

Read Novel Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 231

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 231

Wedding dresses

““We’ve made you several different options for a dress.” The seamstress said the moment Doris sat on the couch. The large room was filled with racks and racks of white dresses. The only thing that was missing was her best friend Beth. She would have loved all of this.

William had taken Alec to his meetings for a few hours so she could try on a few for their wedding and finish any other details for their wedding. For once she only felt peace in her heart.

“What kind of style did you want to start with? We have mermaid, ballgowns, everything you could think of!” She started pulling off a few options before Doris could even answer.

“Oh! Well, I always imagined a ballgown—but not something so massive that I can barely move in.” Doris said. She stood to join the woman at the racks.

“I know just the thing. I’ll bring it to you behind the curtains, go undress.” She shooed me away. The woman was almost as short as Doris with glasses and a pointy nose. She had to be the age of her mother.

Doris striped down to her undergarments once she was behind the curtain. Her stomach was in butterflies—she never thought she would be trying on wedding dresses for herself. She always figured she would be the one to help another pick their dream dress.

The seamstress brought four long gowns behind the curtain and helped her try on the first option. Doris stepped up to the mirror and felt her heart skip in her chest.

It was beautiful. The neckline was a flattering sweetheart shape with mesh that went to her elbows. The bodice was beaded and the skirt was much bigger than she imagined. It made Doris look so small in the middle of it all.

“What do you think?” The seamstress asked with a bright smile.

“TJ... [think it’s so beautiful, but I’m not sure how I will walk in this skirt —“

“Then it is a no, let’s go.” She helped me off the platform and back behind the curtain to wiggle me out of the dress. The next one was so darling on the hanger, but it didn’t feel right when Doris slipped it on.

She went through about twenty dresses before Doris gasped when she looked in the mirror.

This dress had the beautiful sweetheart neckline—but without the mesh. It was strapless with beautiful small roses decorated along the bodice and the skirt flowed to the ground in a manageable ballroom style.

Doris knew all of these dresses had been made for her, but this was the first one that felt right. It felt as if she belonged in it and she could already picture herself flowing down the aisle to meet William and say her vows.

“I... love it.” Doris whispered.

The seamstress smiled widely. “This is it. I can see it on your face.” She hurried and put a pair of white crystal heels on Doris as well as a veil that reached the floor. The finishing look made Doris feel like a princess. It made her feel—beautiful. “This is it.” Doris breathed. She spun around and the fabric flowed around her like a dream.

None of this was real. It still felt like a dream. How could she—Doris—be marrying a king? In a beautiful gown and with their gorgeous baby beside them? It was a fairytale—even with all of the hard times and fights she knew it was a fairytale she was living.

The seamstress hung the dress back up in a special place before she had Doris pick a backup dress and a rehearsal dress. Those were much easier to decide. She picked white for both—of course—and had something that hugged her body more and was easier to move in. After Doris was finished, she felt as if she was gliding down the halls. All of her worries disappeared as if they were never there. The wedding planner snagged her attention and brought her to another room that had many displays of flowers and decorations.

“I’m sorry to bother you on such a lovely day, my lady. But the wedding is approaching fast and we have to get the final details settled. There is still so much left undecided and it would be better on all of us if we could finish that today.”

“Of course, what should we discuss first?”

“You still haven’t chosen a wedding color. It’s customary to let the king choose his and the future queen to pick her own so we can incorporate both of them in the wedding decorations.”

“Oh,” Doris gazed down at the papers spread across the glass table. It showed that William had chosen a sea blue that reminded her of his eyes. She gazed at all the

swatches of colors and landed on a lovely violet tone that didn't seem too bad with the blue. "How about this one?"

The wedding planner raised his brow and hummed. Was that the wrong choice? She couldn't tell.

"Next is the flowers. William told us that he wants you to pick out your favorite flowers so we came up with several different options." The man clapped his hands and several servants entered with bouquets of all different kinds of flowers. There were roses, hydrangeas, carnations, tulips, peony, dahlias and so much more. Doris's eyes grew wide as she gazed at all the options.

"Oh my, they're beautiful..."

"Yes, for royal weddings we try to stay as classy as possible but William made it clear that he wanted you to decide which is displayed."

