

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 135

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Chapter 135 The pleasure of heat

William picked her up and wrapped her legs around his waist. She had to bite her lip to keep from making any sort of noises that would alert other people in the house, she didn't know who else occupied the other rooms. Something inside her told her it would be almost impossible to keep quiet around William when he looked at her with heat in his eyes.

Instead of taking her upstairs, he took her to the back part of the cabin where a sunroom was built. He closed and locked the door behind them before he set her down on the couch.

"All the curtains are open." Doris said self consciously. William went around to each one and made sure they were closed. Suddenly, they were submerged in a dim darkness that outlined

his body.

William pulled his shirt off over his head and slowly made his way over to her. She could see the shape of him as he moved, a wave of goosebumps ran across her skin when their eyes locked. How was a man this handsome interested in her?

He braced his hands against the couch on each side of her and leaned close. "Do you think you can be quiet for me?" He whispered.

"I can try..." She said breathlessly. Her eyes refused to leave his mouth.

"Take your clothes off. Now." He demanded. It shouldn't have turned her on as much as it did, but she wanted him to always tell her what to do if he said it like that.

Doris pulled her shirt off over her head before she shimmed off her pants that were a little wet from the snow. Immediately, she felt the ice cold weather hit her skin but something inside her was starting to heat up.

He unzipped his pants and in a breath they were off him. Her fingers curled at her sides when she saw the indent of his length through his underwear. The smirk on his lips was much more teasing than she could handle.

Doris slowly took off the remainder of her undergarments and held his lustful gaze the entire time. His eyes could have burned down buildings and she would have only felt a thrill in her bones.

A growl sounded from his throat, she clenched her thighs together and tried to control her own urges. He pushed off his underwear and seconds later he had her in his grasp. Doris quietly groaned as he brought them down to the plush couch. It was warm on her back and barely had enough room to hold them.

His length grazed her thighs just as his mouth found her own in a heated kiss meant only for her destruction. She melted into him and all of her worries erased from her mind as if they were never there. Did he realize how much power he had over her? Did he know how unfair it was to be able to break her with a single sentence and be the holder to all things good?

His large hand parted her legs and brushed against her wet folds, the simple touch made her tremble.

“Remember.” He said against her lips. “Be quiet...”

Teeth bit down on her lower lip, she arched her body up against his own and he seemed to go a little feral when their skin collided. His mouth left her own and traveled down her skin. Kissing over her mate mark, biting clean skin and kissing the parts where she had scars. She wanted his mouth over every inch of her, she wanted to drown in the feeling of his tongue across her most sensitive areas.

When he reached her breasts, her breath became harder to control. It was as if her heart rate thought she was running and she couldn't help but start to pant when his tongue glided across her hard nipples.

He took her breasts in his grip and squeezed harder than she expected, she let out a small yelp that he came back up to silence with his mouth.

*This house has paper for walls.” He teased with a smirk. It almost felt as if he wanted her to break his own rule, but she would never be able to look at Enzo again if he heard her moans.

Doris brought his mouth down to hers and kissed him as roughly as she could manage. Her hands left his strong shoulders and slowly traveled down his bare back to feel a bit of his own scars that he had gained on this trip and from time that had long passed.

She stopped on his ass and couldn't help herself as she squeezed him. A growl rumbled from his throat and into her own when they kissed. His tongue took control of her instantly and she was mush in his grasp. It was useless to fight him, he always won.

He gripped her arms and forced them above her head so she couldn't touch him anymore. She wiggled against his hold, but he held firm.

Doris pulled back and frowned at him despite the arousal between her legs. “No fair.”

William only smirked and moved his hips against her. Her lips parted when she felt him enter her and she had to clamp them shut to prevent a loud moan from

escaping. Her nails cut against the skin on his hand as he held her tight. He moved out of her before he slammed back inside and rocked the couch back against the wall aggressively.

