

# Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 154

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Chapter 154 Friends come first

The snow outside was thin and not nearly as deep as the snow in the north was. So far the best thing about being a lady was being able to go outside when she wanted and not being afraid that someone was going to scream at her for it. She used to sneak out for a bit of fresh air and have nightmares about being caught for it. The one time she was caught, she was marked by the man she now spends most of her nights with. Funny how she swore her life would never be what it has become. Her blood was boiling. The chilly temperatures were nothing on her heated skin. Too many emotions tried to come forward but all she wanted to do was forget them all and try to imagine she had nothing to weigh down her shoulders. What would it be like to walk out of the palace and forget everyone behind her? Would they think she was selfish, or smart? Would they look for her and not rest until she was found, or would they let her go? "Ay! What are you doing out here?" A familiar voice called from behind her. She heard thick steps stomp across the snow and a moment later, a thick cloak fell across her shoulders to ward away any of the cold she didn't feel.

"Daniel? What're you doing out here?" Doris tried to smile up at the boy who always held a large grin on his face when he saw her. A soft spot warmed her chest at the sight of him. It was better than running into any of the other prince's at the moment. In fact, he was currently her favorite. "I came for some air but it seems I found myself a beautiful princess instead." He grinned. Doris bumped her shoulder into him a little more harshly than she intended but he didn't seem to mind-or notice. Daniel whistled as he looked her up and down respectively. "I knew I never stood a shot with you. Why didn't you tell me my grumpy brother already had his claim on you?" Doris felt her cheeks warm. "Don't joke around like that! I've had enough of that lately. I don't need another foolish prince around me." Doris sighed. "I didn't know I was going to be his lady. Trust me, I would have told you if I did." Daniel laughed. "So what? He surprised you with the title? I'm pretty sure the lady has to agree to it." Daniel eyed her long dress. "You look different, but just as stunning. I would even say that attire was made for you." "Did you come out here just to flirt with me?" "Oh no. William would string me up by my guts if I did a thing like that. Promise not to tell him | gave you my heart." Daniel winked. Doris rolled her eyes but she couldn't hide her smile. When Daniel held out his arm for her to take, she didn't hesitate.

"Tell me more about what I've missed while I've been away." "Ah, well. I suppose you've missed a bit but I'm not sure where to start. I think the Luna Queen has doubled up on her guards. She no longer goes anywhere without at least five." Doris raised her brows. "Truly? Why do you think?" "I'm not sure... I think she's making the palace on edge with her ruling. My brother Martin must be too upset about our dad to notice but she's been slowly changing things around here. First, I was told it started with shift changes, and then it went into bigger things like meetings and controlling some of the villages. Whenever come around, the servants look more and more as if they're ready to burn the palace to the ground." "Surely that can't be true!" "Haven't you noticed how unhappy they all

are? Look around, they're all meaner and rougher. about everything." Daniel glanced back at the palace as if he was afraid one of them might have heard him. "I have noticed. It's like a dark cloud has fallen over the palace since we left." Doris glanced back at the palace as well and never had it looked so haunting. The gloomy clouds above it almost mirrored how it felt to be inside. Once it had stood tall in glory, now it looked like the sort of place she would avoid in fairytales. "It's been like that for weeks. I was glad to get

out of here when it started. You've brought a bit of the light back into the castle, but it's still darker than it ever had been." Daniel led them through the gardens and towards the bench where they had first met. He was just as charming as the day he fooled her. All of the flowers were gone and frozen, it was almost hard to witness. Doris did love winter, but it always took away the most beautiful parts of life and froze it to the core. Still, it shined through with a new sort of beauty that flourished in its white coat. "Do you..." Doris hesitated. "Do you think Prince Martin will make a great king one day?" Doris asked quietly and watched for his reaction. Daniel's wandering attention snapped to her all at once. She instantly regretted asking. "I'm not sure yet. I don't think he's been challenged enough to become a king, but he could learn I suppose." Daniel seated himself next to her and watched as light bits of snow fell from the sky. "I hope he will make a great king, one day.. Hopefully not for years and years to come." Daniel said sadly. 3 "I'm sure it won't be for many years to come." Doris didn't want to ask what he thought of William being king. It might tip him off and Daniel had a tact for talking about things he wasn't supposed to. If he was anyone but a prince, she might have just told him because he was her friend. "So... truly. Why didn't you tell me about you and

