

# Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 197

## Chapter 197 So much lost time

"Doris, wake up." Doris flinched right out of her sleep when William touched her shoulder. He stood above her with a golden letter clasped in his grasp. Something about his eyes shot a new wave of worry right through her. "What is it?" Doris sat up quickly. William raked his fingers through his hair as if he didn't know what to do or say. A hole started to form in her chest at what might come out of his mouth. "My father called home for me. He wants me to return by nightfall." William said as he seated himself on the side of the bed. Doris moved up and wrapped her arms around him. Slowly, she released the breath that tried to strangle her. "Are you alright?" Doris whispered. "Did it say anything else?" "When I got the letter... I thought it was going to tell me that he was dead." William glanced back at her. A glaze of sadness in his eyes that she wasn't used to seeing. It pulled at her hollow chest. "I didn't think it would be from him." "I'm glad it's not what you thought." Doris brushed his hair to the side. "We should go to him. He must have something important to talk to you about." Doris knew that she didn't need to remind him that his father was sick. She didn't need to mention that he might die soon, it was clearly already at the front of his mind. He needed to see his father as soon as possible. William nodded and pushed himself up. "I will gather everyone to pack up. We can leave ahead of them and get there within a few hours time." Doris watched him leave with the weight still on his shoulders. She frowned a little at the sight. She couldn't imagine the sort of fear that went through him when he thought his father had died instead of being the one that wrote to him. The mind was a dangerous thing when everything around them was uncertain. As quickly as she could, she got up to get ready and packed up all of their things. Beth came in soon after and brought a tray of food with her. "I heard we were going back to the palace!" Beth grinned. She gripped Doris by the arm and made her sit and eat. "It'll be nice to sleep in a real bed again. The cot has really torn into my back. I can't imagine how you must be feeling sleeping out here in a tent every night. I would lose my mind if I was pregnant." Doris shook her head at her friend. "You heard right. We are returning to the palace, the king has called for William for a meeting. He wants him back by tonight and I think we will be able to make it." Doris said as she started to inhale her food. Beth laughed at the sight of her. "As for the idea of returning to our real beds... it's all that keeps me going." "Have you felt your wolf wake up yet?" Beth asked lightly. Doris froze mid bite and closed her eyes. Her wolf felt as if she was resting rather than sleeping, but at least she could feel her again. It had been a long minute since she remembered to check up on her wolf. There was so much happening, she wasn't even sure how she remembered to get dressed every day. "I think she should be waking up soon. It feels as if she's starting to already." Doris wrapped her arms around her stomach. "I miss her. I hope the drug they gave me doesn't have a bad effect on the baby. I don't think Martin knew I had a child in me—otherwise I doubt he would have risked it." "Oh my, I surely hope not! I hope you feel your wolf wake up soon and reassure you, I'm sure she would know better." Beth smiled sadly before she stood and cleared the plates. After she was done, she finished packing for Doris. Once they were finished, they carried their things out to the carriage and William stalked up to yank the bag out of her hand. "What are you thinking? You shouldn't be cleaning any of this up

or lifting anything." He shoved her bag in a nearby guard's arms and helped her up into the carriage. The camp around them already looked ready to be taken down, the rest of the guards worked swiftly to get it all done. Beth climbed in beside her before they were joined by William. "Will Enzo be joining us?" Beth asked casually. Doris turned her head quickly to stare out the window so no one would see her grin. "He rides with the rogues. They will meet us back at the palace by nightfall." William said distractedly. He hit the top of the carriage and a moment later, it took off through the snow. Doris lightly patted Beth's knee when she saw her friend blush. Beth glared at Doris and crossed her arms over her chest. Doris bit down on her lip as hard as she could to keep in her laugh. When she looked up, William had been watching them with a blank expression. It immediately sobered her up and cut out any sort of amusement she felt in that moment. It wasn't the time to be joking with her friend when her mate was in pain. The carriage ride felt as if it stretched on and on. Doris stared out the window and saw them pass through the areas that were clearly used as part of the battlefield. Ripped clothing and torn ground were all that were left behind. No sense of death or decay remained and for that she was glad.