If they had been in their room, Enzo would have definitely woken from any fever dream if he heard the bed slamming against the wall. She knew that would thrill William to let everyone know who he thought he owned, but she would have never been able to show her face.

His length pulled out of her slowly. She was worried her lip would start to bleed with how hard she bit into it just to prevent her moans. He watched her with a gaze that made her insides urn, it was as if he was turned on just from the sight of her pleasure.

He rocked his hips back against her and she whimpered from the impact. He pushed so far in, she could feel every inch of him inside her. Each time he pulled out and pushed back in, she had to swallow a row of fresh moans that only wanted her to scream them out at the top of pleasure of heat – her lungs.

When Doris used to read romantic books, she never considered herself the type to be vocal during ... intimate scenes. But William made her want to scratch her voice and scream until she wasn't able to say anything for days. Was it supposed to feel this passionate every time they touched? Or was this because of their mating bond?

He finally released her grip and she immediately clung to his shoulders. She brought his body closer to hers and she bit down on his skin to muffle her screams against just as his hips rocked harder against her.

The couch scraped against the floor and banged against the wall each time he moved in and out of her. It creaked under their weight and everything about the moment made her feel dirty and alive. They were in some stranger's house having a secret moment while people slept right above them. At any moment they could be interrupted-perhaps that's what made it even more thrilling.

William groaned against her hair, he tried to swallow the sound but it vibrated through her and slammed into her core. "Fuck." He gasped.

Already he was tightening under her hold. She could feel his muscles tense and she was close to losing it herself.

He gripped her hips and angled them up a little higher so he could slam into her with more force. She held onto his arms and accidentally let a few whimpers escape from the pressure that built inside her.

"William-" She gasped. He leaned down to silence her again but she only bit his lip. "Fuck-1..." He groaned louder this time. "Doris"

His face twisted into pure bliss when he slammed into her. He leaned down to rub her sensitive area and she moaned so loud, it finished her right there.

It took seconds before his own pleasure followed. She almost didn't hear the creak of steps above them because she was so entranced by the way he looked when he came. She didn't think she could be any more attracted to him than she already was.

William collapsed on top of her and let their release linger around them-but only for a moment. The steps turned louder and were joined by another pair. William pulled out of her and took all of her warmth with him as he quickly gathered their clothes. "I think we lost the game." Doris whispered as she pulled on her clothes. William had the nerve to turn and smirk at her.

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Chapter 136 The fear of abandonment

They managed to slip back to their room without getting caught. His guards must not have heard them like she first thought-or perhaps they did and they were avoiding them. For that she was more than grateful. The last thing she needed was to be embarrassed to be around his guards.

The next morning, Doris woke to an empty bed. She pulled herself up and bundled in several layers of warm clothes before she ventured out of their room. It was eerie how quiet the house was, she bet the entire village was exactly the same-one big ghost town.

"There she is." Enzo leaned against the doorframe to his room. He looked as if he had been dragged through hell. Did she look that terrible when she woke up? And William still wanted to sleep with her?

expected it to be.

"Much better, though I did have some rather nasty dreams." He frowned. "I think my village burned down and I could only watch."

"Oh my-that's terrible." Doris pressed her lips together and gazed down the hall. "Is anyone else up?"

"You're the first person I've seen today. I was starting to think you all left me." Enzo pulled on a sweater and went to open another bedroom door without knocking. Doris parted her lips to object, but the room was empty.

"That's... strange." Doris went to the next room and did the same. Empty. All the rooms were empty. "Where could they be? The villagers should still be sleeping."

Enzo gave her a confused glance. "Did they take the same thing we did?"

"Yes. William and I handed them out last night, they should be asleep for a day or so more." Doris brushed past him and hurried down the steps. No one was there, the fire wasn't even lit. "Where could they be?"

Enzo took his time getting down the stairs. He looked around curiously. "Perhaps they went to check on them."

"All of them?" Doris pulled on her boots and ventured out into the snow. The fog had lessened and it didn't seem like the storm had stuck around for long, but it was hard to walk through the fresh inches.

