

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 100

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Chapter 100 I've got you now.

Enzo moved Doris behind him and tried to position her out of sight without making it seem obvious. She noticed a bit of his own panic seep through his gaze. This all happened because of her. If she hadn't come on this trip, she couldn't have been kidnapped and Enzo wouldn't have been in trouble with his own people for letting William stay. Always her fault, wasn't it? "Don't think you need to be a hero for me today, Doris. You being here is enough and I know how to handle them when they're like this. Don't worry for me, promise?." Enzo whispered. Doris didn't get a chance to respond before he turned to face the arriving carriages with the rest of the villagers. As it was, none of them wanted to leave Enzo's side. They cared too much about their kind leader and Doris was glad of that at least. He was a great man to be loyal to. She almost thought the same of William before he left. But now wasn't a time to dwell on that, she should have known better. At the front of the crowd was a man with grey and black hair that was tied back in a bun on his head. He looked a bit older than Enzo and a bit shorter too. Was this the man that Doris had heard in his office earlier? It had to be. "Enzo, you look like you're ready for a fight." The man said with a bit of false kindness. He flashed his sharp teeth at his leader and Doris instantly placed the voice to who she thought it was "I suppose it's a good thing I am. I didn't expect a large portion of my pack to show up in the middle of the night." Enzo placed his hands behind his back calmly and kept a light air to his words. "What brings you all here tonight? Our next full moon party isn't for another week." The man looked through the crowd with a sharpness that felt like a blade across her skin when his sight stopped on her before continuing on. He hadn't seen her at Life Pharmacy, that was a small relief on its own but it wasn't enough to convince her it would all be fine. "I heard you had a few interesting visitors in your village recently. It's been said that you're keeping the prince here nice and safe. That couldn't be true, could it? Our leader would never let that happen." "He was here, he left a while ago." Enzo said easily. "He came through for a chat and asked to wait out a storm. I didn't see the harm in it, I allowed it." "How could you let our enemies sleep among us? How could you offer them safety and protection when they've killed so many of our people just trying to live? Don't our lives mean anything to you?" "The prince wished no harm on me or my villagers, he came for peace and I chose to hear him out as your leader since your lives are my top priority." Enzo said with an edge to his voice. Doris tried to stay blended in the crowd but she swore she felt eyes on her. "I know you don't agree with my take at leadership, but it doesn't excuse unnecessary violence to anyone. Even the prince." "No harm? I heard how many of our rogues he killed looking for some girl. How is that peaceful?" The man roared. got you now.

"He was trying to protect someone he cared about that was taken by rogues who refused to listen. They tried to torture her for no reason and almost killed her because of it. If any of you had your wife or child taken, you would do the same." Enzo said. "All I hear is you excusing him killing our wolves! A true leader would want revenge, not let him sweet talk his way in their favor! Why was he here, Enzo? To get information out of you?" "He wanted to unite the rogues back with the kingdom." Enzo said. The man laughed bitterly. "That's rich. You believe a

prince who has one of the worst reputations?" "He didn't give me a reason not to." Enzo smoothed out the arms of his coat. "Are we done here? The prince is long gone from here and you can check every cabin if you insist but it is quite late. My people don't like to miss out on their sleep for ridiculous matters."

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Someone stepped out of the crowd and spoke in the man's ear, Doris felt her insides freeze over when she recognized him. It was the guard that caught William kissing her in the halls. He was looking right at her and she knew there was no chance that he didn't see her.

The man turned his gaze on her as well and Doris wished she could disappear. Enzo must have noticed because he moved a bit in front of her but the damage had already been done. They knew who she was. "You still protect them over your own people. Did you send her to spy on us, Enzo?" The man asked with his voice seeped in betrayal. Doris wondered if William was right, perhaps she shouldn't have stayed despite her best intentions. 1 "She has nothing to do with their politics, she was sold to the palace at a young age and has come here for freedom herself." "Don't lie!" The man roared again. Enzo looked unbothered. "She was seen at Life Pharmacy just hours ago with a man! Was it the prince you let in with her? Why Enzo? They're not part of your pack, we are! We deserve your loyalty!" Enzo said nothing for a moment. "You have my loyalty, but I don't appreciate liars. It seems I'm not the only one who has spoken with someone from the palace. I have on good word that you've taken bribes from one of the royal members to hunt down the prince. Why would you take their orders over mine? You're working directly with someone from the palace while I have only given them an ear for their offers." The man swallowed and glanced at the uneasy faces behind him. Clearly they didn't know about the bribe, was he pocketing it all for himself? Doris silently hoped it set off a bit of untrustworthiness for him as much as he did for Enzo. "Why don't we settle this like men, Enzo? Wolf to wolf." He said with his chest puffed out. Doris would have laughed if he didn't look absolutely deranged. 1 Enzo laughed for her. "And what? Fight to the death for leadership? You know you would never win." The man snarled. "Fight me, you coward!" He shouted with his fists clenched. Enzo sighed and removed his nice coat to hand to someone nearby. "I hope you told your family you weren't coming home, I would hate to be the one to explain your own bad choices to them." He glanced at everyone around them. "No one else is to be involved or risk instant death. This is our match, everyone else back up and stay out of the way!" Doris quickly backed away with the rest of the crowd and watched as Enzo transformed into his magnificent wolf. The man transformed a minute later into a brown wolf that looked more than a little deadly. Enzo snapped his jaws at the other wolf before he led him off into the bushes to be dealt with privately. A match to the death? That was the last thing she expected Enzo to say. Doris lost sight of them instantly, but she heard their cries and bites start up a few moments later. The rest of the crowd went to follow them but Doris stayed behind by the fire with her arms crossed over her chest. She didn't want to see what happened, she could only pray to the moon goddess that Enzo would be fine. He deserved to be fine. He was stronger and faster than most wolves, that's why he was the leader of the rogues. She could only wait for it to be settled so she could leave—1 A hand closed over her mouth and dragged her back behind the cabins towards the waiting carriages as she tried to kick and hit the man. Doris struggled more violently and went to change into her wolf, but felt a needle stab in the side of her neck before she could allow

