

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 150

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Chapter 150 Moments that turned into feelings

William was dead asleep as he laid next to her. She followed the lines of his back and wanted to trace them with her fingers. It was odd to care for a man that was as beautiful as he was rough. Her heart hummed for him alone and if she thought too deeply, she might discover the true core of her feelings.

Beth would tease her ruthlessly until she admitted something ridiculous like being in love with him. Doris didn't know the first thing about love. No one had ever taught her the meaning of it and books only tried to tell her the glorified details of it. Nothing real, nothing that she could relate to or grasp onto.

Doris wasn't sure if she was supposed to resent her feelings or wish them away. Was it love to want him to stay more than she wanted him to leave? Was it love to feel warm around him and cold when he was gone? What was love when the man she cared for confused her more than assured her?

It wasn't fair to be a girl like her. Everyone else seemed to just know when it was right for them. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)
Everyone seemed to know what love was and Doris wasn't sure if she was feeling love or hatred half of the time.

Many maids in the palace had found secret forbidden love with other servants or guards. They whispered their love in private and kissed in dark hallways when no one was around. She saw how sure they were of their feelings. There was no sense of wonder or resentment like there was for Doris. The men assured their women that they loved them-but did Doris want that? Did she want her lover to always tell her he loved her so she never forgot? Or did she want whatever it was that William gave her? 2

What if everyone experienced different sorts of love and she was already drowning in her own version? The one that William created for her over the weeks, and now she didn't want to crawl out of it to save herself. She wanted to drown in his fucked up version of love if it only meant it would stay. If it meant he would never stray from her.

Her thoughts caused her to toss and turn until she finally got up and pulled on a thick robe over her clothes. She glanced back at William still asleep before she slipped out the door and into the hall. His guards spared her one curious look before they stared forward again.

Normally when she couldn't sleep, she would go to the library and try to read anything just to get her thoughts somewhere new. It was so peaceful in there, her feet went automatic as they took her right where she needed to be as if they knew the drill.

The second she stepped through the doors, she inhaled the smell of old parchment. It caressed her mind and calmed her worst thoughts until she couldn't remember what they were anymore. There was nothing but her and the thousands of books that offered an escape.

"I hoped to find you here." said a voice from behind her. Doris turned to see Prince Martin rising from his favorite chair. She hadn't even thought to look there like she normally did, he

was the furthest thing from her muddled mind.

"Oh, Prince Martin." Doris bowed. "I'm sorry to have disturbed you, I'll be going—"

"No, I wanted to see you here." Prince Martin smiled and went to close the door. He kept it just a crack open as if that offered them enough privacy. She forced herself to stay where she was instead of opening it wider.

"Well, what can I do for you?" Doris picked at her nails and glanced around the dim room. (This novel will be daily updated at)
A few candles were scattered around the area, not nearly enough of them were lit enough for her to see him better.

Prince Martin took a deep breath and walked right up to her until they were just an inch apart. Doris tried to move back, but she bumped right into the desk behind her. "I've thought about you every second you were gone, Doris." He admitted. His green eyes followed the lines of her face. "Did you ever think about me?" He asked.

Doris had never felt so lost for words. Her lips parted, but nothing came out. Nothing wanted to come out—she had nothing to say. "I know this is sudden, Doris." He gripped her hands.

"... what? What are you saying, Prince Martin?" She silently prayed he was only telling her he was concerned for her because they were friends... nothing more. But the look on his face told her differently and made her heart race with uncertainty.

"I'm saying that I don't want you to call me prince anymore... A bit of my heart swells in pain whenever you bow to me or call me that. I heard you call my other brothers by their names —"

"You wish for me to call you *Martin*?" Doris said hesitantly.

Martin laughed a little and ran his fingers through his hair. "I'm sure this has come as a surprise, but I told myself that when you came back to me, I would tell you how I felt."

His green eyes searched her face again, but she only felt blank. "I don't understand what you mean..."

Prince Martin's eyes flickered to her lips. He brushed her hair back behind her ear and Doris felt as if time was speeding up faster than she could register. Her mind was two steps behind his actions and she wanted to push him far away from her.

"Perhaps I should just show you..." He leaned down, but immediately pushed himself away when the large doors creaked open. 1

William stood with fire in his eyes as he glared at Martin. He looked as if he was about to tear him in half right there.

