

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 192

Chapter 192 Something is blooming

William stayed with Martin until it was time to take his body away. He stood with his brother's blood drenched over his clothes as if he'd just come out of a pool of it. Doris didn't realize the crowd had thinned out around them until she glanced around.

Only a few guards remained as if they didn't know what else to do. Enzo stood near the back of the room and Beth was outside of it as if she couldn't stand being inside. Doris didn't blame her in the slightest. She would have done the same.

Doris hesitantly stepped up to William, but he refused to lift his gaze to her. He looked out of it. As if he left his body and there was only a hollow shell walking around in his place. It pained her to see him that way. 2 "Let's go back to the camp..." Doris whispered. It was too soon to go back to the palace, she was afraid it would all fall in on him if they did something like that. "We don't have to be here anymore."

William said nothing. Doris reached her hand out for him but he walked right past her and out of the door as if she was a ghost. Enzo watched him leave and looked back at her with a look that was almost as helpless as she felt. They didn't know how to comfort him.

Doris followed William out and gripped Beth's hand to pull her along. This house was tainted with trauma, she wanted them all out of here before things turned worse. If that was even possible.

Beth followed silently. Her grip was tight enough to make Doris wince but she didn't mind one bit. The guards watched William as he walked right out the door with the blood of their leader on his hands. They said nothing either. It didn't seem like they knew what to do with themselves now that Martin was gone. She wondered if

they would eventually find their way back to the palace to serve as they did before.

The silence made her ears ring. They hadn't really won, not when it ended like this. An invisible weight fell on his shoulders and she wished she could take that away from him. She could see it in every step he took as if it tried to weigh him down to the ground.

The carriage ride back to the camp was dead silent. Only the sound of the wheels crunching against snow kept her thoughts at bay. William stared out the window in his own world and Beth did the same. Enzo had ridden separately as well as the guards they brought with them. Doris briefly wondered if the palace would bury

them all together or if they would each get their own funeral. It seemed sick to think of it so soon. Only that morning he had told her that he wanted her to stay with him forever and now he was... gone. Just like that. A horrible ache tried to rip her chest open, but she swallowed it down before anyone could see it on her face. *Martin* was once her favorite prince. She thought he was the kindest, most wonderful man. How fast things

changed when she didn't look too closely.

Once they arrived, William waited for the ladies to leave the carriage before he exited himself and went straight to their tent without a word. His clothes were still stained with red, everyone at the camp silently stared as he passed by. They were wise to stay silent. Beth took Doris's hand and pulled her towards the path they usually walked on in the mornings. "I should go check on him-" "Give him a moment alone, he needs to process what happens before he can talk about it." Beth said gently. They walked along the path quietly until they got far enough away from everyone's eyes. Doris was only glad

that all the bodies had been cleared from when they last were at the camp. "Do you think he'll be okay?" Doris asked. She glanced back at the tent that seemed so far away from her. "Only time will tell, but I believe he will be eventually." Beth sadly smiled a little. "He has you and your baby you created together, he will heal and learn what it's like to have a healthy family. Eventually." "I'm worried that this will weigh on him for a long time. He only has Daniel and his father left, but even his father isn't doing well. Everyone said he was on his death bed." Doris frowned. "I hope he gets the chance to make things right with him before he passes. His father owes him an apology and so much more." "This war might show William as the villain to others, to his own father." Beth said quietly. She glanced back over her shoulder to make sure no one was listening. "I heard some of *Martin's* guards mention how they consider William a traitor for what he's done. I don't know how much worse this will make it, there were so many guards to see it happen."

"A traitor?" Doris chewed on her lip. Beth was right, this may have made it even harder to gain the trust of the people he needed it most from. Everything kept unraveling. "I think everyone will see his true intentions in time."

"Can I ask you something?" Beth said suddenly. "There's been something on my mind since we left the palace."

Doris nodded. "Of course you can, what is it?"