Enzo reluctantly followed her out and helped her search through the cabins. Just as she had thought, they were all sleeping and not one person was awake in any of the buildings. Her chest started to feel strange.

Did she remember William's bag being in their room? Or was it only her own? Doris ran to the stables and saw all of the horses they had brought, were gone.

Enzo jogged up to meet her. Once his panting slowed, he seemed to deflate from beside her. "Where have they gone? Those assholes even took my horse."

Doris felt a hollowness enter her chest, she wanted to sink to the floor and disappear. "Do you think they're coming back?"

"I don't see why they wouldn't." Enzo gripped her arm to hold her up straight. She felt as if her world was falling away from her. "Perhaps they were to get something."

"They all needed to go? What would they be getting if the entire village is recovering?" Doris stomped back towards the cabin. Her hands closed into fists at her sides.

"Calm down. Maybe he left a note back at the cabin." Cordelia said gently as if she was trying to tame a bear. Doris growled a little.

"He better have. I don't know why he didn't tell me last night when we were—"

"When you were screaming beneath him? Is that when you wanted him to tell you?" Cordelia purred. Doris wished she could smack her.

"No, when we were going to bed. Surely he could have mentioned that he was leaving... unless—"

"He didn't abandon you, Doris. Don't even go there." Cordelia said quickly. The thoughts already swarmed her mind and started to make her panic.

It would make sense for him to abandon them. He wanted to go back to the palace and they wanted to stay and help. Perhaps he even thought they were much too weak to make the rest of the trip-right?

But, why did he take the rogues too? Surely they wouldn't have wanted to leave their leader, they were only here to protect him and help.

Doris stormed into the cabin and checked every surface of the house for some sort of note from William. She needed a sign that he had thought about her for one second before he decided to leave without waking her.

Nothing.

Nothing in their room or in the kitchen. Nothing in the living room either. Enzo lit a fire and collapsed onto one of the couches. He watched her with steady eyes and she wasn't sure why it only made her more mad.

Finally, Doris sat down across from him and stared into the fire.

"He'll be back." Enzo said quietly, though he didn't sound entirely convinced of that himself. "I'm sure it must have just slipped his mind to mention where he was off to." – "I wonder how he would feel to wake up alone without a reason why." Doris whispered. She tried to block out images of her home life and forget that she knew what it was like to be abandoned. Those feelings crept back up to her like an old broken bone that still made her wince when it was cold out.

"He doesn't strike me as the type of man to tell others about what he's up to much. I would try to be patient." Enzo said gently. He leaned forward to grip her freezing hand. "Although, if you choose to scream at him the second he comes back, I highly encourage it and I would like to watch." 5

Doris cracked a small smile and turned her head away. "What if he just got impatient and went back to the palace without us?"

"Hmm. I suppose it's possible. But then again-it's not likely at all. He wouldn't leave you in a hundred years, my dear. If you think about any of the things he's done for you since we first met, you would realize that."

Doris sank lower in the couch and closed her eyes. She couldn't ignore the horrible feeling that he had abandoned them in this random village. Even when half of her knew Enzo was right and he would be back soon. But where had he even gone?

Doris stood. "I'm going to check on the villagers again to make sure they're doing alright. I'm not sure what they go through when they're out like that."

"Would you like me to join you?" Enzo asked, but his eyes were already closed as he defrosted near the fire. Doris laughed a little.

"No, stay here. I'll be back soon."

Doris treaded across the snow and tried not to let her thoughts sour her day. He would be back. He had to be back. Why couldn't he just tell her where he had gone?

“He probably didn’t want to wake you, is all.” Cordelia said from inside her. Doris rolled her eyes. It was hard to have a thought to herself when she knew her wolf was always listening.

“If we did that to him, he would sniff us out and drag us back here by our hair.” Doris mumbled. She pushed open the door to one of the smaller cabins and was greeted with sleeping bodies.