Prince Martin cleared his throat and straightened his suit. "Brother, it's nice to see you home. I'm glad the rogues didn't kill you." William's eyes flickered from Doris to Martin.

Did she look as confused as she felt? Doris took a few more steps away from Martin as if he's had just attacked her with his words. (This novel will be daily updated at)

Never had she dreamed that Prince Martin had those sort of feelings for her... but it was clear he had some sort of intentions when he found her alone in the library. I

"I'm sure it is. I haven't heard once from you since I arrived, now I catch you in here trying to seduce my horrified mate." William said more calmly than he looked. Martin looked taken aback at his words as he shot Doris a quick look.

"Your mate? I haven't seen Melody all day." 1

"Melody isn't my mate. Doris is." William took a few steps inside the room towards Martin and it was starting to make Doris sweat. I

"Doris is your mate?" He said in disbelief. He glanced between Doris and William as if it was all one big joke they were playing on him. Doris was too stunned to even think of a response. Did he just try to kiss her? The married crown prince just tried to kiss her?

"Shouldn't you be with your new wife?" William asked through his teeth.

Martin raised his brows. "If this is some sort of sick joke to play on me because of Grace, it

isn't funny. I know you always resented me because of it."

Doris couldn't stop the jealousy that bloomed inside her. (This novel will be daily updated at)

Did William care about Lady Grace still?

"I just wonder why you always gravitate towards the women I have. It must be some sort of sick fetish you have, isn't it?" William stopped when he was inches in front of Martin. He looked down his nose at him as if he was no bigger than a bug.

"Melody is your mate, everyone knows that." Martin said through his teeth. He straightened

"Melody is out with the trash where she belongs. My true mate is the one you came here in hopes to seduce. Unfortunately, she is not yours to take this time."

Don't look at her again. I'm the one talking to you."

"William." Martin said slowly. "I—"

William let him go and took Doris's hand. "If I catch you alone with her again, you know what I'll do."

"You'll try to kill me like you did when you found out about Grace?" Martin said almost bitterly. Doris had never seen that side of him, she almost couldn't believe it.

"This time, I won't fail." William promised before they left out the door and back towards his room in a deafening silence.

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Chapter 151 You're mine and I'm yours

"What were you doing there alone with him?" William snarled the moment the door closed behind them. Doris crossed the room just to put a bit of space between them. "I couldn't sleep, so I went to the library." Doris said calmly. He looked as if every vein in his body was about to burst open from his rage. "I didn't know he was going to be there, I would have left if I noticed him. I wanted to be alone." 1 William's rage deflated a little, as if steam had been let out of him. His hair was a wild mess from sleep, her fingers itched to run through the mess just to sort it all out and feel the soft waves against her skin. "I knew he always went to the library to get you alone. He went there more than he ever had before he noticed you.(This novel will be daily updaed at)

" William grumbled. Doris sat on the edge the bed and felt her eyelids grow heavy. "I would have never guessed he harbored those sort of feelings... he's married!" Doris placed her hand on her chest to feel the steady beat of her heart. Of all the wild things she would have guessed, this was not one of them. William crossed the room in three long strides and lifted her chin up to look him in the eye. His

goosebumps down her skin. "Did you really try to kill him over Grace?" Doris whispered. William's silence almost made her push away from him, but he spoke before she could. "Yes. She was my lady when Luna Queen planned for her to marry Martin. No one had bothered to tell me and I caught them in her chambers one night. I almost tore him in half for touching her that way. He still has the scars." "He's your brother." Doris said quietly. "He's never acted like my brother.

Not since he was old enough to know better." William said. He knelt down in front of her so they could be eye level. "And I meant what I said to him. If he touched you-I would finish what I started." Doris felt breathless. Never had she imagined a man would say something like that to her. She never thought anyone would care enough for her that they would be willing to end someone of their own blood for her. His large hands moved up her thighs slowly as his eyes stayed on hers. (This novel will be daily updaed at)

There was a hidden message in his gaze that heated her blood before he could even say anything. "You're mine. You know that, don't you?" He whispered. Candles flickered out around them and suddenly she was left in the dark with a beast that owned her body and soul. "Say it." He demanded. His hands slowly moved her thighs apart as they traveled beneath her nightgown. "Say it." He said a little more roughly. When his fingers brushed her panties, she gasped. "I'm yours." She could barely see the outline of him in the darkness, but even so she knew a smirk lit up his face enough to send chills down her body.

