

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 86

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Chapter 86 They wanted to kill you.

It was hard to ignore the curious stares from the villagers as she walked through the thinning crowd. Their eyes flickered from her to the door with a telling expression. At the moment, she couldn't bring herself to care about their gossip or what they thought of her. She glanced around for a friendly face but saw no one she knew. There was no sign of Eliza nearby either, she wondered if she was already off to bed and perhaps Doris should be too. "...I just don't know how long Enzo will allow this." A man said quietly to another. Doris slowed her steps as she walked between cabins. "He's showing how weak he is to our enemies." "Everyone is saying he's sweet on that maid girl. He's probably trying to trade the prince something just to have her." "You think that's what all their meetings are about?" The man laughed a nasty sound that made her skin crawl. "She's a pretty thing, but I don't think she's worth keeping all these royals sniffing around our camp." Doris gripped the wall of the cabin she was near and peered around the edge to see two older men sitting on a log as they drank beer. They paid no attention to their surroundings as they kept their backs to her. Doris wasn't sure if she should stay to hear more or "I think the prince is going to get us all killed." One of the men said suddenly. The other paused his drink and turned to look at his friend. "What makes you say that?" "Isn't it obvious? He's here to scope out the place and let his palace know how we really are. Enzo let them know that we're not much to fear as the rumors used to say. He'd practically letting them live here." "Huh." His friend set down his bottle. "I never thought of it that way. They think we're weak with how kind we are, don't they?" "I'm telling you. A week after they leave, this place will be burned to the ground. Whatever they're meeting about is only benefit to that prince and Enzo is too blind to see it. The kingdom has wanted to take control of us for years and now they finally will. It makes no sense why Enzo is trusting them." "We should do something about it before it's too late." The man lowered his voice and glanced around. Doris moved further behind the cabin so he didn't see her. "What do you think we should do?" His friend grumbled. "He won't listen to us, He thinks they're good people after he's the one that taught us not to trust them for years." "I say we confront the prince about his intentions. Make him tell us what he's planning." "Have you seen the man? He doesn't talk much and when he does it's to threaten people. We ain't gonna get much out of him." "Maybe we should take a different approach." He friend sniffed. "Maybe we should run him out before he kills us all." "Are you crazy? His guards will kill us before we try." His friend stood and slammed down his beer. "So we just wait around while he plans to override us all? We need to take a stand before it's too late." "Listen to yourself! I think you had too much to drink." He stood and gripped his friend's shoulders. "Whatever you're thinking, it won't work. He has people surrounding him constantly and Enzo won't back us up on this one." "You want your wife and kids to be killed or taken in and controlled by the kingdom? You want to lose all your freedom?" Slowly, he dropped his hands. "No. Of course I don't want that, what kinda question is that?" "That's exactly what will happen if we don't put a stop to it right now." The man stood in silence, he watched his friend with a sort of curiosity that couldn't be forced. "What do you think we should do?" His friend grinned widely to show all of his rotted teeth. "I think we should show him we're strong. We're not ones to be

