

Read Novel Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 241

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne Chapter 241

A little bit of peace

“I don’t know why you’re losing sleep over this. He wasn’t the first man you killed.” Cordelia said inside her. It was the first time her wolf had spoken up since the incident occurred, and she didn’t sound very happy. Doris knew that she was avoiding this discussion, but it appeared that her gloomy demeanor annoyed her inner wolf enough to finally speak up.

“Self defense is different.” Doris said. “That man ... he didn’t deserve that. He was just out there doing his job and could have lost his life. I feel like I was almost a murderer.”

Cordelia was silent again for a long moment. “Don’t be too hard on yourself. It was an accident, and William said he’s going to be fine. When he wakes up in a few days, you can apologize.” « Doris closed her eyes and took a deep breath. “I don’t think I can handle the power. Maybe you were right to keep it from me.”

“I think I came at it all wrong.” Cordelia admitted. “I shouldn’t have let you have it without finding your peace first. All white wolves have their inner peace. Since Alec is out with William today, let’s go to the forest and we will work on that.”

Doris couldn’t find the strength to pull herself up and do that. Before she would have hopped out of the bed and followed Cordelia down any path if it meant she would be stronger. But now—she wasn’t so sure what she wanted. All the tales in the book sounded like they were made for people much better than herself—but no. She had to stop thinking that way. She had to allow her self confidence if she wanted to be better.

After a push, Doris forced herself off the couch and picked her cloak up before she followed her wolf out of the palace. The last thing she wanted was to see Daemon. William was a saint for taking Alec when he knew that she needed a little time alone.

Doris followed their usual path but broke off to go the opposite way. She didn’t want to risk anyone following her to her route. She only stopped when they were far enough away from the palace.

She dropped her cloak and leaned down on her knees. “Okay. What first?” She breathed.

“Close your eyes and silence your mind.” Cordelia said soothingly. Doris did as she asked. “A lot of the time, we lose ourselves and try to take more than given because our

minds are so loud. When the power flows through you, you have to learn that your own peace is what matters the most.” “Okay... why didn't you tell me this before?”

Doris asked and felt like her insides were kicked. “Focus. I didn't think you would disobey what I told you, but I should have known that the lure of power was too strong to resist. It's not your fault that it tries to pull you in for more.”

“How do I stop... the desire to take it?” Doris asked.

“It's always going to be there. No matter how hard you try to push it away. But you can find your peace and it might be enough to resist the pull. Now, try.”

Doris closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She could hear everything in the forest and felt the power pulse in her veins. Instead of trying to hear everything at once, she focused on herself.

Her mind was loud and filled with thoughts that weren't welcomed. Self doubt was always the loudest and normally couldn't be silenced without a distraction. Today, she took out each thought one by one until she was left with nothing.

For a moment, she didn't know what to do. There was silence, it felt like she was in a big glass box with a muffled world around her. The sounds of the outside tried to get in, but it was a huge effort to keep them out.

Suddenly, a calmness fell over her. It went through every inch of her, even her power felt as if it had calmed from the spike in her blood. “There.” Cordelia whispered. “If you ever feel like you're losing control, this will help you centre yourself again.”

Doris let out a slow breath and allowed herself to hear the outside. She could hear the river where it always was, but there was no sense of her wanting to take more. To have more.

“How much power have I not felt yet?” Doris asked.

“The truth is, there is endless power for a white wolf. Many wolves go their entire lives without reaching the maximum amount. You didn't get to grow up with wolves. You didn't get to learn how to take a bit at a time and now you're overdue for a lot. I can sense your body getting used to it. Soon you will learn that the rest comes naturally when you can handle what I give.”

Doris stood on shaky legs and released the power from her. It was the first time she realized that she could do that—even in her human form. “That's enough for today. I have something I want to do.” Doris said.

Doris hurried up the palace steps with her cloak flowing behind her. For once she didn't feel as if she was being watched.

She wandered down the halls with one destination in mind. She hadn't been to this part of the palace in so long—she almost lost her way.

When she saw the wide white doors, she hesitated before she pushed them open. A nurse immediately popped in her view without her even taking a step inside.

“My lady? Are you hurt?” She asked.

“Oh! No, I was just wondering if the guard that was brought here by William was okay? I wanted to check in with him and hopefully have a chat if he was awake.” Doris clasped her hands like a lady in front of her despite her pants having dirt caked on from the forest.

