

# Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 61

Chapter 61 I wouldn't be able to if I tried.

"We haven't had a chance to speak much." William said sharply. His lack of sleep seemed to make him more snappy than usual. Doris was too exhausted to care. "Yes, Enzo seems to be hovering nearby for you to wake." Patrick said almost as if he was amused. William shot him a dark look and the amusement fell off his face. "I'd like to speak to him soon," Doris said cautiously. She refused to flinch when he turned his dark look on her. "He's been kind to me while I've been here." "I'm sure he has." William said flatly. "Go get him for her, Patrick. She's just woken up from a two day coma but all she can think about is seeing him." Doris parted her lips to object, but quickly closed them. It wasn't worth defending herself over. She wasn't allowed to argue with a prince-no matter how far from the palace they were. She supposed a part of her would always think like a maid, perhaps it was all she would ever be. A growing part of her wanted to stand up for herself to him, she

forced that part of herself to quiet. Patrick glanced between them before he stepped out the door. William stood to pace the room, he refused to look at her. Her eyes followed his tense frame as she picked at her nails silently "Did you... get the answers we came for?" Doris asked in an effort to kill the tension in the room. "No." Was all he said. Doris tried to sit up a bit more and groaned from the pain. It felt hot in here despite the temperature being negative outside. It was the first time she felt anything but agonizing cold since she arrived. If he wasn't in the room, she would throw these thick blankets off her and lay on the cool ground just to feel relief. William snatched an extra pillow from across the room and stomped towards her. Doris tried to move away from him but her limbs wouldn't work for her. He gripped her arm more gently than she expected and leaned her forward before he placed the pillow behind her back so she could sit up more. "Thank you," Doris whispered. He said nothing, he only went back to pacing the room. Minutes passed like hours. Enzo finally entered the room with Patrick close behind. His kind eyes were drowned in worry as he

looked at her, he held a basket full of food that still steamed from their warmth. Doris was starving and not hungry at all at the same time. She knew her body needed to eat, but how could she dare when her body wanted to give up on her? "Doris, I'm so glad to see you awake." He came to the side of her bed and suddenly William was there too. Enzo spared one curious glance to William before he placed the basket of food by her side. "I thought you might be hungry, the main kitchen prepared this for you. How are you feeling?" "Thank you, Enzo. I truly appreciate it. Don't worry for me, I'll be fine." Doris said, William had the nerve to snort but Enzo ignored him and simply smiled at Doris. "I thought it would be a good idea for you two to meet properly." Enzo stood up straighter and turned a charming grin on William as he held out his hand. "A pleasure, prince. It's about time we meet more formally." William glanced down at his hand with a bit of distaste. He gripped his hand and gave him one hard shake before he dropped it. Enzo didn't seem to take offense to it, he seated himself on the edge of Doris's bed and William narrowed his eyes at how close he seated himself to Doris. "I didn't realize how close you became with

the leader of the rogues." William said. "It's hard to ignore Doris's lovely personality." Enzo said with a cheeky smile. Doris wondered if he knew he was getting on William's nerves. Perhaps he was teasing him on purpose-Doris had never met anyone brave enough to do that. "I can't say I blame you for tearing apart villages for her." "I wouldn't have had to if you just told me where she was." Enzo shrugged. "It wasn't my decision to give her whereabouts." William sniffed and crossed his arms over his broad chest. Did the idea of Enzo giving Doris choices bother him? It was painfully obvious how much more her opinions and choices were something that mattered here. For the first time in her life. "I was impressed to see you had caught our prizes on the full moon." Enzo picked a piece of lint off his sleeve. "How did you find out what they did?" "I strangled it out of them." William said simply. His eyes flickered to Doris. "Hmm, and I assume you'd still like reward?" Enzo tilted his head curiously. "We can discuss that at another time. I would have ripped them apart no matter what you offered."