"That's what I thought." William crawled up her body and pushed her down against his soft sheets. In a blur of his touches, he moved her up to the center of the bed and far from the edges as if he didn't want her to slip away from him. His warm hands pushed her nightgown up above her hips. The cold night air caressed her bare skin and made her grateful that each of his touches filled her with a warmth that no fire ever could. He spread her legs and slowly pulled off her undergarments as if he had all the time in the world to tease her. The seconds ticked into minutes and the darkness blocked out all of the worries that tried to drown them. His breath caressed her most sensitive area on her body and made her squirm beneath him. When he chuckled, she felt it vibrate the entire bed as if she was on a cloud of him. "I haven't even touched you yet." He whispered. Doris clamped her lips shut. It was better than screaming like she wanted to. His hands held a power that she wanted to curse and bless at the same time.

The tips of his fingers brushed against her core almost lazily. Doris sucked in a breath and tried her best not to come undone so quickly. She watched as his form dipped between her legs and when she felt his tongue drag along her wetness, she had to bite her lip just to muffle her scream. His large hands gripped her thighs so tightly, she knew by morning there would be evidence of these forbidden acts. Her mind tried not to wander to an unwelcome place-how many women had he done the same to in this bed? It was rare for him to bring a woman back to his private chambers, but now she couldn't help but wonder how many had been here before her. His tongue pressed against her entrance and it was like all of her thoughts had evaporated. Her hand shot out and gripped his hair as if it knew no other place to be. He pushed two of his fingers inside her without a warning and she didn't have time to muffle the sounds of her screams when he did. "Do you always get this wet from my light touches?" He growled against her skin. His tongue dragged slowly along her entrance as his fingers started to pump in and out of her. She couldn't control her hips as they moved with him almost eagerly. William gripped her hip and forced it down against the bed. Suddenly, he pulled away from her as if he was never there. (This novel will be daily updaed at)

A cold drenched her flame and left her freezing and desperate for his warmth. "William?" Doris whimpered. A hand clamped around her throat, his weight pressed her into the bed as he spoke against her ear. "I want you to beg for me." He growled. Doris could feel his length pressed against her thigh with nothing to separate their skin. "William-" "I said to beg." He demanded.. "Please...." She groaned and thrust her hips up against his. "William! I need you," William bit

her neck as hard as he could and made her scream. A warm rush of blood poured from the wound, but her deranged mind wanted more. Without any hesitation, William pushed his length inside her as hard as he could. Doris screamed from the impact, from all of the pain and pleasure pushing down on her at once. "Fuck!" William groaned. He licked her wound and the trail of blood that traveled down her neck as if it was his only source of food. His hips buckled forward and slammed back inside her until it hit a spot that made her tremble beneath him. "I'm, I'm yours..." Doris whimpered. William's moves picked up instantly at her words. He moved in and out of her at a pace that left her dizzy and made her think that he was trying to prove a point to her. Doris gripped onto his back and carved her nails into his skin. He tilted his head back and groaned her name to the ceiling. She wanted to tattoo her name on his back in a place where only she could see. Doris gripped his face and brought it back down to her. When she kissed him, she tried her best to remain in control but it was an impossible game when it was against William. He bit her lip and tied his tongue around her own aggressively. His roughness made the bed creak beneath them with each thrust he pushed in her. "Tell me you're mine." Doris gasped against his ear. His hands tightened on her body and his movements slowed a bit as if he was considering her words. (This novel will be daily updated at)

Doris wrapped her legs around his waist to trap him against her. "I think you know the answer to that." William groaned as he pushed deeper inside her. "Say it." Doris hissed. She wanted to pull his hair and scream at him for stalling. His moans and groans were enough to send her over the edge, everything else just drove her crazy. "Fine." He grumbled as he rocked forward and pushed her deeper into the bed. "I'm yours and you're mine." The moment the words left his lips, she felt her release break through. It vibrated through her body and made her shake from head to toe. Even though she couldn't see him, she could feel his eyes on her and only a minute passed before his own release filled her up and left her gasping for air.