Cordelia to take over. "Don't worry." The voice said. She stumbled forward a little and fell right back into their arms when her world shifted all at once, fear crept into her bones when she saw flickers of darkness at the edge of her vision. The ground looked as if it was about to open up and swallow her whole but her head felt as if it was about to roll off her shoulders. "I've got you now." Doris was barely able to move her head to see a masked man lift her into one of the rogues carriages. She saw nothing more the second the door closed behind them. 2

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Chapter 101 We'll just have to wait and see, won't we

The world came back in flashes. Doris felt as if everything was shaking around her but she couldn't see the light just yet. Her eyes tried to open, she could hear voices surround her and the sound of rumbling. Where was she? "I think she's waking up already." A voice said. "How much of a dose did you give her?" Replied another. "Enough. She won't be able to change into her wolf for a few days at least." A bloom of panic erupted in her chest. She tried to struggle and move but her body wouldn't listen. Not one muscle would move at her command as if her body didn't belong to her anymore.

"Cordelia?" Doris shouted in her mind. She heard nothing but an echo back to her. Whatever they gave her, it must have knocked her wolf out more than it did to her. Cordelia remained silent, it was like she wasn't even inside her at all. At least when she had been hurt, she still felt her there. Why couldn't she feel her?

"We're almost there anyway. I would have expected her to be out longer than she was. She's tougher than I thought she'd be."

Doris slowly opened her eyes to see the ceiling of a moving carriage. Every bump on the road sent her head spinning rapidly as if each rock had slammed against her head. She tried to grip onto the seat, but her fingers wouldn't even obey her.

"There she is."

Doris tried to turn her head towards the voice, but she was paralyzed. Only her eyes could move and they were just out of her sight.

"Don't worry, we'll be there soon." The man said almost as if he was bored. Doris spent most of the ride trying to move her fingers and face but her body wouldn't work. It made her even more terrified than she thought was possible. She was completely at their mercy and she swore to herself she would never be a victim like this again.

Once the carriage came to a stop, large hands reached out to pull her into his arms before he stepped out of the carriage. She finally was able to glimpse the face of one of the men that had taken her. He looked similar to the rogue that

challenged Enzo to a fight with his long grey hair and the shape of his face. It made her wonder if they were brothers. Had he waited in the shadows for her to separate herself from the rest?

He carried her through the doors of Life Pharmacy and down to an area she had never ventured in her short visit with William. She hadn't even gotten a chance to see if Enzo was okay-would he notice she was gone? Or would he assume she went

back with William?

In the dark pit of her stomach, she realized that no one would come for her. William was probably halfway back to his palace by now and Enzo might be nursing his wounds or dead if the other rogue got the better of him. She would have to save herself or die trying.

The walls grew darker around them. He took her somewhere that barely offered any light and seemed more quiet as if no one else was around. Slowly, Doris was able to move her fingers. She stretched them in and out for a moment, the man that carried her hadn't seemed to notice yet.

"The room is ready, sir." Another voice said. Doris was able to turn her head just slightly to look at him but he was gone before she could catch a glimpse of his features.

The man that carried her laid her down on a small bed that was barely big enough to hold her. She opened and closed her hands at her sides as she watched him grab a chair to pull up next to her.

"I don't expect you to talk just yet, but I thought I would at least try." Doris blinked at him but her lips wouldn't move, they only twitched a little.