Doris shifted and glanced at the food next to her. It smelled so good, but she had no sense of energy to chew through it. "Enzo has been very kind to let me stay here -" "Yeah, so kind he had you kidnapped." Patrick said from across the room. Enzo didn't even bother a glance towards him. A new sense of anger crossed William's face as he remembered. "Those that went against my orders have been dealt with. Call us what you must, but we don't kidnap and torture innocent girls." "Could have fooled me." William growled. "We can go back and forth all day, I'm certainly free for it. But Doris should rest more." Enzo turned his gaze on her and all she saw was a bit of softness. He assessed her with his eyes and she only wanted to sink into the mattress and disappear forever. "You don't look as if you've gotten an ounce better, are you sure you're alright?" "I'm... hot all over." Doris admitted. Enzo's brows furrowed. "That's odd, I'll put out the flames before ! leave." "We got it." William snapped. Again, Enzo ignored him. He truly was brave for testing William as much as he was. "I knew there was something special about

you when I met you." Enzo tapped her hand . "But a white wolf? I wouldn't have guessed that for anyone except a queen." "1-there has to be a mistake. I can't be this." Doris gripped the edges of her blankets. "I just-can't." "Ah, well I can understand why you feel this way, but I wouldn't doubt yourself. What you are is incredible and you may not see it as something to be thankful for now, but I guarantee you will grow to appreciate what you were born to be. The first shift is always the hardest." His words did their best to calm her fears, but she couldn't tame her racing heart. The more she thought about it, the more scared she felt. Her mind refused to accept this was her life now. A few days ago, she was nothing but a pathetic maid. Now-she was a white wolf of all things? What would her life be now? How would she live with herself? What-what would she do? Enzo gripped her hand as if he saw the fear race across her face. William stepped closer, she flickered her gaze to him and saw his jaw set in a firm, tense line as he glared at their hands. "You're not alone, Doris. Don't let your thoughts drown you before you get a chance to learn about yourself. It won't feel like your

body at first, but you'll learn how to tame your wolf in time." "I think Doris needs to rest." William said before she could respond. Perhaps it was good he did, she had a million questions to ask him about what was to come. Enzo kept his eyes on her and smiled. "He's right," he leaned closer to Doris and lowered his voice. "As annoying as that is." William snorted and turned away. Enzo patted her hand once more and stood. "I will be by to check on you later. Please, eat." Doris nodded with a small smile. She wiped the sweat from her forehead and leaned

back further into the pillows as he went for the door. Patrick took a glass of water and doused the fire but it didn't help in the slightest. William forced open a window above her bed that she had done her best to keep shut when she was afraid to sleep at night. The cool air was like heaven against her warm body, but she still felt uncomfortable in her own skin. "Perhaps you should try to sleep again." William waved to Patrick and he bowed before he left the room as well. Doris waited for William to leave next, but he only sat in the chair by her bed. "Shouldn't you sleep?" Doris asked as she slumped down into the sheets. Her eyes

closed slowly "I wouldn't be able to if I tried."

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Chapter 62 I'm going to save her.

William was still there when she woke in the middle of the night with a fever. He stood up from the chair when he saw the look on her face and rushed to the bathroom to get cold water. Doris kicked off the blankets and rolled back and forth in her bed, dying to be relieved of the heat. Did she wake up in hell? He pressed a cold cloth to her forehead and for a minute, she swore she was hallucinating it. It looked as if two William's were above her, dipping the cloth in water once she burned through the first one. He set down the bucket and pulled her hair back from her face-she couldn't even describe how good it felt to be free of her hair as he tied it to the top of her hair with a line of loose rope. Every strand was away from her hot skin, she almost had the thought to cut it all off just so she wouldn't have to feel it ever again. Her mind didn't even register how hideous she would look if she did something like that. "Doris..." He said firmly as if he was trying to wake her from a bad dream. She thrashed across the bed, her nightgown clung to her skin from her sweat. She was being burned

alive, wasn't she? Someone came to finally end it all by setting her body on fire. This was for all she went through, death was finally claiming her body as its own. Release, she just wanted release "Doris!" He said louder. She hadn't noticed he was holding her down against the bed until he shouted at her. Her vision blurred, was she even awake? Was this a dream again? "Let's get you in the tub," he lifted her from the bed and she weakly pushed at him. "No-no!" She shouted, or tried to. She didn't want him to see her naked, she would rather die than let him be the first man to ever see her without any clothes on. She was already close to it. William ignored her objections and carried her to the bathroom. A large tub sat in the center of the room, it was already filled to the brim with water. William didn't stop to take off her clothes, he set her right in the freezing water with her nightgown still on. It was a small mercy to her suffering mind.

