

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 95

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Chapter 95 I guess we will have to see.

"A show—" William pressed his lips to her own before she could finish asking what he meant. He cupped the back of her neck and she ignored Patrick's annoying whistles as she kissed him back. It was like her brain exploded with ecstasy and he was the taste she craved. She wrapped her arms around his neck and allowed him to pull her against him as he kissed her harder and demanded access into her mouth with a simple bite on her lip. Doris parted her lips and let his tongue try to win over her own—but it was quite the fight. He kissed her until she felt a bit intoxicated with the way his hand ran up her thigh. She forgot that they were just pretending. For a minute, it was all real. They were married, a young couple in love trying to make it in the world while they kissed at bars and danced under the moonlight. It could all be real if she just pretended. They broke apart for a bit of air. Her gaze couldn't help but flicker from his mouth to his blue eyes that looked drowned in desire, she would sink right in if she could. She didn't realize she was half on him until Patrick cleared his throat. Doris quickly moved back to her own seat and pressed her hands to her warm cheeks to ward off her blush but she knew it wouldn't work this time. "Well, glad to see you two enjoy yourselves but we aren't here for that." Patrick smirked, William kicked him under the table and Patrick cursed. They truly were a pair of idiots Doris glanced back to the crowd and noticed that everyone had stopped looking at them. She calmed her breaths and tried not to feel so disappointed that they broke apart so quickly. No—Patrick was right. It wasn't time to fool around in the middle of a bar! What had gotten into her? Every choice she made left her one step further from the woman she used to be at the castle. But part of her felt...free in a way. As if she didn't have a leash and collar and she was just Doris—even when she wanted being Doris. "There he is." Patrick waved his hand towards an older man in the crowd. He stumbled his way over and they all knew he was already well on his way to being wasted. "Greg! Great to see you." Patrick said as he moved over for the man to sit. "This is my cousin James and his wife Isabelle." "Oh, hello. You selling what you gave him?" The man cracked. Doris sunk deeper into her seat when her shame bubbled to the surface. "No." William snapped. The old man only laughed and plopped down in the chair across from them. He downed half of his beer before he came up for air. "So," Patrick cleared his throat. "What's new, Greg?" "Ah, same shit. I gotta get up early and ready the horses." "Oh yeah? For what?" Patrick asked as he took a long swig of beer. "Going on a hunt?" "Nah, no. They still looking for that damned prince but no one has seen him in a week. I think he's already on his way back to the kingdom where he can hide like the coward he is. But no one ever listens to me." Doris quickly gripped William's leg under the table when she felt him tense beside her. After a minute, he relaxed. "You going with them?" Patrick asked. He hadn't once glanced at them which made Doris realize he was trying not to be suspicious. Meanwhile, her heart was racing a thousand miles an hour and if this bar wasn't so loud, she was positive everyone would have heard it. "Nah, I'm too old for that shit. I set up the horses for them and take care of them when they get back." "Aye, I can help ya." Patrick offered and elapped the old man on his back. He looked a little shocked even through his drunken haze. "Yeah? No one ever offers that." "Well, I figure it'll get me outta that awful stirring job for a few hours." Greg laughed and