The closer she looked, the more she noticed that they were beginning to gain a bit of color back in their cheeks. They didn’t look as if they were on the edge of death, but just as if they were a tad bit sick.

“Do you ever stop to wonder why you might be so concerned?” Cordelia hummed in her mind. Doris shifted uncomfortably.

“Because I don’t want to be left in a strange village while he goes back to the palace.” “Perhaps it’s a bit deeper than that, hmm? Did you ever consider that you might care for him more than you claim?”

“What is that suppose to mean? Of course I care about William.” Doris snapped and went back out into the snow to check on the other cabin. Cordelia laughed in her mind.

“I noticed neither of you have said the love word.”

Doris stopped in her tracks. “And you won’t hear either of us say it anytime soon, I promise you that.”

“Why not? Don’t tell me you’re refusing to speak your truth-“

Cordelia went quiet when they both heard a noise far off in the distance. Doris squinted her eyes to see a row of horses heading her way-with William in the center.

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Chapter 137 For the people

A burst of joy and anger hit her at once when their eyes met across the clearing, it almost made her stumble over. William slowed his horse to a stop when he saw her-he even had the nerve to smile at her as if it would make her forget everything.

And it almost worked. When his dimple made an appearance, she almost forgot why she would ever be mad at him. He looked like an angel when he smiled. It was... quite the sight.

He must have noticed the look on her face. His smile slipped right off as if it was never there and Doris almost pinched herself for being the reason it was long gone. Part of her always worried that she would never see it again.

The guards took their horses straight to the stables, but William dismounted right in front of her. "Has something happened?" He asked when he neared her.

"Why didn't you mention to me where you were going?" Doris blurted out as if she couldn't hold the thoughts in a second longer. William furrowed his brow. "I thought you would still be sleeping when we got back."

A few guards came out of the stables with bags slung over their shoulders. Her face heated up as they stared at her. She wanted to shout that she wasn't talking to them, she was talking to William and she didn't need an audience.

She cleared her throat, "Where did you all go?"

"We went to find some food and supplies for the villagers. There wasn't much available from the nearby villages, but we gathered all that we could." Patrick filled in for her. He gestured for his men to follow him into the cabins and left Doris alone with William once again.

William took a step closer and lowered his voice. "Did something happen while we were gone?"

"No. I was just—"

"Worried about you." Cordelia sang in her mind. She wanted to scream at her wolf to silence her.

William flickered his eyes over her face as if he was trying to read her thoughts.

"I was just concerned about you, is all." Doris forced out. The edge of his mouth lifted slightly and she wanted to stomp on his foot for all the horrible thoughts he had just put her through. "You should have left us a note or something."

William leaned down a little to be eye level with her. She almost gasped at the sight of his blue eyes, so stunning out in the snow. When he kissed her, she could have fallen into him for more than just a simple taste.

"I should have told you, you're right. I sometimes forget that I have a mate who wants to know — where I am." He admitted. Doris felt her blush thicken on her cheeks. "All of my past lovers wouldn't bat an eye if I left them for hours or days. Most of the time, I think they wouldn't have cared if something did happen." ?

Doris parted her lips to respond, but nothing came out. Not once had William shared a part of himself like that. It was like he gave her a small peek inside his insecurities and it made all of her anger melt away.

Doris moved up on her toes to kiss him again.

"Aw. This was not the fight I was hoping for." Enzo grumbled from behind them. Doris quickly turned to see him with a mock disappointment on his lips. "Where's the name calling and hair pulling? I was hoping for a show." 1

William looked utterly confused, Doris glared at Enzo. "Will you go back inside to nap or

something?"

"I can't lay down for another moment, I'll go absolutely insane. Where was your prince off to?"

William rolled his eyes to the sky. She was only surprised he didn't start cursing at Enzo to leave them alone. "We went to get supplies. There's no food here for the villagers to survive off of once they get better."

Enzo's face softened immediately. He straightened his shoulders and stepped right back into his role as a leader. "Where is it?"