my brother?" Daniel bumped her arm. He watched her intently and all of his jokes had faded. "I... I suppose we haven't had a chance to talk since I returned." "Is it true what I heard? That you're his mate? The lads down in the yard told me that his last lady was screaming about killing you for lying about being his mate." Daniel chuckled, but Doris felt horrified at his words. 2 "She said that?" "Oh don't worry about her. She would be executed if she ever tried to harm you. Especially if you are his mate. The king has stricter laws about that after what happened to his own." 1 "Well... Yes. I suppose I am his mate," Doris admitted. "You suppose?" Daniel grinned. "When did you figure?" "I didn't want to accept it for the longest time but ... my wolf came free out in the north to protect him and it was forced upon me." "William isn't easy to love, I'll admit that. I tried when I was younger but he grew an anger inside him that no one could tamper with unless they wanted it to explode on them." Daniel rubbed his neck. "All the ladies fancied him and it wasn't hard to guess why, but usually a lot of them ended up running from him rather than to him. I'm not sure if he will ever learn to control his temper."

"I think he's starting to." Doris admitted. "He has his moments, but lately he hasn't been acting out like he used to." "I assume that's thanks to you." Daniel raised his brows as if he was impressed. Doris rolled her eyes. "I think he only gets angry at me lately." Doris stood and let out a long sigh. "I ran from him after he marked me. I didn't want him to find me, I wanted to run as far as I could and pretend it never happened. But he found me and now my fate is tied to his." 1 "Do you not wish it to be? I thought all the girls in the palace would give up anything to have a chance with my dear grumpy brother." Daniel stood and towered over her. She had to tilt her head back a little just to see his eyes. "I wanted freedom-or I did. Now I'm not sure what I want or what path is meant for

me." "I suppose that's half the fun, isn't it?" "What is?" Doris eyed him as they took the path back towards the palace. She quite missed the snow, even when she swore she would wake up with no toes on most of the nights. She missed the way it coated everything for miles and the strange peace it gave her. "Finding your own path no matter how many times it changes."

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### Chapter 155 A wild confession

William hadn't come for her at night. He hadn't sent word that he wanted her to join him or that he intended for her to be anywhere except her room. Now she knew how Melody felt when William didn't send for her night after night. It infuriated her. Didn't he want her next to him like she wanted him? Did he spend his stubborn night tossing at the absence of her body near his? Melody was desperate for his attention, but Doris could go her whole life without it if he wanted to play that sort of game. Now that she wasn't a maid anymore—was she allowed to leave? She was tempted to. She daydreamed about packing her things and leaving the palace forever. Especially when she spent the night tossing and turning and wondering where he was and why he wasn't there with her. Those sort of weak thoughts made the fight or flight part of her mind fall into action and it terrified her. She didn't want to become dependent on a man that was utterly unpredictable and always knew how to agitate her at any moment he wished. The next morning, Beth insisted on brushing Doris's long hair and setting it in a high pony along with a few strands to frame her face. She didn't accept it when Doris told her she didn't have to do things like that. Beth clearly wanted to do these things for Doris. She no longer had to have crazy night shifts and work in gruesome places. She only had to serve Doris—and Doris wasn't very demanding. "Your hair has gotten so long! It's almost past your mid back. Have you ever thought of trimming it?" Beth asked as she moved onto her makeup. "Or cutting it below your shoulder?" "No, I suppose it hadn't crossed my mind. Do you think I should? I think the last time I got a haircut was when I was 16." "I think it would look wonderful whichever way." Beth smiled. A bit of light returned to her friend since Doris had returned. It lifted a bit of the weight off her heart but she knew she was still sad to be at the kingdom when she had meant to be free. Was it selfish that Doris knew she couldn't survive without her friend? She was grateful she was still here, but it wasn't fair. "I think your mate loves your long hair." Beth teased and bumped Doris right out of her distracted thoughts. "I don't know about that. He's never commented on my hair." Doris touched the end of her hair. William had run his fingers through her hair so many times, but did he like it? Doris pushed the thoughts away. She didn't care if he liked it or not. "He stares at your hair all the time! Have you not noticed?" Doris looked at her friend as if she was crazy. "No he doesn't! Beth, honestly you need to cut back on your romance novels." Beth rolled her eyes. "They teach me more about men than anyone around here." She huffed. "Don't think I didn't notice you moping around here because he didn't call for you!" Doris's cheeks flamed. "You've gone mad. I don't care if he calls for me or not." "I see you've returned to me as a liar, Doris!" Beth grinned and patted Doris on the head. "It's okay to miss him. It won't kill you to admit it."