"When *Martin* mentioned your white wolf.. what did he mean by that? Is your wolf special? He said that it made *Luna Queen* mad to see you as a white wolf. Why would that matter?" "1-I'm not entirely sure what it means yet, only that it's special. I was told that a white wolf is extremely rare but don't know why I would be given a wolf so extraordinary if I'm just an average girl who used to be a maid. Sometimes I feel like I was given something I didn't deserve." 3 Beth rolled her eyes and bumped Doris with her shoulder. "You are not just any average girl. There's a fire in your heart and if you say that sort of wolf is rare and extraordinary, you were given her because you deserve it. Fate isn't mistakenly given, it's set out with purpose. I see you as someone entirely new from the girl I

used to know." "Sometimes I wonder if I've changed at all." Doris muttered as she kicked at a pile of snow.

Beth laughed a little. "You are not the same girl from before, I guarantee you that. The girl from before would not be brave enough to break me out of a cell or take down guards just because I was in trouble. The girl from before would not stand up for herself or jump into trouble because it's the right thing to do. The girl in front of me is who you always were meant to be."

"I feel like I haven't earned what I am--"

"Doris, what you are now is something to be celebrated. You don't have to prove yourself to be yourself. Your wolf color shows that you are more than worthy, even if you aren't ready to believe it yet." Beth wrapped her arm around her shoulder. "I don't know as much about wolves or what anything means, but I know that you deserve to be a white wolf more than anyone else I have ever met."

Doris shook her head and laughed a little. "People keep telling me something like that."

"Then stop doubting them. The longer you waste time doubting yourself, the longer it will take for you to fully grow." Doris rested her head on her friend's shoulder. "What would I do without you?" "You would be miserable, clearly." She pushed her shoulder to make her stand. "Now, go check on your prince. Enough time has passed." Doris stood up instantly and nodded her head. She hurried back up the path and towards their tent. She silently prayed that he wouldn't push her away like all the times before. Hesitantly, she entered their tent to find William in bed. His back was to her and the covers pulled up to his neck as if he wanted to hide from the world. "William?" Doris said softly. She crossed the room slowly as she peeled off her coat and went to sit next to him on the bed. "Is there anything I can get you?" He said nothing. Silence answered her and only more followed. Doris saw the uneven rise and fall of his breathing and knew he wasn't asleep-not yet. Doris kicked off her shoes and curled up beside him, careful not to touch. "I'll be here when you need me." She whispered. "No matter how long it takes."

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Chapter 193 Another gloomy day

The next morning, William was out of bed and gone before she could check on him. She found him going on as normal as if nothing had happened. He ordered around his guards and continued meetings as if everything was normal. The only way she knew he was still hurting, was because he avoided her. He wouldn't even meet her eye when she approached him. He didn't let her catch him alone for even a moment of comfort. He always made sure he was around someone or a group that he just couldn't be pulled away from. She wondered if everyone else could tell how different he acted. Perhaps they did and they just didn't want to

speak of it. It was fine, she knew he only avoided her because he wanted to avoid talking about his feelings. She knew he didn't want to face what was being piled up inside him-deeper and deeper in his chest. She meant what she said, she would be there for him when he was ready to talk about it. Until then, she refused to push at a wound that wasn't ready to close. Doris pushed away the pain that came with his avoidance and sought out Beth. Her friend was never far, but it seemed even she had certain things on her mind that she couldn't shake.

She caught her friend across the camp hesitantly approaching Enzo as if he was a wild animal she wasn't sure about. Her normally confident friend looked as if she wanted to shrink inside herself the closer she got to him. He seemed to sense her instantly and turned the moment she was in sight.

"Beth! What a lovely face to see on a gloomy day." Enzo bowed his head at her. Beth's cheeks flamed instantly at his words. She nervously smiled and curtsied. "What brings you over here to talk to my boring self?" 2

"Good day, Lord Enzo. 1-1 had just wanted to... extend my thanks for helping me back at the palace." Beth said. Doris had rarely seen her friend trip over her words as if she'd forgotten how to talk. Usually she had the most to say about everything.