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"I'm sure you've guessed it by now, but we're hoping to lure your prince back here for your safe return. He has a reputation for wanting to protect what's his, I have no doubt he'll do that now. We have no plans to harm you unless you make us." He said lightly as if he hadn't just threatened her.

Doris's lips twitched. She desperately wanted to tell him that William wouldn't come for her and they were wasting their time with her. He left and made it clear he wasn't coming back for her if she stayed, their assumptions were wrong and she couldn't even tell them that.

Would it make a difference if she could?

"I'll let you sleep this off, but don't bother to try and call to your wolf. You won't be hearing from her for quite a while."

Doris stretched her fingers towards him, he glanced down at the movement and smirked a little. "Don't worry, she's fine. We just gave you a drug that numbs the wolf inside you for a few days so you can't fight back. We were hoping to use it on William, but there's plenty to go around."

The man stood and walked to the door. "It's better if you don't fight against it." He said before he locked the door behind him.

Hours passed with Doris in and out of consciousness. Each time she woke, she could feel a new part of her body move again while the rest felt like a dead weight. She wasn't sure exactly how long it was until she could finally stand, but it felt like an

eternity. How had she let this happen and allowed herself to be kidnapped again? She should have been more aware, she should have fought back harder before they injected her. Now she was right back in the hands of dangerous rogues waiting to be set free.

Doris gripped the wall as she righted herself. The room they put her in was simple and bare. It didn't look like a cell, more like a room for a guest that was never really used. It had a dresser and bed, as well as a sink in the corner of the room. If only she could drown herself before any more misery came to her. She wouldn't survive another torture, she knew that. Her body had been through too much and there wasn't much more it would survive through.

Doris tried to open the door and already knew it was a useless task before her palm even closed around the the knob. She pulled and yanked, but the door was like steel. It wouldn't even creak under her force.

She banged against the surface several times before the door suddenly opened. Doris stumbled back and caught herself before she fell.

A tall, brown haired guard poked his head in to look at her. He had a handsome, young, and kind face that couldn't have been that much older than her.

"Ah, you're up. I was told to listen for your attempts at escape and bring you food." He said with a lopsided smile. She wanted to slap the smile right off his face and run as fast as she could, but she knew it wouldn't keep him down. He was very fit.

He stepped into her room and pulled a plate of food out from behind his back. He brushed his curls out of his eyes to get a better look at her. His eyes swept over her torn sweater and bruised cheeks before they settled on her own eyes. She would have blushed if she wasn't so exhausted.

"I'm Joseph, I'll be the guard watching over you." He said almost kindly.

"You can tell them that the prince won't be back for me." Doris said. Her voice cracked and sounded rough from disuse but she held her chin high. "He's most likely already back at the palace by now." "Whether or not that's true, they will keep you here until it's proven otherwise. Apparently the word is that you're the

prince's lady." Doris snorted and then blushed at the sound. Joseph smiled a little as if he couldn't help it. "Absolutely not. I've never been his lady and he has never treated me as such. I'm a maid to the palace, he won't care what happens to me."

Doris said the words and almost wished she could suck them back in when she saw a touch of pity touch the boy's face. She didn't need his pity, she needed to get out of here and head home—even if she didn't technically have a home.

"What do they have planned for me?" Doris quickly asked.

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Chapter 102 He's not as awful as you might think.

Joseph closed the door and crossed the room to her. He held out the plate of food as if it was a peace offering but Doris only wanted to slap it out of his hands and send every piece to the dirty floor. She'd learned a lot recently about poking at the ones that held power over her. It never ended in her favor—but he looked like he could take a poking or two from her.

Cautiously, Doris took the plate and set it on the bed. "Thank you." She said.

Joseph smiled at her and bowed his head a little. "My pleasure. I uh, I'll leave you alone. I'll be right outside if you need me. They should be sending you new clothes soon for you to change into."

As he was turning away, Doris reached out to grab his arm. "Wait." He paused and looked at her with raised brows as his eyes flicked to her hand on his arm. "When will the man that brought me here come see me? I'd like to talk with him soon."

"Mr. Hugh said he'd be by to check on you soon. I wouldn't worry about him though, he's not as awful as you might think."

"He kidnapped me and is using me as ransom. Forgive me if I don't think he's very kind." Doris said flatly and dropped her hand. She glanced at the knife he had tied to his belt next to a set of keys. She flexed her fingers but he turned away again before she could even attempt to take either.

Breathe, Doris. You can't be brash, you need a plan. She thought to herself. Without Cordelia, she realized she needed some sort of voice to keep her grounded. So be it if it was her own. All she could truly count on was herself at the end of the day, she would get herself out of this. 1

"I can agree with you there. I wouldn't think much of him either." Joseph said with a small chuckle. She glared at his back. How dare he try to be her friend when she was a prisoner! What was he aiming at? This had to be some sort of trust ploy. She wouldn't fall for that.