The palace soon came into view and left a strange feeling in her chest. She knew that once she walked through the doors, it wouldn't be the same as it always was. Even more so than when they returned from the north. There would no longer be Martin lingering in the library-would she ever be able to return there? It would feel strange, like she didn't belong there anymore even though she used to love it. For some reason, her mind wanted to block out the place and strip it from who she used to be. It only brought back memories she didn't want to face. Luna Queen and Prince Jack would no longer wander the halls and look for people to ridicule. Perhaps many guards and servants would be gone because of the war. It didn't matter how she changed or how the people changed around her, the palace would never be the same. But still, her heart also felt a strange sense of home. For so long she despised the palace as if it was a rotten tomb, but now her heart longed for the familiar walls. She wanted to walk up the familiar steps and sleep in a familiar room. It'd been a long time since she considered somewhere her home like that. Even with all of the toxic past it held her with, perhaps she was finally ready to let all that go.

"It's about time." A groggy voice said from inside her. Doris almost flinched out of her skin. William's eyes snapped to her as if he sensed something and she smiled at him that she was okay. "Cordelia! I thought you were still asleep." Doris said silently. "I was, but your thoughts were so loud they woke me up." Cordelia grumbled. Doris wanted to roll her eyes but she knew that William was watching her. "What did I miss?" "I'll catch you up later. We're about to return to the palace for the first time since this war started." Doris eyed William who gazed out the window as if he was lost in thought. Perhaps his wolf was trying to convince him everything would be fine. "I'm glad to know you see this place as your home. We need a place to be safe at. We need a home, your baby needs a home." Cordelia whispered. The carriage came to a stop in front of the palace

steps.

"Is... is my baby going to be okay?" Doris asked as the door opened. Beth was helped out first. "Of course it will. As long as you don't stress yourself to death." Cordelia muttered. "A baby with a mate always comes out healthy and perfect. I wouldn't worry about that now." "It's hard not to with all that's been going on."

Doris sighed. She slid across the seat and William helped her down. He held on tightly to her hand and led her up the palace steps. Doris waved goodbye to Beth who hurriedly went towards her room. William didn't let go of Doris, he led her straight towards the king's quarters.

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### Chapter 198 Long live a fallen king

Doris swore William was going to make her wait outside while he went in and finally faced his father, but he didn't. He pulled her in after him as if she had every right to be by his side during this.

As if she had any right to see the king on his death bed. The king looked so much worse than he did when she saw him at the play. At least at the play he had a bit of color to him and could sit up. Now he looked as white as a ghost and sunk in deep to his bed. The door closed silently behind them with nothing more than a soft click. The guards outside the door didn't follow William in. It was at least some form of trust from his father. Especially after all that had happened with the war and his family. The king's room could have been mistaken for its own version of a grand ballroom with how big it was. Not one area of the room was untouched by elegance. It all screamed royalty with the golden vases and priceless sculptures. The king's bed sat on a platform in the middle of the room that had beautifully engraved wooden steps just to reach it. Doris was certain it was the most gorgeous room in the entire palace—and she had only just seen it for the first time. "William." His father said in a croak. Somehow, he still carried a presence even as sick as he was. Nothing dimmed the leader inside him. He would most likely take that honor to the grave. "Father." William bowed his head. He released Doris's hand for the first time as he stepped up to the man. "How do you feel?" "Let's cut the small talk before I die halfway through it." His father said before a fit of coughs. Doris didn't know what to do with herself. She silently stepped back until she blended into the walls around her. She felt out of place like she shouldn't have been here listening to this. William pulled up a chair that was close to his bed and sat down in it. The king glanced over at Doris as if he saw her for the first time. "Is this her? The mate I've been hearing about?" The king asked. Doris felt goose bumps over his skin as the king acknowledged her for the first time since she entered the room. Her cheeks burned red as he looked her over. "I remember her. She was the one you wanted to bring to the north." William nodded, his face remained emotionless. "She is." His father looked at William for a long moment. Doris wondered if they were both thinking of his mother. Just when Doris thought his father would comment on it, he didn't. He changed the subject.

"Is she the one I saw shift into the white wolf? I thought I hallucinated that."