"No thanks needed." Enzo said softly. His looked down at Beth with a gentle smile that made Beth look away quickly.

"Doris always told me you were a good man. I'm sorry I thought bad of you before." Beth cleared her throat and brushed her hair behind her ear. "I always heard awful stories about the rogues, forgive me for judging without meeting you."

Enzo raised his brows as if he didn't know that anyone in the world had ever thought bad of him. Let alone a pretty maid like Beth. It made Doris want to laugh, but she held it in. "Doris is in love with me. She constantly says lies about me, I assure you I'm not as great as she claims." Enzo grinned. Beth's eyes widened for a moment before she thought better of what he said and she laughed. It was a lovely sound. Light and full of nerves as if it was surprised out of her. Enzo smiled for real, Doris wanted to step on his foot for all the times he told people Doris fancied him, but it made her friend laugh and that was what mattered the most. Her friend looked so beautiful when she laughed. Doris watched as Enzo admired her beauty with a softness in his expression that she hadn't s before.

A warmth coated her chest. She hadn't realized how cold she was inside until she felt it warm up again. As she watched her best friend be flirted with by Enzo, she felt nothing but happiness. Beth deserved to be happy and Enzo was worthy enough for her. She knew he would always treat her right, even on his hardest days.

Doris smiled to herself and turned away as she heard her friend laugh at something else he said to her. He knew how to make her nerves disappear one laugh at a time. Soon he would have the real Beth in front of him and Doris could only imagine that he would adore her more.

Doris made her way back to her tent when she felt a wave of exhaustion fall over her. She felt so hungry and tired, she wished she could sleep until all of this was over. Perhaps if there was some sort of potion that would make her sleep until after she had her baby-she would take that in a heartbeat.

When she entered her tent, she almost tripped over herself when she saw William seated at the small table. He stared at the candle in front of him as if he wished he could control it with his mind and burn the tent down around him. Hesitantly, Doris took off her coat and stepped closer to him. "Hey... you." Instantly, she felt foolish. Doris blushed and tried to stop herself from smacking her forehead from how ridiculous she sounded. "I mean. Do you want anything to eat? Are you hungry?" "No." He said simply without looking up at her.

Doris swallowed the lump in her throat and sat across from him. "Did you want to lay down and take a nap or something? I can get you some warm tea to help you relax." "No. I don't want anything." He said emotionlessly. Doris bit the inside of her cheek. "I don't know when we should go back to the palace. Perhaps not for a long while."

"That's fine, William. We don't have to go back anytime soon." Doris picked at her nails under the table. "Have you called back your army yet?"

"Not yet. I had done so earlier for the most part but some areas still fight." William moved his eyes to the tent walls. Anywhere but her. "It has mostly diminished on its own anyway." He muttered. "I think it would be better if all of it was pulled back officially. It won't take long for news to spread about what happened..." Doris said gently. She didn't want to press too far in case she popped his patience. "I wanted to warn you about what Beth over heard back at that castle."

When he didn't stop her, she continued. "She heard some of the guards refer to you as a traitor to the king for starting the war. Perhaps if you put an end to it, they might see you for who you are." "Who am I, Doris? In your eyes, who am I? A traitor? A killer?"

"A leader." Doris said quickly before he could continue. "You're a prince that was always meant to be king. You're a brave, ambitious man who fights for what he believes in and doesn't stop until he achieves his goals."

"Look where that got me." William said bitterly. "A dead family and a kingdom that doesn't trust me." Doris reached across to grip his hand. He didn't push her away and she didn't know why that made her feel so relieved. "You fought for what you wanted your entire life. The people will see your leadership soon enough. But I don't see need for the war to continue. The king is still alive, you can go to him and show him how worthy you are. You deserve that crown, he will see that too." "I killed my way to the top, I don't know if I deserve it anymore." William said as he gazed down at their hands. Doris slowly ran her thumb along his skin. "My father will never forgive me for what I did. I wouldn't blame Daniel if he didn't either."