stepped on. We should ambush him when he comes out of Enzo's cabin as wolves. He won't see it coming—that will be our upper hand." 2 "What if we kill him?" His friend laughed, it sent chills down Doris's skin to hear someone laugh about something so terrible. She felt as if her wolf woke inside of her. "Better for us if we do. The kingdom will know better than to come for us." "That could start a war if we killed him—". "Better to make a point than to sit around and let our home be destroyed!" The man nodded in agreement, Doris couldn't believe what she was hearing. They were going to ambush William and they were out for his blood. She stepped back more into the shadows. She had to warn him, "No time for that! You'll never make it, you have to kill them now!" Her wolf roared inside of her. "Kill them?!" Doris shouted in her mind. She clamped her hand over her mouth to keep her words inside. "I can't kill them! Do you see how big they are? They'll rip me in half!" "They won't rip me in half!" Cordelia growled. "Let me have control!" Doris glanced back over the corner and saw the men were gone. She quickly looked around to see them heading towards Enzo's cabin and lingered a few feet away. "Now!" Cordelia shouted. Doris felt her bones crack and her body break apart and put itself back together in a new form. She roared as her hands hit the snow and turned into furry paws she still wasn't used to. 1 It was agony, but she could barely feel it. Heads turned towards her direction, but they couldn't see her. The door of Enzo's cabin opened and that's when the men shifted. Their clothes were torn in shreds before their paws hit the ground. The rest of the villagers looked on in confusion and helplessness. One of the men howled as William stepped out of the cabin. His sharp eyes found them instantly and Doris knew he wouldn't have time to shift before they came for him. They growled and took off in a run towards him, but Doris was already there before they could touch him. She smacked into both of them on the side and knocked them both off track. They were so startled, they could barely gather themselves before she was on them again. She bit down as hard as she could on one of their legs while the other tried to grab her from behind. Doris went for his neck and the wolf was down faster than she could register. This sort of power was hard to latch onto. Another howl came from behind her. She glanced to see William in his wolf form with a deadly look in his eyes. She regretted looking at him, one of the other wolves tackled her to the ground and she swore she was about to get her throat ripped out. William raced at the wolf and took him by his neck to ring him around like a rag doll before he threw him against a nearby tree. The wolf did not raise again. The other wolf took Doris down and tore open the side of her arm. He painted the snow with her blood and she whined out in pain before she clamped her jaw down on his neck the same time William grabbed him by his leg. While Doris had let him go before she did any real damage to the man, William tore the front of his paw off as if it was nothing. "That's enough!" Enzo roared and grabbed one of the wolves by his neck to stop him from pouncing on William again. William went to stand in front of Doris as if he was guarding her. He growled at the two wolves that had set out to kill him. "William, Doris. Go into your cabins. This fight is over." It was strange to hear someone give William an order, but he obeyed after a moment of staring down the wolves. He led Doris towards her cabin and she followed with a slight limp. Once inside, William shifted instantly and she looked away from his naked body. He covered himself with a long cloak before he grabbed clothes for Doris and set them by her before he turned away to dress himself in clothes he had left in her cabin. Shifting back to herself didn't hurt as much as it did to become a wolf. Her bones stretched and her skin lost all the fur in seconds. The moment she was on her feet, she threw her clothes on as fast as she could. She didn't even care that she was still bleeding, it was like she couldn't feel it at all. William turned when she finished. His eyes were as dark as night as he looked her over. Already her blood had seeped through her shirt. "What was that?" He asked. "They wanted to kill you."

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William's jaw tensed. "So you thought you would take on two wolves yourself? What were you thinking, Doris!" "I didn't have time to warn you about them " "I don't care if you don't have time!" William shouted. Doris flinched. How could he be mad at her? She just saved him! How dare he even raise his voice! "I don't regret what I did. It's pointless to make me try." Doris lifted her chin. Here, he was just a man. There was no crown on his head or authority behind his words. Inside she knew she would always be a maid, but she was not about to be talked down to for saving him. William stared at her for a second that turned to minutes. She refused to break eye contact, she would not back down this time. William took a step towards her but she stayed right where she was. He took another as if to test her. She gave him a look that almost dared him to come closer. She should have known that he was never one to turn down a challenge. William crossed the room in three long strides and gathered her up in his arms. She didn't get a chance to gasp before his mouth was on hers. He kissed her as if he was angry and wanted her to know it. Doris felt like a rush had woken her up. She closed her eyes and kissed him back despite the warning that blared in her head. He lifted her a bit off her feet and pressed her harder against him. She gripped the fabric at his shoulders and moaned against his mouth. William made a strangled sound in the back of his throat before he pressed her up against the wall. His hands burned her where he touched. Gripping her waist with a sense of ownership as he held them against his own to show her exactly how she made him feel. She'd never made a man act like this before

A wild, uncontrollable side of her wanted more from him. It rose up inside her body and tried to come to light and she knew it was her wolf that pulled the tight strings to enhance every second his mouth devoured hers. She should stop, she knew she should but she didn't want to. No part of her wanted to push away from him. His tongue slid between her lips and fought for dominance inside her mouth against her own. She moved her hands up to run her fingers through his black hair that felt like silk in her grasp. How many times had she itched to do just that? It almost made her melt in his arms—she was only glad he was holding her up right. His large hand gripped her thigh and hiked her legs up around his waist so he could kiss her better. She gasped as he held her up with one arm and forced her mouth back to his own with the other. Her mind turned dizzy with a confusing desire—what was she doing? The thought left her head the second he bit down on her lip. She suddenly wanted all of him at once—every piece of him as her own and she didn't care what he did to her after A knock broke them apart like shattering glass. He set her down instantly and moved several feet away from her as if he would rather be caught dead than be caught holding her like that. Doris stumbled a little and gripped the wall to right herself. Her vision grew blurry, she swallowed her shame and straightened her clothes. 1 What... what on earth had gotten into her? How could she allow him to kiss her like she was just another one of his lovers? Look what he had done Why didn't she want him to stop? William caught his breath and went to open the door without another glance at her. Enzo stood with an expression that turned from serious, to almost instantly amused as he took in the disheveled state he was in. "Oh, am I