Doris stood to observe each one closer. "I do love roses..." She said almost to herself. "I love the way they look with Dahlia and with the peony too eee »

The man cleared his throat. "If that is what you like it will be done." He clapped his hands and the servants left. She stood there with raised brows. "Last thing for today will be the decorations. The cake tasting will be done with William another day."

"Okay..." Doris took a seat again and he laid out several large photos of layouts that looked similar to the main ballroom.

Doris leaned forward and studied each picture. One had mainly square shaped plates and decor and she immediately knew she didn't want that. The next had a similar theme but was wider and elegant.

Doris silently piled up her no pile until she was stuck with two options that looked equally beautiful in their own ways. One opted for classy and royal while the other was more old fashioned. After a moment, Doris handed him the royal one. She was about to become a queen, it didn't hurt to indulge in something elegant and massive to celebrate the biggest day of her life.

"Beautiful. Thank you for your time, my lady. Please let me know if you would like to add anything else."

"Thank you." Doris bowed her head and left the room.

"We never got to enjoy our run." Cordelia said. Doris already felt her blood pumping from all she did. It was the perfect time to let go of that energy.

"Let's go."

Read Novel Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 232

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 232

A little more

The wind cooled her warm skin as Doris detached her cloak. This time she I didn't hear anyone follow her and there were no signs of life out here —further from the clearing she usually left her cloak at.

Doris still wasn't sure if that messenger boy was following her or if he just so happened to run into her time and time again. It was a large palace, Doris rarely ran into the same servant twice when she was in the halls. His charming kindness was one thing, but it was a much bigger thing if he started to follow her.

"Twice as much as before." Cordelia said suddenly, pulling Doris out of her thoughts. "I want to see if you can handle it. Don't be surprised when I yank it back without warning." "Okay." Doris breathed. She closed her eyes and let her wolf take over her body. The pain shot through her and didn't stop until it was Cordelia's paws she saw on the ground.

"Remember to let go if you feel it is too much." Cordelia warned. Doris wanted to roll her eyes at her wolf. She wasn't sure if her wolf was trying to scare her or if she really thought Doris would forget her instructions.

All at once, her blood felt as if it was electrified. It went from her head to her toes in a zap that refilled her energy instantly. Before she knew it, she had taken off in a run that made bushes almost rip from the ground when she passed. She was like a storm passing through all of these trees. Her fur glowed a little, but it was hard to tell in the daylight. It didn't matter, Doris knew that it was shining even if she was the only one that could see it.

Her feet pounded against the ground and left large prints in her haste. "Eventually, you will learn to move without making a single trace." Cordelia said to her unasked question.

Doris knew she had never gone that fast, not even the last time she was allowed a bit of power. It took her almost half the time to reach the top of the mountain where she always liked to stop and look at the palace behind her.

The most surprising part was how her breath was even, it was fine. It felt like she hadn't been running at all.

"Good." Cordelia said. "Your first lesson was to learn how to listen to your surroundings, do you hear them now?"

Doris focused and soon heard the sound of the river, the birds in the trees miles away and the sound of a large animal making its way through the woods. It was calm—not a threat.

“Yes. I can hear everything still. It sounds so far away and so close at the same time.” Doris said quietly. She changed to the thing she wanted to focus on several times before she opened her eyes again.

“Good. You’ll be able to hear when enemies are near.” Cordelia said. “Your next lesson will be the start of how to fight as a white wolf. Many wolves are vicious and will do anything to kill their opponent in desperate measures. Your power as a white wolf makes you naturally stronger than them. You can take them down in one blow while it might take them many more.”

“I’m...stronger than an average wolf?”

“You will be. When I’m finished, you’ll be able to take down an entire field with your power. I gave you enough today to take down a few trees to start. Why don’t you practice on some and see how it makes you feel?”

“Okay.” Doris turned and went back down the hill until she found a small clearing with trees around it as if it was in a circle. “What— “

Cordelia released a burst of power that made Doris almost blind from it. Her claws extended and she slashed her paw out at the skinny tree before her mind could even register what she was doing. The tree fell down flat against the earth before she could even blink.

“What was that?” Doris breathed. Tree looked as if it was in shreds and she barely touched it. “Good. Do it again without my help. It won’t take much effort.”