"Don't do that. You know you earned the crown. Even if Martin didn't do what he did, he knew that it didn't belong with him." Doris brought his hand to her lips

and kissed the back of his hand. "You're a king, William. Only time will grant you the title officially. Don't act like it wasn't always meant to be your crown."

William finally looked at her. She could see the sadness in his blue eyes. The darkness within. The regret and doubt. It all crowded his mind and made him wish he never went after the crown, but Doris knew that he deserved it. Deep down, he knew that too. He always knew that about himself. "I'll call off the rest of the war." William said quietly. He pulled his hand away from her and stood. "I'll call it off, but I don't want to return to the palace just yet." Doris stood as well. She gripped the table when she felt a wave of nausea hit her. "We don't have to go back to the palace. Everyone here will wait as long as you need us to, William." William said nothing as he walked out of the tent.

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Chapter 194 A king to many

The next morning, William was gone again before she had the chance to wake. It seemed that no matter how early she aimed for, he was always ahead of her. Part of her wondered if he even slept at all.

Doris dressed for the day and left the tent as soon as she could. A small flicker of worry always entered her mind when she woke up alone. It didn't leave her until she caught sight of William across the camp speaking with Patrick about something that looked rather intense. William's skin looked dark under his eyes. She wanted to pull him back in the tent and let him sleep all of his worries away but she knew his mind would never let him rest. William glanced up as if he felt her watching him and she swore a ghost of a smile touched his lips before he turned away.

"How is our boy doing this morning?" Enzo asked from behind her. It made her almost flinch out of her skin. "Oh, my. I didn't expect you there." She breathed. "I don't think he's doing well. I'm trying to give him as much space as he needs, but I'm worried about him."

"Hmm." Enzo seated himself on a low log and patted the space next to him. Doris slumped down on the seat and tried to keep her eyes off of William for more than a moment. "I think you're right to let him have his space. He came up to me earlier and spoke like nothing had happened and when I tried to ask if he was well, he left right in the middle of my sentence." Enzo frowned. "Honestly, it was rather rude but also expected." "He tends to avoid his feelings." Doris picked at her nails nervously. "But I wish he wouldn't bury them so deep. He doesn't look like himself at all."

"He'll come around eventually-or I hope he will. Now I understand where all his anger comes from." Enzo watched William move across the camp. William did a good job in pretending neither of them were there as he spoke to everyone else

that passed him. "That is not a man anyone should go near at the moment. If I were them, I would run and hide in my tent."

"I'm worried he will disappear inside himself. I already look at him and see he has this hollow version of himself on display for everyone." Doris turned to Enzo. "Do you know if he had his army pulled back yet? We spoke about it last night but he never mentioned it again."

"Oh, he mentioned it last night but hasn't made the official call yet. He thinks that it's too late for him and there's no point." Enzo sighed. "I tried to talk him out of it but he didn't listen." "No point? People could still be dying out there because of this! He needs to call it off." Doris went to stand, but Enzo gripped her arm. "He told me he would call it off. Why hasn't he done it yet?" "You're right, Doris. You're always right but he needs to come to that decision on his own. If we try to push him, he might only push back. I don't want him to disappear more inside himself like you said." "I know he feels regret for how things went. I know he wants to undo what has already been done, but he can't have this war continue because he feels this way. He will only pile on more regret if he lets this continue for another moment." Doris ran her fingers through her hair. "We need to talk to him, Enzo." Enzo stared at her for a long moment before he nodded. He pushed himself off the log and brushed off the dirt from his pants. "Fine, fine. We'll do the right thing. But if he gets mad at me, you better take the blame for this. I don't want to end up pushed down a snowy hill by an angry man." Enzo muttered.

Doris rolled her eyes and laughed a little as she accepted his hand to stand. William had disappeared inside the main tent with a few of his guards. Enzo took the lead and went right in as if he owned the place and

spread his arms wide to greet them. "Good day, gentlemen. I need a word with our prince here, if you wouldn't mind leaving." Enzo said as he gestured to the exit. Doris slipped in behind him and watched as the men exchanged annoyed looks before they got up to leave. "Thank you, thank you. You can come by later to bother him if you insist." Enzo said with a smile on his face. Doris watched William stare at the table in front of him as if nobody else was even in the room. Quietly, she went to sit in a chair close to him once all the men were finally gone. "Are you hungry?" She asked softly.