interrupting something?" Enzo peered over William's shoulder to see Doris. She smoothed out her hair but the damage was already done. Now everyone would think they were lovers if they didn't already. "No, no. Of course not!" Doris said. William threw a look over his shoulder at her that she couldn't quite catch. "What is it?" Enzo laughed and pushed by William to enter her room. William glared at his back as he closed the door. "I wanted to see if you two were okay after what happened. Clearly all seems well in this cabin." He eyed Doris's side where blood was still dripping. It was odd, it was like she couldn't feel it at all. "Oh, yes. I'm fine." Doris tried to cover her wound. Enzo stopped her. "May I see it?" "I was just about to tend to it." William cut in. "You don't have to look at it. It will be

fine." Enzo lifted his hands and stepped away from her. "Alright. I wanted to apologize for what happened out there. The men have come clean about their drunken mistakes and I will have to decide a punishment for them." "Their punishment should be death." William growled. "He could have killed her! They tried to kill a prince from the kingdom. They must have been really wasted to think it would have worked." "I assure you that they could barely stand. Their judgements should have no weight on this village." Enzo looked William over. "Did they hurt you?" William rolled his eyes to the ceiling. "No. Who's to say they won't try again? What if they go after Doris next?" "If they did they know what the consequences would be. They don't want to be the next prey in our hunt." William didn't look the least bit satisfied. In fact, he only looked more angry. She wouldn't have been surprised if he went out to deal with them himself like he did to all the others that wronged them. "Get out. I need to fix her wound before she bleeds all over the place." Enzo nodded. "Yes, I heard applying pressure helps. If not, try more kisses." He winked at Doris before he went for the door. "Not everyone here thinks as they do. I, for one, am proud of how strong Doris has become. I almost couldn't believe it was her until I saw you go feral." Enzo laughed as he slammed the door behind him. Doris blushed a little. William went to lock the door the second he was gone. "Lay on

the bed." He grumbled. Doris touched her side and felt how soaked her sweater had become. Perhaps it wasn't a good idea to have let him manhandle her while she was injured. Still, it was like she couldn't feel a thing except a distant ache deep inside her. Was it because it was Cordelia's injury? Doris laid on the bed carefully. William came out of the bathroom with a towel and warm water. He didn't ask permission as he rolled up her ruined sweater to observe the wound. She shouldn't blush, blood covered most of her exposed skin but she couldn't help it. Her lips tingled, she bit her bottom lip just to try and stop her mind from replaying what it felt like to be kissed by him. "Does it hurt?" He asked as he gently wiped away her blood. "No, it's more like a distant pain. I can feel it, but not like I should be." "It happens when your wolf gets injured. You're bleeding, but she's feeling it." Doris blinked. Was that why her wolf had been so quiet? She swore her wolf ignited the kiss for her—didn't she? Or was it Doris who wanted it more than she thought was possible? She pushed away her thoughts. "Will she be okay? What should I do?" "You'll both be fine. It's already closing up and should heal within the hour." William leaned closer, she held her breath as his fingers trailed along her bare skin. "Thank you." Doris whispered. He placed a long bandage over her wound and tossed the bloody towel in the corner. "Can I ask you something?" William shrugged and went to start a fire. Doris sat up and pulled her shirt down. "Why did you spit at me when you first kissed me?" He must have heard the hurt in her voice. He turned to look at her with his hard expression dimming. "I knew you despised me. I could taste it on you." "You are the one that has been filled with hatred—" "You froze up the second I touched

you. I knew you didn't want it." William stood and threw the log in the fire. "You've never wanted anything from me." Doris stood. "I was shocked, William—it wasn't hatred." William shrugged again and she wanted to smack him in the face for always being so emotionless. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath to center herself. When she opened her eyes again, he was watching her. 1 "Will you stay with me tonight?"

