

# Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 183

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Chapter 183 Cheap shots

Beth was escorted out of the cell a while later and left Doris alone once again with her thoughts. If Martin believed she was happy here, he would be more willing to prove to her that this place was perfect for them. He would let her roam free. She hoped.

And then the rest she could deal with as she went. If she was allowed out of her room, she could slip out and find a weapon to defend herself.

If only it was that easy.

Doris dozed off for a few hours when her exhaustion caught up with her. She woke at the first sign of knocking and it knocked any sort of sleep away from her. She quickly pushed the sheets away from her and got up just as Prince Martin opened the door.

"Sorry, am I disturbing you?" He took a step back towards the door. He wore a light green suit with slicked back hair. He smelled clean, as if he'd just come from a lavender bath.

"No, no. It's fine." Doris cleared her throat. "Come in."

Prince Martin looked at her strangely before he stepped in and closed the door behind him. "How are you doing today? I hope you enjoyed your morning."

"Oh yes I did very much, I was just admiring the lovely painting on the wall. Did you have someone come in to hand paint all of this?" Doris traced the flowers with her fingertips.

"I did." Prince Martin said. He brightened a little and stepped closer to admire the art with her. "I wanted it to be like the garden back at the palace. I always saw you out there after your shifts."

"Is there a garden here? It's been a long time since I got to enjoy one." Doris said almost sadly. She sighed and raked her fingers through her hair that she was certain looked like a mess. She hadn't thought once about her appearance since she arrived.

"Of course there is. Do you think I would have forgotten your garden?" Prince Martin glanced at the door and then back at Doris. "Would you like to see it?"

Doris tried not to look overly excited. She smiled warmly and nodded. "That would be lovely! You should have told me, I didn't realize you had one here!"

Doris slipped on shoes by the door before she joined him. He wrapped a cloak around her shoulders gently and she had to force herself not to step away from him when he lingered close. Instead, she held his arm as he opened the door. She didn't miss the smile on his face when she touched him.

One of his guards stepped up instantly when he saw them. "Is this a good idea, your majesty? I thought she was to remain inside her room."

"She wanted to see other areas of her house. I don't think it's fair to deprive her of that, we will be back soon." Prince Martin said as he passed. The guards fell into step behind them.

"How many rooms are here? It looks quite big on the outside from my window." Doris said lightly.

"It's a mini castle. The royal court abandoned it years ago but I had it fixed up recently to be livable. It still needs work, but it's almost there." Prince Martin said with a smile. He led her down a hall that looked endless before they turned down the main staircase. She tried to memorize all of it like a map in her mind. "It has about eight bedrooms and several offices. All of them are yours to decorate as you wish."

"Wow." Doris said. "Is this one of the only castles that were abandoned by the royal court?"

"There are more, but not many." Prince Martin said. Doris swallowed the heavy feeling in her chest. That was good. If there weren't many others, William had a chance to find where she was and she could find her way back to him. Hopefully he knew where they were.

"Through here is the kitchen." He led her through a large, bright kitchen that had several cooks at the stoves. It smelled heavenly, but the thought of eating made her sick. Her appetite felt strange, as if she was hungry but she didn't want to eat a single thing. "And back through here is the quickest way to get to the garden."

Prince Martin led her through the back entrance and immediately they stepped out to an enclosed pathway that led to the garden. Doris looked around for an exit, but the only one she saw was back the way they came. Unless there was one along the back walls.

Her shoes crunched on the rocks as she entered the greenhouse. It was stunning. She couldn't deny how much the sight took her breath away. Flowers bloomed even in the winter and it made her wonder if he had some sort of magic to have something like that happen. It looked almost identical to the one she used to walk through back at the palace.

She tried not to think about how uneasy he made her feel when he admitted to watching her. He watched her, he listened to her private conversations. Doris had no idea he had become so obsessed with her... for how long was he like that? Since they first met?

Prince Martin led her through the rows until they reached a stone bench that looked awfully familiar to the one back at the palace.

"What do you think?" He asked with a smile on his face. Doris casually removed her arm away from his own as she looked around.

"It's beautiful. I... I can't believe you did all of this for me."