Doris slowly turned to face another tree. Her claws extended again and she swiped her paw out towards the tree but it didn’t fall like the one before. It only showed the marks of where her claws skimmed it.

“No, try Doris. You can do it, don’t be light on it. Pretend it is your enemy..”

Doris brought her claws back and tried again. This time, the tree went down with a thick thump that sent many animals hurrying away from her. Doris heard all of it. She suddenly felt

unstoppable when she saw what her claws did. Doris swung at the next tree and the next until all of them were brought to the ground. She wanted more. She wanted to take down this whole forest and show William how powerful she was.

Doris took off through the trees again. Several more trees came down with a single swipe from her claws. This forest was full of so many trees— how many could she take down?

“Alright Doris, that’s enough.” Cordelia warned. Doris didn’t listen. She had just taken down trees taller than the palace!

“Doris, that’s enough.” Cordelia said again. Doris slowed a little and the second she did, Cordelia ripped the power from her and made her come crashing to the dirty floor.

““W—why did you take it away? I stopped!” Doris whimpered. She forced herself to stand on her shaky legs but she only fell back against the ground.

“Turn around and look at what you did.” Cordelia said.

Doris turned and felt as if all the air was taken from her. She cleared a path of trees that stretched almost a mile long. The forest looked as if it was wrecked, it all looked like a giant mess and it was all her fault.

“Oh... I didn’t realize I had taken so many down... I swore that it was only a few.”

The power drained out of her as if it was taking her energy with it. The feeling of being unstoppable was quickly replaced by the feeling of emptiness. The hole in her chest felt wider than it did before. It felt as if she would never be able to fill it.

“J... I can handle another taste. Let me have another shot.” Doris practically begged.

‘It’s getting dark. You need to get back to the palace before someone comes out here to see what all this noise was.’

“I doubt they even heard me— “

“You may have better hearing as a white wolf, but they still have it pretty good. We will pick up on this soon.”

Doris had no choice but to listen to her wolf. Only this time, she still seemed to hear everything in the forest.

Her wolf hadn’t taken all of it away. She was finally letting her keep some of it.

Read Novel Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 233

Again he follows

A branch broke behind her and Doris turned immediately to face it. All of her senses were on high and felt more on alert than they ever had before.

A familiar figure stepped out of the trees and walked slowly towards her. The fur along her back felt as if it was standing when she saw who it was—of course it was him.

Daemon held his hands out as if he posed no threat — while clenching her cloak. Cordelia let out a large growl that made him stay where he was as if he was rooted in place.

“Sorry to have frightened you, I found your cloak back there and came looking for you.” He said. His eyes gazed over her entire wolf form in awe. He looked at her as if he just walked in on a goddess and he didn’t know what else to say to her.

Doris growled again when he started to move closer. He stopped short and bowed. “Apologies, my lady. I only wanted to bring you your cloak. I thought you had lost it.”

He set it down carefully in front of her and took a few steps back. “I saw you run... and I saw what you had done with the trees. I’ve never seen a wolf move like that in my life. I thought for a moment I was imagining all of it.”

Doris wanted to snip at him. She couldn’t respond when she was in her wolf form, but he seemed to understand her anyway. He turned away and

faced his back to her as she shifted into her normal form once more.

Doris yanked on her cloak before her transition was even complete. Anger rose inside her and replaced everything else that tried to come forward. “What are you doing out here again? I knew you were following me!”

“May I turn back, my lady?” He asked calmly. “Yes. But don’t you dare take a step closer to me. I want you right where you are.”

Daemon turned back to her with a slight smirk on his lips. Oh! She wanted to slap it off his mouth. What did he not understand? “I assure you that I didn’t intend for us to meet this way.”

“Then what was your intention? I doubt you happen to keep coming out here the same exact times that I do. I hope you realize how suspicious this is, Daemon. I haven’t even developed a pattern for you to learn—so why are you out here?”

He closed his eyes when Doris said his name. She watched him swallow before he opened them again. “Alright, you caught me. I came out here because I saw you from

the windows and J] knew you came out here to shift. I just wanted to see what you were going to do.”

“So you have been following me.” Doris crossed her arms over her chest. The wind was starting to pick up a little and she had to make sure her robe stayed closed tight.

