

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 189

Chapter 189 Who are you

Doris would have rolled her eyes at him if they weren't standing over a blood bath. She gripped his hand and pulled him towards the door. "It's locked! Check their bodies for a set of keys, one of them has to have it." Enzo rolled over their bodies and searched each of the guards until he found the keys. Quickly, he crossed the room and unlocked the door for them before Doris could try to break it down herself. The lower cellar stretched on a narrow hallway with cells that faded into the darkness. Doris prayed that Beth wasn't put too far down. She knew how it felt to be scared and alone in the darkness. She knew all too well that it could bring nightmares that lasted weeks or months.

"Beth?" Doris called. At first, nothing. Until she heard the sound of someone moving in their cell. "Doris? Is that you?" Beth said hesitantly. A feeling of relief filled her entire body like nothing ever had before. Doris hurried to the voice and found Beth crouched in a dimly lit cell. A flickering candle was her only light. It broke Doris's heart to see her best friend dirty and frightened. Doris gripped the bars and choked on her tears. "Beth! I'm so sorry this happened to you, I'm here to get you out of here!" Doris gestured at Enzo to give her the keys. Doris tried every single one of them, but none fit. "Prince Martin took the cell key. He told me he would give it to you once you did what he said." Beth said as she stepped up to the bars.

Enzo went still beside her and Beth's eyes flicked to him as if she sensed it. When their eyes locked, Doris swore that she had never heard silence so loud in her life. It was as if the world stilled around them and Doris faded into the darkness. If she reached out her hand, she might have been able to caress the tension that formed there. 2 "Who are you?" Beth asked, a bit breathlessly.

Enzo said nothing. No charm or flirting came out of his mouth, it was as if she stole all of his breath and he forgot how to speak. Doris had honestly never seen him like that before, not once. When he said nothing, Doris cleared her throat and bumped him lightly with her shoulder. "Oh-|..." Enzo slicked back his messy hair and bowed. "My name is Enzo, I've come to help our lady get you out of here. Fear not, we will solve this puzzle soon enough." Beth gasped when he said his name. Doris realized that this was the first time they've ever come face to face -she swiftly avoided him as long as she could back at the camp. Beth quickly looked at Doris as if she couldn't believe that she let a rogue come this close to her. "Is there another way we might get you out?" Doris asked as she peered in the cell. It was then that she noticed the bars that connected to her neighboring cell had a part at the top where they didn't reach the ceiling. It was barely big enough for a human, but...! "There!" Doris pointed. "Can you get up there and crawl through?" Beth turned to observe what she meant, and quickly shook her head. "Oh no. I could never reach there even if I stood on the bed, it's much too high and... I don't think so. It wouldn't work." "I can get her out of there." Enzo said suddenly. His silence didn't escape Doris just yet.

Beth started to shake her head. "Oh, no. We will just have to wait—"

"Nonsense. I can get you out of there." Enzo took the keys from Doris and found the one that opened the cell next to Doris. He circled the area a few times as if he was plotting it out right before him like a map in his mind. Doris quickly joined him as he pushed the cot against the bars. "I might be tall enough to reach it and pull myself through." He said to Doris. Beth stood back away from the scene as if she was worried something bad would happen and it would all come crashing down around her. She looked at Enzo as if she wasn't sure whether to trust him with this task yet, but clearly they had no other options. "Are you sure you could fit?" Doris whispered. "I could—" "No, you're not tall enough. You wouldn't be able to get back on the other side and William would kill me if I got you trapped in a cell." Enzo flashed a smile at her. "Just help her down when I get her through." "Wait, what are you going to do," Enzo ignored her and hopped up on the small cot. He gripped the bar on the top and pulled himself up with an ease she couldn't imagine. He grunted as he squeezed his body through the small space and fell through on the other side. She winced at the loud thump, but he was up in a flash as if it never happened.