"Of course I did. What's the point of wealth if you can't spend it on those you care for?" Prince Martin inched closer to her. She could feel him watching her even when she turned her face away to admire the view.

"Well, I love it." Doris finally said. When she turned back to him, it looked as if he deflated in relief.

"I knew you would warm up to this place. I heard Beth comment on how much you adored your room."

"Oh, yes. I think I just needed time to take it all in." Doris brushed her hair back. "I've never had anyone do something like this for me. It was overwhelming."

"See, I knew it would be." Prince Martin stood and started to pace in front of her. "I knew that it would be too much. I originally planned to tell you at the palace when you were ready, but then this war started and you were taken from me. I didn't have a choice."

"I understand." Doris said gently. She had to treat him like a wild animal and go along with whatever he said. "I think... everything just happened so fast. I didn't know how to take all of this in."

Prince Martin fell to his knee in front of her. "You understand?" His voice was filled with so much hope, she couldn't wait to step all over it.

"I do. I just, I've been kidnapped and thrown in a cell more times than I can count and..." Doris sighed and turned her face away from him. "I don't like the feeling of being trapped. It makes me feel as if I'm going to suffocate. I just feel... helpless."

Prince Martin gripped her hand. "I never want you to feel that way here. It's your home."

"As you say, but I can't even leave my room to see the rest of it." Doris whimpered. She saw something in his face break a little.

"You're right. I don't know how I could be so... so foolish. I expected you to love this place instantly, but how can you if you're stuck in one of the rooms?"

Doris stayed silent. She wanted him to come to the conclusion on his own.

"How about this. Your door won't be locked any longer, you can roam the house as you wish."

Doris sniffled. "Really? Alone?"

"No, I can't do that yet my darling. There is still a war going on and I don't want to risk anything happening to you. My guards will escort you if I'm not around."

Doris swallowed the feeling of defeat. "What about my friend? I don't want her locked up—"

"I'm afraid she will have to stay where she is for now." Prince Martin said gently. He squeezed her knee and she wanted to flinch away from him. "I can't risk anything with her. She might try to run off in the middle of the night and my main concern is with you."

Doris exhaled slowly. It would be fine. She got him to allow her door to be unlocked, she could figure out the rest.

Doris smiled sweetly. "Thank you, Martin."

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**Chapter 184 Plans are hard to keep**

Prince Martin showed Doris every room in the house, even where Beth was staying. Her mind was far from him even as he tried to keep the excitement through it all. He painted an image of happiness in front of her, but she only saw misery. She tried to memorize every step she took and every exit she saw just in case her time for escape came. She laid out each hallway in her mind and followed the direction from her room a hundred different ways until she knew exactly where the exit was. Once she was alone, she waited a few hours before she tested the door. Even when she knew it wasn't locked, it still sent a thrill of shock through her when it opened. Her hands trembled as she pulled it open. Doris poked her head out of the hall and immediately flinched when she saw the same guards staring right back at her. She quickly smiled. "Just a bit hungry." "We can get you something from the kitchens if you need, my lady." One of the guards said. He stared down at her as if he didn't trust anything about her. She supposed she didn't trust anything about him, either. "Oh, no. I need a walk. I couldn't ask you to go out of your way for me, either." She smiled and pulled her cloak tighter around her. When they said nothing, she took her first step out into the hall. A small taste of freedom made her want to kiss the grounds. They didn't stop her, but they followed her the moment she started heading towards the kitchen. She could hear their steps in the dim hallway mirror her own from behind her. She briefly wondered if there would ever be a day in her life where something didn't follow her. When Doris got to the kitchen, the smells almost made her faint. She'd forgotten to eat again and she wanted to curse herself for being so foolish. She didn't have the luxury of only caring for herself when there

