

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 179

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Chapter 179 Fight to the death

Doris closed the flap before Beth could see out of it. Her heart rate sped up to a hundred and she could barely hear anything over it. The feeling in her stomach was justified, she knew something bad was coming. Now it was here and she didn't know what to do.

"What was it?" Beth asked from behind her. Her eyes were wide and innocent-Doris only felt her panic heighten. She had to protect Beth-nothing else mattered but Beth and her unborn baby.

"..." Doris gripped Beth's arm and moved her to the back of the tent where it was the darkest. She quickly grabbed the blankets off the bed and put them around Beth in an attempt to hide her. "I need you to stay here and hide. No matter what you hear, do not come out. Do you understand me?" Doris whispered. "You can not make a single sound once I leave."

Now Beth's eyes were terrified. "What are you talking about?"

"Please, stay quiet." Doris begged. "I need you to listen to me."

Beth quickly nodded with tears running down her cheeks. She knew that Beth wouldn't be able to defend herself, it was up to Doris to get them out of this alive. She was the only one that could shift into a wolf and have a chance to save them-she could do this. She had to do this.

"Don't be afraid. I'm going to shift, please don't follow me, okay?" Doris squeezed her hand before she turned away from her.

Cordelia didn't have to say a word. She stepped into control instantly with Doris at her side. Doris could barely acknowledge the agonizing feel of her bones cracking and being put back together. It was like all the pain was nothing compared to the adrenaline that pumped through her body. If she had to, she bet she could've run a hundred miles in minutes.

Seconds later, she was a white wolf with nothing on her mind but to protect her friend and any other guard that might still be out there alive. Doris stepped over her shredded clothes and poked her head out of the flap quietly.

She didn't realize how much louder everything was when she was a wolf. She heard the steps and grunts of men not too far off from where she was. She couldn't tell if they were on her side or not. Where the guards going after who did this?

Blood soaked the snow. Doris moved out of the tent and far from it in case it drew too much attention. She didn't need anyone going after Beth when her back was turned. Doris stepped over the bodies of guards that were meant to protect. It was strange how she didn't hear their deaths until it seemed to be all over.

Was it all over?

Bodies laid across the clearing. Guards she had just passed hours ago that followed her in the snow and made sure she was alright before she went to bed. Every single guard in the camp looked... dead. All of them. Dozens of guards laid lifeless around her and her mind wanted to run screaming.

Doris cleared her mind and tried to listen for the men again now that she knew they weren't on her side. The heavy grunts were gone, far off as if the man or men had fled. Perhaps they didn't know Doris was here and they only wanted to take out William's men

"There she is!" A voice shouted from the trees. Doris turned and saw four men rush out of the darkness and head straight for her.

Cordelia reacted before Doris could. She moved Doris out of the way and bit down on the nearest man's arm before he could hit her. His scream didn't even reach her ears. It was as if she could hear nothing but the sound of her own heart in her chest as she defended herself.

Another man grabbed Doris's neck, she turned her head and sunk her teeth into his neck before he could choke the life out of her. He went down hard trying to stop the blood that gushed from his neck. Doris quickly turned away before it distracted her thoughts from what she had to do.

One of the men must have shifted while she turned away. A grey wolf tackled her to the ground and tried his best to get his teeth around her arm. Cordelia was faster. She tore through the wolf like he was a stuffed animal. She tore his leg until it was in bloody shreds, but it wasn't enough. The wolf fought back with sharp teeth just inches from her leg.

While her back was turned, one of the men grabbed her at the neck and yanked her back off of the wolf. He threw her across the clearing as if she weighed nothing and slammed her body into a tree.

She was only allowed a second to catch her breath before they were upon her again. Doris lunged at the nearest man and brought him down roughly to the ground. They rolled for a few feet before Cordelia took over and bit down harshly on his neck.

Doris wished she had the option to look away while Cordelia tore out his throat. The blood tasted like metal on her tongue, it was enough to make her want to throw up a weeks worth of food but she didn't have time for that. She had to help finish this.

The limping wolf grabbed her leg and pulled her harshly off of the dead man. Half of them were down, she could do this. She was the white wolf, she could do this.

Cordelia thrashed until her leg was out of the wolf's mouth. The man slammed something hard into her head and made her see stars for a moment. She quickly shook it off and dodged the wolf that tried to come for her again.