William lifted his eyes to her and looked little surprised as if he hadn't even realized she entered the room. It was strange to even think of that, since he always usually knew exactly where she was at all times.

"No." He finally said. "I ate when I got up this morning."

"Well, that's a relief. We worried you were going to pass out with how fatigued you look." Enzo plopped down across from them. Doris lightly put her hand on William's thigh under the table.

"What is it you need, Enzo?" William sighed and leaned back in his chair. "Me? I don't need anything. We're here to make sure you're okay." "I'm fine. You can go back to terrorizing the camp with your ridiculous jokes." William muttered. He moved to stand, but Doris held his thigh a little harder so he stayed. "William, we

know you're hurting. I know that what has happened will stay with you for a long time and that's okay. It's okay if you need days or weeks or months to recover from what you went through. There's nothing wrong with needing time to heal." William stared at Doris as if she had grown a second head. "I'm fine. It's all fine, Doris."

"Don't lie to the lady. She has your baby inside her." Enzo said as he leaned across the table. "She's only trying to reach out her hand to you."

William grew silent.

"William, you need to end this war before more deaths occur. You won, it's over. Having this continue doesn't make anything right, it makes it worse." Enzo said as gently as he could.

"Enzo is right. If you don't pull back, more people might lose their lives for nothing." "If they are still fighting, that's their fault." William grumbled. "By now they should have heard what happened and should have stopped on their own." "William, you're their leader now! Act like their leader and put an end to this." Doris gripped his hand. "It's going to be okay. I know it doesn't feel like it, but one day it will." "I don't know why you two insist I have won this when I only feel defeated." William stood, but he didn't move towards the door. "I couldn't possibly make more mistakes than I already have." "You definitely can, mate." Enzo said sadly. "If you let more of your people fight for nothing, it'll end up with more casualties. More lives that didn't need to end." William glanced between them. "You told me you would call it off, William. We talked about this and you agreed to call it off." "I don't know why I haven't. I... I don't know." William admitted. The broken look on his face cracked her heart. "I know you feel defeated. I know you don't feel like you earned this win, but you have. You have to start being a king to many the king they need you to be. They need to see you act like one now or they'll never believe in you." Doris said. "How would they look up to me when I'm the reason their crown prince is dead? They looked up to Martin since he was a child! They're going to think of me as a villain and there's nothing I can do to stop that." William paced the small area. It only took him a few steps to get across. "You can't undo what happened, but you can prove to them that they deserve a king like you." Doris stood and cautiously approached him. "Everything you do from here on out will be judged by them, but that's not a bad thing. It's a chance to make your own path as king." William slowed his steps and looked down at her. Doris cupped his cheeks. "Feel every horrible thing inside you. But don't let it consume you to the point that you lose yourself." William leaned into her touch. She wasn't sure how long they stood there, staring at each other-but she knew he needed it. Slowly, she brought his hand down to feel her stomach that hadn't yet grown a bump big enough to see. "I love you. We love you. Don't ever forget that."

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Chapter 195 Something blooms

William called his men in the tent after Doris had left. She sat by the open fire and tried to embrace its warmth. Part of her wanted to seek out Beth and spill out all of her thoughts, but a bigger part wanted to wait for William to come out. No matter how long that might take. Almost an hour had passed before his guards exited the tent. Many went straight for their horses and took off through the trees without a single glance back. Her heart rate quickened, were they off to end the war? Was the blood lust finally coming to an end?

Enzo caught her eye and nodded at her before he went to talk to the rogues that hovered nearby. It was like weight lifted off her chest to know that the war was finally being called off. She silently prayed that this would be the end of unnecessary deaths for the kingdom. If William was crowned king, it could be a new start for so many lives. He didn't realize how much hope his leadership could bring for his people. 6 William exited the tent when everyone else seemed to be gone from it. He headed straight for her without lifting his gaze. As if he knew exactly where she would be. It felt like her heart tugged him closer to her as if there was an invisible string that connected them.