"It might." Doris mumbled. Her inner wolf grumbled inside her as if she agreed with Beth. A light knock sounded at the door, Beth hurried to answer it and returned a moment later with a small letter. "This came for you." Beth sang before she hurried to make the bed Doris had spent all night tossing in. It was strange to think how something so comfortable could become the opposite the moment her thoughts were upset. Doris tore the note open and immediately blushed. Perhaps Beth wasn't completely wrong. "Meet me in the library before the hour is up." The note read. Doris glanced at the clock by her desk and saw she only had seven minutes to make it there. "I'll be back later, Beth. Don't wait up!" Doris grabbed her cloak and hurried for the door. She rolled her eyes at the sound of Beth's laughter. "I knew he would call for you!"

It wasn't until she reached the library that she realized her mistake. The cursive on the letter, though elegant, looked nothing like William's handwriting. The second she stepped into the room, it only confirmed her suspicion. William would have never had her meet him in the library. It was tainted with his brother. "Doris." Martin stood the instant he saw her. Doris took a small step back towards the door. "Pri-Martin. I thought the letter was from William." The large door closed behind her and startled her out of her skin. "You shouldn't have written me, you know how William feels." "I just wanted a moment of your time and I will leave you be." Martin crossed the room to near her. She backed all the way against the door. "I know you have been announced as my brother's lady, but I had to let my feelings be known." "Martin..." Doris silently screamed for him to stop, to not say what he wanted to. It was cruel of her to wish he would keep his feelings to himself, but it was cruel of him to place them on her when he knew her situation. "Doris. I know you can't be happy with someone like my brother. He's vile and rude-he has no use for women other than using them for his own pleasure before he discards them!" Martin reached for her hands. "I have known him his entire life. Not once has he proven to be a man that deserves a woman like you." "Martin-" Doris felt as if her words were lost again. She hated that feeling, she hated the idea that someone had made her speechless in the worst way possible. "Martin, you're married. How do you figure that you're a better match for me? How do I know you wouldn't discard me the second you found a prettier maid?" Martin looked surprised, as if he hadn't expected her to have a mind of her own. "... my marriage was arranged. Neither of us are truly happy-" "Even so, how is it fair to me to be a mistress while you carry on a false marriage?" Doris pulled away her hands. "You don't know William as well as you think you do. He has so much more worth than you claim." "Doris, I didn't mean to upset you. I just needed you to know my true feelings before it was too late..." Martin sighed. He looked so defeated, a part of her couldn't help but feel bad for him. She hated the soft part of her that always wanted to please everyone around her. "Perhaps I should have been honest with you before you left but I wasn't sure yet. It wasn't until you were gone that I realized how much I cared for you. I thought about you every second and imagined you in my arms every night." Doris felt her cheeks heat at his words. "You have a beautiful wife waiting for you in your room... it isn't right to think of another like this." "I suppose it didn't matter when William had a lady back at the palace waiting for him?" Martin said with a touch of annoyance. It shocked her. "Melody lied to be his lady. She wasn't the one he was looking for, I was." Doris said and took a step back. "I would have never let him lay a hand on me if she was his true lady." Martin's eyes widened a little. "So it's true. You are Prince William's mate?" Doris felt as if she had just took the wrong step. She just admitted to Luna Queen's son that she was William's mate. Now it felt as if a wider target had just been set on her back. "I should go. We shouldn't be here, what if William finds us? I don't want you to get

hurt because of me, Martin." Doris moved to open the door, but he shot out his arm and held it closed. "Doris, this hasn't gone how I thought it would. I said everything wrong and let me start over." "Martin, there's no need for you to start over. The outcome isn't going to change. I'm with William, we can't be together." Doris patted his cheek lightly. "You're a good man, Martin. I always thought so." Carefully, she moved his arm and pulled the door open. She didn't allow herself to breathe until she was far down the hall and away from a man that she feared she'd just broken the heart of.