Doris circled the two that were left. It occurred to her that they might not have wanted her dead, or else she might have already been. Something kept her alive and she wasn't sure what it was yet

"Come with us." The man said. He was out of breath and bleeding, he outstretched his dirty hands as if it would make her feel better. She briefly considered biting them off. "We won't hurt you if you surrender now. It'll all be forgotten, you'll be safe

Doris growled and held her ground. A flash of irritation touched the man's face before it turned quickly into determination. He took one step towards her, but the wolf was quicker. He rammed into her side and sent her skidding across the clearing. She quickly got up and went straight for the man.

He tried to grab a hold of her before she tackled him to the ground. Cordelia had enough, she tore out his throat just as she had done to the man before. His screams died out instantly just as the remaining wolf slammed into her and forced her off him.

Doris righted herself before it could get on him. They circled around each other slowly and Doris felt her bones start to shake. She shouldn't be doing this-what about the baby?

No, she had to be doing this for the baby. She had to survive for her baby, and nothing would stop her.

The wolf made the first move, but Cordelia had counted on it. She moved to the side and the wolf slammed into a large tree. Before it could right itself, Cordelia silenced it forever when

she went for the one area that she knew would never fail.

The wolf never had a chance. Doris stepped away from the body and collapsed in the snow a few feet away. Everything was catching up with her-she felt her exhaustion threaten to overwhelm her but it didn't matter. She did it-she survived this.

"Well done, Doris." A voice came from behind her. A familiar voice.

Doris quickly got up and turned to see Prince Martin with Beth gagged and bound in his grasp. He held a knife up to her throat. All Doris could see was red blinding her vision. She wanted to rip him apart, she wanted to drown him and bury him where no one could ever find him. How dare he touch her innocent best friend!

"Calm down." Prince Martin said gently. Doris hadn't realized she was growling until he said that. "I won't hurt your friend if you come with me willingly."

Beth's eyes were filled with fear. She shook her head no as if it would make a difference-as if it would stop her from wanting to save her best friend.

Doris bowed her head silently since she couldn't use her words. The last thing she saw was Prince Martin smirk before everything went dark,

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Chapter 180 A darkness inside

Doris woke in a bright room. Fresh silk sheets were soft beneath her skin, she slowly tried to sit up but her head ached worse than anything ever had. She closed her eyes tightly and gripped the wound that made dizzy.

She expected to feel blood, but her hand came away dry. It still hurt like hell and for a moment it made her forget what had happened before she got her head smashed in. What happened... Prince Martin happened. He was the one that sent his guards to take her and kill all the men that tried to protect her.

Guilt swelled in her chest. If she had gone with William, this would have never happened. Those men would still be alive and she wouldn't be in a strange room. No one would have had to die just trying to protect her-she didn't deserve to be alive over anyone.

Doris looked around to see a fancy room, but it didn't look like the ones at the palace. She'd been in almost every room and not one of them looked like this. It was fancy, but it wasn't in a royal way. It wasn't grand or golden, it was clean and crisp.

This one was light and bright rather than deep and golden. The walls were coated in flowers that looked hand painted with care. Pinks, blues, greens. It looked as if an entire garden was painted on her walls. It almost looked like the one she used to walk through back at the palace.

Even the bed she was in had floral bedding. Doris slipped out of the sheets and almost fell right to the ground. It felt as if the room was spinning, she gripped onto the nearby dresser to hold herself up but it all only made her sick to her stomach. This time, she didn't think it was because of any morning sickness.

When the world stopped spinning, she glanced down at her nightgown and saw herself dressed in a light pink set that was almost too beautiful to touch. It felt like a silky cloud-who dressed her in this?

Her cheeks heated at the thought of Prince *Martin* doing it. Doris hurried to the window and saw it was bolted shut. It didn't matter, she looked as if she was several stories off the ground anyway. She would never survive a jump like that.

The outside wasn't much of a view at all. It looked like they were in the middle of some forest with nothing else around for miles. This was not the palace, it didn't look remotely close to the views from the palace. Doris went to the door and yanked on it as hard as she could, but it was locked too.

Panic coated her thoughts like a poison. She circled the room and touched every wall to see if there was a hidden door or vent she could crawl out of but-nothing. There was nothing, she was locked in here like a prisoner.

"Cordelia?" She whispered.

Nothing. No stirring, no presence, nothing. It felt like her wolf was asleep inside her again like it had been when she was injected with that drug

Oh no.