slapped his knee. "You got a deal, meet me at dawn." The old man stood and winked at Doris. She felt her skin crawl, he was old enough to be her father. William glared at him until he was out of sight. His hand curled and opened on his lap. "I told you we would get something." Patrick whispered. He glanced around but everyone else was in their own world. William stood. "That's not much." He grumbled and pulled Doris up with him. "I don't want to hear your voice again until you have more." They left through the crowd and Doris was only glad to be free of the smell. She despised the scent of alcohol. It only brought terrible memories and she was not in a position to relive them. "Do you think it'll work?" Doris whispered as they walked out into the snow. She moved a little closer when the wind chilled her bones. William didn't look at her. It made her want to force his chin down just so he would see her. She wasn't sure anymore if he was avoiding her or if he was being normal and she was the one that was overthinking it. "I guess we will have to see." The next morning, Doris woke bright and early to get dressed for her job. William was already gone by the time she left the bathroom. The night before was just a bunch of silence even after their heated kiss in the bar. He didn't try to cross the line again. It was as if he knew they weren't being watched so there was no point in pretending to be in love with her and wanting her like a husband would. It was all in her head. When she sat down at her station with a new bottle of pills, the girls were already deep in a conversation, but they stopped when they saw her. "We saw you last night!" Mia whispered with a smirk on her face. "Oh?" Doris tried not to sound nervous. She replayed the night before and realized they were talking about the bar. And-oh no, the kiss. "Oh." "Yeah, oh! Your husband is so hot, why didn't you tell us?" Mia whisper-shouted. "Because... he's my husband." Doris said awkwardly and tried to laugh it off. They didn't seem to notice. "Everyone is talking about how you acted in the bar." Beck wiggled her brows, Doris thought her cheeks had caught on fire and was about to burn her alive. "Not many men kiss their women like that here." Beck said with a sigh that screamed her longing. "Oh, well. James is very..." "Passionate?" "Romantic?" "Oh, yes. Sure." Doris nodded and cleared her throat. She only had a taste of his passion, so she couldn't speak on either of those things. "How was your nights? Anything fun happen?" Doris asked. "Boring. A lot of the hunters are leaving today for a search party for the prince so they didn't want to drink much." Mia said. "How long do those usually last?" Doris asked as she filled a bottle. "A week or so. It usually grows quiet here when that happens. I'm not even sure they know what they're looking for." Beck said with a small laugh. "Sure they do, a big handsome prince with fancy clothes. Easy." Mia raised her brows at her friend. "I think he would stand out more than anything against the snow." "Yeah, but they don't know what he looks like." Beck pointed out. "I think they have a general description, but I personally think he would stick out easily." "What do you think, Isabelle?" Beck asked. Doris swallowed and sat up straighter. She looked between the two but they were both focused on their tasks. "I think I agree. The prince would be easy to spot, he's nothing like the people here." Mia nodded in agreement. Doris eyed the pills she was bottling and the label. "Hm, strange. These pills look completely different from the ones I did yesterday but they have the same label." "Shhh!" Beck hissed and glanced around. Doris nervously looked but everyone else was in their own worlds and conversations. "They've been diluting the pills due to stock lately. They can't find the right ingredients for what they need. Don't worry, though. They're all fine." Doris almost dropped the pills and pushed away from the table, but she stayed still. How could this company do something like that? Medicine was life or death for some people. If they made it with the wrong ingredients, who knows what kind of reactions people could have. "I heard why they also want the prince." Mia said after a few minutes of silence. Doris lifted her head. "A guy in the market

said the prince sold him a bit of cure. They're desperate to know the exact recipe so they can replicate it and sell it for thousands." 1