Joseph glanced back at her over his shoulder. "He won't hurt you. He only wants to get ahold of the prince."

"Well, I won't be able to help him." Doris said after he already left. She sat on the bed and picked at the plate of food. She was starving but the back of her head warned her about eating something from this place. What if they poisoned everything she touched? She'd be better off dead anyway. If she died by poison, it was bound to happen sooner or later at the rate she'd been living. Doris ate every last bite and left the plate by the door before she circled the room. There was one high window that looked like only a small animal could squeeze through. Doris pushed the dresser underneath it and tried to push it open but it wouldn't budge. Damned thing!

"Would you like someone to open it for you?" A voice said from behind her. Doris almost fell right off the dresser when she heard him. "The only chance you'll get through there is if you're a rabbit."

Mr. Hugh stood with his arms crossed over his chest and an amused look on his face. Doris carefully stepped off the dresser and smoothed out her clothes.

"I would like it open, if you wouldn't mind. It's rather hot in here." "Is it?" He glanced around the freezing room as if he was trying to find the heat source. *What a stupid lie, it felt like ice in here.* "I'll get right on that." He gestured to the bed. "Would you care to have a small chat with me?"

Doris hesitated before she sat on the edge of the bed across from the chair he took. He casually crossed his legs and smiled at her as if they were old friends.

"William isn't coming back for me. He made it clear that if I stayed he wouldn't turn back." Doris blurted before he even had a chance to speak.

Mr. Hugh laughed a little. "Do all the maids refer to their princes by their first name? I heard Prince William was the one that never allowed that."

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Doris inwardly cringed at her mistake. She'd been calling him William so frequently, she forgot that it wasn't proper for a maid to say. Her mind refused to see him as the same prince she left the palace with, but in the end she shouldn't have been such a fool. Look where that led her.

"He requested for me to call him by his first name while we were here. He didn't want to draw attention to his title." Doris said smoothly. She brushed a bit of dirt off her pants. "My statement still stands. He would never risk himself for a maid, no matter how noble he may be." 1

"I wouldn't think he would. But you're not any maid to the prince. I have several witnesses telling me how feral the prince has gone for you right in front of their eyes and that isn't something to brush off."

"I believe they're mistaken. The prince protected everyone in his party because he felt responsible for them—"

"Does he also share a bed with each of his party? Or only the prettiest one?"

Doris pressed her lips together. Someone in the camp had told this man everything and she didn't doubt it was one of the bitter men that wanted Enzo to kick the prince and his party out. They'd all seen how protective William was over Doris, but they didn't hear the things he said to her privately. They didn't hear him tell her how little he cared about her and how no one else in the world did either. She was nothing but a dead weight to him, and deep down she always knew that was the case. She was

just foolish enough to pretend otherwise while he held her at night.

Doris cleared her throat. "Before he left the camp, he told me that he didn't care for me. I'm sure he used me like he used many girls at the palace but he's done now and he won't care what happens. When the prince is finished with a girl, she's no longer in his thoughts."

Mr. Hugh watched her for a few minutes with a tilted head. "Do you happen to know the recipe for the cure he used for poison?" 1

"I don't. He made it out of my sight." Doris eyes him warily. "Is the cure the real reason you want the prince back here?" 4

"There are many reasons I'd like to have him in front of me." Mr. Hugh said. He leaned forward a little. "And I can always smell a liar. I know that prince wouldn't act the way he does with just anyone. I've heard many stories about him and how he treats women at the palace, it's no secret even to the north. The stories I've heard today about how he treated you—that's what makes everything you say unbelievable."

"You'll be waiting a long time, then." Doris said. "As I said, you're wasting your time on me. He's probably back at the palace by now."

Mr. Hugh laughed and clapped his hands once. "I can see why he likes you. There's a bit of fire in your eyes. I don't think I expected you to have any." He stood.

"Many don't." Doris stood as well. She noticed he didn't have a weapon at his belt but something told her that he wouldn't need one if she tried to attack him. He wasn't as tall as William, but he was quite larger than her. "How long will you hold me here until you realize he isn't coming?"

"Hmm, maybe a month. I have all the time in the world to wait." Mr. Hugh brushed his finger along her cheek, she leaned back away from him. "Don't worry, dear. I don't like women in that sense. I have no intention on hurting you as I said before."

"Is the price on his head truly large enough for you to keep me here against my will?"

Mr. Hugh looked a little surprised at her words. He quickly shook off the look and smiled again. "He's a prince. He has the biggest price on his head imaginable."

"If you have no intentions of hurting me, why can't you just let me go?" Doris tried one last time before he went for the door and locked her in with all of her useless thoughts.

"I may have said I have no intentions of hurting you, but that doesn't mean I won't if it means it would hurt him."