William jerked his chin towards the nearest cabin. They all piled inside and Doris felt the warmth coat her bones the second she stepped foot in.

Piles of food were in the process of being put away. Canned goods and meats. Even some hunted animals were laid out on the table. The sight made Doris sick, she turned away from it and focused on the rest.

One thing stood out to her above all others: there wasn't enough to feed an entire village for more than two days. It might have looked like a lot of food, but Doris knew well that this amount of food was served at the palace daily. When she glanced around at the faces in the room, she could tell they all already knew that.

"We did the best we could with what we could find. It seems the neighboring villages are suffering just as much." William said. He raked his eyes over the room. "It's enough to get them fed while they recover."

Doris nodded slowly. She remembered how violently hungry she was when she first took his blood. Even Enzo looked at the food longingly as if he was ready to tear through a few boxes on his own.

"We can make this work. We can't eat more than a portion of this food ourselves, but perhaps I can make a lot of soup that can stretch them out longer than two days." Doris suggested.

"How long would it last them?" One of the guards asked.

"Half a week, maybe more if they didn't indulge more than their share." Doris said. "I can make two kinds and the rest will be for their other meals."

"I think that would be very kind of you, Doris." Enzo smiled at her. She could see a hint of sadness in his smile and she knew what he was thinking. How would this village survive after they were gone?

Doris got to work on the soup the second all the men left the kitchen. Not one had offered to help and she made sure she glared at each of them before the door closed.

Soon, the kitchen was coated in a delicious scent that made her stomach roar. She couldn't eat all of their food, as much as she wanted to. The guards that came with them ate more than they could afford at the moment and she didn't need to lesson that by snacking on the food that surrounded her.

Once both soups were done, she brought a portion of it to their cabin and stored the rest away to serve to the villagers when they woke. She ignored the sounds of their screams as she passed by-she knew there was nothing she could do to help them. They had to suffer through their nightmares alone, just as she did.

All the men drained the pot of soup just minutes after she returned. She was lucky to get a serving out of it before they emptied it for themselves.

They all wandered into their separate corners and went to sleep for the night. She didn't mention her anger again with William. Especially not when he kissed her goodnight and wrapped himself around her. She almost resented the idea that he was her home in a walking form. What would she do when he finally did leave her? 1

The next morning, the silence was gone. Doris crawled out of bed when she heard a burst of voices down the stairs-William's included. She learned quickly that he always woke much earlier than she did.

After she was dressed, she hurried down the stairs to see everyone in motion. Enzo caught her eye and smiled widely at her from across the room.

"The villagers are awake! We're warming your soup for them now. We had to hurry in case they started to bite at our hands."

Doris laughed a little and went to help immediately. She barely had time to speak with William as she helped clean up and serve them all. The day was wild and a little exciting to see all the people she swore were close to death-now were alive and well.

Or, well enough. Even if a bit of sickness still lingered in their gazes, they were up and happy. "How did you find a cure?" One of the villagers asked her.

"Oh! I don't know, I suppose the tea helped a lot." She said quickly before she moved away. She didn't need anyone finding out about William and his blood. She'd call it all magic tea if she had to..

When the day was through and Doris finished washing all of the dishes, a new unease entered her. Their food stock was even lower than she expected it to be.

They might not even last after tomorrow.

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Chapter 138 A little push for justice

"I know what to do." William said as he watched Doris pace their room. There wasn't much room for her to get very far, but she felt as if she had been walking miles. Her feet would easily burn marks in the rug if she kept on, but her worry wouldn't stop. How could she fix this? They had to do something

He gripped her hand and pulled her to the bed. "I said, I know what to do." He repeated more firmly to draw her back to the moment. She'd almost forgotten that he had said anything.

"What?" Doris asked after a breath. "If you've already searched neighboring towns and saw they have so little, what can we do? I don't know how long they can all last on that amount of food, I thought I made enough to last them longer."