The nurse tilted her head and gave a sad look. “The guard? Oh... well.” She cleared her throat and glanced behind her as if she was hoping someone would come rescue her from this conversation. “Is he in there?” Doris asked and took a step towards the patients rooms. “I can go have a peak _t

“No, no my lady. The guard William brought in the other night... he didn't make it.”

Doris stopped short. “What do you mean? The doctor told William that he was fine and would wake up fine—”

“Yes, well— we don't actually know what happened. He was fine and healed just yesterday but when we came to check on him in the middle of the night, he had passed away. We still haven't been able to find out why or what caused it...” Doris started to pick at her nails. She took a small step back towards the door and swore the floor was about to open up beneath her.

“J... thank you for telling me...” Doris said before she ran out of the medical ward.

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a wavering village

William POV

Alec had a habit of always sleeping during these meetings. His crib was set up close to William's chair and no one was allowed to disturb him unless they wanted to be kicked from the room.

William was impressed that he never woke even when the meetings got a little tense and loud, if only he could sleep that deep when his mind wouldn't rest.

“Where are they?” William asked his guards.

They looked at each other and offered a small shrug before they turned back to their king. “We haven’t seen them, your majesty. This morning they went to the villages but they haven’t returned.”

William curled his hands into fists under the table. It wasn’t the first time the rulers had showed up late or tried to show some sort of sign that they were the ones in control. He knew they did this on purpose despite the way they always tried to act like it was an accident.

It was enough to make him want to throw them and their smug faces back to their kingdom, but what intrigued him more was their business in his village. They were rulers of another kingdom, it wasn’t common to want to check out another village unless they had a reason to.

“Prepare my horse, I’d like to see what kept them in my village.” William said as he stood. He gathered Alec in his arms and went to take him to Doris before he left. If only he could remain unseen to the villagers, he didn’t want to cause a scene.

When he entered their room, Doris was asleep on the bed. William laid a sleeping Alec on the bed beside her and kissed both of their heads before he left. It was good she was getting sleep, after everything she had been through.

A small ache formed in his chest with how much he missed her. He missed hearing about her day and all of her worries. He grabbed his most drab coat and glanced back once more before he left. The guards had set up his horse along with four others to follow him. William pulled himself up on his black steed and held up his hand. “Not too close to me. Fall back. I want to try and remain undetected if we can.”

They did as he asked without a comment. They knew better than to question him and his requests.

William guided his horse down the path towards the village at a steady pace. The last thing he wanted was to scare off his villagers or make them think that there was trouble if he came galloping down the road.

When he first entered the village, not one head turned towards him. The streets were crowded and filled with conversation. Dozens of people wandered in and out of stores and didn’t seem to have time to observe their surroundings. William stopped his horse and slid off before anyone paid attention to what he was doing.

His guards came up beside him. “Sir, are you sure it’s a good idea to walk among the crowd?” William pulled his hood up the shield his face. “Yes. Don’t hover near me, blend with the crowd and find any answers you can. Don’t make it obvious.”

William didn't wait for their response, he stepped into the crowd and they blended him in like he was one of them. His clothes were fancier, but they were hidden beneath his drab cloak he usually only used for riding.

His wolf instincts caught the scent of the rulers instantly. They were like a rotted orange he could sniff out anywhere since he had spent weeks in meetings and lunches with them. They wouldn't be able to hide from him if they tried.

His only concern was that they might have sniffed him out too. He could only hope that they wouldn't take the second to see if he was near them.

Their scent led him to the middle of town. The gloomy sky promised rain and made his shadow follow him across the streets. His guards tried to hide their attire with their own cloaks and walked the streets as if they were one of them— William was only glad that the town was busy otherwise he knew that they would have been caught with how hard they tried.

Their scent stopped at a bar. William walked by the window and saw them in causal clothes laughing with members of the village as if they were part of the crowd. He didn't know why that bothered him so much, he pulled open the door and slipped inside the busy space.

Drunken people stumbled around the bar and bumped into him, he didn't take his eyes off them for a moment. The music was too loud to hear what they were saying until he got close enough to touch.

"Isn't that something?" Sail laughed and slapped one of the villagers on the back. "I wouldn't make that foolish—"

William clapped Sail on the shoulder and he saw the light drain from his eyes when Sail looked up and saw him. "Join me outside?" William said calmly.