was now a life inside her. At least Beth wasn't there to scold her even further. She sat on a stool at the island that overlooked the stoves. Both of the chef's glanced back at her as if she was a strange object that just rolled into their kitchen. "Hello. Sorry to bother you, I was hoping for something to eat." She said kindly. They bowed their heads and quickly turned away from her again as if she said nothing at all. Faster than she thought possible, a plate of food was set in front of her on an elegant plate with Prince Martin's initials. Doris almost rolled her eyes but remembered herself. "Thank you very much." They bowed their heads again and left through the kitchen door with a pot still stewing on the stove. She glanced back at the guards to see them staring straight ahead in the back of the room. The plate held small a meat pie with diced potatoes and a dinner roll. She didn't care if the men watched her tear through every last bite until it was empty. The silverware gleamed back up at her. She discreetly shoved the knife into her sleeve as she reached for her water. "Would it be possible to visit my friend tonight?" Doris asked innocently. She hopped off the stool and turned to look at the men, the knife felt heavy in her sleeve but neither of them looked suspicious. "Not tonight, my lady. Would you care to go back to your room now that you've eaten?" Doris furrowed her brows and opened her mouth to argue, but quickly swallowed her words. She didn't need them on her bad side if they were the ones that followed her everywhere. Instead, she smiled. "Of course, thank you." The next day, Doris wasted no time. She hid her knife on her belt under her cloak before she ventured out into the halls. The guards didn't have time to ask where she was going before they had to hurry just to keep up with her. She headed straight for Beth's room, but almost screamed when Prince Martin stepped in her way. "Out for a walk?" He asked with a smile. "Oh! My, you scared me." She cleared her throat. "Yes. I was hoping to see Beth today. It's been a while since we spoke last and I quite miss her." "I don't think she would mind if I stole you away for a little bit." He held out his arm for her to take. Doris sighed inwardly and accepted. "I had hoped to talk to you shortly, if you don't mind." Something about the way he said it told her that she didn't have an option with this conversation. It would happen with or without her approval. "About what?" "William has gone a bit mad, my informants have told me that he found you missing and he's now tearing through my army looking for you." It was like a warmth spread through her bones at the thought of William coming for her. She was almost afraid to respond incase she said the wrong thing. "Oh?" "Yes. It's strange, because he sent a letter this morning, demanding a meeting with me." Doris's heart raced in her chest. Did he know where she was? Was he coming for her? "Oh, very interesting." Doris said lightly. "He also said he wants you to be there to make sure I didn't kill you." Martin snorted. Doris once would have laughed at the polished prince doing something like that. Now it only made her shiver with disgust. Everything about him made her want to recoil. "Are you going to meet with him?" Doris asked. She tried her best to sound uninterested, but she knew that he would see right through it. She hadn't been here that long, he knew her heart still laid with him. It was best not to ask too much. Prince Martin stared at her silently for a moment. "I am. He will be here by tonight." Her heart skipped a beat. Tonight? She would see him again tonight? Doris prayed all of this would be over, she prayed the war would end and they would come to an understanding. Most of all, she prayed that he would get her out of here if her own plans fell short. But as she walked further with him down the hallway, she knew that wouldn't be so. He would never let her go-everything he built here was for her. For them to live together away from the palace in this life he made without her say. "I want you to tell him to leave here." Prince Martin said calmly. "I want you to tell him you're happy here and he doesn't need to come save you." Doris said nothing, so he continued. "I know you might still be confused for your true feelings, so I thought a little push might help you decide quicker." "A

push-“If you agree to send him away, I’ll free your friend. If not, you’ll never see her again.” Doris stopped dead in her tracks at his words. It felt like a dark cloud fell over them. “What did you just say?” He looked so calm, unaffected, and even friendly as he looked down at her. “I had Beth moved the moment we got the letter. I knew you wouldn’t have it in you to be cruel to William so I thought this might motivate you.” 2 Doris pushed away from him. “What did you do to her? Where is she?” “She’s fine. We moved her to the cellars underground until all of this is sorted.” A flash of Beth in a dark cell made Doris sick to her stomach. She almost collapsed right in front of him. “Please, don’t hurt her. She’s done nothing wrong, she shouldn’t even be here!” “I know that, which is why we haven’t harmed a hair on her head. If it was anyone else, they might not have been so lucky.” Prince Martin took a step towards her, she took one back. Her eyes blurred with tears that threatened to pour out. “I’ll give William the crown. He was right, I never truly wanted to be a king. I let others call the shots because I couldn’t care less what happened to the kingdom. I sat back and let the world happen around me-too afraid to join in. I’m through with that.” “Why didn’t you give it to him sooner?” Doris said weakly. “None of this had to happen, your mother would still be alive.” “Because he had you. He had everything I wanted and the only thing I ever asked for.” Prince Martin’s kindness was starting to crack, she could see his anger trying to pour out of him. “I’ll give him the crown, if he gives you up in return.” 2

## Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 185

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Chapter 185 Decisions, decisions

Doris was thrown back in her room before she had the chance to react to any of what happened. His words still spun around in her head and made her feel as if she was underwater. Would he kill her best friend if she went against his wishes?