"Near the edge of the border back into the kingdom, several officials from the palace live there in their home. We can pay a visit to them. I know that one of them is responsible for the goods that are distributed into the north once they pay their taxes. It seems they weren't the only ones that weren't given enough to last for the month."

Doris widened her eyes. "Do you think they held back food to them? is that why they're as low as they are? That's... that's pure evil, William!"

"It's possible. We won't know until we talk to them. I know one thing, they will make sure these villages are filled with food again by the end of tomorrow. I'll make sure of that" William said with a dark glint in his eyes. Doris shifted a little beside him. For once, the look didn't make her fear him. It made her... want him more than she would ever admit. 1

"Would we bring Enzo with us? Surely he could help convince them since he is the leader of the north." Doris said.

"I'm not sure yet if that will make the visit worse or better, but we can try." William stood. She watched him leave to gather his men and tell them their new plan, but she couldn't help but think of all the children in the village. There weren't many, but even if there was one it would tear at her heart knowing they couldn't fend for themselves out here. 1

Lately, her mind kept returning to one ruin after the other. She longed for the peace she once had back in the library at the palace. But here she was helping people. Or trying her best to. Her good intentions weren't always the wisest decisions, but she knew that her heart was pure. 3

Doris crept down the stairs to see William making his speech to his guards and the rogues. The only expression her eye caught on, was Enzo's. He looked almost proud of William, as if he didn't expect him to go this far just to help a village of rogues. In fact, they all looked that way. Perhaps this was a step in the right direction to truly show how much he meant his words.

"...I will have some of you stay to watch over the villagers and others join us. We most likely won't be back for long once we settle this issue. We have important matters to solve at the palace."

"Let's head out, then. It'll be evening by the time we get there, we can have a delightful dinner with them." Enzo suggested with a grin. He shrugged on his coat and Doris hurried down to do the same.

"Are you sure you want to join us, Doris?" William whispered in her ear. Doris glanced up to glare at him and he held his hands up in defense. "I'm just saying, you might not like these men. They have no respect for women-or servants. They might not be very happy to see you."

"Well, they can deal with it. I'm coming with you." Doris insisted and walked out the door. She'd dealt with many sexist men in her life. A few officials didn't scare her away in the slightest. Not anymore

familiar, she could count the exact seconds before he lifted himself in front of her.

Night wasn't far off. Many of the villagers had already gone to bed to rest more while others kept inside. They kicked off into the snow and Doris held on tightly as they rode as fast as they could. Enzo was close behind with a handful of guards and rogues on his tail. Briefly, she hoped the men didn't think this was an ambush.

Nothing good ever happened when dangerous men were backed in a corner.

An hour passed before their horses passed the border. Doris saw the differences instantly. It went from a blank land of snow with one road, to a lively posh village just feet away. When

she glanced back, she noticed how unwelcome the north looked.

William pulled their horses off to the side road before anyone noticed them and set off an alarm. Even Doris had to admit that it wouldn't have looked good to see a group from the north pull up into their village before nightfall. It would scare Doris enough to want to alert the palace.

"There they are." William muttered as they came to a stop in front of a large, polished house.

"Do they share it?" Doris asked quietly. William slid off and helped her down.

"They do. It's large enough for them to use when they don't want to stay at the palace." William shrugged. Enzo and the rest of the men dismounted as William went straight for the door.

His knock was loud and booming. Doris glanced around to see that this street was empty and for that she was glad.

The second the door opened a crack, William pushed it in.

"Hello, gentlemen." William said almost charmingly. Two balding men stumbled back at the force of his push. Their eyes grew wide as if they were staring at a god.

"P-Prince William? We heard you had affairs in the north you had to deal with." One of them asked as their eyes crossed over the rogues behind him. Doris stayed near the back.

"I did, but I thought we could pay you a visit." William smiled with his teeth. It didn't look remotely close to friendly. William inhaled deeply. "Is that a pot roast I smell?"