It was crowded enough that no one paid them attention as they left the room. In the alley beside the bar, the two rulers looked stoned face as they followed him.

"Is there a reason you found this more important than keeping your meetings?" William asked.

"We were just enjoying your lovely village, your majesty. I didn't think you would come down here to find us. We heard that you never visit your villages."

"You heard wrong." William glanced out into the street to see his guards lingering nearby. "I find it interesting that you have so much interest in my kingdom. It makes me wonder how much you miss your own." The rulers were quiet for a moment. "We were curious to see how your villages compared to our own. I assure you that we only came here because we miss our own kingdom."

“They say a ruler should never stray from their kingdom for too long.” William started to back away from them. His hood hid most of his gaze. They didn’t need to see it to know he was angry. “If you find yourself distracted from a meeting that you called again, I will have my men bring you back to your kingdom since you miss it so.”

He turned away and his guards fell into step behind him. Once they were far enough away, he glanced back at the closest one. “What did you find?”

“They’ve been coming to the village every day and meeting with store owners and other villagers. Apparently a lot of the people here already know them by name.” William glanced back to where he left the rulers, but they were already gone. “Do the villagers know who they are?”

“Yes, they’re aware. They like that they come to them dressed as one of them and talk to them like they’re equals.” William pulled himself up on his horse. Perhaps he had let them stay for too long.

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not so innocent

Doris woke when she heard a knock, but it wasn’t at her door. She got up to see Alec was resting in her bed beside her —when did William bring him back? Had she been sleeping that deeply?

The knock sounded again and she almost thought she had imagined it—but no. It was coming from her balcony. Doris quickly got off the bed and went to grab a letter opener on the nightstand before she approached the window.

She was a white wolf... no one could hurt her now. No one had that power over her to intimidate or make her feel weak. That girl inside her was long dead.

“Doris?” The muffled voice said. Her brows furrowed when she opened the curtain to see Daemon on her balcony. What the hell was he doing out there? How did he even get out there? This balcony was made so that no one could crawl up... unless you had a power to.

The wind blew through his curls and made him squint, he scratched the back of his head in an innocent manner that made Doris narrow her eyes. “I came to check on you! I haven’t seen you in a few days!”

He yelled it much louder than she would have liked. Part of her wondered if he was doing that on purpose to get the attention of those nearby. Doris bet that he would love to center himself in a bit of gossip.

She opened the door just a little to poke her head out of. She ignored his bright face and kind smile that used to fool her into thinking he was a decent man. “What the hell are you doing on my balcony? Get away from this door!”

Daemon held up his hands and took a few steps back to act as if he was harmless. “I thought it would be bad to go to your main door, and I knew you wouldn’t want me to send notes like we’re lovers.”

Doris cringed at his words and pointed the letter opener at him. “Only the insane would think we are lovers. Get off my balcony. I will not warn you again, I will call in the guards and they will remove you from this palace. Along with your parents.” Doris hissed.

This time, he winced at her words. “I wanted to tell you—”

“Don’t bother lying. I know you didn’t tell me because you had hoped I might say something you could tell your parents about. I know you thought you had some sort of advantage because I never attended the meetings to hear you be announced.” Doris narrowed her eyes. “I’m sure you told them all about my powers, too.”

“I wouldn’t do that!” Daemon took a step closer and he moved back again when she wiggled the letter opener to point it right at his chest. “I didn’t think you would talk with me if you knew who I really was—”

“What gave you the impression that I want to talk to you? J told you to leave me alone! Don’t bother trying to come look for me when I shift anymore either. You’re not welcome near me.”

Doris wasn’t normally used to being so blunt and rude, but she knew he would never understand unless she said it. She didn’t trust him or his parents and it bothered her more and more each day that they remained here.

Daemon looked hurt by the words. “Are you not going to be training anymore?”

“If I am, that’s my business. It’s not for you to watch like a show. I don’t want anyone around me when I practice—I don’t want to hurt anyone again.” Doris tried to keep her voice even, but then she remembered that the guard was dead... because of her. Not even his blood could have saved him. Perhaps she shouldn’t be practicing any more...