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A flicker of surprise crossed his face. It almost made her smile. William nodded and she felt her unease drip away from her. Doris grabbed one of her nightgowns from her drawer and went to change. She stared at herself in the mirror and trailed her fingers across the mark he left on her skin all those months ago. It tingled a little as if it knew she was in his presence. Did he know that Melody was never his mate when they kissed? Did he feel the spark with her like Doris had with him? Or did he not even care? She was absolutely insane for even thinking about him in such a way. Beth would lose her mind over it. She had always wanted Doris to end up with a prince—which was still never going to happen—but she had one of the nicer ones in mind for Doris. If Beth knew all the things William and Doris had done on this journey, she would never let Doris live it down. Doris smoothed out her nightgown and pulled her hair up into a low ponytail. When she came out, he was already laying in bed with his shirt off. It shouldn't have made her heart race as much as it did. She'd seen him like this several times by now and—Doris swallowed and crawled in bed with him. Her eyes followed along the lines of his firm stomach and she had to force herself to look away as she laid on her side. The room was dim, only the fire lit up the area and kept her warm. William turned on his side and wrapped his arms around her body to pull her against him as if she was meant to be there like a piece to his puzzle. His hands didn't lower to uncharted areas, he kept them firm around her to keep her in place. Perhaps he could read her mind and realized how flighty her thoughts were. She didn't need to worry about falling asleep next to him anymore. It was almost natural. The next morning, Doris woke with her body held sprawled across his own. Her head on his chest, her leg draped over his own. How did she get like this? She could hear the steady beat of his heart and his even breath and she knew he was still asleep. Carefully, she lifted herself off him and laid on her back once more. His hand still gripped her waist, it tightened whenever she moved. Doris chewed on her lip as she stared at him. Her eyes lowered betrayingly low to take in the lines of his stomach and chest. She felt him pull her closer against him and her eyes snapped to his own to see he was wide awake and watching her admire his body. "Oh, William—" He silenced her with a kiss that could have melted her down until she was nothing. His soft lips moved slowly against her own as if they had all the time in the world to discover the other. William's hand moved up her body at an aching speed until he gripped the side of her face. Doris pressed her hand against his chest and felt how wildly his heart beat beneath her palm. This was wrong "Hello?" Someone pounded on her door. "Will you be quiet? I'm sure they had a rather rough night." Someone else said. Doris knew instantly it was Enzo. Doris untangled herself from him and went to put on a robe. "Yes?" She called through the door. "I come with information. Hurry and invite us in

before we freeze." Doris glanced at William but he was already up with his shirt half buttoned. He went to throw open the door to see Eliza and Enzo on the other side. "Good morning, lovers." Enzo grinned and closed the door behind him. He set down a plate of steaming food and clasped his hands behind his back. "I hope we didn't interrupt any romantic moments, but I have some information to share." "On with it." William mumbled as he picked at the plate. She had to tear herself away from his messy appearance. Why did it always attract her so much more than when he was put together? "Right. Well, I've secured your visit with Life Pharmacy, you'll both leave by tomorrow night along with one of your guards." Enzo leaned against the wall. "You're my new hires. A young, poor married couple that is just hoping to make enough to live off of. Your guard can be a sibling or whatever." "Will we have different names?" Doris asked. "Yes. Not many people there have ever seen the prince so it won't be hard if you be careful. Doris, you will go as Isabelle. William, you'll be James. Your guard can go by Oscar just don't slip up when you use them. Nobody will look twice at you if you keep your head down." Doris wrapped her arms around herself. "How long do we have to stay?" "As long as it takes to get the answers you need. Someone is out for William's head and they won't stop until they get it." Enzo cleared his throat and glanced between them. "Just so you know, I won't be near to help you. If they find out I planted you guys in there to spy on them, it will ruin everything and they will turn on me. It would be best not to mention me at all." William nodded and ran his fingers through his hair. Doris had to curl her own by her sides to stop herself from reaching out to touch him. Enzo glanced at Eliza. "Doris, I brought Eliza to help you sort out looks for your new identity. William, if you could follow me back to my own cabin, we can work on yours." William locked eyes with Doris as he nodded. He didn't take his eyes off of her until he left out the door and into the snow half dressed. She slowly released the breath she was holding "That is quite a man." Eliza said as she went to close the door. The click pushed her out of her thoughts. She pressed her cold hands against her warm face. "How long has it been going on?" "What do you mean?" Doris asked carefully as she followed Eliza to the drawers. She watched as the woman pulled out sets of clothes and organized them into outfits that were much different than her own taste. Doris wasn't sure why it would matter, she doubted anyone would know what William's maid looked like or what she liked to wear. It was rather pointless to try and hide her identity. Eliza snorted. "I mean between you and the prince. Are you his lady?" "Oh! No, he has a lady. We're not-anything." "Oui, I'm not blind. I saw the way you two just stared at each other as if you would let him rip your clothes off right here." Doris felt as if she was about to pass out. "Are you mad? There's no way—" "Hush, my child. Your desires are nothing to be ashamed of. But being a man's second choice is. You say he has a lady yet he hasn't mentioned anyone but you the entire time he has been here and his eyes want to only seek you in a crowd. Don't tell me you're blind to it all." 1 "I..." Doris said helplessly. "I don't know what to say about that. I don't know what his intentions are for me, but we're not lovers." 1 "My dear, I think he has higher standards for you than that." Eliza pulled out a bag and started to stack the clothes in neatly while Doris uselessly watched. "You can't fake the way he acts for you. I can sense the bond you have with him, perhaps it's about time you stop denying yourself of his feelings when everyone else can already see it." 3 "I just think everyone might be wrong. I'm worried he will try to use me and discard me like he's done to so many other women at the palace." 2 It was the first time she admitted it out loud, but it was true. What if he threw her away the second he was done using her body? Eliza stopped for a moment and turned to look at her. "I've seen many awful men run around to use a woman like a toy. I've never seen one look at someone the way William looks at you. Even if he is too proud to admit he has feelings, it's plain as day on his face." Doris sighed. "I don't know." "It's okay not to know, to