Doris closed her eyes and tried to shift into her wolf form. She screamed for Cordelia in her mind, begged her to come forward and take over her body-but nothing.

Her wolf was gone for the time being, she was completely alone.

Doris hugged her stomach. "I can do this, I can survive." She whispered and furiously wiped away her tears. She crossed the room and opened the closet to find it stocked with beautiful dresses in every color... all in her size. Even the soft slippers and boots were in her size. Every single pair.

She picked out the most practical and comfortable one and tore off her delicate nightgown. She needed to be prepared, she needed to think straight. There was no time to admire anything beautiful when it was all a beautiful decoy to what was really happening.

Prince *Martin's* grin came back in her mind as she braided her own hair to get it out of the way. She wanted to take him down the minute she saw him-but she knew she couldn't do that. Not when she didn't have her wolf... not unless she found a weapon to overpower him. Something this room clearly lacked.

What did he do to her best friend? Beth's terrified face made the guilt twist in her gut like a knife. If anything had happened to Beth, Doris would never forgive herself. She would never live a day without blaming herself. Her best friend... she had to be okay.

Doris circled the room when she was dressed. It was bigger than any room she had ever been put in, besides Prince *William's*. A large book case filled with brand new editions of books lined the shelves. On a table by the window was a tray of desserts that normally would have excited her. Now she looked away in disgust. 2

Nothing here was safe to trust, nothing would be safe to eat. If they had already drugged her, she didn't trust them to not put anything in her food just to knock her out again.

She continued her tour of the room that was now her prison cell. How many times would she be taken against her will? Just when she thought she would never have to go through something like this again, she fell right back into a new cell, a new prison, a new cage.

Doris had enough. Nobody had come by yet, she didn't have forever to wait when her friend (might be in trouble now. She crossed the room when her thoughts became overwhelming and

started banging on the door.

"Hello? Is anyone out there!" She banged harder. "Open this door!"

Nothing. Not a sound, as if nobody was even standing guard at the door. Doris wondered if there were any guards around... was it possible Prince Martin had gone back to the palace?

Did William even reach the palace before all of this? What if he was captured, what if he was Doris desperately pushed and pulled on the door but nothing came of it. She kicked it in her frustration.

She couldn't handle the thought that William was out there somewhere. He could have been hurt or he could have been captured and imprisoned for the war. What if Prince Martin wanted to torture him?

Doris backed away from the door and wiped her tears. Suddenly, she heard the click of a lock. The door swung open and Prince Martin himself entered the room with a small smile on his face. She wanted to smack it right off him.

He quickly closed the door behind him before she could even think of running past him-not that she was stupid enough to try. He was so much bigger than her.

"Where is Beth!" Doris shouted. Prince Martin held out his hands as if it would calm the beast inside of her.

"She's just fine, I have her in another room." He said calmly. He spoke conversationally and she didn't know why it irritated her so much. "She woke up hours ago. I believe she's enjoying a nice tea and a book."

Doris narrowed her eyes at him. She highly doubted her friend was calm enough to read a book at this moment. She probably paced the room so many times, the carpet would have worn down by now.

"I want to see her right this minute. I don't trust you."

Prince Martin had the nerve to look wounded. "Doris, I would never hurt your friend. I know how close you two were at the palace. She has nothing to do with the war, I would never dream of harming someone innocent."

"Then why did you hold a knife to her throat! Why did you even take her? You could have let her go!"

"I did all of that to get you to surrender." Prince Martin said. "I watched you fight. I didn't expect you to take out those guards as if it was nothing. I saw Beth poke her head out of the tent and I knew that I had to do what needed to be done. I never would have hurt her. You have to know that, Doris."

"I don't believe a word you say. Why did you take me here? What is this place!"
yDo you not like it? I had it decorated just for you." He took a step towards her, she took one back.

"What are you talking about?"

"I made this room for you. I thought you would have liked it. I made it bright with flowers, I had all of your favorite food and books. All of this is for you."

"I-I don't understand. What is this place?"

"This is our place. This is where we can be together."

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Chapter 181 Plans to keep

"Martin..." Doris started. What on earth was he talking about?

Martin held up his hand to stop her from saying any more. "I know it sounds crazy, but I know you, Doris. I know you have always wanted to be away from the palace and free."

"How would you have known that about me?" Doris asked hesitantly. She took another small step back from him. She only talked about her freedom with Beth at the palace when they were alone.

