touched the ground as they pounded through the snow. She knew that William would start to drag her if she didn't hurry and she didn't feel like losing an arm to him.

An arrow zipped past her head and thudded into the snow in front of her. William forced her to start to run diagonally instead of a straight line. Doris almost tripped over her own feet, but William straightened her before she could fall. She didn't know how close they were to being caught, she didn't know if they were right behind her about to clasp their hands around her body—she only ran. Even when the back of her throat burned and her body tried to give up on her, she ran.

They disappeared into the trees and the silence engulfed them. Doris heard her breath almost burst her ears as they dodged the trees and turned a different way. There was no time to think, only move. She trusted William enough to follow him blindly through danger and hope he would lead them out on the other side. It wasn't that long ago that she would have refused to trust him for even a second.

"Down there!" William called to Enzo who was slightly ahead of them. Shouting erupted from behind them and she desperately wanted to see how close they were behind them. She resisted the urge, if she turned her head it would've been over for her. Up ahead, Doris saw Patrick and the rest of the guards waiting down a small hill.

1

They mounted their horses and several had taken off already at Patrick's command.

"Come on!" William said. She wasn't sure if he meant himself or all of them, but Doris pushed herself just a bit more even though her insides wanted to bleed. How did he seem so unaffected?

William picked Doris up at her waist and skidded down the hill, passing Enzo on the way down. He lifted her on an empty horse and pulled himself up without a second to breathe. Doris gripped onto him tightly and saw Enzo mount his own horse and take off seconds after they did.

The group of guards halted at the top of the hill and started shouting at them as if it would make them stop. Faster than she expected, they were out of sight. She faced forward again and allowed herself to breathe despite the harsh gallops of the horse. Her throat burned so bad, she thought it would start bleeding soon.

Her mind started to catch up with her, she gripped William tighter and was thankful they were even alive. She closed her eyes and let him take her somewhere far and safe. If safety even existed in these lands.

They rode the horses hard until she could no longer recognize their surroundings. Her face was completely frozen by the time they finally stopped to rest. Snow started to fall slowly around them, she only hoped there was no storm headed their way after everything else they had to deal with.

William slid off the horse and helped her down. He glanced around once before he lifted her sweater.

"Hey!" Doris snatched the fabric and forced it back down with red cheeks. "What are you doing?"

"Doris." William said impatiently. "Let me see. I need to know if you need some of my blood."

"Some of your blood? For what?" Doris lifted her sweater herself and saw blood covered the side of her stomach. She didn't even feel the arrow that must have skimmed her skin when it hit the ground. Her fingers traced the wound as if it was some sort of alien thing that wasn't a part of her body. She winced at the touch. "I... I didn't even feel it."

"That's because of your adrenaline. It's normal to not feel anything in the moment for smaller wounds." William gripped her hand to move it away. He leaned closer to see how deep it was. His warm breath caressed her cold skin and sent a shiver down her spine. "It seems to be more of a surface wound, but I want you to have a taste just to close it faster."

William dropped her sweater instantly when Enzo came over to them. He looked even more haggard than before.

"Your guard spotted a few caves up ahead. They're a bit small, but I think you two should manage." He brushed his hand across the horse they stood by. "I'll have them hide the horses as best they can, but I won't be able to move until morning. Don't worry, I won't be dead."

"Enzo, we can take care of the horse. Please, go rest." Doris rubbed his arm. He offered a small smile and turned away from them. He staggered a little on his way into one of the small caves up ahead.

"Do you think he'll be okay?" Doris asked. William gestured for his men to hide the horses and turned back to her. "Maybe you should offer him some of your blood before he passes out."

"He'll be fine. He's been through it, but he'll be healed by morning. If not, I'll pour him a whole cup." William gripped her arm and led her towards one of the further caves. The men were quick to clear out the area and make it seem as if no one was near. Many of them disappeared into another cave, but of course the prince always had his own.



"I hope so." Doris whispered and ducked into the small space. It was barely big enough to hold both of them—she knew there was no hope for a fire unless she wanted to get burns along her back as she slept.

Doris sat herself against the wall and closed her eyes. Nothing inside her cared about how she looked or what awaited them the next day. All she cared about was the sweet sound of rest.

William kneeled in front of her and opened his coat. She opened her eyes and watched him with raised brows.

"I thought you might have wanted this." He said as he pulled out the loaf of bread he'd taken from the kitchens. Doris gasped and gripped the squished bread in her hands. It was half the original size, but it looked just as heavenly.

"Oh my, this-I can't believe you still have this." Doris said in disbelief. She laughed a little. His hand rested on her thigh and for a moment she swore he smiled at her but perhaps she was only imagining it again. He wasn't one to smile for longer than a second. Doris broke the bread in half and held it out to him.