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Chapter 152 Of course, my lady

The next morning, Doris woke to an empty bed. The sheets were still ruffled and a mess as if he'd just recently left them—or perhaps he hadn't been here in hours. Doris reached out to touch his side of the bed and found it was as cold as she felt. None of his warmth remained. Quickly, she got up and dressed herself before another servant decided to come in and clean his room. She would never live down the shame of it all if that happened. No matter how comfortable she got with him, that shame would always remain deep inside her. She made the bed and picked up any traces of their night before she left the room. Only one guard was stationed outside his room, Doris ignored him completely as she hurried down the hall. It was better than trying to guess his thoughts about her. "Ah, there you are!" A gruff voice called from behind her. Howard Ford came stalking down the hall with intent in his eyes. "I called for you hours ago but no one could find where you were." "Hours ago?" Doris glanced around. It couldn't have been later than mid morning. "What can I do for you?" "I need you to help with the play we have scheduled. You were supposed to be told about it yesterday." "I'm sorry, what play are you referring to? I haven't heard of any play—" Howard made an

impatience sound and snapped his fingers in front of her face as if she was a dog. (This novel will be daily updated at)

Doris curled her fists at her sides and took a breath. "The play for the king! We arranged a play for the king in a few days to help him feel better and it's not nearly ready enough—" "Howard." A deep voice interrupted him. Howard didn't hide his annoyance as he turned to face the man that towered above him. "Yes, Prince William? How are you today?" "Didn't anyone tell you about Doris's new role?" He said calmly. Doris was surprised he was able to remain so calm lately. Normally he would throw people against walls for being even slightly disrespectful. "I can't say they have, your majesty. Is it something I should be aware of?" "You and every one else in this palace is no longer allowed to command Doris to do as you please. If you'd like her to do something, you would have to ask me first." William ran his fingers through his messy hair. He looked as if he hadn't brushed it once since he rolled out of bed. Where had he gone? "Oh, my mistake." Howard bowed to William despite not seeming the least bit sorry. "May I have Doris's help with the play we have set for your father? We need all the hands we can get to make it go as planned." "No. Find someone else. Perhaps if you didn't waste your time trying to find her, you could have been helping yourself." William brushed past Howard and gestured for Doris to follow him. Doris spared one quick glance back at the baffled man before she hurried after William. "I could have helped if they needed it—"

"No. That's not your role anymore. There's hundreds of servants around here that are more than capable of handling it themselves." Doris followed him down the halls and towards an area she hadn't been in since she was

Melody had almost beaten her to death because she had lied for her. Doris slowed her steps when a group of people were waiting near Melody's old door. "Thank you all for coming on time." William said. He glanced back at Doris to make sure she was still there. Ladies of the palace and other maids stood by with their eyes all glued on Doris as if she was some sort of wild animal here for their amusement. When she caught sight of Beth near the back, both of their eyes widened in confusion. "Is the room prepared?" William asked one of the maids near the front. She bowed her head. "Yes, your majesty. All of Melody's things have been removed and Lady Doris's things have been arranged in the right places. (This novel will be daily updated at)

The room is ready for her." "The..what?" Doris looked at William for answers, but he didn't even glance at her. "Very good. Everyone, welcome my new lady of the palace-Doris." All the breath in her lungs had gone right out of her as if she had forgotten how to breathe. Everyone greeted her as a lady and bowed as if she meant something. "What?" Doris whispered. Beth was bouncing on her toes in excitement and Doris couldn't find it in her to feel the same. "Welcome Lady Doris! We had new dresses made for you inside your room, you no longer have to wear these old maid clothes." One of the ladies near the front swept Doris into the room before she could get a hold on William. He watched her with a small smirk on the corner of his lips. She had once been willing to die just to see that smile, but now she wanted to slap it right off him. How could he do this to her? He said he would make her his personal maid-not his lady! 0 The room somehow looked entirely different from when it was Melody's-it didn't even seem like the same area. The furniture was all new and in different places. The blankets and curtains-everything was brand new. The walls even looked a different shade, but she couldn't remember what they were like before Melody had left. 1 Her old maid uniform was thrown in the trash and soon she was dressed in a sea of blue. An elegant dress flowed to the floor and fit perfectly around her waist as if it was

made for her perhaps it was. How did they get all of her measurements? How did all of this happen so fast when Melody had only left the night before? 1 William was long gone by the time the ladies had made her fit enough to walk among them. When she looked in the mirror, she didn't even recognize herself. Beautiful makeup heightened her features and her hair was in gorgeous waves down her back. Instantly the fabric reminded her of his eyes. The shade of the storm that haunted her thoughts. She almost broke the brush in her hand right in half when she realized why he had done this-he wanted to send a message to everyone. He wanted them to know she belonged to him and they would be foolish to think otherwise(This novel will be daily updaed at)