Doris hoped that Beth would get her letter soon, she needed a friend more than ever and only someone who knew her well would be able to help. “You can’t give up on yourself, Doris. I saw you out there and I know what happened was a mistake... but you shouldn’t hold yourself back. Your power is magnificent. You took a little more ... and

you see how you almost took down the forest? Imagine what you could do if you took more than that?"

His words sounded... strange. It sounded as if she was being sung to and lured in by a wave that was far from her own. It was like she was being pulled by a string and she wanted to listen to him.

"Just think... if you took more of your power, you could be the most powerful wolf in this land." Daemon said, his voice like silk as he stepped closer. Doris wanted to fall into him but her mind was screaming at her to close the door. "You've already proven yourself as more powerful than most wolves I've ever met—"

Doris pulled herself from her daze and shoved him away from her. "What the hell are you doing?!" Doris took a step back. "I—I don't know what that was but you need to leave. Now."

Daemon's surprise quickly vanished from his face. He offered a light smile. "Of course, my lady.

Sorry to have bothered you."

Doris closed the door and locked it. Just as she did, William came in the room and eyed her frantic state.

"What happened?" He crossed the room in just a few steps and took the letter opener from her shaky hand. He opened the curtain behind her, but there was nothing there. "Was there something on the balcony?"

William grabbed her face and searched her every inch of her. Doris finally found her voice and shook her head slowly. "Daemon was out there." She breathed.

Those words shifted his expression entirely. He unlocked the door and moved her behind him before he threw it open to see he was gone. He inhaled deeply, Doris felt shivers across her skin.

"He's gone." William turned back to her and locked the door. He took Doris's face again. "Tell me everything he said to you."

"He... it was strange... he spoke to me and it felt like his words pulled me in a weird daze that I almost couldn't get out of." Doris whispered and rubbed her head. "He... he wanted to apologize and then he started trying to convince me that I shouldn't give up and I should take more power."

Doris knew what this would ignite inside William. It was why she didn't tell him about Daemon's flirting that she thought was innocent. She wasn't afraid of William at all, she knew he wouldn't take his rage out on her... she just didn't want him to rip apart a man that might have been innocent. But now she wasn't so sure if he was anymore.

His eyes darkened into a storm that could blow someone over with one glance. "I want you to stay here and don't open the door for anyone but me. Do you understand?"

Doris nodded and William left without another word.

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Only mine

William's POV

William stormed through the halls towards where the royal guests were staying. He didn't care if the rulers were back yet, he wanted to find their son.

He knew from the start that the boy had a look to him that made William think he was hiding something.

He just didn't realize that he wanted his lady. He didn't realize that he was foolish enough to cross him where no one would dare. Doris and his child were off limits to ridicule and questions. Doris was off limits to any man even looking her way unless they wanted to wake up blind because of it.

Every inch of his possessive nature wanted to rip his head clean from his shoulders the moment he saw him and say fuck it. He didn't care if it risked a war when it came to Doris. He would start a hundred and burn the world to the ground if it meant she was safe by his side.

He didn't even knock when he reached Daemon's door. He threw the door open and found Daemon sitting causally on his couch as if he didn't have a care in the world. Almost as if he was waiting for William. That only sparked his rage more—and he knew that was exactly what he wanted.

"Oh, your majesty. I didn't expect to see you here —" Daemon stood and started to button his shirt as if he had caught him at a bad time. William knew what the gesture meant. He knew what the asshole was trying to plant in his mind because he knew that William was insane.

His mind blanked as he crossed the room to get him. He grabbed Daemon by his collar and slammed him up against the wall. It knocked the breath right out of him.

"What did you do to my wife?" William growled in his face. He wanted to smell his fear and bottle the smell.

“I thought she was only your lady—” Daemon choked when William tightened his grip. “I didn’t_t

“You used your power on her. Don’t think I’m blind to those that have unique powers!” William growled. “You’re trying to get her to do what you want, aren’t you?”

His voice was deadly, Daemon even shivered a little whenever he spoke. His eyes were wide with fear, his words could never mask how scared he looked in that moment even when his words were even.

The fact that he used that sort of power on Doris drove him wild. He could have made her do anything if she wasn’t strong enough to resist it— anything he asked.

“If I see you come near Doris again, I will rip your throat clean off your body. If I see you even look at her, you won’t get a chance to scream when I come for you.” William said calmly, his words were laced with poison.