"No, you didn't. She is the white wolf you saw." William glanced back at her. "Extraordinary. I've seen a few when I was younger. I never would have guessed it by just looking at her now." "Well, I assure you she is worthy of her wolf." William said dryly. He flexed his fingers in his lap. "I got your letter. We came right

away." "Yes." His father groaned and moved to sit up and failed. Doris shifted her weight on the other foot and wondered if she should help him or not. William told her not to act like a maid anymore, so she stayed where she was even when her body told her to remember her old duties. "I heard what happened with the war. I heard all of it." His father stared down William and it hit Doris then-how alike they were. They both held power in a similar glance that held no emotion. It made the receiver shake with wonder of what they might be thinking. It frightened them to not know if they were in trouble or not. @ "Have you called upon me to have me arrested?" William asked calmly. "No. I don't have time to deal with that." His father coughed. Doris swore she saw a bit of blood on his sleeve. "I don't have much time before I go, and there's something I've held back from you for a long time. Something I should have told you when you were a child." William stayed silent, Doris could hear her own heart slam against her chest. "Martin was never the true crown prince." The king said. His shaky hand reached out to point to a scroll next to the bed. William didn't move an inch. "When you were born, I had it written in my will that you would take the crown when I died. I wanted the son of my mate to be the ruler of this kingdom, as it was always meant to be." @ "I... don't understand. You had Martin paraded around as the crown prince since we were children." "When your mother passed, I saw her in you. It was hard for me to be around you and I knew that you would have to be everywhere I was if I had you study to be the king. But I knew... I knew since you were a child that you were the one that was meant to be where your brother was. I saw it in every decision you made." William closed his hands into fists in his lap. "Why wouldn't you tell me this? Why didn't you stop this war when you heard about it?" "I didn't hear about the war until it was too late. I haven't been told anything since I got sick." The king could barely get through a sentence without another round of coughs. "And now... now I only blame myself for all the loss it has caused." \* William stood. "You should blame yourself! If you had only told me the truth, none of this would have happened. No one had to die over this!" "I wasn't the one that started a war without the king's approval! That is enough to see you as a traitor to this kingdom, William." The king's face suddenly softened. "I promised your mother that you would be king. I promised your grandfather the same thing. Sir Antony swore not to tell a soul." Doris's eyes widened and she was glad neither of them looked at her. She didn't realize that Sir Antony was his grandfather, he never once mentioned it. But now that she knew, it made perfect sense. "Is that why the Luna Queen wanted me dead?" William snatched up the scroll and opened it to read. "Did she find this and want me dead so her son could keep the role?" "I imagine it wouldn't have made her happy to see that. I always let her believe Martin had a right to the crown." His father watched as William read over his will. "I didn't know she tried to kill you, son." 2 William sat back in the chair slowly. Doris forced herself to remain still even when she wanted to rush over just to comfort him. "None of this had to happen. 1— I don't understand why you didn't tell me. I don't understand why you wouldn't have wanted me to train to be a king if I was the one set to be it." "Because I saw you become your own person. You became strong and I saw you make your own way in life. I wanted you to be that as a king. I wanted you to prove yourself and find your own leadership instead of taking the first one handed to you." 2 William set the scroll down as if he couldn't stand the sight of it. It held everything he always wanted, everything he ever wanted to hear. But it was tainted because it came too late. William lost two of his brothers when he didn't have to lose either. "You're going to be a great king, William. I watched you grow into the man you are today. I should have guessed that you would have done anything for the crown. I should have known you were going to bring this kingdom to its knees until you got what you wanted out of it." The king closed his eyes. "I'm sorry it turned out this way. My sons deserved better than to end up

the carnage of a war." William stood again and walked to Doris. He lifted her hand to his mouth and kissed the back of her hand. "Will you meet me in my room? I need a moment alone." "Of course." Doris said quickly. She leaned up on her toes to kiss his cheek. "I'll wait for you." Doris turned to leave the room. Before she closed the door behind her, she watched William slowly lower himself into the chair beside his dying father once more.