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Chapter 103 The prince would bring hell to bring you back to him.

Doris stood on top of the dresser again as she tried to peer out of the small window, but she was a tad too short. It looked as if the frost from the outside had sealed it shut beyond hope. She still tried to shove at the window even though she knew there was no hope for her hips to get through. Mr. Hugh was right, it was quite literally big enough for a rabbit to fit through and nothing more. Still, she wished she could open it if only to get a bit of fresh air and feel the cold snow on her face. She never thought she would miss the feeling of it, but it was better than sitting in a room against her will.

A knock at the door made Doris scramble off the dresser and quickly right herself before it opened. She straightened her clothes just as the guard entered-Joseph stood with raised brows as he looked her over. "Are you alright?"

Doris tried to tame her breathing. "Yes, of course."

When she gave no other explanation, he walked further into the room. "It seems you were wrong on your assumption."

"What do you mean?" Doris furrowed her brows.

"It seems someone from the prince's party is already here to discuss your release. I've come to collect you, Mr. Hugh wants you in the room. Apparently they want to make sure we haven't tortured you." "1 "What? That's impossible. I saw them all leave before the attack on Enzo. He-they swore they weren't coming back." "Well, they must have turned back for you." Joseph opened the door a bit wider and held out a pair of wrist cuffs with a sorrowful grin. "Sorry for this. Mr. Hugh is convinced you'll run the second you walk out the door."

Doris rolled her eyes and held out her wrists for him to cuff. Mr. Hugh definitely wasn't wrong. She may not have known this part of Life Pharmacy, but she would have done her best to get out of his grasp and find a way out if she had a chance.

Joseph didn't tighten the metal after he clasped it. His hands lingered for a moment before he released her and let her walk in front of him down the halls. He directed which hallway to turn down until finally she reached a set of large doors that stretched to the ceiling. She could hear distant voices already in a deep conversation beyond the wood. Did William or Enzo send someone to come for her-1

Joseph raised arm around her and knocked on the door loud enough to silence them. A second later, the doors opened and Patrick stood on the other side. If William's beta was here, that meant William really did turn back for her.

She ignored the leap in her chest as she walked further in. Mr. Hugh was seated by the fireplace near where Patrick stood. She tried not to think about William and how he made it clear how little he cared for her the last time they talked... but still. He came back for her, that had to mean something even if she wished it didn't.

"As you can see, she's alive and well." Mr. Hugh said and took a long sip of his drink. "Now we can discuss our deal."

Patrick looked her over top to bottom as if to make sure there wasn't a new mark on her. She had a little bit of bruising on her cheek still, but other than that she was fine. His eyes lingered on her wrist and how close the guards stood to her, she wondered if they had their hands on their swords behind her back.

"Prince William was ready to declare war if you had harmed her."

"Enzo knows it's against everything I believe in to harm an innocent girl. That's one thing we always agreed on." Mr. Hugh said lazily. He waved over one of the servants and they poured him a fresh glass. It reminded her of how royalty was treated at the palace. Not even Enzo was treated like that, though she had to wonder if it was his choice. She remembered Sir Anthony having servants around his home he never ventured out of.

"What is it exactly that you want from Prince William? He could easily come in here himself—"

"If he wanted a ready army of rogues against him. It would be extremely unwise for him to test me and underestimate what the true rogues are capable of. Enzo may have gone soft, but we don't tolerate royalty thinking they can control us and we certainly don't welcome our enemies into our homes as guests."

Patrick clenched his jaw and clasped his hands behind his back. "Allow me to ask once more. What is it that you want from Prince William in return for his lady?" 1

Doris shifted and Patrick's eyes went right to her as if he knew he said the wrong thing

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"She told me she wasn't his lady." Mr. Hugh said, amused as he looked between them. 1

"She isn't officially." Patrick cleared his throat. Doris wanted to punch him for saying something so ridiculous! She'd just spent her whole morning trying to convince everyone she meant nothing to him and now Patrick all but confirmed she was lying. Not to mention what he said,

Her? His lady? That would never happen. Even if she stayed at the palace forever, she would never be his lady. It was the complete opposite of what she wanted, being his lady meant she was trapped at the palace for the rest of her life. Even if he decided to drop her like he did to all the rest.

"Interesting." Mr. Hugh drawled. "To answer your question, I want the cure recipe written and tested before she is transferred into his care. I might be willing to let him free as well if it works as well as he claims."

Patrick scoffed. "You wouldn't have been able to take Prince William either way. He is not up for debate, he is one of the princes of House Arnold."

"You overvalue your prince. He may be part of that house, but not many would care to see him gone considering he has no rank and no power over anyone but a few servants."

"Prince William could demand an army and they would be at his beck and call within hours." Patrick spat. Doris nervously shifted her foot to the other side. It wasn't smart for him to take it so personally when they were trying to bargain.