His fingers grazed her own as he accepted it. Doris quickly bit into her own before her thoughts started to wander. It tasted better than she expected, she wished she had taken the entire try before they left—even if it had gotten her killed it would have been worth it.

They ate their bread in silence. He moved to sit next to her with his leg pressed into hers. She forgot why she was even mad at him, but a little distance still settled into her chest. Perhaps it was her own heart reminding her not to get too close to him, even though she was long past that point.

"I don't know if I'll be able to convince them." William said quietly. It was one of the first times she had heard him lack confidence in himself. Doris swallowed her bread and turned towards him.

"Is this a risk you think is worth taking?" Doris asked.

He turned his gaze on her and she only then realized how close they were. His eyes lingered on her lips for much longer than a normal amount.

"Yes. I've been planning this for years. I wouldn't have come all the way here and tore through some of their trust if I wasn't sure."

"Then that's it. All you can do is try. People are unpredictable, but that doesn't mean they can't change." Doris reached her hand up to brush across his face. She offered a smile.

William gripped her hand. "I don't know what to think when I'm around you." He admitted.

"What do you mean?"

“Half of me wants to throw you out in the snow and the other half wants you beneath me every time I hear you argue with me.”

Doris felt her cheeks flush a little. “I could say the same about you.” Doris whispered. She allowed herself to be a little bold and ran her hand up his thigh. 1

William’s eyes darkened with desire almost instantly. “I don’t like to be teased.”

“I heard it could be fun.”

## Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 123

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)  
Chapter 123 A heat that kills.

William watched her curiously. His blue eyes followed her hand and for a moment, Doris almost second guessed herself. It wasn’t like her to be so bold, she wasn’t even sure what she wanted to do to him but he seemed willing to let her try. His heated gaze was enough to push a bit more of adrenaline and confidence back inside her when it kept trying to leave.

He did nothing to lead her moves like he normally would. He sat back and watched her try to come up with the answer to her own question. Part of her resented him for it, she liked when he told her what to do. But-she would never admit that to him. 1

Doris found the button of his pants and slowly started to undo what held him back. She could see the bulge in his pants and a flash of heat ran through her veins to warm her against the cold. What had he turned her into? Beth would lose her mind if she knew what Doris had been up to with Prince William.

Doris met his eyes for a moment. William curled his hands into fists at his sides as if to hold himself back. Doris snuck her hand into his pants and brushed her fingers across his warm, stiff length.

William shivered from her touch. He bit down on his lip and leaned his head back against the stone wall. “Doris...” He whispered, it sent a shiver down her skin and made her want to crawl on his lap.

Doris took his length out and widened her eyes at the size. She knew he was big, she’d felt him inside her several times. But his size still always startled her. How did he ever fit inside her?

Doris curiously rubbed his erection. She could hear a strangled noise in his throat and it made her wonder if she was doing it right. When he didn’t stop her, she wrapped her fingers around him and moved her hand up and down slowly as she licked her lips.

“Fuck.” He whispered. Doris glanced up at him to see the pleasure bloom on his face from her movements. William bit down on his lower lip.

“What should I do?” Doris asked quietly. Her cheeks burned, she moved her hand a little faster than before but was still hesitant about each touch.

“You—fuck. Put it in your mouth.” He demanded with a bit of dark desire in his command. Doris hadn’t even thought of doing something so scandalous, it almost made her gasp.

Doris hesitated again, but forced herself to find a bit of confidence as she leaned forward. Slowly, she dragged her tongue along his length and looked up at him while she did so. William closed his eyes for a moment and parted his lips at the feeling. It made her clench her thighs closed as a warmth pooled between her legs.

She dragged her tongue up to the tip before she started to take him in her mouth. She knew there was no way she could fit him all the way inside her, she gripped the bottom of his length with one of her hands as the other braced his thigh.

Slowly, Doris moved more of him inside her mouth and felt his body tense beneath her touch. When she realized he couldn’t go any deeper, she stopped and moved him all the way out before she took him right back in. The back of her mind wouldn’t stop questioning if she was even doing it right.

“Fuck, Doris.” William moaned. She looked up at him through her lashes and he watched her with a lustful gaze. He gripped her hair as if to steady himself. Doris moaned at her own throbbing, she wanted so badly to rub herself but her hands were occupied at the moment. Even more, she wanted him to be the one that rubbed her aching core.

Doris moved his length in and out of her mouth at a steady pace. His hand fisted in her hair and guided her along his erection as he watched her take him in. It was possibly the dirtiest thing she had ever done—but she only seemed to want more from it all. The maid version of herself would be horrified at present Doris.

She swirled her tongue around his skin like it was her own dessert. His groans turned throaty and made her tremble a little from the desire that built up inside her. She moved her hand off his thigh and snaked it down her own body.