Doris gasped as the shock rippled through her body. It woke her instantly, she could actually feel the coldness break through the heat of her body. Her hands trembled as she gripped the edge of the tub and dipped her head beneath the water. She wasn't sure how long she stayed down, but large hands broke

through the surface and forced her up again. "Are you mad?" William snapped. He was on his knees next to the tub with his grip firm on her weak body. She could easily slip beneath the water again and sleep for eternity-but he wouldn't let her go. He wouldn't let her rest. "You'll drown if you don't sit up." Doris hadn't realized how hard she was breathing until he stopped talking. The room echoed with every breath she took and she knew she must have sounded like a dying animal to him. He forced her to sit up a little more before she relaxed in the cold water. How long until it boiled from how hot she was? William frowned and used a small towel to wipe some of the excess water off her face. She didn't want him to touch her, it only made her feel hotter. "You should sit here for a while." "I don't think I could move if I wanted to." Doris whispered. She closed her eyes and focused on the feeling of his hand as he made sure she didn't slip beneath the surface again. Why was she only feeling worse? After two days, shouldn't she have felt a little better by now? Her mind didn't allow her to think of the possibility that he could see through her cream nightgown now that it was drenched. She could only think about the possibility that

her body was through with her. It wouldn't fight through this fever, would it? It was going to finally allow her to leave after all she put it through William turned her head and removed the bandages from her neck where she took the almost fatal claws for him. His brows furrowed, he gripped her chin a little harder as he looked closer. "Doris." He said her name like a command, she lifted her eyes back to his own when she realized they were trying to close again. "I need to get someone to look at this immediately." "Why?" Doris whispered. "I think..." He hesitated, what a strange sight for a prince like him to hesitate. "I just need someone to confirm what this is." The next thing she knew, she was being lifted from the lukewarm water. He carried her dripping body to one of the wide windows and set her on a chair. The cold breeze made her close her eyes in complete bliss. "Do not get up. I will be right back." Doris said nothing. His steps grew fainter and she almost had half a mind to get up and change from her ruined nightgown despite his demand for her to stay still. The dresser felt miles away-she'd never make it. Since when did the room grow so large? Had they moved

her again? Doris closed her eyes and opened them when someone gripped her face. Eliza moved her jaw up and peered closer at the marks on her neck. When did she get here? She hadn't heard her come in. Why was the room so bright? "Oh..." Eliza whispered, her cold fingers trailed down the marks on her neck. How bad did it look? She wished she could see what everyone was so concerned over. But then again, she didn't want to. "We need to get Enzo." "Just tell me what it is." William growled. "Every second you waste she gets worse." "I think the claws that scratched her were poisoned." Eliza said, unaffected by the prince's rapid mood change. Doris's mind wouldn't let her process the words, she felt herself drifting further from her body. William, though, looked a little lost. Silence followed, Eliza moved to get Doris a new nightgown and a few towels. "If you don't mind, I can clean her up and make her a little more comfortable." William narrowed his eyes at the woman before he looked at Doris once more. She must have looked like a drowned rat, because he nodded his head. "You have five minutes, no more."

When he left, Eliza scoffed. "Possessive wolves, always the same." She muttered to herself before she helped Doris out of her nightgown and into a new one. She undid her hair and braided it behind Doris's back so it would be out of her way. "There, how does that feel?" Doris only nodded when no words would form. Eliza

changed her sheets and poured more cold water before she helped her lay down again. The soft, clean fabric made her sink right into the bed like it was a cloud. "How bad is it?" Doris asked. Eliza placed a cool cloth across her forehead and another on her neck. "Don't you think about that right now, you're going to be fine." She said, but Doris didn't think she sounded like she believed it herself. "Not many people survive a poisoning." Doris closed her eyes. "I don't think the prince would allow you to die, my love. You're going to be fine." Eliza said gently. "I'm sure he would cross over just to bring you back himself if he had to." Doris snorted a little. William would probably be relieved if she passed on. Then he wouldn't have to watch over her like a toddler. But, he didn't have to watch her at all. Why was he here all night with her when there were so many others that could have sat in for her