Doris moved over a little when he seated himself. He leaned forward and stared at the fire that was growing dim before them. "It should all be over within the next few hours. I ordered my army to step back and to return to the palace to recover." Doris gripped his hand. He squeezed it tightly. "I'm proud of you. You fought for what you believe in." "My father still has the right to deny me the crown. As you said, he might see me as a traitor for all of this. He knows I would never be a king like he was-he wanted Martin to be a copy of himself." William stared down at their hands. "He could still give the crown to Daniel. I refuse to fight Daniel for it." "Daniel has no interest in becoming king, William. He never has had that on his mind. He told me that he wanted nothing to do with politics once."

"It doesn't matter. If my father wishes it, it will be. Even if Daniel doesn't want it. He could give me the crown after our father passes, but every one would know that it wasn't what the true king wanted."

"I think you're letting your mind get the better of you. Your father hasn't once had interest in making Daniel king. Don't stress about tomorrow before today is over."

William said nothing. Doris leaned her head against his shoulder. "Do you wish to return to the palace soon? To see your father?" "Not yet." William said simply. Doris knew better than to push him about it. A loud horn made Doris and William jump off the log. He immediately moved in front of her to hide her from view of whoever was about to enter the camp. Usually they only had horns blow like that at the palace when a lord was visiting.

As it was, a group of men slowly steered their horses into the camp. A man with white hair and fancy clothes looked down at William with his chin raised.

"Prince William? We heard you hadn't yet arrived the palace. I'm glad we caught you here before you left." "The war is over. I've already called it off. You might as well turn back now and swallow whatever you came to say."

"Oh yes, we just heard as we were coming in here." The man slid down from the horse. "We're not here about that right now, though." "What is it you want, Lord Edgar?" William asked. Another man pulled up and slid off his horse as well. The rest of the men stayed mounted on their horses but watched closely, Doris only guessed they were guards. "And Lord Theo. What brings you all the way out here?" William looked at them as if he didn't trust an ounce of their presence. Doris hadn't heard much about either of them to know if this visit would be bad or good. "We heard what happened to your brothers and the Luna Queen. We heard everything." Lord Theo said. He was lanky and tall, unlike the shorter man beside him. William's Jaw clenched at his words as if he wanted to know who was feeding them that information. The men glanced at Doris behind William, he moved more in front of her until their eyes snapped back to the prince. "Is there anything I can do for you?" William asked sternly. "As I said, the fighting is over." "We came to lend our support, Prince William." Lord Edgar said. "In what way would you be lending your support?" William asked. He kept his guard up even with the kinder look in their eyes. "We're going to tell your father that we think you should be named the next king." Lord Theo said. He clasped his hands in front of him calmly. "No man that has gone through this much trouble should be casted aside. You clawed your way to the top and didn't care who went down in the meantime." Doris chewed on the inside of her cheek as she watched William. His face was a mask of stone, she wondered if his words hit him more than intended. "We also heard tales that you brought the rogues to back you up in this war. No leader from this kingdom has been able to do that in decades. The rouges have always hoped for our kingdoms downfall." Lord Edgar said. "How did you manage to get them to join you in this fight?" "We saw him as the leader that could help pave our path to peace." Enzo said from behind them. They turned with wide eyes when they saw the lord of the rouges stroll up to them. "You're right to put your trust in William. He has proven himself time and time again that he was always meant to wear that crown. For the first time in history, he made the rouges want to fight for royalty instead of fight with them." The men studied Enzo as if they weren't sure what to make of his appearance. For so many years, the rouges were enemies to this kingdom. Now William has brought them here as if they were equals. "Not even the king could unite the north with the kingdom." Lord Theo observed. "He's tried, he came back with a mate, but even so they still stayed separated. We all thought the north would be open to us when he was mated, but it seemed to only push back more." "The difference between William and his father is that William is sincere in his promises. His father was only out for his own needs and the rouges saw right through him." Enzo said. He clapped William on the back. "He has made us see a world that is far better than the one we were forced in because of his fathers actions." The lords exchanged a glance. "When you get back to the palace, we would love to have a meeting with you about the future of this kingdom, Prince William." Lord Theo bowed his head. "We want to hear the ideas you have to better the future." "I won't take any meetings unless the crown is on my head. My path is not set in stone yet and I won't pretend it is." William said, his fists opened and closed at his sides.