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### Chapter 199 Through the ashes

"I wonder if he's okay." Doris said aloud as she paced his room. It looked as if it had been completely untouched since they left the palace. A light layer of dust even coated the tables. "He's in deep pain inside, I can feel it." Cordelia said. Doris rubbed her chest as if she could feel it too. There was always an uncomfortable feeling in her chest when she worried about William. Was it possible that she was feeling her mate's pain? Did he feel her own when she was sad? 1 "I should have stayed with him—" "No, you respected his wishes and came here. He knows where you are when he's ready to come face you." Doris started a fire to warm his room and called for the guards to bring tea and sweets. There were few simple pleasures that always helped her feel better, she hoped it did the same for him. She was desperate for anything to make him happy. Doris opened his curtains and sat by his large window. The snowfall had lightened and she could see the signs of spring just around the corner. Finally the dreadful winter would end and soon a new season would bloom. With it, she hoped a new start would bloom as well. "Can you feel if his heart is breaking?" Doris whispered to her wolf. She knew they were alone, but she still felt the need to be as quiet as possible. "I can feel his wolf and I can feel his wolf's sadness for William. He feels as if he can't help him take away the pain of what's to come." "Does that mean his father is about to pass?" Doris stood and started to chew on her thumb. "What should I do? Should I go to him? No, no. You're right, he asked me to stay here and wait for him." "I don't know if it means that or not. He could be upset of the future or the past as well." Cordelia stirred a little inside her. Doris turned and gripped the window to open it wide for fresh air. The wind blew her hair back and she closed her eyes to inhale the fresh scent of snow. Doris felt the sudden urge to let her wolf have control and run through the trees until all of her anxious thoughts left her. She wanted to feel the freedom of an empty mind and allow herself to be the wolf she was meant to be. Free, wild and brave. It felt like ages had passed since she was allowed to be a free wolf. The urge always came to her when her emotions wanted to drown her.

Instead, she closed the window and curled up on William's bed. She stayed awake for hours and watched as the sun went down and the room darkened around her. Her mind kept her wide awake until the door creaked open with his arrival. Doris sat up instantly. "William?" He said nothing as he slowly crossed the room. Each step he removed a part of his clothing from his shoes down to his undergarments. He left it in a trail behind him and moved like a ghost through the room. "Is there anything I can get you? Do you want me to draw you a bath or have food brought?" She asked softly. Again, she was met with more silence as he dressed himself for bed. She could see the shadow of him move across the room against

the dark walls. It must have been well past midnight. Candles flickered and lit him up, allowing her to follow him around the room with her

eyes.

The bed creaked when he sat on the edge. Doris crawled across the sheets and wrapped her arms around his neck from behind. When she kissed his cheek, her lips came away wet. He had been crying. . "What happened?" Doris whispered. She wiped away any trace from his cheeks but more followed silently. Her heart shattered in her chest, she felt helpless to the one she loved the most. "He's gone." He said. He stared forward as if the words didn't sound right. Doris almost didn't believe them herself. "He passed away about half an hour ago. He had some royal officials come in to take the will before he died. And then... that was it. He closed his eyes and he didn't open them again." William dropped his head. "I kept waiting for him to wake up and talk again. I had so much more to say and to ask him. But... I watched as his chest stopped moving. I saw the life drain from him in the matter of minutes. He didn't open his eyes again." "I'm so sorry, William. I'm so so sorry." Doris held him tighter against her. He gripped onto her arms and closed his eyes as he fell back against her, pushing her right into his bed. Calmly, she ran her fingers through his hair as he laid his head on her chest. Nothing she could possibly say would make the moment better for him, so she stayed silent and let him feel her love through touch. "I wonder what I would have become if my father didn't lie to me my whole life." William whispered. "Would I have been so cruel? Would I have made the reputation I have today? I wonder if the people would have loved me as they loved my brothers." Doris looked down to see his eyes were still closed. "I wonder what I would have become if I knew I was the crown prince." He continued, her shirt grew wet from his tears. "If my father had loved me like he claimed he always did instead of painting me as the black sheep in the family." "What did he say about that?" Doris asked softly. "He said he was sorry and he knew that my mother would have hated him for how he treated me. He said it became the biggest regret in his life and he didn't know how to fix it. So his solution was to keep on until he died." William scoffed. "He loved you, William. In his own way he did. It will never excuse how he acted." "Perhaps that's the worst part. He loved me in his own sick way. I believe I wouldn't have been this horrible if he didn't make me this way." "You're not horrible, William. You're rough and demanding-neither of those things make you a horrible person." "I killed two of my brothers and poisoned the other. I believe that makes me more than horrible. I'm rotten to my core." William sat up and leaned against the headboard. Doris sat up as well. "I'm no better than he is. Even when I tried everything I could to be nothing like him." Doris frowned. "Are you angry at him?" "I'm furious at him. He's the reason everything is wrong in this kingdom and my life. He could have freed Martin from his responsibility and given me what I always wanted, but instead he