if he requested it? As if he could hear her think about him, he entered without a single knock. He was across the room in three long strides and he looked her over as if to make sure Eliza didn't break her somehow. "Did you tell Enzo-" "He doesn't need to be here for her." William snapped. "I'm here. I will help her." Eliza crossed her arms. "And what makes you think you can heal her? She's knocking at death's door and you should consider having others help pull her away from it." Doris wanted to smile at Eliza for standing up to the prince. In the north, they truly didn't care about royalty or what title he had. They treated him like he was just like anyone else, nothing special about him. William glared at her as if he wished he could rip her apart like he did to the men that attacked Doris. "I'm going to save her." William said stiffly. "I'm going to feed her my blood."

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Chapter 63 The hell you're about to see.

"Have you given her blood before?" Eliza asked as she tapped her foot impatiently against the wooden floors-she seemed a little surprised. Or perhaps Doris was imagining it all. It was getting harder to tell what was real. "Yes, and she woke up an hour after I did." William straightened his shoulders and looked down his nose at Eliza. "If you don't mind." He said with a gesture to the door. It was almost funny seeing him be talked down to for once. She wished she was better so she could have

enjoyed it more. Eliza glanced at Doris and squeezed her hand before she left the room, closing the door silently behind her. William went to lock it before he returned to her side. She felt her nightgown already sticking to her skin again with how much she was sweating. William surprised her by crawling into bed with her, it dipped under her weight and almost sent her rolling into him. He sat himself up against the headboard and pulled her weak body against him. She rested her back against his chest and closed her eyes again. "Don't do that, you have to stay awake for this." He said more gently than before. William lifted his wrist to his mouth and sliced it open with his teeth. Her eyes grew a little wide when she saw him retract his fangs as blood dripped down his chin. He held his wound in front of her mouth and she shook her head and tried to push away from him. "Come on, Doris." He said through his teeth. William gripped the back of her

head and forced her mouth to his skin. The taste of copper hit her tongue and made her want to gag. She tried moving away from him again more desperately, but he only held her still. Soon, it took on a different taste. What tasted like a she was licking a coin turned to something almost... sweet. A strange sugar taste filled her mouth that made her grip his arm so she could get more. "Yes." A voice said in her mind. Was it William's wolf? Her own wolf woke up as if it had been sleeping and curled

around the voice like a blanket. "Come on now, Doris. Take more." "My mate..." Her wolf said to his as his blood slid down her throat. She could feel their connection open wide enough for her to feel it against every ounce of her body. She looked up at him as she drank and he watched her with a tender, almost lustful gaze. Doris moved herself closer to him, he held her against his body and their limbs tangled together as the sparks exploded through her skin. She could feel his emotions, almost as if they were her own. He was worried and angry, desperate and a little frightened of what was to become of her. Or them. She wondered if he could feel her own emotions. The hatred and strange pull she had for him. She fit against him like a piece in his missing puzzle. His blood flowed through her body and allowed her back some of the strength she lost. The intense heat was fading rapidly, but a new one formed as she moved on top of him and he groaned from her touch. His hand moved from the back of her head to grip her waist through her thin nightgown. She wasn't sure how much

blood she was supposed to take but it tasted better than anything that had ever hit her tongue. She wanted to drown in it, to live every day if she could have a small taste. "Just a little more." He said against her ear. Their wolves felt like they were circling in her mind before they curled around each other and took comfort in the others warmth. She couldn't focus on what they said, but it felt like home when they were together. Did William

feel that too? Or was she hallucinating all of this? William gripped the back of her neck and held her still as he pulled his wrist away from her mouth and deprived her of what she wanted. His blood leaked from her lips and stained her nightgown a gruesome color, but neither of them seemed to notice anything except for the other. He looked at her with a sort of longing that she knew she was imagining but allowed herself to give in to the fantasy, if only for a moment in time. Her eyes flickered to his mouth before she forced herself to look up at his dangerous blue eyes again-but he was entranced by her red lips. A crazy part of her wanted to