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It was easy to lose a bit of her mind as she was stuck to doing the same task over and over. By the time she was allowed off, her hands ached from twisting the caps on so many bottles. The work was fixating enough to let her mind wander, but not too far. By the time she reached her room, William was half asleep on the bed. He had dirt all over his face and his clothes to match. She cringed when she noticed how much dirt he brought on the bed with him. He sat up a little when she came in—he looked utterly exhausted. She bet he near had to work a laborious day in his life before today. 2 “How was it?” Doris asked as she peeled off her coat that started to smell like the storeroom. William grumbled a bunch of curse words that Doris chose to ignore. As fit as he was, it still took a toll on him considering he normally had everyone else do things for him. “Most of the men were out on the hunt—I was there alone with one other guy all day and he didn’t talk once.” Doris frowned and paced the small area. “The girls told me they want you for the cure as well as the bounty. Apparently they don’t know the recipe and they want to make doses of it to sell to those that need it.” William rolled his eyes and laid back against the bed again. “That’s it then, isn’t it? We can go back to the camp and tell Enzo it was Luna Queen.” “We still don’t have proof it was her. All of this is hearsay, don’t you want proof when you go back to the palace? That will show it was her who poisoned the soup and—and sent the assassins after you.” Doris didn’t want to mention Melody by name, it felt wrong. She was still his lady and he hadn’t once mentioned her this entire trip and after what they did together Doris couldn’t deal with that level of guilt at the moment. “I’m afraid it’s highly unlikely that we will find any sort of evidence. These sort of things are hard to prove.” Doris sighed and sat on the edge of the bed. He was right. It was almost impossible for their word to be proven, who would believe them anyway? Suddenly, Doris felt like a lightbulb had gone off in her head. “Wait, you said a lot of the men are out on the hunt, right?” “Yes. There were only a handful left behind.” William said with his eyes closed. She wanted to push him off the bed and make him take a bath. “Well, maybe we should explore this place a little more. We haven’t met the ones that run this place for Enzo yet, but the map Robbie gave us has all of their offices included on it. What if one of them have some sort of letter or something from Luna Queen or your palace?” William opened his eyes and sat up slowly. “They wouldn’t leave them unlocked.” “No, but we can still try to get inside.” Doris stood and went to change from her uniform into something a lot more comfortable to move around in. When she came out, William looked a bit more put together in the sense that he changed and attempted to wipe the dirt from his face. He looked at her strangely, as if he didn’t really recognize her. “What?” Doris asked. “Were you always this way at the palace? Breaking into places you shouldn’t be?” His tone was a bit more accusing than she appreciated. “No, I’ve never broken into anything before. I was just trying to come up with a solution to your problem.” Doris turned and opened the door before he had a chance to respond. “Are you coming or not?” 1 William clenched his jaw and followed her out of the room. She caught the spike of rage

that rippled across his face from her words. It set deep in his brows and the stiffness of his shoulders. He wasn't used to hearing her talk back—he would just have to get over it. The only reason she was here was to help him. He walked ahead of her a little as they went down a few hallways, she quickened her step and gripped onto his arm when she saw a group of girls rounding the corner. William didn't even seem to notice them stare at him as if he didn't have a girl on his arm. It was almost hard to keep up with his long strides and she knew that he knew she was struggling. "You look suspicious walking so fast!" Doris whispered. William slowed his steps just a tad but her legs still burned. "I don't know what you mean, I'm just out for a stroll with my wife." He said through his teeth. Doris rolled her eyes and tugged his arm a little to turn the corner.

The hallways were a little brighter and more... put together near the offices. The walls weren't dark and grey, they were pure white with glistening floors. It was like they had stepped into an entirely new building and that was when she knew they were in the right place. Beyond the sudden beauty of the building, there wasn't a single soul. Their feet echoed off the stone floors and made Doris feel almost more nervous than when they were surrounded by others. It was too quiet and empty, her thoughts were too loud. Why did she feel like someone was watching them? William glanced over his shoulder before he tried the main door at the end of the hallway. It wiggled but gave nothing. Doris glanced at the map and saw it led to a smaller hallway that broke off into several offices. William banged his shoulder against it, but it still didn't give. Doris took a pin out of her hair and handed it to him. "Try this." William gave her a long look before he stuck the pin in the keyhole and slammed his hand against it. The door opened instantly and for a moment, Doris forgot why they were even there. He pulled her inside and closed the door quickly. The hallway wasn't nearly as long as the one they came from, but it had several closed doors that Doris could only guess were for the owners since they looked bigger than their bedroom. Doris tried one and was surprised to see it didn't even have a lock on it. She pushed inside to see a large desk and stacks of papers sprawled across every surface imaginable. "Dan Walts." Doris read off of one of the papers. "It says he handles the finances. All of these papers are expenses." "I wonder if he would have the money Luna Queen bribed him with." William peered across her shoulder and reached his arm around her body to thumb through some of the papers. "I don't think they would keep it in the official records. These all look like business expenses." William searched through the drawers while Doris looked through every cabinet. When every stone was turned, they went to the next office. "Shawn Plows. He's in charge of... a lot it seems." Doris furrowed her brows as she read the list. "Transactions, where the goods go." Doris chewed on her lip as she shuffled through the papers. Their offices were already messes, she wondered if they ever had a concern for their information or if they were that confident in the guards around the building. Doris had only passed a couple since she came here. They clearly never expected a wolf to be right in the center of their nest. Doris and William spent every second searching through papers and books but came up with nothing. It wasn't until they reached the biggest office that Doris noticed something was off. Everything was in its place, the fire was even still roaring. Doris and William looked at each other and quickly closed the door. A voice echoed in the outside hallway, they ducked into an office they hadn't touched yet and hid under the desk. She hadn't realized she was holding his hand until she felt him squeeze hers. He put his finger over his lips as they heard the main door open. Two men's voices boomed off the walls and William peered around the wood to see them. Doris held her breath and tried to focus on their words, but it sounded like nothing. William looked at her and gestured for her to stay still. Doris listened as