forced us to become the worst versions of ourselves." William curled his hands into fists. "I'm pissed that he died before any of the guilt could touch him. I'm pissed that he died before he could make up for any of it." It hit Doris then. William was mad at all the things his father had done in his life, but he was mostly mad at his father for dying. Grief was starting to consume him and make all of his emotions fight for the spotlight before he could register any of them. His father was the sole reason for a lot of harm in the kingdom and in William's life, but deep down

-he still cared for his father. Just as he did for Martin. After a long beat of silence, Doris scooted closer to him. "I should have guessed that Sir Antony was your grandfather. It was quite obvious now that I think back." William closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the headboard. "That old man hasn't shown the least bit of interest in me my entire life. I wouldn't consider him my grandfather beyond blood." Doris leaned her head on his shoulder. "They don't deserve you. I wish you would see that the people that treated you this way didn't deserve an ounce of your care anyway." William swallowed. "What the hell am I supposed to do now?" "What do you mean? You're going to be king. You've planned for this your entire life." Doris said simply as if there was no room for question. "I don't think I've ever heard of a new king with so many enemies. Half of the kingdom will fight this."

"They can try." Doris whispered. "But soon they will see that the greatest king in their lifetime has finally stepped up to the crown."

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### Chapter 200 A king to rest

"Doris! There you are!" Beth hurried to catch up to Doris down the hall. It was the first time she left William's side since his father had passed. A night stretched into days of trying to comfort William as best she could. But it was never enough to completely take away his grief. She should kick her past self for once believing that William wasn't capable of real feelings. He wasn't an emotionless monster, he never had been one even when she swore it. 3 "Beth, I'm so sorry I haven't come to see you. There's just been so much happening-" "Oh, don't you apologize! I know how things have been. We all heard that the king passed." Beth frowned, she placed her hand over her chest. "I hope he's doing okay. I know it must be hard to see someone in your family die. I couldn't imagine how it would be." "I think he will be okay eventually. I don't want to push him, he rarely lets himself feel anything and the last thing i want to do is interrupt his grief." Doris picked at her nails. As much as she didn't want to see her own family again, she couldn't imagine watching one of her parents die in front of her. (This novel will be daily updaed at )There would always be a small part that had some sort of love, as much as she tried to squash it. The worst part was that she knew he didn't completely hate his father. He cared for him as much as he cursed him, and he had to watch as he closed his eyes and never opened them again. "I'm sure you already know, but..." Beth handed Doris a golden letter. She stopped in the middle of the empty hallway to read it. "...Join us as we crown the new king...." Doris mumbled aloud. It was an invitation to the people of the kingdom to watch William be crowned. "This is only a few days from now! I don't know if he will be ready for that! I thought these ceremonies happened later on..." "I heard they want to get it over with as soon as possible. The entire kingdom is in mourning from the king, they think having William take the throne will help." Beth bit her lip in worry. "I'll have to talk to him... What if he isn't ready to face the crown?" "He's wanted this his entire life, I'm sure once it happens he will be ready. It might not hit him until it happens." Beth said. "I hope so..." Doris sighed and rubbed her face. "How have you been? I hope you've been resting and having time for yourself. I should have written you a letter or something during all of