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Chapter 156 I thought you would never ask

Halfway to her room, the world started to shift. Doris gripped the wall as a wave of nausea fell upon her. "Are you alright?" A nearby guard asked. He gripped her elbow and helped straighten her, but the world still felt slanted. It was as if her mind was tilted and nothing she could do would straighten it again. "... I need to sit..." Doris whispered. The guard helped her to a nearby bench and the moment she sat down, she vomited all over his shoes. His sound of disgust was far away to her ears. She didn't have enough strength to lift her head, he had to grip her shoulders to keep her from falling over. "My lady, you need to get into bed" Doris threw up all over the man before he could finish his sentence. She leaned her head down against the cold stone on the bench and clenched on for dear life until the wave passed over. When she opened her eyes, a frantic Beth was in front of her wiping her forehead with a wet cloth. "Oh Doris! What happened?" Beth pushed her hair from her face. "Get her to her bed!"

The soft cushion that had felt so awful the night before, now was better than any sort of cloud the earth could offer. She sunk deep into the sheets and closed her eyes as the world tried to right itself again. "I should go tell William-" "Beth..." Doris shook her head but kept her eyes closed. "He has something bigger to worry about at the moment. Please, I'll be fine. I can already feel myself getting better." The bed squeaked when Beth sat on the edge of it. Doris was afraid to open her eyes and feel the world shift all over again. A cold, small hand pressed against her forehead. "You're a little warm, but not too bad. Are you sure you don't want me to call for him?" "I'm sure. I just didn't sleep well last night." "Doris, the guard told me you threw up all over his clothes twice. I don't think people throw up over one night of lost sleep." Beth moved the blankets up higher on Doris. "It's probably a cold, I'll get over it. I was in the north for eternity, after all." Doris mumbled and tried to sink further into the bed. Her nausea was gone for the time being, but she knew if she got up it would return instantly. "Get some rest. If you're not better when you wake, I'll go get him myself." Beth insisted before she left the room and closed the door quietly behind her. Doris almost laughed at the idea of a small Beth standing up to William. Though, he did need someone standing up to him once in a while.

A few hours later, Doris woke to a gloomy room. She couldn't have guessed what time of day it was, but at least it wasn't night time. Slowly, she forced herself to

get up and change into warm clothes that Beth had left on the end of the bed. A warm, soft feeling bloomed for her

caring friend. Beth was dozing on the couch by the fire. Doris threw a warm blanket over her before she slipped out of her room and headed outside for some fresh air. She took it as a good sign that her nausea had subsided for the time being. She didn't think she would catch herself again if she felt the world shift. "Are you sure it's wise for you to be outside after almost passing out this morning? William wouldn't like you out of bed." Cordelia hummed in her mind. Doris almost slipped in the snow when she heard her. "A little warning would be nice." Doris mumbled. "You could growl a little before you just talk." Cordelia laughed. "I'll take note of it for next time. Where do you think you're going?" "I just wanted some air. I felt stuffy in that room." Doris trailed down a small path and kept looking behind her to make sure no one was following. William was right, they all had to watch their backs a little more than usual. "You should seek out our mate and let him know you were sick." Cordelia suggested lightly. Doris sighed. "I don't want to stress him out, he's planning a war." Doris seated herself on a rock a bit away from the palace. "I wish he wouldn't do this." Doris whispered. "Why don't you want him to plan a war? He wants to take claim of the crown and it might be the only way to do it." "I know that, I just... I don't want him to get hurt. I'm afraid that whatever happens won't end well for either side." Doris explained. "I feel this darkness inside me bloom whenever he talks about it. I'm... I'm terrified that he will end up killing his brother and have to live with that for the rest of his life." "It's possible he could be the one killed as well." Cordelia said gently as if she was understanding Doris's fear. "That's the terrifying thing about caring for someone. One day you could wake up and they're gone." "I want to support him and what he wants for himself but-I sometimes think he doesn't take a moment to consider the outcome." Doris said as she pulled her knees against her chest. "He always wanted his father to suffer, but now look at him. He would give anything to have his father well again. I know he claims he doesn't care for his brother, but deep down he must have a part of him that does." "You can try to change his mind, but at the end of the day he only wants you by his side. He wants you there through it all." Cordelia said. "Even when he knows you don't want anything to do with a war, he still wants to know you'll be there at the end of the day." "I'm not sure if that's so." Doris sighed and ran her fingers through her hair. "He hates when I question him but-I can't help it. It's who I am to question things before I follow. Why can't he see that? All my life I was told what to do and beaten if I went against it. Now all my mind does is try to tell me to think first and stop going blindly." "Life is full of questions, my love." Cordelia said gently. "There is no shame in making mistakes and wanting answers. It helps you learn and grow." "I know but I just feel so angry whenever someone tells me what to do now. Ever since you woke up inside me I just-| resent everyone that tries to tell me what to do. I want to go against them even when I know I shouldn't." Cordelia laughed then, much to Doris's confusion. "That's part of evolving. You're taking from my emotions. Everyone has a different wolf inside them and some are more stubborn than others. It can be hard to ignore the rage that flames when people try to control you." Doris wanted to lay in the snow and stare up at the gloomy sky, but she knew it would only make her wet and grumpy. Perhaps William's wolf was why he always was so grumpy in his life. She couldn't remember being this way before Cordelia. "I used to answer to people without a question. I would feel guilty if I didn't do as they asked. Why do I only want to do the opposite now?" "Because you're finally able to make your own choices and you resent the idea that someone is trying to make that choice for you. Even when it's the better choice." Cordelia hummed. "You'll learn to balance that out