“I did—today. Not before.” He shoved his hands into his pockets and started to walk around the clearing. “I was curious to see you in action as the white wolf. It took my breath away when I saw how fast you moved. I had to contain myself just to allow my lung air again.”

Doris felt her cheeks heat and a bit of pride swarm inside her. So far, he was the only person that had seen her move as she did when she was her white wolf. If only William had seen her too. Would he be as impressed as this stranger was?

“I swore I even saw you... glow.” He spoke so quietly, just for her ears. “I heard myths that white wolves glowed and when I saw you... I apologize for following you but you are a walking wonder and I couldn’t help myself.”

Daemon bowed to her and Doris wasn’t sure if she could get any more heated than she was. When he rose, his eyes sparkled a little as he grinned. “I wasn’t able to see all of it—but wow. What you did to those trees— “

It dawned on her then. She’d almost forgotten what she did to the trees. Doris hurried past him and gazed across at the mess she made. It looked as if a giant had come through the forest and knocked down every tree he touched—what a disaster! It was a clear path that stretched about a mile long of fallen trees. It was hard to believe she was capable of something like this.

“Oh my.. I didn’t mean to do that.” Doris whispered. “The palace is going to be very upset with me.”

“Who says they have to know?” Daemon said by her ear. Doris practically jumped away from the man. “Calm down, little one. I don’t bite.”

His smirk told her otherwise. Doris narrowed her eyes at him. “I don’t think this is something I can sweep under the rugs. It looks as if a monster came through here and knocked everything down!”

“The guards almost never come out here, I doubt they’ll even find it for weeks. Why bring it up if no one is asking about it?” Daemon said as he leaned against one of the trees that was still standing. She looked closer and saw large claw marks scraped across the front. She felt like a monster. “How would you know that they don’t come out here for weeks?” Doris asked with her brows raised.

“I can see them take their rounds from my window. It’s not hard to notice a pattern when they rarely change it.”

Doris looked at him closer. He stood as if the world didn’t weigh him down and moved so carelessly. She wasn’t sure if he was trying to force it—or if that was how he was.

He pushed off the tree and neared her. “You have quite some power. How come I never heard about you? I only ever heard that the king had a former maid as a fiancée, but not what she could do.” Doris brushed her hair behind her ears and looked away. “My power... I’m still getting used to it. I don’t like to show it off, especially to strangers.” Daemon chuckled. “Understood. If you ever want to learn more about your power, meet me in the library. I know just the kind of book you need.” Doris swallowed the lump in her throat. “The library?” She hadn’t been back there since Martin “Or we can meet like two lovers in this forest if it makes you feel better.” He said against her ear. She pushed him away from her.

“The library is fine. But I only want this book you speak of. I don’t remember ever seeing one on white wolves when I used to work there.”

Daemon laughed again. “Oh, that place won’t have a copy. Don’t you worry.” He poked her nose and smiled at her glare. “I have it.”

Read Novel Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 234

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 234

White wolf tales

Doris knew the risk if she agreed to meet Daemon. She knew that gossip could brew and William could learn about it before the end of the day. She knew he wouldn’t take well to knowing that she was alone with another man. It would spike his anger to a level that she knew he wouldn’t be able to control.

But, she had to have this book he spoke of. None of the books she had read had anything useful for her to learn. It was always just mentions of how rare a white wolf was and how there weren’t many around anymore. To actually have tales about other white wolves was exactly what she needed.

Daemon said he would be around the library when it was the emptiest. Normally that would mean around mid day when everyone who was anyone in the palace was in a meeting or out. Not even maids tended to wander in this area during that time due to their lunch breaks.

Doris didn't want to ask how he knew that. Her trust for him grew slimmer by the second but he didn't have to know that just yet. First, she wanted whatever book he promised her.

William took Alec with him to a meeting since she had to do a second fitting for the dress to make sure it was fitted in all the right places. The guards didn't follow her as she slipped down the hall and into the library.

Just as he promised, it was empty. The sight of the library gave her chills. It reminded her of the life she used to have when she worked day after day in this room...as well as the one life that was lost.

She tried not to look at the seat that Martin always sat at. It might bring her flashes of his kind face and the way he always looked at her with a soft smile. It was hard to believe that Doris didn't realize all the signals he was giving her until it was too late. If she had known then what she knew now, she would have tried harder to make sure he knew that people cared about him.