“You would ignite a war over a simple understanding?” Daemon breathed. His words were strangled and hard to get out. William was tempted to silence him completely.

“T would do worse than ignite a war for her.” William sneered. He dropped Daemon to the ground and saw his own hand marks around his throat left behind. “What were you doing outside our balcony?”

Daemon tried to get up, but William held him to the floor with his boot.

“I just wanted to check on her and see if she was doing okay after what happened.” Daemon said evenly. He looked up at William with a darkness he knew well.

“She doesn’t need you to check on her. She doesn’t need you anywhere near her, do you understand me?” William said through his teeth. “Tell your parents that it’s time to go home. You’re not welcome here.”

William lifted his foot and turned to leave. He could hear Daemon scramble in the background t o stand. When he turned back, Daemon looked as if it never happened.

“We could just forget about this, your majesty. I will stay away from Doris and you can continue your business with my parents.”

“I will not forget this. You’re lucky you’re still allowed to breathe.” William said before he slammed the door behind him. His steps felt heavy and thick. He wanted to rip him apart piece by piece for the smug way he looked at him. He wanted to rip out his tongue for ever speaking to Doris and his eyes for looking at her.

William found himself back in his room and he didn’t realize he was there until Doris put her hands on his shoulders to calm him.

“What happened?” She said gently. William grabbed her face and kissed her. Her sweet taste was the only thing that kept him sane and the only thing that could ever tame the beast inside him.

“If he talks to you again, tell me.” William said against her lips. She was breathless, almost too distracted to reply as she stared at his lips. “Tell me if he says anything to you, understand?”

Doris nodded slowly. Her hands gripped his shirt to pull him closer.

William wanted to pick her brain and know everything he had said to her. He wanted to know how long it had been happening and he wanted to know every look he gave her. The thoughts alone ignited something deep and dark inside him that was hard to control.

William lifted her body up roughly against his own. He pulled away to make sure Alec was in his crib before he pinned her up against the wall. She gasped and gripped his shoulders.

His savage hands had no time to be light. He pulled her dress up to her waist and ripped her panties off. Her breath became heavy and her grip on his shoulders was tighter than before.

William didn't want to wait any longer. He wanted it to be rough and desperate—he wanted to hear her silent screams and he wanted to cum inside her before his animalistic rage passed over. Most of all, he wanted to be reminded that she was his.

He unbuttoned and was already deep inside her within seconds of her panties hitting the floor.

She bit down hard on her lip to keep in her scream. William went to kiss her neck and muffle his groans against her warm skin.

“Fuck... William....” She groaned against his ear. His movements were rushed and rough.

Desperate to feel every inch of her and get her to moan his name over and over before his rage exploded.

She gripped onto him as he thrust deep inside her. Each small whimper ignited a spark inside him that was hungry for more. If only she knew how every groan drove him wild. He wanted to paint her name across his chest with how obsessed he was with her.

He moved deep inside her until they both came undone. He didn't stop until she got her release and collapsed against him. He brought them to the bed and kissed every inch of her skin. She looked dizzy from her arousal—so he kissed her more.

And he didn't stop until she had to bite the sheets to keep in her screams.

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Whispers arise

Doris felt eyes on her from every angle as she left her room. More than usual, if that was possible. William wanted to take Alec on a ride around the front today with some of the other males in the palace. She knew how important it was to him to have bonding time with Alec when his father had never done the same for him.

Despite the uneasy feeling in her stomach, she felt as if there were butterflies inside her again. William showered her in affection to the point where she knew she was foolish for ever doubting him. He whispered again and again about his love for her until they were both drowning in each other.

A familiar face stopped her dead in her tracks and all her sensual thoughts were gone. Beth came hurrying down the hallway with wide eyes. "Beth— "

Beth grabbed Doris's wrist and hauled her into a private room. She locked the door behind them and turned to Doris.

"What— what are you doing here?" Doris asked. "What happened? Did something happen to Enzo?"

"What? No! I—" Beth took a deep breath and brought Doris in for a hug. "I'm sorry for the horrible entrance but... I got all of your letters." Doris pulled away and smoothed out her skirt. "A lot has happened—"

"Doris. I don't know if you know this, but... the energy in this palace is different. I felt as if I was wandering into a place I wasn't welcomed."