dare him to close the distance and remake one of her darkest dreams. His eyes glazed over as if he was already well into that dream where she didn't allow herself to feel shame for her desires. Did he imagine what it would be like to kiss her with his blood on her lips? Did he allow himself to wonder how soft she'd feel beneath him? If felt as if she had been drugged, her mind grew foggy as she quickly moved herself off him. What was she doing? What-on earth had she been thinking? His face turned to stone when she looked at him again, as if it had never happened at all. Perhaps it hadn't and it was all in her head. Beth had once told her the blood of a werewolf was strong enough to drive someone insane. Her energy had spiked higher than it had even before she was poisoned—and then it quickly started to decrease. She wanted to believe that it never happened, that she hadn't just thought about him kissing her and giving into a dark desire

she was forbidden to have. She wasn't a stupid girl, so why had she allowed herself to think like one? "You'll need to eat before you sleep

again." William said. The bed creaked as he stood and pulled food from the basket Enzo had brought her the night before. It must have all been old, but she felt ravenous Doris sat up and ripped through the sandwich he gave her. Too hungry to be ashamed of eating like an animal in front of him. He didn't look disturbed or disgusted, he only seemed to make sure she ate every bite of food he handed her. After she finished the entire basket of food-which was easily two days worth

– he gave her cold water to wash it all down. "Are you still hot?" He asked. Doris froze and tried to register how her body was feeling. It was jittery and desperate for rest at the same time-but not hot. In fact, she felt the cold sneak up her bare legs and try to turn her into ice. "No. Can you close the window, please?" William did so without a trace of annoyance. Doris pulled the covers up over herself again before the chill tore her apart just like her fever did. It felt like a shock in her body to have it change so rapidly from one extreme to the next.

She lifted the blankets to her chin and watched as he lit the fire again. When he sat down next to her bed, she hesitated. "You don't have to stay with me if you want to go get some rest yourself. I'll be fine for a few hours." "Did I say I wanted to leave?" "No, but," "Don't question my actions." He snapped. She clamped her lips shut. As harsh as he sounded, it was almost sweet of him. If he heard her think that, he'd probably throw her out in the snow just to prove he wasn't. Still... a small part of her trusted him more than she wanted to admit. It felt like a betrayal to herself, this entire time she knew she didn't want to trust him or get close to him in case he snapped but – his actions spoke louder than any cruel words he'd thrown at her. Doris drowsily looked around the room and realized what a mess it was. Did she make that mess? Days worth of dishes were spread across the counters and male clothes thrown across the floor that didn't belong to her. When she looked at him again, she realized he must have been the one to make the mess.

"Have you slept at all?" She asked softly as she took in the sight of his sleepy face. A wave of chills passed through her body, he sat up a little and watched her until it passed. "I've slept plenty." Was all he said. Doris reached out to put her hand over his own that rested on his lap. He tensed under her touch. "Thank you for staying." She didn't care if it scared him away, she wanted him to know how grateful she was for him. He stared at her in silence for a few minutes, she wondered if he even allowed himself to breathe. William gripped her hand and squeezed

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"Rest. I'll be here when you wake from the hell you're about to see."

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Chapter 64 I think it's time you get out of this

His frightening words lulled her to an instant sleep. She didn't understand what he meant until her nightmares came and felt more real than any ever had before. She opened her eyes to see nothing but darkness. She couldn't even see an inch in front of her face but she could hear herself breathing. "Hello?" Her voice echoed off the walls and slammed right back against her in a heavy force that knocked her to the ground. She stood quickly and walked with her hands out in front of her to feel any sort of wall or door to be let out of this darkness. No matter how fast or how hard she moved, her fingers only grasped at air. There was nothing. Suddenly all of the lights turned on at once and it felt as if she was shoved into a large hole. She landed in the center of a forest and it looked strangely familiar to the area where William had attacked her all those months ago.