in time. It's good to make mistakes, it only makes you stronger." Doris stood. "Perhaps the white wolf should have been assigned to someone else." She said bitterly. "You think that all the answers should be easy to you just because you're a white wolf?" Cordelia laughed, more mockingly now. "A bird doesn't fall from the nest to fly after it's born. Every single wolf you have met took years before their true strength came. Fear, mistakes, stubbornness and rage all spoke for them before they learned how to be the wolf they are today. Do not sell yourself short just because you don't know your way yet." "Then why won't you teach me something? I feel as though I'm uselessly fighting my emotions all day rather than being useful to anyone." Doris stomped through the snow. "I thought you would never ask." Doris fell to her knees the second she felt her wolf start to take control of her body.

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Chapter 157 A lesson to remember

The feeling was no where near familiar. It was like a new sort of pain every time she shifted. All of her bones felt as if they were breaking and joining together at the same time. White fur covered every inch of her skin faster than her eyes could catch. How did it seem so effortless when she watched other wolves shift? Her hands formed into paws as she gripped onto the ground in agony. Her bones cracked and the seconds felt like hours of agony until all at once-it stopped. The pain was gone as if it was never there. Her clothes were in shards around her and the only thing that was savable was her cloak. A small mercy, at least she didn't have to run back to the palace completely naked. "You want to know what it's like to be strong? I will show you where to start." Cordelia growled in her mind. It vibrated through her body and surrounded her all at once as if she was the one speaking. A low growl sounded behind her, Doris turned to be met with two striking blue eyes peering out at her through a wolf form. She knew those eyes anywhere. "William?" She tried to say, but it came out in a whimper. William planted his paws on the ground as if he was preparing himself to strike at her. Doris went to back up, but Cordelia made her stand her ground. "Fight the part of you that wants to cower away. Become the version of yourself you want to be." Cordelia whispered. "I can hear all of your thoughts. I know how badly you want to be the tough one. Be her." o "It's not that easy!" Doris shouted in her mind over the sound of William's growl. What was he doing out here? How did he know what she was doing? "I've lived my entire life being the weak one."