be unsure. You don't have to give him the time of day if you don't want to. But I can see the way you look at him too. You both hold a light for the other and it's hard to deny it, isn't it?" Doris swallowed and nodded. "Only a fool would let love go to waste. So I suggest you don't make a fool of yourself." prince at all, but he was just as handsome as always. The dark stubble on his jaw had grown out the past few days. She imagined what it would feel like to have it on her skin—then quickly wiped away those thoughts. "You look great." Doris said with a small smile. His eyes raked her frame and she suddenly wished she had all of her oversized sweaters back so she had something to hide under. Once they left the camp, she knew she would throw one on again. There was no point to change her style anyway when she wasn't the one they were looking for. All she was was a useless maid in their eyes. He said nothing to her compliment as he slid off his jacket. "We won't leave until after dinner when it's the darkest. Enzo said it would be best so no one looks too closely." "Okay." Doris nervously picked at her nails as he walked closer to her. He reached out to still her nervous hands. "I've been thinking about a lot of things." "As usual." He said, the side of his mouth lifted slightly. Her blood pulsed loudly beneath his touch. Doris sighed and laughed a little. "I just—I was thinking about you and—" "Don't do a thing like that." He whispered. His eyes flickered to her mouth and she tried to force out all the dirty thoughts from her mind. "You'll only complicate it." "I thought you hated me." Doris said as she looked down at their hands. She could feel his warm breath on her forehead. "I should hate you, shouldn't I?" "Do you?" Doris swallowed and shook her head no. He took her face in his hands and lifted her face to look up at his. "I don't either." 2 It was like a cord had snapped inside her. He pulled her against him and kissed her roughly as if he couldn't wait another minute. His fingers tangled in her hair as he lifted her up to wrap her around his waist. She gripped onto his shoulders and pressed her body against his. He groaned and carried her over to the bed and nothing inside Doris wanted him to stop. She wanted this, she wanted every piece of him and she was tired of forcing herself to believe otherwise. 1 He dropped her on the bed and fell with her. His mouth desperately found hers again after they were separated. Doris arched her body up against his and allowed him access inside her mouth. Their tongues tangled, she gripped her fingers through his hair and wanted to memorize the way his body felt pressed up against hers. She wanted to capture this moment forever. His mouth left her own to kiss down her neck. She gasped as he lingered over the mark he'd left on her skin. He had to pull away the fabric of her sweater, but he found it just fine. "My mate." He groaned. Fire burned through every inch of her, she knew her wolf hadn't exaggerated. It was like sparks passed between their bodies but wanted more. She wanted to feel his skin against her own with such an intensity, she didn't feel an ounce of shame for it but she knew she would later. Doris hesitated for a second before she started to unbutton the top of his shirt. He leaned up further to look down at her with a question in his eyes. He didn't have to

say a word, she knew what he was thinking. Heat flamed her cheeks. "I-I've never..." William silenced her with a kiss and gripped her hand to let her continue. He leaned up once it was all unbuttoned and slowly took it off as he watched her. She bit her lip and for once allowed her eyes to take in the sight of him. She knew he was fit, but she didn't realize how perfectly sculpted he was. He had just the right amount of muscles, she trailed her fingers across his skin slowly just to feel them. His arms

caged her in against the bed. "I...can you go first?" Doris whispered. He looked confused for a moment until he caught her staring at his pants. She didn't want