The grin he gave Beth could have melted the heart of any girl. Beth seemed as if she herself forgot how to speak for a moment. She cowered in the corner as he held out his hand for her. "I won't hurt you, this is a rescue mission." a Doris almost rolled her eyes at him, again. Hesitantly, Beth took his hand and allowed him to guide her to the wall. He helped her up on the cot and Doris wished she could show how wide Beth's eyes were as he touched her. o

"I'm going to lift you through, okay?" Enzo said gently. He stared at Beth as if she was the only light in the room. When Beth nodded, he gripped her hips and she let out a surprised gasp from the touch. Enzo lifted Beth with ease and helped her pull herself through the small space. Doris was instantly there on the other side to make sure she didn't fall like Enzo did. She almost gracefully landed on the cot and quickly moved off before Enzo did the same. Doris wrapped her arms around Beth and almost squeezed the life out of her. "I'm so sorry this happened. I'm so sorry that you always are the pawn when it comes to me. I hate that this is all because of me, I don't deserve you." "Doris!" Beth pulled away a little to look at her friend. "They use me because of how much you love me, don't be sorry for loving me with your whole heart. I'm honored that you do." Doris wiped her eyes. "You're being traumatized because of me. I wouldn't call that being lucky to have me in your life." Beth rolled her eyes. "I may be dirty, but I am fine. No one hurt me." "Classic Beth to try and take away my guilt." Doris laughed a little. Beth's eyes couldn't help but flicker to the man beside them. "Enzo is the greatest man you'll ever meet, don't be afraid of him." Doris said quietly even though she was positive he heard her.

Beth nodded slowly as she watched Enzo. Doris looked between them and felt a strange pulse. It made her feel as if she was the third wheel to two friends that had only just met. 2

It didn't matter, they didn't have time for this.

"We have to get back to William to make sure they didn't kill each other!" Doris gripped Beth's hand and followed Enzo out of the cells. He glanced back at them-or Beth-several times as they made their way up

– back to the main ballroom. “Are you sure they didn’t hurt you while you were in there?” Doris whispered to Beth when Enzo was far enough ahead. “No, they told me that you needed the room and that they were moving me to another one.” Beth said quietly. “At first, I thought they were going to put me somewhere smaller, but they led me down there and locked me inside without an explanation. Eventually, *Martin* came down and told me that he would give you the key if you did what you needed to.” Doris let out a long breath of relief. She worried they mistreated her to prove a point, but clearly they waited for Doris to make the mistake before they did anything to her. She was only glad she had gotten her out before that could happen. “William is here?” Beth asked. “What did you mean when you said they might kill each other?” “Sibling rivalry is never pretty, my dear.” Enzo called over his shoulder. Beth’s cheeks grew red instantly. “*Martin* and William are arguing about the crown, I only worry that it will get worse if we don’t stop it soon.”

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Chapter 190 It all amounts to nothing

Enzo led them back to the main ballroom and didn’t get them lost once. Doris was thankful that he seemed to remember the path so easily when she knew that she would have been circling the place for hours before she found where she needed to be. Her thoughts were too wild for her to concentrate on anything, let alone simple hallways that she had only seen once.

Beth squeezed her hand and gave her a small smile as they headed down the main hall. It encouraged her to keep pushing forward even when she wished it was already over with. She wanted to close her eyes and wake up back in the palace with everything as it was. Back before everything went wrong. Before a war ever brewed inside the palace. Before everything came crumbling down around them.

Never had she felt so unsteady in her life. It felt as if a single step could make her fall beneath the surface and it was always there to threaten her. A reminder that she could lose everything at any moment and there was nothing she could do to stop any of it.

Something was off before they reached the room. A feeling pierced her chest and she wasn’t sure if it was because of William in trouble, or because of the emptiness the hallways were. The day before, the area was crawling with guards in every corner. Now they hadn’t seen more than a handful since they left the cells. And the ones they did see, were too distracted to notice anything off. They watched the end of the hall towards where the main ballroom was as if they waited for something to come of it.

It was strange that no one had been waiting for them when they left the cells. Doris half expected to be ambushed and thrown in jail for killing the guards that attacked them, but no one had even been alerted of it yet. Beth thankfully closed her eyes as they stepped over the bodies after they left her cell. Her friend’s

strength encouraged Doris more than she had the words to admit. Were the guards waiting to see if a new king was to be announced? Or were they waiting to see if one of them killed the other? That was the thing was royal business, outsiders had no right to step between them no matter how violent it turned. They would be forced to watch unless one of the prince's demanded they defend them. Only then would they be allowed to stop the inevitable, but something told Doris that neither of the princes would be willing to let someone else settle their score. Her confusion was instantly answered when she noticed the missing guards pouring out of the main hall. Familiar voices shouted at each other as if they were trying to see who could be louder. Doris dropped Beth's hand and hurried after Enzo to find William. None of the guards paid them attention as they pushed through. Their eyes were glued to the shouting match in front of them. "...this is foolish, Martin. Drop it." William said sternly as if he was scolding his brother. Doris tried to see over the crowd, she went up on her toes trying to get a glimpse of what William was referring to. A wave of nausea hit her like never before. Her body demanded her to sit and rest and she knew she had to-especially for the baby-but there was no time for herself.