this." "Oh, please don't worry about that. I've been fine." Beth said quickly. Her cheeks tinted red and Doris could only guess that it had something to do with the charming Enzo. "Have you seen Enzo around? Or has he gone home?" Doris asked lightly. She continued walking down the hall and Beth followed. "Oh, I might have seen him around. He hasn't left for the north yet. He mentioned wanting to stay to see William crowned." Beth looked away from Doris so she couldn't see her face. "Well, I'm glad he's been around to keep you company. I would have felt so much more guilty if he hadn't." "I wouldn't say that! I've been keeping myself busy!" Beth said quickly. Doris bit her lip to keep from laughing. Her friend was nothing but a blushing fool at the moment and she loved her for it. It was nice to see the beginning of something bloom. "I—I've been meaning to ask. Do you know if he... had anyone in the north waiting for him?" Beth asked as casually as she could. She glanced around her to make sure they were still alone. "Well, I thought this one girl named Elena and him had something," Doris started. Beth looked as if all the air deflated out of her. "But I don't think that's true! I think they weren't serious. (This novel will be daily updated at )He didn't look at her the way he looks at you." "What do you mean? He doesn't look at me any sort of way." Beth said as she brushed her hair behind her ear. "Is there anything you need me to do for you?" Doris knew her friend was changing the subject, so she didn't push her on it. "Of course not, I'm alright. I need to talk to William about this." Doris shook the paper. Beth smiled a little before they parted ways. Doris couldn't help but wonder if her friend was off to meet Enzo. Doris hurried down the halls and towards William's room again. She only left it to bathe and dress in something new, but now she felt guilty for being gone for so long. (This novel will be daily updated at )She knew better than anyone that being alone with dark thoughts was a horrible thing. She luckily was free from her nausea today, but her dress fit a little more tightly than she expected. She checked the mirrors again and again and swore she saw her stomach was growing. It was... honestly exciting. She couldn't help but wish that William had been in the room when she noticed. The guards at his door didn't stop her as she walked past, she didn't know why she always thought they would. They hadn't done so since William had first shared a bed with her. When she entered, William was standing on a small platform while a seamstress took measurements of his body. Racks and racks of suits filled the room, she almost thought she

entered the wrong room entirely—those definitely weren't there when she left earlier. He glanced back at her and she no longer saw the boy that she held all night. She no longer saw the traces of hollowness along his cheeks and under his eyes. She saw the old William, the one that knew nothing but leadership and order. It was as if he put his mask right back where it always was and that part of him didn't exist anymore. At least not for the public to see.

"What's all this?" Doris asked as she closed the door behind her. The seamstress didn't even lift her head as she continued her work.

"I needed a new suit for the ceremony. The palace thought it would be best to make me an entire new wardrobe to match my new title." William had his hair slicked back and his clothes on tight. He looked clean and put together, she couldn't remember the last time his hair wasn't a mess from his own anxious fingers. "Oh, I wasn't sure if you had heard." Doris held up the golden letter. "I came to talk to you about it." • "I heard shortly after you left. There's nothing left to talk about." William turned his gaze away from her. Doris hesitated as she stepped closer. The seamstress moved away to make notes on her pad. "Are you... are you ready for this ceremony? I wasn't sure if it was too soon." "Of



course I'm ready, Doris. My father is about to be buried and this kingdom can't go without it's king."

interest in it. "I thought your father was going to be buried privately—" "Change of plans. I had a sort of epiphany happen when you left. I realized how much time I was wasting by moping around and letting the world pass me by." "I was only gone for a few hours—" "Enough time for me to realize what had to be done." William finally turned to face her. "I had the burial set for before the ceremony. I want the kingdom to see their former leader be buried before they crown me. It'll be the perfect antidote to their grief.(This novel will be daily updtaed at )" Doris glanced down at the golden paper again. No where did it mention a burial. When she looked up at him, his blue eyes were a fire of determination. "I... I'm happy to see you this way, William. I was worried that you wouldn't make it to either event." Doris moved closer. She stopped herself from running her fingers through his hair to mess it up. He always looked more handsome when he was a little roguish. His hardened face softened a bit at her words. "I need you to be measured next." "Me? I have plenty of dresses—" "Not one good enough. I need you to stand at my side through this." 1 Doris felt her heart skip a beat in her chest. She didn't expect him to say that. "Truly? You—you want me at your side?" 3 William tilted her chin up. "You belong at my side." He said before he kissed her.