to be the first one completely naked, she didn't think she could handle that He reached down to grab her hands and place them on the hem of his pants. Her fingers shook a little as she unbuttoned them and he slid them off along with his undergarments. She swallowed her gasp when she saw the length of him. It was the first time she had ever seen a man so...bare. She didn't realize he was that... big. Would it hurt? No one had ever told her much about sex or what to expect, she'd only ever read about it in books. His large hand stroked himself. Doris squirmed beneath him when she heard his deep and throaty moan. He took her hand and let her hand feel him. The instant she touched him, he groaned loud enough to make her want to clench her thighs from how much her arousal pooled between her legs. Her hand hesitantly stroked him as she saw him do. He gripped the end of her sweater and pulled it off over her head without a second thought. He helped her wiggle out of her tight pants and soon she laid beneath him almost completely bare. She was surprised her undergarments didn't burn off from how heated his gaze was. His fingers toyed with the hem of her panties and she knew he was holding himself back from shredding them into pieces. "Is this what you want?" He asked, his voice rough. 4

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Eliza styled Doris in a tight pair of pants and sweater that matched. It looked like a one piece when she looked in the mirror and was much more fitted than she would ever normally wear. She let her hair flow down her back and pinned half of it back before she added a bit of makeup to her face. They weren't leaving until night time, but Eliza insisted she get ready now to prepare herself for the day. Her coat had a hole or two that Eliza made right in front of her to let them know she was poor. Did the ill-fitted clothes also mean that? Doris wasn't sure, but she went along with it. Once she was finished, she left Doris alone to her thoughts. Her wolf was quiet inside her and she had long stopped bleeding, but she wished she didn't have to deal with everything that rushed through her head. It was better when she had a wolf to argue these things out with rather than face them by herself. How was it that everyone insisted William cared for her but Doris refused to see it? He wanted to use her like he used all of the other women at the palace. Once he had his fill, he would leave her and she would be like all of the others—right? 4. He was protective over her—more than anyone ever had been for her. She'd never once seen him that way for anyone else either, not even Melody when she was poisoned. He held her at night like she was the only thing he cared to keep so close to him and he hunted down people that hurt her. His actions were louder than any of the grumpy words that he had yelled at her in the past, so why couldn't she believe he cared? Perhaps he didn't want to admit what they were to the other as much as she didn't. If she admitted something like that, she would lose a part of herself. Only recently she had started standing up for herself and realizing what it meant to be strong. If she fell for a prince, it would knock out any progress she had made for herself. No man was worth her freedom—but still. She couldn't get him out of her head. The way he kissed her so angrily and passionately at once. He claimed her wi

th his mouth and made her knees weak as her body melted into him. She'd never felt such a desire for anyone before. She'd never felt her entire body tingle from another's touch even when it didn't linger. She had so much built up anger for him, it all released whenever they kissed. Would it be so bad to indulge and allow herself a taste of forbidden fruit? She didn't have to attach herself to him like the rest did, she could do this for herself. What was she thinking? She couldn't... not with him! He would think he owned her, he would treat her as yet another conquest and it would mean nothing to him. Some things were sacred, but why couldn't she stop thinking about his hands on her body and discovering areas she had yet to explore herself? "Doris?" A deep voice shattered her thoughts. Doris turned to see William standing by her door. His hair was purposely messy and his clothes were so... normal. He wore a red and black flannel with dark pants and a shabby coat on top. She almost didn't recognize him, but she would know those blue eyes anywhere. He didn't look like a prince at all, but he was just as handsome as always. The dark stubble on his jaw had grown out the past few days. She imagined what it would feel like to have it on her skin—then quickly wiped away those thoughts. "You look great." Doris said with a small smile. His eyes raked her frame and she suddenly wished she had all of her oversized sweaters back so she had something to hide under. Once they left the camp, she knew she would throw one on again. There was no point to change her style anyway when she wasn't the one they were looking for. All she was was a useless maid in their eyes. He said nothing to her compliment as he slid off his jacket. "We won't leave until after dinner when it's the darkest. Enzo said it would be best so no one looks too closely." "Okay." Doris nervously picked at her nails as he walked closer to her. He reached out to still her nervous hands. "I've been thinking about a lot of things." "As usual." He said, the side of his mouth lifted slightly. Her blood pulsed loudly beneath his touch. Doris sighed and laughed a little. "I just—| was thinking about you and—" "Don't do a thing like that." He whispered. His eyes flickered to her mouth and she tried to force out all the dirty thoughts from her mind. "You'll only complicate it." "I thought you hated me." Doris said as she looked down at their hands. She could feel his warm breath on her forehead. "I should hate you, shouldn't I?" "Do you?" Doris swallowed and shook her head no. He took her face in his hands and lifted her face to look up at his. "I don't either." 2