Martin looked as if he had been caught red handed, but she didn't know why. "I overheard you talking to Beth. I always used to hear you two talk about it with each other. You both had plans to be far from that palace and have a home of your own-with a man that loves you."

"I don't understand... we only talked about that in private." Doris said slowly. Martin smiled innocently. "You...you listened to our conversations?"

"I think it's better if you don't ask about things like that. It's not what's important here." Doris tried to shake the shivers that rippled over her body. Her mind conjured up an image of Prince Martin listening in on her late night conversations with her best friend. All the things they said in confidence that could have gotten them in serious trouble, had he heard all of it?

"What are you even doing here? Aren't you supposed to be at the palace defending your throne?" Doris clenched her fists tight at her side. "Where is William?"

"I would guess he's still trying to storm the palace like the fool I knew he was. It didn't take him long, I knew he would act the moment he saw the palace wasn't being guarded." Martin shook his head in disappointment at his brother for falling right into his trap. Doris knew her uneasy feeling came from somewhere she was staring right at it.

"You wanted him to storm the palace?" Doris asked. "But why? Why aren't you there to defend your crown? I don't understand -"

"Because William killed my mother and our brother for the crown. He took everything from me and I'm finally taking something back." Martin said almost gently as he took a step closer to her. She took another one back.

"Are you referring to me? I'm not something to be stolen, I'm a person. I have choices." Doris said. "You may think you know everything about me, but you don't."

"Is that so? I thought you always felt you didn't have choices"

"That was when I was a maid that didn't know any better. I lived my life listening to other people and doing everything they said. Now I know how to decide for myself. Prince William has already given me that freedom at the palace."

"Doris, I'm offering you the chance to be free of the palace. You can have your own home and

do whatever you wish with our house! Isn't that what you wanted? You never have to see the palace again."

"That isn't freedom, Martin. You're offering me a house but I wouldn't be able to leave it." Doris said calmly. How was this the same sweet man she used to sit next to in the library? When did his admiration for her turn into obsession?

"Doris, you would be able to leave freely. I would never make you stay here against your will

"Then please move so I can leave. I want to go back to the camp with Beth." Doris moved to the door but he stepped in her path.

"You know I can't let you do that. William will be looking for you soon out there and this war is not yet over." Prince Martin reached out his hand to caress her cheek, she flinched away from him. "He can't have it all, Doris. It just wouldn't be fair."

"Why aren't you at the palace to defend your throne, Martin? William is there right now to take your title! You being gone is not a good sign-"

"He could never take my title. It wouldn't matter if he had millions storm the palace, the crown has always been mine. He can't rewrite history as much as he tries."

Doris took a small breath. "What about your wife? Where is she?" Doris moved away from him before he could attempt to touch her again.

Prince Martin cleared his throat and straightened himself. "We were never meant to be together, you know that. My mother wanted us to wed to make strong alliances, but neither of us were happy."

"Lady Grace always looked at you with so much love!"

"She was putting on a show for the world! She knew my heart did not belong to her." Prince Martin took a long breath. "Perhaps I should leave you alone -"

"Why can't I call to my wolf? What did you do to me?"

Prince Martin backed to the door slowly as he watched her. "I saw you fight out there. You might not be the most skilled, but you were fearsome. My mother was sent some drugs from the rogues to put the wolf asleep inside you before she died."

Doris parted her lips, but nothing came out.

"It won't hurt you, Doris. You'll be fine in a few days and all of this will be over!"

"How can you say that? There is a war happening out there and you are the main part of it! You have to go put an end to all of this before more people die!" Doris moved to the door again but he stopped her. "I want to see Beth. Now."

"I can't let you do that right now." Prince Martin moved towards her and Doris quickly stepped back. "I'll send her in here soon. I promise."

Prince Martin moved to leave, she didn't miss the look of sadness in his eyes. "William took everything from me. I deserve to have something I want."

"I am not an object to be passed back and forth. I have feelings and none of them are loving for you." .

Prince *Martin* glanced back at her with a sad smile before he left through the door and locked it behind him. She quickly ran up to push and pull at the knob even though she knew it was useless. Nothing she did would work.

Her heart calmed at the idea that William was facing an empty palace. There would be hardly anyone to stop him from rushing inside to find Prince *Martin*. He'd soon learn that he wasn't there and then head back to the camp to find the gruesome scene she was sure that Prince *Martin* had left for him.