He quickly formed into a monster in her mind. He was no longer a man she could swindle to do as she asked, he was no longer the kind prince he once was. He was a monster that wanted to take what he thought belonged to him-but she didn’t. She had to find a way out of this without getting her friend hurt in the process.

Any plan to stab her way out of here was ruined. They could take Beth and kill her the moment she acted out to defend herself and she would rather die than risk something like that. Her wolf was still silent and she wasn’t sure when Cordelia would be back-for all she knew, her food had the drug too. It might be a week before she felt her wolf wake again.

She knew one thing, she couldn’t risk her best friend’s life for her own. She would never forgive herself if something happened to her. Her heart screamed in her chest when she couldn’t get the thought of her best friend sitting in the darkness out of her mind.

Doris was pulled from her room hours later. “What’s happening?” Doris demanded. They led her down the grand stairs and off to an area that Prince

Martin had neglected to take her. The house broke off into an area that looked as if it didn't belong to the castle at all.

It was large, dark and grand at the same time. It looked like a dark version of the main hall back at the palace where they held meetings or fancy balls. She wasn't sure why it gave her the chills but it looked all wrong. It looked as if the walls would fall apart around her if she lingered too long inside. 1

The guards brought her over to Martin who sat patiently across a large table, no one else was in the room yet. It felt cold and empty rather than warm and inviting.

"Ah, I hope you rested well." Prince Martin stood and pulled out the seat closest to him. Doris swallowed her annoyance and sat down.

"Is it wise that I'm over here? Perhaps I should sit somewhere else in the room while you have this conversation." Doris said calmly. "In fact, I probably shouldn't be here at all. I really think this should be between you two."

As much as she wanted to see William, she didn't want to break his heart-and she knew that Martin would make her if she took that seat.

Prince Martin seemed to be in thought. "Perhaps you're right." He snapped his fingers, the guards came and gripped her arm to force her up. "Set her across the room. I don't want him to be able to see her during this. You can bring her out when I say to."

Doris refrained from telling Martin that William would be able to scent her the moment he walked inside. She doubted he knew that could happen with mates at all. If he knew anything about the mating bond, she doubted that he would challenge his brother over it. 1

They seated her in the far back corner where no light shined. She hesitated before they forced her down in the seat and stood tall in front of her as if to hide her from view, but she could still see just fine. If William wasn't so observant, she knew he might miss her entirely.

They waited in silence for what felt like hours. Doris watched the door and then Martin who sat perfectly still as if he was ready for any battle to come his way. She wanted to take her shoe off and throw it at his head just to put some life back inside him. 2

She almost didn't believe her eyes when she watched William walk through the doors as if he owned the place. His dark hair a mess as if he hadn't slept in days, but his dark suit was perfect in every way possible. It formed around his body elegantly, she had to hold her breath for a moment.

He didn't come here to play: 3

Her heart tried to bang out of her chest and go right to him. His head turned in her direction slightly, but he quickly turned away and focused on his brother as if he didn't see her at all. Perhaps that's all he wanted him to think.

Martin's chair scratched across the floor when he entered. He held out his arms as if he was greeting William with warmth instead of hatred.

"William, glad to see you finally made it."

"I had to torture your location out of your finest guards." William dragged the chair back and sat down roughly. His anger was in every movement she made and she almost felt sorry for what was to come.

Prince Martin smoothed out his jacket with a smile. "He wasn't the finest if he gave it, was he?"

"Not even close." William tilted his head in her direction again as if he was listening for her. She knew he had seen her.

"Nonetheless, it's good to see you. I almost had hoped you didn't fall into my trap when you went to storm the palace. I wanted to see you face to face but I suppose that all things happen for a reason."