It was like a cord had snapped inside her. He pulled her against him and kissed her roughly as if he couldn't wait another minute. His fingers tangled in her hair as he lifted her up to wrap her around his waist. She gripped onto his shoulders and pressed her body against his. He groaned and carried her over to the bed and nothing inside Doris wanted him to stop. She wanted this, she wanted every piece of him and she was tired of forcing herself to believe otherwise. 1 He dropped her on the bed and fell with her. His mouth desperately found hers again after they were separated. Doris arched her body up against his and allowed him access inside her mouth. Their tongues tangled, she gripped her fingers through his hair and wanted to memorize the way his body felt pressed up against hers. She wanted to capture this moment forever. His mouth left her open to kiss down

her neck. She gasped as he lingered over the mark he'd left on her skin. He had to pull away the fabric of her sweater, but he found it just fine. "My mate." He groaned. Fire burned through every inch of her, she knew her wolf hadn't exaggerated. It was like sparks passed between their bodies but wanted more. She wanted to feel his skin against her own with such an intensity, she didn't feel an ounce of shame for it but she knew she would later. Doris hesitated for a second before she started to unbutton the top of his shirt. He leaned up further to look down at her with a question in his eyes. He didn't have to say a word, she knew what he was thinking. Heat flamed her cheeks. "I-I've never..." William silenced her with a kiss and gripped her hand to let her continue. He leaned up once it was all unbuttoned and slowly took it off as he watched her. She bit her lip and for once allowed her eyes to take in the sight of him. She knew he was fit, but she didn't realize how perfectly sculpted he was. He had just the right amount of muscles, she trailed her fingers across his skin slowly just to feel them. His arms caged her in against the bed. "...can you go first?" Doris whispered. He looked confused for a moment until he caught her staring at his pants. She didn't want to be the first one completely naked, she didn't think she could handle that. He reached down to grab her hands and place them on the hem of his pants. Her fingers shook a little as she unbuttoned them and he slid them off along with his undergarments. She swallowed her gasp when she saw the length of him. It was the first time she had ever seen a man so...bare. She didn't realize he was that... big. Would it hurt? No one had ever told her much about sex or what to expect, she'd only ever read about it in books. His large hand stroked himself. Doris squirmed beneath him when she heard his deep and throaty moan. He took her hand and let her hand feel him. The instant she touched him, he groaned loud enough to make her want to clench her thighs from how much her arousal pooled between her legs. Her hand hesitantly stroked him as she saw him do. He gripped the end of her sweater and pulled it off over her head without a second thought. He helped her wiggle out of her tight pants and soon she laid beneath him almost completely bare. She was surprised her undergarments didn't burn off from how he stared his gaze was. His fingers toyed with the hem of her panties and she knew he was holding himself back from shredding them into pieces. "Is this what you want?" He asked, his voice rough. 4

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 90

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)
Chapter 90 Don't remind me of reality just yet.

Is this what she wanted? A part of her had always thought of him as her enemy in a way. Someone she wanted to be free from and someone she knew didn't like her. But now-it was like everything had changed. He wanted her for a while, but it was the first time she'd felt the same way through and through. She wanted him and she knew it would never last more than a night—but she didn't care anymore. She would allow herself this one pleasure, even if it ended up a disaster. "Yes." Doris whispered. He tore off her panties with one yank and removed her bra next until there was nothing to hide her from him. His eyes grew dark with desire as he

took in every detail of her body. Lingering on the areas she had never shown to anyone before, it made her shiver and want to pull the covers over herself. But she knew he would never allow that. 1