"Do you feel it?" A voice said by her ear. Not just any voice-him. Doris turned and saw William but... it wasn't him. A tall man that almost looked like him stood over her. His face was twisted in a sinister smile as blood poured from his mouth when he spoke

"Did you feel it when you drank the blood? Did you realize you'll never be able to live a day without it?" Doris back away quickly. "No, no!" She screamed. The voice echoed around her as it started to laugh. It sounded as if it was all around her at once but he was

right in front of her. "You'll be just like us. Eating innocent animals and children behind the palace like a monster. You'll never be satisfied with normal food again." He said as he took slow steps towards her. Doris tripped over a branch and fell through the floor. She landed in snow... bloodied snow. It was a massacre, everywhere she looked had new bodies or limbs as if they were all torn apart and thrown in every direction. Doris quickly stood and tried to wipe the blood from her hands, but it wouldn't come off as if it was stained to remind her of this moment forever.

"How could you do this?" Enzo screamed at her back. He fell to his knees and held Elena in his arms when she turned to face him. Elena's eyes were empty and vacant, Doris tried to step closer but he screamed again. "Don't get any closer, you monster!" Doris looked around at the bodies again and this time she noticed who they belonged to. Bodies of the rogues were ripped apart at her feet. Children she passed when she first got here and strangers that were kind to her when she didn't deserve it. Her stomach turned to acid, what was this? "No... no. I didn't, Enzo!" Doris reached out her hands for him to make him understand this wasn't her. "I would never" "You always thought of the rogues as monsters. Even as we let you into our home and tried to protect you this is how you repay us? For him?" Enzo spat. "For-who? I don't understand..." "For your prince! All he wants is power and this is how he got it. By killing everyone who mattered to me-my family. All we wanted was peace." Enzo dropped Elena and stepped over her body to get closer to Doris. Doris backed away

from him when she noticed the murderous look on his face. "You want to see how a rogue truly acts? I'll show you!" He screamed and ran towards her. Doris held out her arms and closed her eyes tightly, but he never reached her. When she opened her eyes again, she was in William's room-on his bed of all places. Dressed in a scandalous red nightgown that showed more of her body than she was comfortable with, she gripped at the sheets beneath her but they fell



through her fingers every time she tried to pull them over her. "Don't hide from me." William said. She turned and he was almost naked in the bed beside her. Doris moved away from him but he gripped her hips and brought her closer. "It's okay to give into your dark desires, Doris." He whispered against her skin as he laid her back against the sheets. 1 The horror of the previous nightmare faded away from her as if it never happened. She let William crawl on top of her and touch her body like he owned it. She wanted him to-like she wanted nothing else in the world. "What does this mean?" She whispered

as he kissed her neck. Her toes curled against the silk sheets and her body arched into him from such a simple touch. He hummed his approval. "Whatever you want it to mean." He said as his hands moved up her thighs and pushed her short nightgown to her hips. "Oh," Doris whispered as she let her fingers run through his short but wild hair. She'd always wanted to know what it felt like to run her fingers through his black hair, something so small and simple made his eyes darken with lust when he pulled back to look down at her.

It was odd to lay beneath him and let her worries escape her. He moved down her body and tore through her nightgown until she laid almost naked for his pleasure. She clenched her thighs closed when she felt her arousal throb, but he forced them open again as his lips moved down her body to leave kisses and bites as if to claim it as his own. "Oh!" Doris gasped when his mouth found her breasts. His hand continued its trail down her body and toyed with the hem of her panties. "William-"She moaned. "Say it louder"

"Doris!" Someone was shouting at her, why? The bed started to shake beneath them and William disappeared when the room went dark. "William?" She called, smacking her hands across the bed to find him. "Doris! Wake up!" The room vibrated viciously. She could hear glass breaking and books falling but she couldn't see any of it