"So you say, but I have members of his own family knocking at my door trying to have us take care of their rubbish." Mr. Hugh smiled at Patrick when it only looked as if he was getting more angry. "Do we have a deal?"

"Let me take Doris today and we have a deal. I'll be back with the recipe—"

"No. She's not going anywhere until the deal is done. I won't risk losing an investment this large on your word that means nothing to me and my people." Mr. Hugh drained a second glass and waved off the servant before they could fill his glass again. "There's a church not far from here, a few miles north on the top of the highest hill. In three days time, we will meet and make the official trade. No extra guards or weapons, just us."

Patrick's fists opened and closed at his sides. He looked over at Doris and she could tell he felt a little helpless. She nodded her head once to let him know it was okay.

"Prince William won't like waiting three days for this trade. He expected her back at his side by tonight."

"Prince William doesn't call the shots here. He has no authority over what decisions are made. That is my only offer or he can expect the rogues to be ready for him if he tries to come claim her sooner."

Patrick straightened his shoulders. "Fine. If there is even one hair out of place when you return her, you can expect wrath to follow."

"Doris is a delight, who would want to hurt her?" Mr. Hugh smiled before he stood. "Then we have a deal." He held out his hand. Patrick looked down at it with a bit of distaste before he shook it.

"That we do." He said with a bit more bite than Doris expected. She was always told never to make a deal with a rogue, and here was one being made for her. Rogues rarely came through on their promises, or at least she had been told that when she was younger. Now she could only hope they would. Patrick turned to Doris and bowed his head. "Rest assured, the prince would bring hell to bring you back to him." 3

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Chapter 104 I thought he'd never leave.

"You didn't seem happy to be called his lady." Joseph observed as they walked back to her room. The halls were empty for the most part besides a few guards that stood tall against the wall. When she came here undercover with William, she hadn't noticed any of them. Perhaps they doubled up since they realized the prince had neck in right under their noses.

"I'm not his lady. I'm not sure why he said I was." Doris turned the corner. "Prince William has no plans to make me one. He has a lady back at the palace waiting for him and I was only brought as a servant."

Joseph hummed in understanding, but she had a feeling he was only humoring her. "I heard he has had a lot of ladies. Is it normal for a prince to go through so many?"

Doris felt her cheeks redden and suddenly wished she was already locked inside her room and far away from any of these questions-she had no business answering any of them. "I suppose it's normal for him. I wouldn't know, really. Each prince has their own preferences."

She felt a bit of relief crowd her chest when she saw the hallway where her room was. He didn't seem to notice in the slightest as he continued, "It's odd, isn't it? That he can't stay with one lady. He keeps naming women as his lady's and throwing out the last as if they're trash rather than people."

"It's how it works at the palace. Some prince's are happy with their lady's and others go through many and sometimes never decide on one." Doris stopped at her door and waited for him to unlock it. He fumbled with his keys, she eyes

another nearby guard that watched her intently and threw out any thought of trying to run while he was distracted. She'd barely make it half way down the hall before one of them would stop her.

"Well, I'd hate to see it happen to you." Joseph said as he pushed open her door and let her inside before he removed her cuffs. "You don't seem like the type anyone would easily throw away."

"You don't have to worry about that. I have no plans on becoming his next lady." Doris breathed and rubbed her wrists. Even though it wasn't tight, it still burned against her skin.

Joseph attached the cuffs to his belt as he looked her over. She shifted her weight onto the other foot and waited for him to leave. "Can I ask you something?"

"Oh-yes. I suppose so."

Joseph glanced back over his shoulder as if to check no one had followed them in before he lowered his voice. "They say you stayed at Lord Enzo's camp for a bit."

Doris nodded, he continued. "Did you ever meet Sir Antony?" "Oh, yes." Doris smiled a little at the reminder. "He was very kind. I didn't want to bother him much when I was there since he seemed to be resting. He'd been through a lot before I came."

"I heard." Joseph frowned a little. "I'm glad to hear he was doing okay. I've never gotten to meet him but he's a legend around here. I heard what the kingdom had done to him and took him as their prisoner."

"He helped me when I was in the prison." Doris said softly. She didn't want to bag on the kingdom, it felt wrong despite all it had put her through. Half her heart was still loyal to the palace even when she wanted to be free of it like they were free of the kingdom

His brows furrowed. "Why were you in the prison at the kingdom?"

"Oh—I... was wrongly accused." She said before she pressed her lips together. It wasn't wise to give too much information about herself or the palace. Her words only made him appear more confused. "And Sir Antony helped you? Did he help you escape from them? Is that why you're here?"

"No, I was... I had a few injuries and he healed me. He's not the reason I ended up here. I had no idea who he was when I met him."