"I was beginning to think you weren't going to show." Daemon said from across the room. His voice echoed all around her and made her cringe.

She hurried her steps towards him so he didn't have to raise his tone. Was he insane? She swore he had a death wish and so far nothing had convinced her otherwise.

"Yes, I'm here. Where is the book? I don't have much time, I] have to get back to my room before William does." Doris whispered. She glanced over her shoulder even though she knew the door was louder than hell and she would've heard it open.

"Ay, [would have thought you'd be happier to see me." Daemon frowned. Doris rolled her eyes and held out her hand. He placed a thick book in her palm that almost weighed her to the ground. " You have to admit, us meeting like this is rather romantic." Doris lifted her eyes and glared at him. "It's no such thing. Women and men can exist in the same room without it being romantic. I only came for this book so I would hold your tongue if you know what's good for you."

She started to flip through the pages. Each one made her eyes widen more than the last. There were dozens of drawings of white wolfs and tales about their origins. Stories of where they were located and what people had seen them do— it was extraordinary.

"I've read that thing several times, do you want to know what my favorite part is?" Daemon asked. He leaned back against the shelves behind him. She didn't realize how close he was until she looked up at him and tried to fight the urge to step back.

"What?" Doris breathed. How many of these stories were true? They looked as if they came out of a fairytale book that she used to read when she was a kid.

“My favorite part is reading how powerful they are. They can take down villages on their own. They’re a force of nature and move faster than the winds.” Daemon said as he gazed down at her. She didn’t like when he looked at her like that but nothing she said to him seemed to make him stop. Perhaps he liked to make ladies mad and he couldn’t help it.

“One of the stories in there is about a village that needs saving from attackers. These wolves come in and try to rob them of money and take the women to use as they wish. No one is strong enough to overcome them and they all laugh at the villagers’ weakness.” Daemon’s eyes brightened a little as he spoke.

“They all think they’re dead and done for. Blood covers the streets and kills any sense of their hope. Until a white wolf hears their cries. They hear it from a hundred miles away and run faster than the wind to save them. Within minutes of the white wolf arriving, the town is saved. Every single bad wolf that came to rob them was dead faster than they could register what was coming for them.”

Doris’s lips parted in shock. “And this story is true?”

“Aren’t all stories born from a little truth?” Daemon’s lips lifted just slightly. “This one still keeps me up at night with wonder. I never thought I would meet one for myself—I didn’t realize how beautiful they could be up close.”

Doris felt her cheeks heat. She took a small step away from him. “I don’t know about these stories.” She said as she started to flip through them. There were so many—if only she had this book when she first found out what she was. Perhaps she would have believed in herself a little more.

“Some of them might seem a little extreme, but they’re told by people who witnessed it. Sometimes when you see a hero, you can’t get the stars out of your eyes so your stories always sound more exciting. But I believe them. I saw you out there—I know there’s truth to them.”

Daemon took a step closer and closed the book in her hands. She clenched it to her chest and gazed up at him. “A white wolf is chosen by the universe. Don’t sell yourself short just because you haven’t saved an entire village yet.”

Doris swallowed and looked away from him. “Thank you for the book. I’ll return it once I finish reading it—”

“Don’t do a thing like that. I’ve read that book so many times I could recite it to you. Keep it.”

“Oh—well, thank you.” Doris bowed her head and headed to the door.

“Aren’t you going to remind me that I can’t be running into you again?” He called behind her.

Doris stopped short with her hand on the knob and glanced back at him.

"If you were wise, you would listen."
"I was never the smartest man around."

Read Novel Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 235

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 235

A little romance

Doris got back to her room only minutes before William did the same. Her heart was still pounding even though she knew she had nothing to be worried about. She did nothing wrong by meeting Daemon—William would have done the same if it was him.

She hid the book under some others in case he noticed that it was a sort of book this palace wouldn't have. She didn't want to explain where she'd gotten it from. It was easier to hide it for now and tell him later if it ever came to that. Still, she didn't like hiding things from him.

William smiled when he entered the room and saw her on the couch. It made her stomach fill with butterflies and heart race against her chest as if it was the first time all over again. Only his smiles could ever do that to her. No one else compared.