. "Doris..." Beth knelt next to her at the vanity while the other ladies gossiped over tea. "Why didn't you tell me he made you his lady?" She whispered. "He didn't even tell me, Beth." Doris whispered back. None of the ladies paid them any attention, Beth gripped Doris's hands and grinned. "I knew this would happen for you. You're the most beautiful girl in the entire kingdom and now the most handsome prince has finally claimed you as his own!" Doris felt the heat swell her cheeks. "No I'm not, you silly girl! He picked me because of the mark." Beth rolled her eyes. "You should be happy about this, Doris! Every maid in the palace would die to be in your shoes. I know how many women have dreamed of William just looking at them!" Doris swallowed her spike of jealousy. She'd never felt such an intense rage before she had her wolf inside her. Now it hummed every time a small cord was pulled as if she wanted to burn down everyone that threatened what she had with her mate. "I don't know how to feel Beth. You know that I never wanted this for myself. I wanted to blend into the walls before it was my time to leave this place. Now... Now I feel like I'm going to

Beth rubbed Doris's shoulder. "Even if that happens, I wouldn't let you suffer alone. Isn't a bite of paradise worth the risk of a fall?" She whispered. 1 Doris tried to imagine herself without William. She tried to imagine what it would be like to walk away from him and pretend none of it had ever happened. It felt as if she was trying to cut off one of her legs. Beth was right. A bite of paradise with William would be worth the fall. Even if it ended in flames and a broken heart. Even if he left her when she was no longer considered pretty to him. Right? Was that what love was? "You'll be my Lady's Maid won't you?" Doris whispered. Beth's eyes grew wide, she nodded. "Of course, my lady."

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Chapter 153 No room for peace

Once the tea was all poured and the cookies were gone, Doris was finally left alone with her thoughts. She dared William to show his face just so she could give him a piece of her mind. He had no right announcing her as his lady without asking her if she even wanted to be. She didn't want this, right? Why was it getting harder to feel that way.

she was Melody's maid. It was much bigger than the one they shared and actually had warm water through the pipes rather than the ice cold baths they were used to in their old room. At least her friend seemed happy with her new situation.

Beth deserved the world and more, but that didn't make this any easier. (This novel will be daily updated at)

A constant battle brewed inside her. One half wanted her to sit back and enjoy the ride while it lasted, and the other half-the smarter half of her wanted to run as fast as she could before it all crumbled in her grasp. 2 A knock startled Doris out of her thoughts. It was polite rather than rough and demanding like they usually were when someone came for her. "Yes?" Doris said hesitantly. "I've got a letter for you, my lady. Prince William requests your appearance at his m meeting starting soon."

her, she almost didn't know what to do or say. "Thank you." Doris bowed and closed the door quickly before he did anything else. William's elegant handwriting sent a jolt through her blood. While she knew how to read and write, her penmanship would never be as beautiful as the prince's was. "My lady," Doris read out loud to herself. "Please join me and the rogues for our next meeting. We hope to discuss the future of the kingdom together and I would like you to be there. Yours, William." Perhaps it was the way he showed her a bit of vulnerability by just writing a letter like this, but Doris was out the door in seconds. Everywhere she turned, someone bowed to her and greeted her as a lady. She almost had half a mind to take the servants paths just so no one else noticed her. Though, she would be hard to miss in the dress she was in. It was much more suited for a princess. At the end of the hallway, one of William's guards bowed and opened the door for her without her even having to explain why she was there. After a second, she forced her steps forward and the door slammed closed the moment her body was fully in. All at once, the room silenced as every head turned towards Doris. (This novel will be daily updated at) William's eyes broke through the rest and rooted her right to the spot. She wanted to melt into the floor and make them all erase the image of her in this beautiful dress that she didn't belong in. She should be wearing a uniform and blending into the walls as people discussed important things-not be invited to stand at the prince's side. "I'm glad you could join us, my lady." William bowed his head just a little as his eyes swept over her body. Doris cleared her throat and crossed the room