they went into the office they had just come out of and she suddenly wondered if they had touched anything or left the door open. "... They caught sight of him?" "They heard he was at Enzo's camp as a guest." The man spat the words out. "Enzo has been letting his entire royal party stay there." "How long has it been going on?" "I'm not sure, probably since he came to the north." A silence followed, Doris clenched onto his arm. "I think we should raid the camp and find him ourselves."

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"Turn on Enzo? He's our leader, we can't do that." The other man said. He sounded as shocked as Doris felt. "We wouldn't have to if he would act like our leader. He doesn't think we should hunt down the very people he taught us not to trust, instead he prefers to protect them from us as if we are the enemy. I heard he was sweet on the prince's woman, too." William tensed beside her. Doris only wondered which villager had ratted Enzo out. If they knew Doris existed, what else did they know? "When should we make a move?" "Call everyone back in, we can plan it once we have everyone here. We have to hurry before he heads back to his palace and we can't reach him. Hell, he might already be gone." "Yes sir." William let go of her hand and moved out from below the desk the moment he heard the main doors close at the end of the hallway. He crawled across the floor and slowly opened the door to see if anyone was still there. He closed it and gestured for her to wait. They kept silent for a few minutes more. When no one else came, he waved her over. Doris carefully crawled out from under the desk and went to him as quietly as she could. He held her hand tightly and she felt as if they were both holding their breath as he opened the door to the small office. The hallway was empty, he glanced around the corner before he pulled her after him. The larger office door was closed shut with the man probably still inside. Their steps were light as they hurried to the end of the hallway before he came out of his office and caught them. Once outside, they heard more voices rounding the corner and coming straight for them. William yanked Doris down the hall and pulled her into a small dark area. "Did you hear that?" One of the voices said. William pressed Doris against the wall and clamped his hand down over her mouth. She looked at him with wide, terrified eyes as the steps got closer. "I thought I saw something over here." William removed his hand and hiked Doris up so her legs wrapped around his waist. He grabbed the back of her neck and slammed his lips against her own. His kiss was so rough and desperate, she almost forgot to kiss him back. Doris wrapped her arms around his neck and felt breathless as he stuck his hand up her sweater without a single warning. His hand felt like ice, she gasped against his mouth. "Oh I think-hey! Sorry about that!" Someone stuttered behind them. William acted as if he didn't hear him as he deepened the kiss but it was getting harder for Doris to focus on anything but the man watching them. "What is it?" Someone else asked. "Nothing, two kids or something." He waved them away, William moved his lips