Her breasts felt tender at her own touch as if they were desperate for more. It was nothing compared to the way her core pulsed between her thighs. Doris moved her hand down her own pants and past her panties to relieve some of the pressure that was starting to build.

Just one touch made her moan against him. She tried to keep up with her movements as she felt her own wetness and rubbed herself. She only recently discovered what true desire was—but this was driving her crazy.

Suddenly, William moved her mouth off of him and forced her hand out of her pants. Doris gasped as he brought her up to him and eyed her glistening fingers

as his hand tightened on her wrist. Doris swallowed her embarrassment right before he put her fingers in his mouth and sucked her wetness right off them.

“Oh—” Doris gasped, he brought her to the ground and pushed his pants down to his ankles before he did the same to her own. Her legs were spread with his large hand before he eagerly pushed himself inside her without a warning.

But, oh-it made her scream. He plunged in deep inside her wetness and wasted no time when it came to pleasuring them both. Doris tilted her head back against the cold floor and swore their body heat could melt the snow for miles around them.

“Fuck—” William groaned. He gripped her hips and moved her along with his fast pace. Doris rolled them up against him and swore she saw stars for a moment.

William leaned down to bite her neck hard enough to make her gasp. He trailed his tongue up her skin and met her mouth with a fierceness that made her dizzy and intoxicated.

Their tongues met in a battle that felt so familiar, she never wanted it to end. She wanted to drown in the way he claimed her with his mouth and moved inside her with no sense of softness left from him.

She wanted his rough, messy side. She wanted him to show her his true self and not hold back in the slightest. She craved the side of him that was built on rage and old resentment.

Her stomach felt warmth build inside it, her breaths became desperate. William tensed beneath her touch and she was starting to understand the signs his body gave her when he was close to his own release. It was hard enough to discover her own, but his body sang to her all of its secrets.

Doris took one of his hands and moved it up her shirt to grip her aching breast. They were even more sensitive than usual. The moment his hand squeezed her chest, she knew he was seconds from finishing her.

“William!” Doris moaned and arched her back. His warm fingers pinched her nipple as his hips rocked forward, she was desperate to match his pace but he was too fast for her.

“Fuck.” William groaned in her ear. Her lips parted as she gripped on tightly to his body. She felt her release hit her peak and it made her entire body tremble from the impact.

William didn't slow in the slightest. He tightened his grip on her hips and was now desperate for his own release that she knew wasn't far off. She widened her legs a little more and he slammed his length into her so hard, she swore she was going to lose it a second time. 1

And she did her body prickled and shook from a second orgasm so soon, she screamed loud enough to wake the dead and she didn't have time to be embarrassed about it.

Seconds later, she felt his own release finally come undone inside her. He collapsed on top of her once his movements slowed down. 1

He stayed like that for a while with part of him still inside her. Doris wrapped her arms around him and held his body close against her as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"I'm ready to face death now." He mumbled against her hair before he finally pulled out of her. It wasn't until their clothes were set right again and she was laid on his chest when she finally responded.

"Me too."

## Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 124

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)  
Chapter 124 A good day to find peace

The next morning, all of the guards were already up and ready by the time Doris had crawled out of the small cave. At some point in the morning, William must have left to join them without waking her. She woke up freezing in his coat and wishing he hadn't left her at all. Doris quickly squashed those feelings into a million pieces as she wandered out into the daylight.

Enzo looked fresh as day when she saw him. Someone must have had spare clothes for him because he looked as if nothing had happened to him. When he saw her, a grin broke out across his face.

"There she is. I almost had to send your grumpy prince in there to drag you out." He said.

Doris snorted and crossed her arms. She searched through the small crowd and saw William with his head bent in conversation with Patrick.

"How are you feeling, Enzo?" Doris asked when she snapped her attention back to him. He looked at her with a small smirk that danced across his lips. Hard to believe

she thought he was near death the night before.

"Better than ever. We're about to leave back to my camp and hopefully this mess will be over soon so I never have to be associated with him again."

“Did you two have a fight or something?” Doris asked and pulled William’s coat tighter around her. It smelled just like him, she stopped herself from inhaling the scent.

“No, he’s just being his usual charming self. I don’t know how you stand his mood swings, but I would recommend running for the hills the second you get the chance.” Enzo winked and poked her nose. Doris rolled her eyes and smiled.

“Seriously, how are you fine? I don’t see any trace of a wound on you and I swore you looked haggard yesterday.” Doris said with raised brows.

“It’s not very kind to point out your friends looks, Doris. Hasn’t anyone ever told you that?” Enzo tilted his head.

“That’s not what I asked, Enzo.”

“Ah, but a true leader never gives away his secrets.” Enzo winked and Doris rolled her eyes. Of course he took this opportunity to be annoying and mysterious.