William's jaw twitched. "What is it you want, Martin? This dance is ridiculous and tiresome, you know how it will end."

"Down to the business so quickly? I'm not ready for that yet. I want to talk to my brother first."

"What's the point? You haven't seen me as a brother since you were old enough to know better. Don't pretend now." William said.

"It's funny you say that. I don't think you remember how cruel you were when you were young. I know you must have been mad at the world for the unfortunate thing called life, but I don't think you realize how much you shoved away your siblings until we had enough."

"I was cruel because of how you and Jack treated me. You never failed to remind me that our father didn't care for me and that he loved both of you more." William sat up a little to lean his elbows on the table. "You made my life a hell until cruelty was my only friend."

Prince Martin shifted a little at his words. "We tried to get you to join in, all you ever wanted to do was mope around about what happened to your mother."

"You thought it would be a good idea to make fun of my situation and that it would make me stronger. Is that what you're going to tell me next?"

"No--"



"Martin, you had that crown on your head since before you could talk. You never gave one shit about what happened to me when you were treated like the golden child. You never once wondered what it would be like for me when you were treated so... wonderfully."

"That isn't true-"

"You once told me that you didn't understand my pain. You told me that I should be grateful that I was born a prince despite our father casting me aside because of his heart ache. Admit that you never once took a moment to think about anyone but yourself." William said through his teeth. Doris felt her heart shatter for him.

Prince *Martin* sat quietly. He cleared his throat. "I suppose you finally got your revenge, you took the life of my mother and our brother. Does that make you feel better? Knowing that you killed my family?"

"Your mother and brother have tried to kill me more times than I can count. If you think I'm daft enough to let that continue, then you really are as simple as I thought you were. Family means shit if they're all only out for themselves."

"You can cry wolf all you want, William. But at some point people are going to realize that you're not as great as you think you are." Prince *Martin* shifted in his seat again. Doris swore she saw a bit of sweat on his forehead. "Tell me, how did your raid of the palace go?"

"It went well until I was told that the crown prince was nothing but a coward." William tilted his head towards Doris again. "I didn't think you would take my mate for all of this."

"Just because she is your mate, doesn't mean she belongs to you." Prince *Martin* lifted his chin. "In fact, I have a proposal for you. To end this war once and for all."

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**Chapter 186 An offer you can't refuse**

William tilted his head slightly as he looked across at his brother. Suspicion filled his features and she bet his blue eyes were the same. He was wise enough not to walk into a trap without looking where he would land. "You agree to hand over the crown?" "I do, under one condition." *Martin* smiled across at William and Doris thought he looked similar to the devil in that moment. It reminded her of a child's tale where a wolf dressed up in sheep's clothing to trick the innocent one. She quickly shook those thoughts from her head. "Name your price." William said with a bit of caution in his tone. He didn't look at her once. "I will give you over the crown, the palace, anything you ask for... in exchange for Doris.(This novel will be daily updaed at)" *Martin* said as he leaned back in his seat. William