"I-uh, yes. Yes it is, your majesty." The man cleared his throat. "Would you care to join us?" He asked nervously. She could hear in his tone that he hoped William would say no, but he clearly wasn't very wise if he thought they were leaving anytime soon.

"We would love to join you. Mal and Edward, this is the leader of the rogues-Lord Enzo and some of his guards as well as my own." William locked eyes with Doris for a moment and

"Is this the servant I heard you brought along with you?" He asked with his chin raised slightly as if he was looking down at her despite him being the same small height as her.

"1-"

"Yes." Doris said quickly before William called her something ridiculous like his lady. Especially when he still had a lady back at the palace that she was sure eagerly awaited his arrival. Doris was almost happy to think about the moment Melody would be called out for all of the lying she did. There was once a time when Doris willingly took the lies for her, but that time was long over. 2

The man sniffed in distaste. "Very well. Follow me, please." He turned and led them to the dining room. She couldn't help but notice that there weren't many servants around and certainly no guards besides the ones in their group.

William and Enzo's guards stationed themselves at the door and didn't follow them in. Doris hesitated-was she supposed to wait outside the dining room, too?

William gestured for her to follow in further and she stomped on her own self doubt and hurried in.

The dining room was large yet intimate. There weren't many chairs but at least there was enough to seat them all. Doris awkwardly sat near the far corner as the men crowded at the other end.

"Well, gentlemen. I didn't think we would have had the pleasure of hosting a prince and a lord of the north tonight." The man said almost bitterly. He covered it with a light smile and it made Doris think that she had imagined it. "What do we owe the honor to?"

"Well, Edward." William straightened himself a little and landed his gaze on the man that stiffened. "We came here to discuss the starving villages in the north."

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Chapter 139 A little push

The men both shifted uncomfortably in their chairs after William spoke. No one missed the nervous glances they threw at each other before they tried to regain their composure and straightened themselves. This wasn't going to end well for either of them, she could tell by the way William watched them like they were his prey.

Edward cleared his throat. "What do you mean, Prince William? We have no knowledge of any starving villages in the north. As you're aware, it's not our place to mess with anything to do with the north. If they haven't figured out how to ration their food supplies, that is not our concern."

Warm plates of food were brought out by a few servants the moment he finished his sentence. The two men didn't even look at the servants or thank them as they placed the plates across the table. Almost as if they weren't even people to him.

The options were endless and made Doris's mouth water, but also filled her with rage. While they were here enjoying themselves on endless food and choices, people were running low in the north. Dangerously low. They ate whatever they had and didn't dare complain about it.

It irritated her further knowing that they didn't expect any guests and all this food was prepared for the two of them. She couldn't imagine how much went to waste each week from these men. Food that could feed a few families and then some. How could someone be so selfish? 1

William eyed the men, they didn't dare reach for the silverware. They sat right in their chairs and they even had the nerve to look a little guilty at the ridiculous

spread of food. There seemingly was no celebration of any sort, which meant they were used to eating this much.

"I know you are responsible for food distribution to the north once their taxes are paid. I saw first hand how little stock they had. Not from just one, but from several villages. Food they need to feed their families."

Doris watched William speak like a true prince. He didn't sit back and let his men talk for him, he took control and steered the conversation in his direction. She admired that about him more than usual. She wasn't the only one that was changing.

"Prince William..." Edward leaned back in his chair and had the nerve to look sorry. "I don't think you understand how much we send them. If they are already low, it's not on our heads. They are the ones that."

William slammed his hand against the table to silence him. "I didn't ask you to feed me lies. I asked you to tell me why you're not sending them enough to live on. What I saw was horrifying, it wasn't even enough to finish out the month."

"We simply don't have enough food to send them more. We can't risk our own villages starving."

William looked around at all the food on the table. All the meats and sides that were more than enough for two men. "Were you planning on feeding half the village tonight?"