LIVE TO JUMENTY Dlooms "We only ask for your time when you're settled, of course. Not a moment sooner," Lord Edgar smiled. "I have to admit, it's been a long time since we've had a king that fought for what he believed in. Your father has always expected everything handed to him and when he didn't get it, he gave up or forced it to go his way." "My father has given up on a lot in his life." William muttered. He glanced through the trees as if he could see the palace from where he was standing. "I will not take after his ruling in the slightest if I'm crowned king," "We don't doubt that, your majesty." Lord Theo bowed again. "Please

excuse us, we have to seek out your father. I'd say it's time to lay the past to rest. New order is due."

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Chapter 196 A call home

"Do you trust them?" Doris asked after they were finally alone in their tent. The lords had left not too long ago but she couldn't help but wonder when they would arrive to the palace to speak to the king. "I'm not sure yet. I heard those two have strong opinions about how the kingdom should be run. My father always respected them enough not to replace them or toss them out." William leaned back against the bed, she could see the exhaustion start to have its hold on him. "I want to keep them at arms length for the time being. I wouldn't want them to think they have any sort of hold over me for speaking to my father. The last thing I need is for someone to think I owe them anything." "I feel sorry for the person that tries to pull one over on you. I surely hope they're not stupid enough to do something like that." Doris said gently as she sat on the edge of the bed. She lightly ran her fingers through his hair and caressed his cheek. (This novel will be daily updaed at) "You need to rest. You've spent so much time worrying over this." William took her hand and kissed her palm. "I would think you're the one that needs the resting." He glanced down at her stomach. It was strange to think that soon she would have a large bump there. "How are you feeling?"

"I've been learning how to cope with the symptoms. I barely realize when I'm dizzy." Doris tried to joke, but he only frowned. She hated when he looked at her like that, with so much regret on his face.

"I put too much stress on you. I shouldn't have brought you alone with me, I should have made you go with Daniel." He moved to sit up, but she pushed him back against the bed.

"I think that would have only caused more stress-not knowing if you were okay. Even if you sent me with Daniel, I believe things still would have gone the way they did. Martin would have found me eventually." Doris brushed the hair from his forehead. She made a mental note to trim his hair once they got back. "Rest." Doris stood, but he didn't let go of her hand. He held on tight. "Thank you for staying with me." He whispered. "I'm sorry I brought you into all of this." "Don't be sorry." Doris leaned down to kiss him softly. She pulled away just enough to say, "I'll always be here. Always."

A small smile lit up his lips and made her want to capture the image forever. She pulled back and watched as he closed his eyes and sunk deeper into the bed. Doris left the tent quietly. Her heart stayed with him in the tent. She wanted so desperately to curl up beside him and let the world disappear around them. But she couldn't. She knew exactly why she wouldn't have been able to rest even if she wanted to-she was starving. She suddenly felt as if she could eat a whole table of food and still look for dessert. Doris went to look for Beth to see if she

was hungry as well. It was always more fun to eat with her friend, she never judged her for any of the things she ate-even when she ate a lot of it.

What she found made her stop short. Enzo had his arm braced against the tree that Beth leaned back on. He smiled down at her and she had a lock of her hair twirled around her finger while she bit her lip. She laughed at something he said and reached her hand out to touch his arm lightly. (This novel will be daily updaed at)Doris had never seen her friend like that before. Not once. How strange to witness the beginning of something bloom. Beth used to tell her every boy at the palace that she thought was cute, but she was always too shy to A Call nome approach them or too scared that she would get in some sort of trouble. But with Enzo-she actually looked happy. Brave, even.