Joseph's eyes widened. "So it's true... the founder of the rogues can heal with his blood. I had only heard rumors before—I had no idea how much truth they held."

Doris felt her head spin a little and she could tell Joseph wasn't ready to leave just yet. She seated herself on the edge of her bed. Half of her worried she'd

accidentally tell him that William healed her once too, and she knew how much more trouble that would get him in.

Joseph glanced at the door again and seated himself across from her. "I know you must not think the best of the rogues, but we're not as bad as you think."

"I would like to be proven otherwise. So far, I don't think it would be possible." Doris said with a half hearted laugh. There was no way he could try to reason with her when she was a current prisoner

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"You know why we came to the north, don't you?"

"I do now. Enzo had told me the story when I first came."

"Then you know how horribly we were treated by the kingdom. Your prince's father has tried to destroy our peace for years and forced us to obtain a horrible reputation."

Dóris sighed and brushed her hair behind her ears. "Tell me why you think the kingdom is so bad if you've never been there. I'm not claiming it's not, I just want to

hear what you believe."

"I don't need to have been there to know it's an awful place. I've heard all the stories of what my family and friends' families have been through. Everyone that has come to the north is viewed as the lowest rank no matter what family we're born from in the eyes of the kingdom. They have never had any respect for us our what we've been through, they even try to tax us so heavily to the fact that we could barely feed our families. They're slowly trying to kill us out so there will be nothing left to stand against them."

"They tried to tax you harshly here?" Doris straightened a little. She hadn't heard that, she thought the north was separated from the kingdom.

"They do. One of our last leaders went to reason with them and get them to lower the rates but he was killed as a message to us all. We came here to be free, but they still have a hold on us. Knowing how poor we are here, they only make it worse. Did you notice how half of this building is falling apart?"

Doris nodded slowly. Half looked as if it was one earthquake away from crumbling to the ground. Now she understood why—and why they were desperate to fulfill any bounty on William's head or get a recipe for the cure. It would make them more than enough to cover any sort of tax the kingdom put on them.

"Why are you telling me all of this? Five minutes ago you were asking if I was Prince William's lady."

“Because you claimed you’re a maid. I know that any servant at the palace would understand us and the freedom we stand for. We live under another’s foot and it’s hard to get out from under it.” Joseph smiled at her a little before he stood. “I’m sorry for imposing.”

“No, no. It’s quite alright. I appreciate your honesty and your loyalty to the rogues.” Doris stood as well when he turned to the door. “I can hear how passionate you are about where you come from.”

Joseph offered a smile before he bowed his head. “I’ve said more than enough for today. I wish you well, my lady.” Doris parted her lips to correct him, but he was already gone before she could. She plopped down on her bed and stared at the ceiling. She didn’t expect William to have actually come back for her. Did he turn back before he’d gotten too far, or did he never truly leave the area?

Why did he even bother when he made it clear that no one cared for her, least of all him? He should celebrate that one of his lovers was taken away so he didn’t have to deal with what happened to her rather than chase after her to save again.

A loud bang startled Doris out of her thoughts and right out of bed. She looked around but couldn’t tell where it came from. A moment later, she heard it again and . the sound of tearing as a window ripped open. Enzo popped his head through the small area and grinned down at her.

“I thought he’d never leave, how are you my love?”

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 105

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)

Chapter 105 I’ll make it right without losing all of their trust.

“Enzo?” Doris whispered and glanced back at the door behind her to make sure Joseph hadn’t come back from the loud sounds. She hurried across the room and climbed on the dresser to see him better. “What are you doing out there?”

“I came to talk to you, of course.” He grinned. Doris wished she could hug him and strangle him at the same time. Now was not the time for his charms, even though she kind of missed him these past few hours. She tried to peer around him but only a rush of cold air greeted her face and chilled her cheeks. “He’s not here, love.”

“Why aren’t you inside talking to me? You own Life Pharmacy, don’t you?”

“Ah, I do. Currently, as you know, we have come to a bit of a disagreement and I’m afraid my appearance here will only shake the waters more than necessary. I just needed to speak with you for a bit without making it worse.”

“Where is William?” Doris asked, and almost cursed herself for it.

"He's fine, he's pacing my camp like a wild animal and growling at anyone that comes near him or mentions your name. As you can tell, he's perfectly normal." Enzo glanced behind his shoulder before he focused back on her. "I'm going to try and get them to release you sooner with whatever sway I have left. They haven't hurt you, have they?"

"No, they've actually been respectful."

"I'm glad to know that hasn't changed." He sighed and seated himself in the cold snow. She winced, it must have been utterly freezing. "Doris, there's something I wanted to tell you before I go to William. I see you as someone that actually likes me rather than wanting me to fall off the nearest cliff and endure a horrible death."