"We-well, we saw you coming,"

"There is nothing I hate more than a liar, gentlemen. This food was done before we got here and you had no intentions of sharing with anyone but your trash." William leaned towards them. His voice was low and filled with a silent rage that sent goosebumps across her skin. "I want their villages to be fully stocked before the sun comes up tomorrow."

"Prince William, please. You don't understand how impossible that is for us,"

William stood. "I want to try out a new strategy." He clapped his hands and all of his guards entered. Enzo looked on in confusion that was quickly masked. William nodded to his guards and they crossed the room and hauled up the two men like they were nothing.

"Hey-what the hell are you doing?" Mal shouted. Edward desperately tried to get out of their hold, but he barely moved an inch.

"I could throw you in jail for cursing at a royal, but for now we will try out my newest idea." William reached across the table and took a piece of meat on his fork before he bit into it roughly. One of the servants came in the room and widened their eyes at the scene before them. William smiled at them-though it didn't reach his eyes.

"Is there a closet in this house?" He asked politely. "Smaller the better."

"Y-yes your majesty. Follow me." She bowed. When the men started to object, his guards smacked them in the head. Doris and Enzo quickly got up to follow them out of the room.

Right outside of the dining room was a small door. William opened it and his guards shoved the two men inside. William slammed the door shut and another guard shoved a chair under the knob so they couldn't open it.

Immediately, the men started to pound against the door and demanded to be let out.

"This is ridiculous! We have done nothing wrong, let us out right this instant!" One of them shouted. Doris wasn't sure who, they sounded the same.

"I want you to know what it's like to starve." William said over their shouts. "We're going to enjoy this magnificent feast and if you two get hungry, I might allow you to have a bit of water."

"Prince William, please!"

"I'm utterly repulsed by the both of you. No longer will I allow things to go unchecked like this. If you want to come out, you'll have to agree to send more food to the north. More than what they pay for." o

"More?! *Are you mad—*" The man coughed violently as if he tried to swallow the words back, but it was too late. He'd already said them and William clenched his jaw at their words "We can't do that, your majesty."

"Then I hope you understand more when you're left without food for a few days." William turned from the door and faced the servants that only looked as if they wanted to cower away from him and hide into the walls. Doris didn't blame them.

"You're forbidden from opening this door, do you understand?" The maids nodded slowly. "Good. Ignore everything these pathetic men say." .

"If you ask me, I think it'll do them some good to be locked in there." Enzo chimed in. He peered around the door to look at the small closet. "They seem like they're overdue for a life lesson."

William walked past them and into the dining room. He filled a plate of food and left it by the bottom of the door as if to torture them with the smell. When he stood again, he clapped his hands.

"Let's not waste food, we should eat."

They all followed William back to the dining room where he sat at the end like a king. He gestured for his guards to join them and even the maids who stood off to the side nervously as if they didn't know what else to do.

Doris sat closest to him. She piled her plate high, but not as high as Enzo did. He dug into his plate like a starved animal and it made her realize how hungry she really was. They ate in mostly silence, but it wasn't off. It was more like the type of silence where everyone had something on their mind and they couldn't think to say anything else. 1

Once the food was emptied and everyone had their fill, they all leaned back in their chairs. A flash of guilt entered her. They ate like royalty while that village was still suffering. Perhaps they should have just brought it all to them,

No, that wasn't the point. William was trying to make it so they never went hungry again-not like that. The month wasn't even close to being up and that was all they had. How could anyone survive off of what they were given?

Low conversations passed around the table and carried on late into the evening. They ignored the pleas to be released by the men who still hadn't gotten a taste of remorse and Doris suddenly felt as if she could sit here all night until they did.

gave them his blessing but stayed right where he was long after all the dishes were cleared and the left overs were put away.

It wasn't until dawn was approaching that the men finally came to their senses. "Fine. Let us out to discuss the food trade for the north, Prince William."

She wasn't sure if she was imaging things, but William almost looked disappointed to hear they had given up so easily. Perhaps they were more hungry than expected, considering they never missed a meal.