Approaching footsteps crunched in the snow behind her. Doris turned to see William head straight for her as if she was the only one in his sight. He stopped just inches

from her and flicked his eyes between her and Enzo, who stood with a wide smile. “We’re ready to go. Your camp is only a few miles down the mountain, it shouldn’t take long.” William said.

“Wonderful, let’s hope they’re already there so we don’t have to wait for this ambush.” Enzo clapped his hands and headed straight for one of the horses. William put his hand on her lower back and guided Doris towards their own. She hadn’t noticed it before, but there weren’t enough horses to go around. Several guards had to ride behind their friends. She was only glad she didn’t have to worry about steering her own tonight.

William gripped her hips and lifted her up onto their horse effortlessly. She didn’t want to admit how something so simple made her feel breathless. It only showed how strong he really was and it could have made her melt in his hands like butter.

Once William pulled himself up and she gripped onto him, they were off. Enzo took the lead and led them all back to his camp where their fate awaited. Part of her hoped that no one would be waiting for them so they could just go home.

But it was unrealistic to think that way. Enzo needed them here to help him get his people back on his side. If they just left—that might never happen. Enzo might never get the trust back and then what? Where would he go—what would he do with himself?

The ride stretched on as they slowly made their way down the steep hill. Doris forced herself to close her eyes so she didn’t have to see them almost fall to their deaths several times before they got to the safe ground.

The area started to become more familiar the more they went on. Enzo didn't want anyone going ahead to see if the rogues were already there. He wanted to face them head on and deal with whatever they needed to in the moment. It wasn't the best strategy, but it was all they had at the moment.

Enzo took them around the side and had them enter through the main road so it didn't appear as if they were trying to hide.. Doris tightened her grip on William when she noticed the group of horses up ahead. They weren't there when William and her had left the camp to rescue Enzo.

As they slowed their steps, their horses entered right into the center of chaos waiting to happen. There were rogues everywhere she looked, an ungodly amount. She didn't have to count them to know that they would overwhelm them in seconds.

Mr. Hugh stood on the small platform Enzo used as his own stage. He lifted his chin a little when he saw Enzo stroll through town with their enemies behind him. It wasn't a good look, even Doris had to admit that it would be a hard hole to dig themselves out of.

William tensed under her hold, she wondered if he was thinking the same thing she was. He had to know that their options were limited. Perhaps they should have just picked up and left when they had the chance. She wasn't sure they would make it this one.

Especially when she saw several of them raise their weapons a little at the sight of them

"Enzo, it's nice of you to finally join us." Mr. Hugh's said over the crowd. Enzo pulled his horse to a halt at a respectable distance away.

"I hope you all didn't freeze out here all night waiting for me." Enzo said as if he was trying to charm them. Doris felt her teeth start to chatter from her nerves rather than the cold.

"I had a feeling you wouldn't come straight here. You're predicable, Enzo. It's not a good look." 1

Doris scanned the crowd for Sir Antony and prayed he was nearby. He was the only one that gave her hope that they might make it out of here alive.

Up the road, she saw the old man seated on a bench alone. She couldn't see his expression from where she was, but she hoped he was concerned for what was about to happen.

"Well, I pride myself in this village. Of course I was always going to return to it." Enzo said, she could hear the false smile in his voice. "We can stop the games anytime you wish."

"Games? I'm not the one that escaped from a cell and fled with the enemy in the middle of the night. How were you expecting this to go?" Mr. Hugh asked.

“Ah, well. You are the one that put their own leader in a dark cell rather than listen to what I had to say. The rogues never turn their back on their own—”

“No? I suppose that rule doesn’t apply to you, then?”

Enzo laughed lightly. Doris saw Sir Antony stand and her heart raced with anticipation

“If you think anything could make me turn my back on my people, you’re horribly blind. Being kind to outsiders is what we stand for. It’s why we were brought here.” Enzo said.

“There’s a fine line between being kind to outsiders and working with the enemy! The royals are also the reason we are here. They never once cared about us-whether we lived or died. They’re the reason we had to escape our lives and run here for freedom-”

“If I may.” An old, wise voice said from behind Mr. Hugh. Doris straightened a little to get a better look. She felt William’s hand rest on top of her own but she couldn’t think about that right now.

“Sir Antony.” Mr. Hugh said with a bow and moved over a little to allow him room.

Enzo also bowed his head in respect.

“I believe this has gone on too long. I don’t think I’ve ever seen rogues turn their backs on each other this much-not since I started this.” Sir Antony stepped up beside Mr. Hugh and gave him a disappointed look. Doris would hate to be on the receiving end of that.

“My lord, I don’t think you realize what Enzo has done to his people. He has no sense of loyalty to us anymore, and he hasn’t for a long while.”

“You claim that Enzo is the wrong one, but you have made a deal with a royal too, Mr. Hugh.” William said, loud enough to silence everyone around them