Doris quickly moved to step away when she tripped over her own feet in her haste. The last thing she wanted was to interrupt their private moment together and it seemed that she couldn't help but do just that.. "Doris?" Beth called. She glanced back to see her friend push away from the tree and hurry over to help her up. Her cheeks were bright red as if she had just stood super close to the fire. "Are you alright?" "Oh! Yes, I'm so sorry I disturbed you. I was just... going for a walk." Doris stood and wiped the snow from her pants. Beth nervously glanced back at Enzo. "Please, don't pay attention to me! I'm going to go get something to eat!" "Okay," "I'll come with you!" Beth said quickly, interrupting Enzo. She quickly linked her arm with Doris and walked them away as fast as she could. Doris almost tripped over herself again but Beth held her firm. "Really, Beth. It's fine! I just wanted to see if you had eaten yet." "I haven't, and I'm starved! Sit, I'll get us food." Beth seated Doris before she could respond and hurried off to tent where the food was cooked. Doris frowned and glanced back at Enzo, but he was already gone. When she came back, Doris almost forgot about everything when she saw the large bowl of pasta. She didn't think she had ever wanted anything more. She snatched the bowl like an animal and dug in as if she hadn't eaten in days.

Beth laughed. "I also brought you bread." She set the small load on her lap but Doris could barely hear her over her chewing. They ate in their own silence for several minutes until their bowls were clean. Beth tried to take her bowl and hurry away again, but Doris gripped her arm and held her still. (This novel will be daily updaed at)"Tell me about you and Enzo!" Doris whispered. No one was near enough to hear her, but still. "I didn't know you liked him in that way!"

"I don't!" Beth said quickly. And just like that, her cheeks turned bright red again. "He's just... very kind and funny-"

"And handsome..."

"And handsome-" Beth snapped her lips shut and glared at Doris. "He's a rogue. You know how I feel about them. I could never-never like one in that way." 1

"Yes, I felt the same way you did before I met Enzo. He changed everything." Doris grinned and poked her friend in the cheek. "Though, I didn't have a charming Enzo flirting with me like that."

"You're a liar! He flirts with you constantly." Beth said and turned away. Doris gasped. "Are you jealous that he flirts with me? I assure you it doesn't mean a thing, it's all apart of his silly personality." "No! Of course I'm not jealous!" Beth smacked Doris's arm lightly. "Don't you tease me about this! I will simply die if you do!" "Oh Beth, I don't think I've ever seen you have a real crush before. Why didn't you tell me?"

Beth shook her head and glanced around as if to make sure he wasn't nearby. "I.. I don't know. I feel strange inside when he's around. It's like something is waking up inside me but I don't want it to yet."

Something about her words made Doris flinch. "What do you mean?" A call home "I don't know exactly. It's like this feeling of something that had always been there but I never felt it. It wasn't until we met at the castle that I felt it for the first time." Doris started to pick at her nails as she looked at her friend closely. Did her friend... did she have a wolf inside her? Doris had once felt something similar when she was around William, before her wolf woke up. She didn't dwell on it, she only pushed the feeling away until it was nothing because she didn't want to feel anything for William. Was her friend feeling her wolf start to stir inside her? No, it couldn't be. But... could it?(This novel will be daily updaed at) Doris hadn't known she had a wolf until she had to protect William from death. All the years she was supposed to have her wolf at her side, she didn't. Was it possible that her friend also didn't realize she had a wolf inside her? Was Enzo something more than a crush? Doris shook the thoughts out of her head. She was being paranoid. For all she knew, Enzo had a mate already. He didn't really offer up any information on his love life. "I'm sure it's just the butterflies you're feeling." Doris smiled. "It's a wonderful feeling. It's scary, but it's lovely when someone makes your stomach turn and heart jump." Beth smiled and nodded. "You're right.... It's just my nerves."