Ice cold water woke her from her fever dream. She sat up gasping, someone held her tightly as she tried to catch her breath. What—what happened? She was back in the cabin, alive and well. It looked like it was nighttime but she didn't know how many hours-or days had passed since she fell asleep. "Doris," William sounded relieved when she looked up at him, he was seated in her bed with his arms tightly around her. Her nightmares came back in pieces to her mind to try and haunt her so soon after she escaped them. The dark room, the man in the forest, Enzo and the rogues and Her entire body heated and it had

nothing to do with a fever. She quickly looked away from William and gripped her sheets to cover herself more. Suddenly she wished she could get out of this room and far from him until she forgot all about what he did to her in her dreams. His hands on her body, his kisses on her neck and chest "What did you dream?" He asked as he tried to search her face but she wouldn't let him. "I heard you call out." Oh... no. Doris wanted to slam her head into a wall. Had he heard her moan his name? She certainly hoped not-that was worse than any of the nightmares. Perhaps not the one with Enzo, but the rest. "I... dreamed I killed people." She whispered. William ran his hand down her hair in a comforting gesture, but she wished he wouldn't touch her. At least... not so intimately. A knock sounded at the door, Eliza entered a second later with towels and trays of food. When she saw the looks on their faces, she hesitated. "I'll come back later." She said with a lingering look on them both as she set down the trays and

quickly left. William snarled. "She doesn't know what privacy means." Doris was more than happy for the interruption. "It's fine I... I think I need to eat anyway." William released her and went to retrieve the food. She tried not to stare at his body as he did so, but she noticed he was wearing different clothes than

the ones he wore before she fell asleep. When he returned, she forced her eyes to the fire and prayed he couldn't tell she was blushing. "How do you feel now?" He asked. Doris focused on the food in front of her. She felt as if she could eat a week's worth with how empty she felt. "I feel... fine." Doris said cautiously as if she was afraid the admission would force her pain to return. "Good. The blood helps push out the poison. You were out for a few days this time." Doris froze mid chew. "A few days?" William nodded and stared out the window. "I think it's time you get out of this room." 3

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### Chapter 65 No one is allowed to touch you but

Doris was more than happy to oblige. After she ate, she rested for a few hours more before she dressed in warm clothes and met William outside the cabin door. It looked like it was still the middle of the night, but the crisp air was refreshing. She wanted to gulp it down and never go inside again. William didn't look at her as they walked down a snowy path. He shoved his hands deep into his pockets and she did the same. "It's lovely out." Doris said as she took in another deep breath. Her breath fogged in front of her and something about the sight made her happy. Perhaps she was just happy to be alive. He didn't respond, she was only greeted with the sounds of their feet crunching through the snow. Doris wrapped her arms around herself and let out a longer breath just to see more fog. It was fine, he didn't like to talk much anyway. She didn't expect him to change just because he spent days at her side when she was

sick. "Those men I killed, were they the ones that kidnapped you?" He asked suddenly. The question was so abrupt, her steps slowed. He stopped completely and turned to look at her. His gaze was almost disarming, she didn't know what to say. "No..." Doris said slowly. William's face darkened and she knew he wanted her to continue. "They... those ones tried to harm me when I came here after Enzo brought me here. Enzo cut out one of their tongues after the first incident but his friends joined in on the second one." She knew the question on his murderous expression before he said it. "Did they—" "No, but they tried." William flexed his fingers and cracked his neck. Doris chewed on her lip as she watched his rage start to pile up. Did he wish he could kill them again? "Who was the one that kidnapped you?" "Enzo said he took care of it—" "Who?" William demanded a bit louder, Doris flinched and her need to do what he asked kicked in. "I... their names were Jules and Darrell." "Was it one of them who left the bite on

your neck?" He growled as if his possessive side was starting to take over his mind and he couldn't possibly act any other way. Doris simply nodded. She'd honestly forgotten all about the mark on her neck opposite to the one William left. She thought the claw marks might have scratched through it but apparently

not. He must have seen them at some point when she was sick but didn't want to mention it until she was better. No wonder he wanted her to take

a walk so soon. William grabbed her hand and pulled her behind him as he stomped through the snow. "Hey! Where are we going?" Doris asked as she tried not to trip and keep up with him. He said nothing. William led her to the stables where his black horse was stationed and made her stand by it. "Stay here." Doris watched him leave and looked around at all the other horses, confused. What on earth was he doing? After about twenty minutes of standing in the cold stable, William returned pulling on black leather gloves. He looked determined and... handsome. She hated herself for thinking it, those