He crossed the room and gripped her chin with his free hand to kiss her. "How did it go?" He asked when he pulled away. She had to catch herself from falling into him and begging for more.

"Oh, it went well! The dress is being altered and I'll have to try it on again when it's finished. I also had her set a few aside for a bridesmaid. I want Beth to try them on when she comes to visit." Doris said as William handed her the baby. She almost melted to the floor when she saw Alec's innocent face and tiny smile as he gazed up at her.

How did she get so lucky?

"Have you eaten yet?" William asked as he took off his jacket. He ran his fingers through his hair to make a mess of it—just how she liked it. She had to stop herself from jumping on him and kissing every inch of his face while she ran her fingers through his wild hair.

"Hmm? Oh! No, not yet."

"Good, let's get out of this room. I feel as if I've had enough dinners in here to last me a lifetime." He said as he threw a small smile over his shoulder. She remembered the time she used to pray that he would smile at her. Just a small glimpse would be all she

needed to get through the day. Now he threw them at her as if they were hers to claim and he never smiled at anyone else the way he did for her and their baby.

It was the kind of smile that was painted into her heart.

Doris brightened at his words. She quickly changed Alec and freshened herself before she followed William out of their room. He placed his hand on the small of her back and led her down the long halls. Two guards appeared on each side of them and she tried her best not to trip over them when they got too close.

It was strange to think that soon she would have two guards to follow her around constantly like they did to William. Once she was a queen, she wouldn't have the luxury of telling them no. They would follow no matter what and no matter where she went. At least now she was allowed to enjoy a bit of freedom before that happened.

William led them down to the garden where a fancy little table had been set up by the lovely fountain. Beautiful vases of pink and purple flowers and gold dishes and candles. It looked stunning in the middle of all the greenery around it—it also looked incredibly romantic.

She glanced up at him to see him trying to fight the smile on his face. She bumped his arm. "See, I knew you were romantic."

"It's rare when the moment strikes me." He shrugged and lifted his hand. The guards fell back and stayed by the doors as they walked the rest of the way to the table.

William pulled out her chair and Doris felt her cheeks redden. She wasn't even sure the last time he acted this way with her—perhaps months and months ago when they were freshly in love.

He dropped his cloak over her shoulders and leaned down to kiss her neck before he took Alec and put him in his little golden highchair. His wide eyes gazed up at William and Doris bit her lip just to calm her grin. William was handsome no matter what he did—but when he was a good father, it made her want to have a hundred more of his kids.

He sat across from her and not even a full five seconds had passed before a servant came out with a steaming tray. The chill in the air didn't even bother her warm skin. Not when William looked at her like that.

Doris laughed when she saw what plate was set in front of her. It was her favorite—sweet pancakes with chocolate and potatoes on the side. Normally she only got this on special occasions.

"What's this for?" She asked. Alec was busy guzzling his own bottle of milk to pay attention to the world around him.

"I think I have been much too in my head lately and I started to forget what matters." William ran his fingers through his hair twice before he continued. "You're my bride, not the reason that things go wrong but my rage always wants to blame the thing closest to me. Sometimes I think that my mind wants to ruin the only good thing I have in life."

Doris reached across to grip his hand. "I know it has been hard. I'm sorry if you have felt alone in any of this, I just want to remind you that you don't have to take your anger to bed. I'm always here for you even on your hardest days."

He squeezed her hand once. It was rare to catch William so soft. He was normally hard around every edge he had but occasionally he would let her see through the door and allow her to come inside. Even if it was temporary.

"One day you will be my queen and you will always be by my side. I only hope you want to be there."

Doris smiled a little. "I couldn't imagine myself anywhere else."

He lifted her knuckles to his lips and kissed softly.

It felt as if a small hole in her chest was slowly being filled. All the nights she tried to convince herself that he would leave her or that he didn't love her anymore was her own insecurities trying to ruin what she loved.

"Promise me we will have more nights like this."

Doris whispered. "We need to remember what we fight for."

"Please give you a million more, Doris." He said softly. He kissed her hand once more before he let it go. Alec looked between both of them as if they were beautiful wonders.

"And you too."

Doris laughed and for the first time, she realized that she wasn't worried what tomorrow would bring.

Even if it was a taste of hell.