down her jaw and she watched the men over his shoulder with hooded eyes. "They can't be doing that here!" William finally pulled away a little and tilted his head to listen. "Right-you two have to go." "You mind giving us a little privacy?" William said in a harsh accent that Doris didn't recognize on him. "I don't need my girl being stared at." "Right, of course not. Just get out of this area and take that somewhere else!" William waited until they were gone before he lowered Doris and took her hand again. He glanced around the hallway and led her out towards their room as casually as he could seem. Doris knew that if anyone looked too closely at her, they would know they were up to something, she was terrible at hiding things. He locked the door the second she stepped inside. His stare rooted her to the spot and they both knew nothing good was about to come. She tilted her head back when he neared her. They should leave right this instant to warn Enzo. They had to tell him everything his own pack was planning against him. Doris had no idea where Patrick was, but they had to find him and go William leaned down to kiss her roughly, as if he wanted to destroy every worry he had racing through his mind. Doris gripped his shirt and moved up on her toes to kiss him back in hopes it would erase her worries too. His hands gripped her hips and slowly grazed her skin as he ran them up under her sweater. His cold hands made her gasp again, he swallowed the sound and carried her over to their bed, "William—" Doris groaned. He hovered above her with a dark intent in his eyes. He said nothing as he pulled his shirt over his head and threw it across the room. He said nothing as he did the same to her sweater and left her skin bare and cold for him to stare at. It was like she was dancing with the devil and she knew it was wrong. She knew she shouldn't want this—she knew it wasn't the right time or place to indulge, but she couldn't find the words to tell him to stop. He unbuttoned her pants and yanked them off her legs with impatience. Doris moved to help him with his own, but he stopped her and pinned her small hands above her head with one of his. "Don't make me tie you up." He said against her ear. His deep voice made her shiver and she knew it was useless to deny him. At this moment, she wouldn't dream of it. He released her hands and made sure she stayed still before he removed her panties. She squirmed beneath him, wishing she could cover herself from his selfish eyes. He took in every inch of her as if she was a piece of art, but he quickly shook the look off his face and focused back on her body. She felt his teeth graze down her stomach as he left small bites. He forced her legs apart when she tried to clench them closed and looked up at her with hooded eyes. "I want to know what you taste like." His words trailed up her veins and made her heart race inside her chest. What did that mean? He already knew what her kisses tasted like His hands gripped her thighs so tightly, she knew there would be bruises by morning.

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Chapter 98 I hope we cross paths again in the future.

If darkness had an expression, William was wearing it. He moved off of Doris and made sure she was fully dressed before he let in a desperate Patrick. His face was bright red and she'd never seen his eyes so wide with terror. He moved through the room like a tornado had struck and he had to grab the good stuff before it was ruined. "We need to go. Now." Patrick started throwing their things into bags, she noticed his own was already packed by the door. "What happened?" William grabbed Patrick's arm to stop his haste. "I was at the tavern again trying to get some of the folk drunk for information and I overheard someone mention your name. They said they're about to pull all of the men in this place to put on a bunch of carriages to ambush Enzo's camp because they think you're there! I already saw some of the guards start to round up every man they came across, we have to go before they get here." William glanced at Doris and she tried not to feel shame at what they did. Instead of getting out of here, they wasted precious time on themselves. Doris quickly helped Patrick shove everything into bags before she pulled on her shoes. They had all the time in the world to be selfish, why did they have to start now? "Is our carriage even still here?" Doris asked. "No, the driver took it back. We were supposed to write for it if we needed it." "We're going to have to steal some of their horses before they take them all." William said as he pulled on his coat. He gripped Doris's arm and hurried out of the door with their bags in his other hand. "We can't leave a trace of us behind. If they find out I was here, they'll know exactly what I found out and report it back to Luna Queen. We have to stay one step ahead of her." Doris was practically running to keep up with the men. One step with their long legs was three of her own. William looked down every hallway before they turned. Once or twice they had to wait for it to empty before they hurried to the stables. "How did you know where they were?" Doris asked in a breath. Her shoes lightly clicked against the stone floors and she cursed them for making any sort of sound. "I unloaded a lot of their drugs and pills out here. There should be at least two on the outside that some idiots left earlier." He whispered. She gripped his arm as they crouched to hide along the walls. He led them across the grounds and kept his eyes sharp on the guards that walked lazily around the fences. "How will we get out of this one, cousin?" Patrick hissed. William glared at him. "Since no one talked much where I worked, I watched the grounds. The guards never patrol all the areas at once. We'll wait for the back to be cleared and lead the horses out quietly before we get on them." Patrick nodded once and followed William's lead. They crouched near a tall bush and watched as the guards pace the same area back and forth for about twenty minutes. She felt her legs start to give out until William gripped her without even looking at her. As if he could sense her own pain. Ten more minutes passed and finally both guards nodded to each other and went around the building towards the front. The second they were out of sight, William pulled her up and hurried towards the horses. Just as William said, there were two brown ones tethered to the fence as if they were waiting for their owners to put them away. Doris frowned, it was the middle of the night. She doubted anyone was coming for them but it was better for them that they didn't. William and Patrick quickly undid their ropes and led them out of the back gates and into the woods beyond. She almost fainted when the metal squeaked loud enough to