"What do you mean? You're always welcomed here—"

"I know that." Beth said quickly. She glanced around the empty sitting room and brought Doris over to the couch. It was almost hard to believe that she was even here. "I came in through the servants quarters... old habits die hard, I suppose. "

"Ty... don't understand." Doris said hesitantly. "Did someone say something to you?"

"No... no. I heard a bit of gossip through the walls as I passed. Some of the maids were saying how the young prince from the other kingdom has sworn to win you over..."

"What?" Doris snorted and then covered her nose in embarrassment. "Why would they say such things?"

“That wasn’t all. They were saying how the other rulers have been visiting them more often and how they wished they could work for their palace instead—”

Doris stood. “I knew this was going to happen!” “Wait! Sit!” Beth pulled Doris to sit next to her again. “When I came in this palace, something felt off. I felt as if everyone was different. More stiff than they were before I left. I don’t know how to explain it.”

“I feel it too.” Doris whispered. “I’ve felt the shift since the rulers came but William hasn’t sent them away yet. He told me he has a plan, but I’m worried that it will be too late by the time the plan comes to be true.”

“I’m glad I came when I did. Tell me about this prince that wants you.” Beth leaned closer with her brows raised. “I told you that you were meant for princes.”

Doris rolled her eyes. “He told me he was a messenger but I think he was their spy. He followed me every night out into the forest when I would shift and he was always there— every night.”

“Is he handsome?” Beth asked as if she couldn’t help herself.

“That’s not important. We have to figure out what’s been going on—”

“Ah so he is.” Beth smirked and took Doris’s hand. “Let’s go find him, shall we? Enzo taught me a few tricks to manipulate a target.”

Doris let Beth pull her to her feet and followed her out of the room. “What are you talking about? Enzo has tried to corrupt my sweet Beth?”

“I wouldn’t say that!” Beth said with her cheeks heating up. “He just taught me how to ask the right questions.”

“Where is our dear Enzo?” Doris asked and wrapped her arm through Beth’s. As they left the room, she kept her voice down and was careful enough to keep her head high.

“He’s around. He felt the shift too.” Beth whispered. “Lead the way.”

Doris didn’t know exactly where Daemon’s room was, but she knew where the royal guests were kept. The last thing she needed was to draw attention to herself by going to seek out his room. If the maids were already gossiping about her, they would love any small bit they could get.

“I have a better idea.” Doris whispered.

Doris led them out to the forest and made sure they appeared very alone. She glanced back at the palace towards where she figured his room might be before she took her normal path.

“What are we doing out here?” Beth whispered. It was pretty far from the riding field where William was with her baby. Daemon was more than bold, she knew he would come.

“Just wait.”

And they did. They waited for almost a full hour before she heard the sound of leaves crunching below a boot. They both turned to see Daemon in all black with a small smirk on his lips.

“Secret meeting?” He said with a drawl to his voice. He looked Beth up and down slowly and she only crossed her arms over her chest. Doris wanted to smile—her friend would have usually blushed like a fool if a man did that.

“You must be the prince I’ve heard about.” Beth said with a raised chin. Only Doris could see how nervous she was to face him.

Daemon’s eyes flickered to Doris. ‘I would hate to hear all the things you’ve heard.’

“Oh, I doubt that. I heard from the maids that you’re quite the alpha wolf of your kingdom. Is that true?” Beth asked with a tilted head. Doris wanted to pinch her friend. This just sounded like flirting.

Daemon raised his brows and looked over Beth again as if he was sizing her up. “And who are you?”

“I come from the north. I came to visit the palace and see its leaders in action. My husband is the leader of rogues and he has had some doubts on the process of uniting the lands.”

Doris bit the inside of her cheek to stay quiet. She had never taken her best friend for a good liar. Instead, she tried to look as if she was concerned at her words.

“I suggest you come meet my parents. They would be very interested in meeting you.” Daemon took a step closer. “We won’t be here much longer. Our welcome has run out.”

“What is your business with this kingdom?” Beth asked. Her voice shook a little and Doris worried that Daemon could see right through her. Daemon stopped his steps and a small smirk lit up his face. “Same as you, I suppose.” He held out his hand. “Would you like to speak with my parents?” Beth looked down at his hand and shook her head. “I didn’t come all this way to speak with your parents. I came for answers.”

“Haven’t we all.” Daemon said. His eyes darkened a little as they met with Doris’s.