flinched a little as if his words had wounded him. Even hearing it out loud herself shocked her, part of her wanted to believe that he had been bluffing this whole time. "What? You want my mate in exchange for the crown?" William fisted his hands on the table. "Have you lost your mind? What makes you think I would ever agree to something Any sense of cool, calm and collected fell away from William all at once. He didn't try to hide his distaste for his brother any longer and she was only surprised it took him so long. "You and I both know that Doris will never be happy at the palace. She only has bad memories of the place, let me take care of her." Martin gestured to the walls around them. "I had this place set up for her. She could be happy here and have a true life of freedom. I had a home made for her to be herself where she never has to worry about being a slave to anyone-" "You think I would let you take my mate? There is nothing stopping me from killing you right this moment and ending all of this." William said through his teeth. Martin looked amused which only infuriated William more. "We both know it wouldn't be that simple. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)I would have to give you the crown willingly. Think about it, William. The crown is all you want-you won't have time for her once you become king. If you knew her at all, you would know how much her own freedom means to her." "How long have you wanted my mate, Martin?" "Longer than you, that's for certain. You didn't even know she was alive when I started this house for her." Martin narrowed his eyes. "I should have known that you would sink your claws into the one thing | wanted. Is this revenge for what happened with Grace?" "Mates are destined, Martin. Don't flatter yourself thinking that I cared what you wanted." William leaned forward. "There is nothing you could give me in exchange for her. She is not up for negotiation and she never will be. You might as well stop while you're ahead." Doris felt her heart leap in her chest. She knew he wouldn't have given her up, but part of her had always worried how far he would go for the crown. Clearly there had always been a line, and she was it. "Answer me this, William. When did you start to pursue the crown? I always thought you had better things to do than care about your own kingdom. I don't remember you in any of the lessons when we were children. You were always off doing your own thing." "I've always wanted the crown. I just knew that our father would never take me seriously enough to hand it over." William raked his fingers through his hair aggressively at the thought. "When we were young, he wouldn't even consider giving me a pack. He insulted me in front of everyone by calling me useless-he made it clear that I was never going to be anything to him." "The packs he assigned us were for show, you know that. They held no real weight for anything. I remember when I fist got mine. I felt so important. I quickly learned that my word meant nothing to them. They smiled and agreed to whatever I said, but they were clearly run by someone within the pack. I quickly forgot about them, as did Jack and I believe Daniel did as well." "It doesn't matter if they were for show. That might make it even worse because I was never given one. I always thought I could be what our father saw me as and(This novel will be daily updtaed at) it wouldn't make a difference what I truly wanted. Whenever I tried to show a. a shine at my own leadership, our father would laugh it off as if I was a fool." William shook his head at the memory. "Nothing I did mattered to that man. I tried for years until I realized I had to do it on my own." "I don't understand. Why would you act like a scoundrel in the palace? It ruined your reputation for everyone. No one considered you an option for anything serious. We all thought you were fine being what you are. Having as many lovers and sleeping throughout the days-everyone thought that was all you were good for." "I couldn't fight the seed that father already planted about me. I couldn't change his mind or try to prove myself when he would treat me like a fool when I tried. I lived as the son he expected me to be, and I began my own plans for the future." William looked at Martin closely. "I knew you were never happy as the prince. I could see it from

day one. Why did you agree to be the crown prince if you weren't happy?" Martin cleared his throat and shifted in his seat. "It was easier to go along with what they wanted. They saw me as the perfect candidate and I tried to be that for them." "But it never made you happy, did it?" Martin stared at William for a long moment. He shook his head silently. "No. It didn't matter, it made my mother happy. It made our father happy. Their feelings were what mattered in the palace, not mine." "I don't think I've ever seen you truly happy. Not even when you got engaged to Grace." "I didn't want her. My mother wanted me to build the stronger alliance and I didn't even know a thing about her. It sent me to a dark place and I only found a way out when I met Doris." Martin glanced at where Doris was hidden. She froze. "Do you know Doris, Martin? Do you know anything about her?" "I didn't need to. She was the opposite of everyone else in this castle. She had a kindness that couldn't be forced. She cared when I came to the library, I know she did." Doris frowned a little. Martin had barely ever spoken with her before this. She understood that most people form infatuations with people in their mind before they ever speak to them, but she didn't realize the impact she had on Martin when all she did was say hello to him once in a while. It hit her then, as she looked at the two brothers. How much both of them felt lost their whole lives and clung onto the one thing that they thought would make them happy. Martin didn't know her, not like William did, yet he convinced himself he would be happy if only he had her. He would have a taste of simplicity with her and an easy love if only he had her. He would have the life he always wanted if he had someone like her to love him. William convinced himself the same about the crown. If only he had it, he would be happy. He would be better. He would be a great leader and therefore finally prove himself to the world that doubted him. Only, they were both wrong. William was already a leader with or without the crown. And Martin, she couldn't give him instant happiness to make up for a lifetime without it. He had to find that on his own and she didn't know how to tell him that without sounding cruel. He loved the idea of her, he didn't know one thing about her soul. Not like William did. Silent tears fell down Martin's face. "You can have Grace back, she was never meant for me. You can have the crown and be the king you always wanted." "I don't want Grace, Martin. I don't want your wife. (This novel will be daily updated at) You know damn well that I wouldn't leave here without my mate. The crown be damned for all I care, you can't have her." 1.