wake the dead as she closed it. She hurried behind William and allowed him to lift her onto the horse the second they were far enough away from the place. "That was all an awful idea, we should have never went." Patrick spat at the ground. He pulled himself up on his own horse just as William did the same to hers. She wrapped her arms around his waist and held on for her life. Her hands trembled, he squeezed her once before he gripped the reins. "It gave me confirmation and now we have a warning for Enzo. If we didn't go, we would have been killed in our He kicked his heel and the horse was off in a run. Patrick's was close behind. It was so dark, she couldn't see an inch in front of them but William let the moonlight guide him. It would probably take hours to get back, she only hoped they had enough of a start to prepare them for what was to come. 1 She clenched her eyes tightly as the harsh winds burned her gaze. More danger, more things to run from and be afraid of. Not this time, she was strong enough to help the people that helped her when she needed it. She wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for Enzo. She prayed the horses would get them there in no time at all. The carriages were slow because of the weight they pulled, but these horses had nothing but them to carry. She had to believe they would make it.

They came tearing through the camp in a fraction of the time it took them to get to Life Pharmacy. It was completely empty, she guessed everyone was asleep already. William slid off his horse the moment it came to a stop and helped Doris down before he hurried to Enzo's cabin to bang on his door as hard as he could. Doris and Patrick went around to every other cabin to wake those inside and gather them in the courtyard. They shouted at her to tell them what was happening but all she could do was keep moving. She didn't have time to explain to each person, she had to just get them up and out to the courtyard. Enzo looked as if he hadn't even gone to sleep with how he well was dressed as if it were daytime. William must have already told him because his face was dead serious and it was like no hint of a smile had ever creased it. "Everyone!" He shouted over the murmuring. They silenced at once and crowded around him as he stood up on one of the logs around the fire that had long since gone out. "We don't have much time. It seems we have a traitor in our mix and I don't have time to sniff him or her out yet. Some of our own pack from Life Pharmacy is coming here to ambush us for allowing the royals to stay here—" "What?!" Several people shouted. William appeared at her side and she suddenly felt a little less nervous when he was next to her. As crazy as that sounded. "I'm giving you all the option to leave and save yourselves, but I would appreciate if you stayed by my side while I try to sort this out." "Sort this out? How many are coming?" Someone asked near the front. Panic was loud in their tones. "I'm not sure, it could be dozens or hundreds. I can't guarantee this won't turn messy but I don't want a war to start in my own pack over this, I swear to try and sort this out before it turns into one.." "What are you going to do? Give them up?" Someone else asked him. William tensed at her side, she gripped his arm. "No. That's not what we stand for. We stand for freedom and choices, not for torture and games. They're chasing old shadows and I won't have any part of it. I won't let them take good people just to torture them." Doris glanced through the crowd and saw more of William's guards surround where they stood. They inched themselves closer and closer to the prince as if they were afraid he would be taken right then and there. "They're coming for a fight, how do we stop this?" "We'll be ready for them. I'll wait here all night if I have to and I will get them to talk." His eyes flickered to William. "If you would prefer to leave before this gets out of hand, I wouldn't blame you. This is not your matter." William lifted his chin a little. "Perhaps it would be better if my party left. I don't think it would be wise for us to stick around, it might only make things worse." 1 Doris couldn't believe what she was

hearing. She parted her lips to object, but he silenced her with a glare. Enzo nodded once. "I respect your choice. I hope we cross paths again in the future."