"Yes, of course." Doris said awkwardly. A guard stepped forward to pull out her chair and William waved him away and did it himself. When she sat, he leaned close to her ear to whisper. "You look beautiful." His words sent chills down her body. Had he ever said that to her before? Perhaps once, but she never really took him seriously when he said things like that. Doris's hands trembled under the table. She forced herself to smile at those around her. "Great, now that the beauty is here, let us continue." Enzo said and clapped his hands. He shot a wink at Doris when William wasn't looking. "How will we go about discussing this with Prince Martin? He seems utterly distracted lately." said a man on William's left. He looked like a general, though Doris didn't recognize him and didn't think it was appropriate to ask. "Yeah, he's been quite distracted." William said bitterly. Doris stiffened beside him. "I'll call forward a private meeting with him tomorrow and announce my intentions for the crown. If he refuses, we can go into our next stages." Enzo leaned forward in his chair. "I think it would be best to make sure we have our details correct before you go into that meeting. (This novel will be daily updated at)

With the Luna Queen looming around every corner, she must already have her own plans in motion." "I've already sent letters to some of my most loyal supporters. I know many of them already have their own armies behind them and everything we can bring will help." William opened a wide piece of parchment

and laid it across the table. Doris's eyes widened at the hundreds and hundreds of names sprawled across. "This is just a fraction of the people ready to stand behind me when the time comes." "How did you manage so many—" Enzo paused. He looked over each name curiously. "You've been planning this for years, haven't you?" "Since I was 15 years old." William leaned back in his chair and watched as everyone took in the large list. "I know my brother wasn't fit to be king. He let my father speak for him and make all of the decisions. I started my own path and knew I had to gain more friends than

foes outside of the palace." "Prince Martin will let his mother run this place to ruins. We all can see she's already breathing down his neck and he has done nothing to stand up to her." Another man down the table said. "Luna Queen wants to get rid of all who disagree with her, so we must be careful. We can't let her know what we're planning until we're ready to act on it." William rolled up the parchment and stowed it away. "What will happen if Prince Martin doesn't let you take the crown?" Doris asked. She was almost afraid to hear the answer. "I already told you what would happen, my lady. We will bring him a war until he hands it over." William glanced around at those around him and they all nodded eagerly. They all wanted this just as much as he did. Had Doris truly been so blind all these years not to realize that William was so hungry for the throne? Everyone always thought he was reckless and didn't care about anything to do with politics. His father never gave him a pack and never took him seriously—could it be that William wanted him to think that way? "Wouldn't the king be upset to have his sons go to war?" Doris asked cautiously. (This novel will be daily updated at) "The king isn't fit to make decisions. We have to act fast before he passes. Once he does, it'll be too late. Prince Martin will already be king." Enzo explained patiently. He offered Doris a small smile but she felt uncomfortable with the topic of war. It made her want to get as far from this room as possible. "Martin doesn't expect any of this to happen. He thinks everything will remain as it is and I haven't seen any sign that he's suspicious of someone taking his title. I've been told that he's let his mother control all of his meetings while he retreats to the library or whatever else he does in his own time." William sighed. "It'll be a perfect time to strike." "I can't wait to throw that little weasel off the throne with his horrible mother." One of the rogues commented. "He doesn't have an ounce of leadership inside him, I can't wait to watch him fall." "He is still William's brother. We shouldn't wish anyone harm even if they don't deserve their position. I'm sure there might be a more peaceful way to go about this—" Doris started. 2 "Peaceful? Luna Queen tried to kill me several times when we were in the north. I'm sure she will try a few more times while we're here. There's nothing peaceful about that woman and she doesn't deserve our kindness!" William slammed his hand down against the table and made Doris flinch. "I didn't mean to spare her..." Doris said quietly after a moment of silence. "I meant your brother." "Why do you care what happens to him so much?" William hissed. "Because he's your blood and that means something even if you don't want to admit it!" Doris stood. "Excuse me, I think I need to go lay down." Nobody said a word as they watched her leave. She could still feel William's eyes glare into her back long after she was gone