"It won't be easy if you never try." Cordelia hissed. Doris took a step forward and Cordelia allowed her. William started to circle her and she mirrored his steps. Part of her started to doubt if it was really him, but of course it was. No one else in the world had eyes like his. William's growl turned more vicious as he stepped closer to her. Doris fought the instinct to step back and stood her ground. Before she had a chance to register what he was doing, he lunged at her. Cordelia took over and made Doris move seconds before he tackled her to the ground. In his annoyance, he went after her again. This time, Cordelia let Doris decide for

herself. Doris forced herself away but got knocked on her side at the last minute. William circled her down form as if he was waiting for her to get back up and fight him. A spike of rage hummed through her body and made her get right back up. His eyes taunted her. He didn't have to say a word for her to know what he meant. Doris charged at him and he swept aside effortlessly. It only made her go after him again. "Don't be so eager, he knows what you're doing. Try to surprise him." Cordelia hummed. It was strange to have complete control over her wolf when usually she fought her to the deep core. Doris slowed her steps and circled William again. He mirrored her movement and seemed to wait for her to make the first move. Slowly, her steps moved in a bit more each time they completed a circle until she was close enough to strike him. Her eyes caught every movement he made and every breath he took. It could have been minutes or hours, but she knew she had to wait until the right moment. When his eyes flickered to her feet, she lunged at him. He noticed it a breath too late and she was able to take him right to the ground and nip at his neck just to draw a bit of his blood. William shook her off him as if she was nothing and sent her skidding across the clearing. "He's holding back for you, Doris. Remember that. If this was a real fight, you wouldn't have made it out alive after the first time he got you down." Cordelia reminded her. Doris shoved the voice away from her and could have sworn she heard Cordelia laughing in the back of her head. She planted her feet on the ground and lowered her head in a fighting stance. William understood immediately and followed her lead. She lunged for him and this time he let her take him to the ground to release all of her rage. She didn't want him to go easy on her, she wanted to learn and she knew she never would unless he fought back. But he didn't. He let her roll him around and drag him back to the clearing like he was some sort of dummy she was testing her strength on. He could crush her with no hesitation-she knew that. She watched him take down a whole camp of rogues that tried to kill him on his own. Here in this clearing, he let her take control and figure out her stances for hours until she finally had enough. Doris howled to the moon that loomed above them. A black cloak fell over her shoulders and she looked over to see William covered in his own. "That's enough for today." Cordelia let her hold on Doris go and she shifted back into herself, quickly clenching the cloak around her body. "How did you know I was out here?" "My wolf told me where to find you." William helped her stand and step back into her boots. "I knew what he wanted to do the minute I saw you." "How did he..." Doris sighed and shook her head. The heat of the battle was quickly wearing off and making her shake from the cold. William led her back to the palace. "Our wolves can sense the other's emotions if they're close enough. He must have felt what your wolf needed." William narrowed his eyes at the guards that glanced at Doris until they turned to face the walls "I feel like I learned nothing." Doris mumbled. "That's not true. You learned not to cower away from me. I could feel you starting to retreat and then instead pushed forward." William led her down the hall towards her room. She was only glad her cloak was so damn long. "It took me years before I was able to do something like that when one of my older brothers had challenged me to a fight. Usually they forced me into it and I had no choice but to push forward. I felt you consider that choice and decide against it." Doris bit down on her lip. Small steps. "Would you ever fight back if I needed you to?" "I will when you're more prepared. That might not be for a long time." William pushed open her door and Beth fell off the couch.

"Doris! Where have you been?" Beth neared her and nervously glanced up at the prince. Her eyes were red from sleep. "I was just out for a walk... Will you please get me some clothes?" "Of course!" Beth bowed. Doris didn't miss the glint in her eyes, it made Doris want to shove her friend over. After Doris was dressed, she



dismissed Beth for the evening and joined William on the couch. He watched the fire and it was then she noticed that Beth must have gotten him an outfit as well because he was fully dressed. "I'm sorry for always going against your wishes." Doris said quietly. His head snapped to look at her across the couch. "I don't know why I always want to do the opposite of what you say." William quietly watched her for a moment as if he was trying to gather what he wanted to say. "It drives me mad when you don't listen to me." He finally said. 1 "I know, I know it does. I know I was a fool in the north and got us into trouble –" William moved himself closer to her and watched her mouth as she spoke. "I have this horrible rage inside me when people tell me what to do. I can't explain it-" "It drives me mad in a good way, Doris." William whispered. Doris thought she'd misheard him for a moment. "What? I thought you hated that," "You're the only person who has ever told me no and challenged me. It infuriates me, but I love you even more for it." 4 The world must have stopped, she felt as if all the sound was sucked out of the room. "You... you what?" William grabbed her face and forced it closer to his. "I said I love you even more for it, dammit."