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 99

[/ Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline](#)
Chapter 99 They're coming.

"What do you mean we're not staying?" Doris asked the moment their cabin door closed, William crossed the room to put some distance between them. "Are you mad? Enzo helped us when we needed him the most and now you're just going to leave him when he needs us?" 3 William blew out a frustrated breath. "You don't understand self preservation, do you? If we stay, they will kill everyone in this camp just to get to me. They've had enough of Enzo's ruling and they're itching for the excuse to break free from him. It's not wise for us to get in the way of their issues. It's his pack, not mine." "If they want to get rid of him then we should make sure to stay and help him, William." Doris crossed her arms over her chest. Her feet were planted firm on the ground, nothing would make her leave. Not even him at his grumpiest. William looked as if he was about to blow. She didn't care, she wasn't afraid of him anymore. If he struck her down, sl

down, she would come back with a wrath ready for him. Her days of living in fear were long gone. "What are you not getting? If we stay, we are making it worse for them. They may be able to talk themselves out of this if we're long gone. I'm trying to avoid another fight for them and for us." "We could at least hide nearby and make sure it doesn't turn deadly, don't we owe them that? Enzo saved my life several times and I don't want to repay him like this. He let you stay with him knowing the message it would send and now look where we are." William slammed his hand down on a table across from her. The sound made her flinch. "We are not staying. If I have to tie you to the back of my horse, I will. Get your things, now. We don't have time for any of this! I should have headed straight for the palace rather than run all the way here to warn them." Doris felt her insides bubble with a newfound rage. How dare he tell her what to do? She was trying to help her friend and he wanted to leave them to die! "No. How could you even say that?" Doris said through clenched teeth. William narrowed his eyes at her and took a step closer. "If you touch me, I will change into my wolf and rip you in half." "You don't have that sort of power over me. I will always be stronger than you." "You don't know what I'm capable of." Doris lifted her chin. William's face went from rage, to a mask of emotionless calm within seconds. It was terrifying to see someone change so quickly as if he was stepping out of one personality and into the next. 1 "You want to stay and defend him? Be my guest. I'm not going to risk my men's lives for a maid and her lover." The words hit their mark more than she expected them to. She knew he only thought of her that way, she'd told herself it a million times. It did nothing to protect her from the hard truth. His confirmation felt like a direct blow to her chest. Doris swallowed her bleeding heart and looked him in the eye.

her sick, she wished she had slapped him even if it meant he hit her back twice as hard. Beth didn't deserve to live out Doris's punishment. She did nothing but be a kind friend to Doris for years. "I thought it was going good. I felt how happy you

were in his arms and how happy he was with you." Cordelia said quietly, as if a part of her had given up. "Unfortunately, men are good are pretending. I was fooled for a moment there myself." Doris pulled her hair up and tied it so it was out of her face. She didn't have time to cry over a broken heart, she had to help Enzo. "We will find our happiness one day, Cordelia. Even if it takes years." Her wolf said nothing as she walked out into the snow but she could feel her presence remain as if she was ready to be there when Doris needed. William and his party were already long gone she supposed. She pushed his face far from her mind. Doris swore to herself that she would make things right with Beth when it was safe here. A taste of freedom was better than never having any and Beth deserved her own. Enzo turned to her with a bit of surprise written on his face. "I thought you left already, I saw William leave with the rest." "They left, I wanted to stay and help." Doris said. Enzo's face softened a little. "I couldn't ask you to do something like that. You have no training as a wolf." "After everything you did for me, I want to at least try and help. I couldn't leave you knowing you might be hurt.". Enzo gripped her shoulder softly. "Doris, I don't think any of us deserve you. Your intentions are more pure than any I have ever met." "I just wanted—" "They're coming!"