Doris glanced behind her before she settled on the dresser. "What is it?" She whispered. "William has been planning on trying to make it right for the rogues if he becomes king, but I don't think it would be wise for me to believe him. I've already lost so much trust just allowing him to stay at my camp and now I've become the reason you're in a cell again."

Doris frowned. "I don't blame you, Enzo. You didn't order this to happen." "Ah, of course you don't. You are the sunshine to my current gloom. Do you blame me for wanting to take House Arnold down my whole life?"

"No, not after what I learned. I would want the same thing if I was in your shoes, Enzo. What they did was unforgivable." "Then you wouldn't blame me for still wishing the downfall even after knowing William?"

"Do you not trust that William would stay true to his word?"

Enzo rolled his eyes to the sky and let out a deep breath. "If you had been in one of those meetings, perhaps you would see more clearly than I am. I'm sorry for not trusting you to join us."

Doris almost laughed. "I'm only a maid, Enzo. I have no business being in any of your meetings and I never took offense to it."

"That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard you say, my love. You're so much more than a simple maid and everyone knows it. You may still have those thoughts in your head, but I'd say it's time to kick them out and start realizing you have so much more to offer."

Doris didn't know what to say to that, she quickly changed the subject. "Why are you here, Enzo? If not to break me out of this tiny hole. Which I already know is quite impossible."

"I suppose I thought I could somehow get you out of this, but I saw how much they doubled up on their guards and I knew it was a message to me. Still, I had to see that you were okay. I only trust my own eyes and no one's word."

"Are you going to try to take House Arnold down when we leave here?"

"I would be a fool if I didn't try. I respect William and what he plans but if he can't make that happen soon, I will have to do what's best for my people. I fear I've already lost too many of them because of that prince. I don't think I've slept a moment since he's come to the camp."

"Then I suppose you'll have to get me out of here so we can leave you to your misery." Doris said with a small smile. How could she try to tell this man to trust William when she didn't truly trust him herself? He hid parts of himself and exposed them at the times she least expected. Deep down, she knew he was a good man. As much as she hated to admit it, he was. But it was not her duty to convince him, it was William's.

"Will you at least tell me what Prince William has promised you and the rogues?" Doris asked.

"He's promised a lot." Enzo sighed. "He wants to end the horrible tax and try to unite our lands if we stand with him but I know the rogues don't want that. We want to be free, not united. We don't care if it sets us apart from everyone else."

Doris nodded. She felt the same way about herself. She didn't care how much she had to pay or what she had to do, she wanted to be free and that was the end of it. Even if it meant she was on her own. "No matter what he does, we will always be seen as the lowest of low. Even if he is king, nothing will change. That would take generations for it to change. New lives and new thoughts, not us. My rogues aren't capable of it-look what they've done to you just because you were seen near him. If they hadn't acted this way, I might have considered it."

Doris reached out her hand and he leaned down to place his in hers. "You always do what's best for your people, I believe that." She squeezed and he smiled. "He wants support and I know he needs yours, but I can't tell you to give it to him if it's not what you think is right." Especially when she couldn't even give Prince William her own support. It was hard to tie yourself to someone when you wanted to be free. "Despite this mess, you're their leader."

Enzo squeezed her hand and glanced over his shoulder again before he lowered his voice. "I met with Patrick before I came here. I'm glad they came to a peaceful agreement to let you free. I'll be waiting for you at that church with William and we'll take it from there."

"Do you think the rogues will stay true to their word?" Doris whispered. A flash of concern crossed his features but he smiled before it lingered.

"If they don't, I will come get you myself. That is, if William doesn't break through the doors first. Truly, you should see how horribly he's sulking without you. He's said he shouldn't have left at least a hundred times. And that he should have picked you up and forced you with him another hundred." Enzo smiled at her frown. "And I told him that if he made you go against your will, he would have been sorry, I know you would have given him hell for it." 1

Doris laughed a little and covered her mouth. She wasn't sure how sound proof the rooms were but she didn't want Enzo to get in trouble for this visit. He had to gain back the trust of his rogues somehow.

"Now, be careful in here and don't do anything I wouldn't do. They won't hurt you unless you give them a reason." Enzo let go of her hand and moved to stand. "Oh, and watch that guard. He's a little sweet on you, I can tell."

"What?" Doris felt her cheeks heat. "No he's not, he's just being kind."

Enzo laughed. "I can't wait to tell William how you've already got a guard in love with you. He'll come here and tear down this wall and you'll be out in no time." 1 Doris wanted to reach through the window and smack him. "Stop being ridiculous. He's just kind."

"He was looking at you with hearts in his eyes. Can't say I blame him, love." He leaned down to look at her once more. "I will be back for you. This is my fault and I'll make it right without losing all of their trust."

Doris offered a small smile. "I have no doubt you will—"

The door behind her started to rattle, Enzo quickly closed the window just as the door opened.