"There's no point, William. It's all over, My path has come to an end." Martin said. "That's not even remotely true. Your path hasn't even started yet, brother. There are so many roles at the palace that you might fall into and learn that you love it more." William's voice turned more gentle. Doris moved through the crowd and finally caught a view of what entranced the guards around them. Martin held a sharp dagger to his own throat with William trying to coax him into putting it down. 1

Doris felt her heart rate speed up, she pushed through the crowd to get closer. She forced herself to swallow

the acidic bile that wanted to come up her throat.

"That's hilarious, William. Force me out of my role and make me work for you." "Martin. Listen to me, you don't have to do this. This isn't how I wanted things to go-" "Didn't you come here to kill me, William? Didn't you come here to take the crown from my dead hands and claim I handed it over willingly?" Martin spat. Hot tears rolled down his cheeks and Doris felt her mind start to race. No, he couldn't die over this. Too many people had lost their lives, too many members of his family. "I came here to talk to you—"

"You came here to kill me like you killed my mother and brother, don't try to claim otherwise. We're nothing but pawns in your game to get what you always wanted." Martin said bitterly. William had the nerve to look wounded. "I killed them because they tried to kill me-several times. Your mother has wanted me dead since I was born, she tried to take my life the moment she realized I wanted the crown and our dear brother only helped her." William took a small step towards his brother. He held out his hands as if he meant no harm. "I would never have hurt you over this," Martin started laughing, so much so that he accidentally cut himself. Doris watched as the blood dripped down his neck but he barely seemed to notice. She wanted to jump on him and force the knife from his hands. She would give anything to have her wolf awake so she could tell her what to do. "You're lying, William. You would have cut me down for the crown and you know it in your heart. But that's okay, you will have to live with yourself and your choices you made to get what you wanted." Martin took a step back. His guards

crowded the area as if they didn't know what to do or how to prevent this. It was one thing to stop a prince from attacking another, but they didn't know how to stop one from harming himself. "You'll have to live your life knowing what you did to your own family." "Martin, please don't do this!" Doris called. "Please don't hurt yourself!" Martin locked eyes with her and she felt as if the world slowed for a moment. There was so much sadness in his eyes. How long had he been so broken? Why had no one ever noticed that the prince was suffering this much? He hid it so well. In every smile, in every confident word he spoke. Doris felt her heart break for the man that had years of pain on his chest. She regretted the days she was too shy to talk to him, those were days he might have needed a friend the most. If only she could turn back the clock, she would be that friend for him. To ease a bit of the weight in his chest from having no one to understand.

"I knew you were magnificent Doris, from the moment I met you. When I saw you shift into the white wolf at the play, it all made sense. I wasn't even surprised." Martin smiled a little. "My mother raged when we were in private, but I knew you were special from the moment I met you." Doris held out her hand to him. "Martin— Don't do this to yourself. Please, you're not alone." "I'm sorry I brought you here, Doris. I should have known you wouldn't change your mind. Everyone wants William. Hell even half the kingdom was ready to fight for him without seeing an ounce of his leadership." "Martin, please. There is so much better out there for you. Life doesn't end because you don't get your way, a new path always opens up! New beginnings and new people wait for you—" "That's all lovely, Doris. It really is, but I don't have the will to keep on and wait for the world you describe." Martin said right before he sliced his own throat. • Doris screamed, William lurched forward and grabbed his brother before he fell to the ground. William held him, Martin's bloody hands gripped onto his jacket as if it was a life preserver. "... wish you..." Martin choked on his blood. William tried to stop the bleeding at his neck with his shirt, but anyone could see it was just too much to contain. "I wish— you luck." Martin finally said. "Why did you do this?" William cried. He gripped his brother tightly against him. "This didn't have to happen!" Martin reached out his hand to touch William's cheek, leaving a smear of blood behind. A moment later, his hand dropped and he stared lifelessly up at the ceiling. William didn't let his brother go. Even as his blood pooled around him and stained his skin. He held on tight until he was all out of tears.