The cold night air had nothing on her warm skin. He leaned down to kiss the middle of her chest before he gripped her breast. His light beard was a little scratchy against her skin, she arched her back up into him as his teeth grazed her nipple. Doris moaned at the feeling and instantly wanted to bury herself with how embarrassing she sounded. How could she bring herself to care when she was drowning in her desire? His large hands moved up her body, it sent tiny sparks across her skin and made her tremble beneath his touch. He spread her legs and positioned himself between them. His fingers grazed her opening, she gasped from the touch and it only seemed to encourage him with how dazed he looked. He teased her with his fingers and his dark blue eyes watched her like he would watch his prey, she knew all along she was his prize. Slowly, he pushed in one of his fingers and went deeper when she gasped as if he was desperate to hear more from her. "Oh!" She breathed. He moved it in and out of her for a moment before he suddenly added a second one. It made her feel... a little breathless. She didn't understand why her body felt so good from just his fingers. Was she supposed to be so sensitive to his touch? She didn't understand why she wanted more so soon. Her hips moved with his hand almost without her control. He gripped her hip and lifted her a little closer to him so he could quicken his pace and have better access. "Oh! William," Doris gasped as she gripped the sheets. William suddenly removed his fingers the second she said his name. His mouth captured hers in a kiss so passionate, it made her head spin. She gripped onto his shoulders and pressed her body against his. Every inch of her skin was covered by him and she wished she could always feel this way. How delicious it was to feel their skin pressed so close together. His warmth passed between them, she almost forgot to prepare herself for what was coming next. He pulled back from their kiss and watched her every movement. He shifted himself and she glanced down to watch as he pressed his length against her opening. Doris held her breath and felt herself tense. William leaned down to kiss her a little softer. "Relax," He whispered. "It'll be easier for you if you relax." Doris slowly nodded and gripped his shoulders again. She took a deep breath and felt her body relax slowly. He didn't push inside her until every inch of her was calm. When he did, she pressed her nails deep into his skin from the feeling. He didn't seem to mind in the slightest. He let out a loud groan when he pushed slowly inside of her until they were one. It wasn't anything she expected. She wanted to tense up at the strange feeling, but his hands reminded her to relax. He moved slowly and it looked agonizing for him to hold back as much as he was. It was painful the deeper he went. She knew from her books that it would be this way but her body would adjust to it eventually, even if it took time. He let out a heavy breath and watched her again as if he'd almost forgotten himself. She knew then that he was only holding himself back for her. He was a feral man that probably wanted to lose control on her body, but he didn't. He kept his movements slow so he didn't hurt her.

A safe sort of feeling filled her up. She nodded at him to continue and he slowly pulled out, before he pushed back inside her. It hurt just as much the second time, and the third. He didn't pick up his pace once. Her nails tore at his back and left bloody marks in their haste but he didn't notice it at all. And if he did, he must not have minded. "Doris," He groaned against her ear when he leaned down. His hands gripped her hips and he moved a little faster than before. When he kissed her, she felt her head get fuzzy all over again. She wrapped her legs around his

waist and she swore his eyes rolled back in his head for a moment. The pooling in her stomach was still filled to the brim. He moved her hips against him as he moved in and out of her. The dull pain started to feel... different. He kissed and bit at her neck and a spark of pleasure almost made her tremble in his arms. "Oh!" She gasped. He smirked a little and picked up his pace. The pain still lingered but the feeling of him was... indescribable. She wanted it, she wanted him to go a little deeper. And he did. It made her back arch and lips part. Doris tilted her head back against the pillow to let out a louder moan. "Fuck," He groaned. The bed started to tap against the wall as they moved together

. "1—"

She could hear the helplessness in his voice. She saw him tense as if he was holding himself back. William moved her hips a little faster and Doris felt her breaths quicken as her arousal hit its peak. "William," He shouted her name as he released inside her the same time she let go. It was as if they were connected in more ways than one, their bodies knew when the other was ready and he only released when she was done. A battle of sparks exploded behind her eyes, she wondered if he felt the same. 1 He slowed his hips and thrusts, riding out the last of his ecstasy. He kissed her one last time before he pulled out of her and collapsed on the bed beside her. They both stared up at the ceiling, their bodies glistened with sweat and it took Doris a while to calm down her breathing long after he had finished. It didn't take long for her shameful thoughts to creep up on her as they laid beside each other. She'd just given herself to a man that she swore secretly hated her. She gave herself to a man she swore she would never touch-to a man that had attacked her and gave her nightmares for months. A prince of all things! The meanest prince

she had ever met. What... what on earth was she thinking? What had she done? Doris quickly gathered the blankets and covered herself. William watched her with his head propped on his arm and a sort of laziness in his gaze. He was probably wondering how he could slip out and never see her again. Perhaps he would let Enzo keep her and he'd be gone by morning-all his plans be damned. If not, she was sure he would turn on her the second they got out of bed. Perhaps he would spit on her again and call her useless and ugly. \$ He wanted to use her the moment he saw her, didn't he? He just wanted to add her to his long list. What had she done William moved closer to her and brought her body against his. She could hear how fast his heart beat as she laid her head on his chest. Perhaps he could hear her rapid thoughts and knew she was about to take off running. 2 He made her feel good, but now she had to live with herself and what she had done. She fell right into his trap and allowed him access to her. Now he would throw her away like he had to all the rest. 2 "Should we get dressed again? I'm sure Enzo is waiting for us." Doris whispered. She had no idea what time it was or even if they were supposed to leave soon. She looked up to see William's eyes closed and mouth in a frown. "Don't remind me of reality just yet." 6