thoughts would only lead right back to her dream where she had no business remembering "What are we doing in here? Maybe I should go back to bed and rest more" "I found where they are." He gripped her waist and lifted her onto the back of the horse before she could object and pulled himself up in front of her. "What? William—" He gripped the reins, Doris quickly wrapped her arms around his waist before he kicked the horse off into the night. She'd never been more grateful for wearing pants than she was in that moment. He was absolutely mad for doing this, she didn't want any part of it. The horses hooves pounded loudly against the ground as he rode them towards the men that kidnapped Doris. That was where they were going, wasn't it? Was he going to rip off their heads like he did to the other two? The sounds of gallops were too loud for her to ask, she had no choice but to hold on as he rode as fast as he could through the night. She clenched her eyes closed tightly when the wind picked up. She'd

never been on a horse before, the thought of enjoying this ride made her stomach turn. This was no where near fun. How could he take her to do this? She just got out of her death bed less than a few hours ago. Even though it felt good to be up and out-this was not what she meant. This was the furthest thing from what she wanted. For him to be this insistent, he must have spent days spewing in his rage wondering if he'd gotten the men that hurt her or not. Why did he even care so much? She was his maid, not his lady. Whoever disrespected her never seemed to bother him before. The horse skidded to a halt. Doris opened her eyes to see the cabin and flickers of her torture crossed her mind. All the marks they left on her. The way they yanked at her clothes and were so close to taking her innocence from her William slid off the horse and held his arms out for her. Doris hesitated before she allowed him to help her down." William, this is absurd. I don't feel well, we should go back-" "They deserve everything I'm going to do." William said and turned away from her. She pulled at his arm but he shoved

her off him and kicked in the front door of the cabin without a single hesitation. Murderous rage was radiating from him, she wanted to scream at him to stop. She had seen enough suffering, she didn't want to see an ounce more. "Hey!" Two men shouted. William went in without a second thought, Doris stayed right where she was and tried to stop her hands from trembling. "What the fuck!" One screamed, Doris covered her ears to block out the sickening sounds of bones cracking. Doris stumbled back when William came back out a few minutes later, dragging both men by their hair as if they weighed nothing The men were smaller than him, but still quiet large compared to Doris. Their faces were completely covered in blood and their noses were bent the wrong way. They held onto William's hands as he dragged them out. A trail of blood followed in their wake.

William dropped them by her feet and knelt down to forced them to look up at her. "Are these the ones that hurt you?" He asked calmly, a little too calm for what he was doing. Doris only spared a quick glance before

she nodded. "William-" "I didn't touch her!" Darrell screamed. William hit him hard in the face. "If you don't apologize for what you did to her, I'll carve out your eyes and and rip open your stomach right here." William threatened and made him look up at Doris. "You first." "I—I'm sorry for what we did to you—" William hit him again. "I said for what you did." He growled. Darrell had bloody tears streaming down his face. "I—I'm sorry for everything I did to you. Please forgive me, I'll never touch another woman that way again." William dropped him and went to Jules. He kicked him in his side and then knelt to force him to look at Doris. "Your turn." "I—I'm so sorry for everything. You didn't deserve anything I did and I swear I'll never fuck up like that again," "Would you like to do the honors?" William asked through his teeth as he glanced up at Doris. He had their blood on his face and he looked deranged. "Please, we're sorry—" William didn't let Jules finish. He stood and stomped his foot down on his head, smashing his

skull in with his boot. Doris flinched when the blood splattered on her face. She gasped and stumbled back. "Oh my-" "Help me!" Darrell screamed. "Do you want to punish your attacker, Doris?" William asked again. Doris quickly shook her head no and held out her hands as if to stop him. William grabbed Darrell and pulled him into the darkness. Doris covered her ears again when Darrell started to scream loud enough to send sleeping birds from their trees. And then... silence. The air stilled, she tried not to look at the body in front of her but the blood pooled around the area quicker than it could melt into the snow. Flickers of her nightmare returned to her mind... what had he done? When William came out, his face was coated in so much blood-she almost didn't recognize him. He stopped in front of her and lifted her chin to look up at him. "No one is allowed to touch you but me."