And then...

And then she hoped he could find his way to her. Once again she was left useless and it made her want to scream and cry while beating at the door. Once again a man had left her feeling helpless and waiting for someone to come save her. 2

Doris circled the room a dozen times. Looking through every crack and checking for loose floorboards. She struggled with the window and tried to break the glass with one of the heavier books but it wouldn't even crack.

Doris picked up one of the stools to the vanity and banged it against the glass. Over and over. It sounded strange when it hit against the surface, as if she wasn't even hitting glass at all. Doris angrily threw it across the room and started feeling the walls for a weak spot.

Nothing. Nothing. She felt like she was in a box with fresh air quickly leaving. She tried to calm her breaths but it was useless, it only made her want to swallow the air faster.

A light knock sounded on the door. It opened to show a petite maid she didn't recognize holding a tray of food. Any ideas of escape quickly evaporated when she noticed the two tall guards outside of her door.

"Hello, I brought you some soup." The maid set the tray down on her table. She ignored the mess that Doris made in her haste. "I also brought you some tea, it's quite cold out."

Doris neared the girl, but not too close. "Can you help me break out of here?" She whispered.

TO

The girl looked at her with wide, confused eyes. She shook her head and started backing away. +

"No! No, I'm sorry if I frightened you. I used to be a maid just like you and I was taken here against my will. Please, help me get out of here."

Doris knew she must have looked crazy to the girl, but she didn't care. She had to try something and her options were thin.

As expected, the girl looked at her as if she had a second head. She quickly curtsied to Doris before she rushed out of the room. The door slammed and locked behind her.

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Chapter 182 Innocent by nature

Doris forced herself to eat when she remembered that she had a baby to take care of inside her. A baby that made her three times more hungry than she usually felt. She would have much sooner eaten a book rather than the food that was served to her on a fancy tray.

She knew it was unlikely that Prince Martin would have poisoned her through desserts and soup-but the back of her mind still cautioned her to be on alert. Already he showed signs of an unstable man, but she didn't have much choice. It wasn't fair to starve herself because she was afraid.

Prince Martin must not have known she was with child, he hadn't mentioned it once. Although, he hadn't mentioned that she was his mate recently either. His strange denial to what was happening made her feel even more uneasy. 2

What would he do if he found out she was pregnant with William's baby? Would he try to sicken her until it shriveled up inside her? Would he tell her he would raise it as his own as if some secret part of her would ever want that? The fear of the unknown was more terrifying than what might actually occur, but it didn't stop her thoughts from trying to scare her. 2

Doris slept horribly throughout the night. She tossed and turned so many times, she doubted that more than a few hours were spent actually sleeping. By morning, she felt her exhaustion start to finally take a hold of her as she pulled herself out of bed weakly.

Doris dressed herself quickly before anyone could come. She had to be awake, she had to be on alert just in case he came back. She paced the room until finally the lock unlatched and Beth came through with a tray. As usual, the door locked behind her.

"Oh my goodness, Beth!" Doris quickly crossed the room to her friend. She took the tray out of her grasp and set it aside before she threw her arms around her. "I was so worried that something happened to you! I'm so glad you're okay."

"Me? Doris, I thought you were going to be killed! I swore it was the last time I was going to see you." Beth pulled away to look at Doris. "They were fine to me once we arrived but I thought he was going to take you here to kill you just to get back at you for what Prince William did."

"L... I thought I was going to die too, but-" Doris chewed on her lip and glanced at the floral walls. "He said he built this place for me."

"I'm sorry. What?" Beth took Doris's hands and pulled her to the bed to sit. A moment later, she felt a wave of dizziness hit her before it soon passed. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Prince Martin. He said he brought me here because he had this place made for me." Doris looked around at the room and it was obvious that Prince Martin didn't really know her at all. Not as well as he thought he did. While she loved flowers, he painted ones she didn't favor. He brought desserts because she had a sweet tooth, but he didn't know which ones were her favorites so he included as many as he could.

"Are you saying he's in love with you and built you this house for you to live in?" Beth's eyes grew wide. "That is... I mean I knew he always had some sort of feelings for you, but this is crazy."

"I don't know why he did this. I barely spoke to him at the castle-1 didn't know he cared for me this much. I thought it was just a crush that would eventually fade!" Doris ran her fingers through her tangled hair. "I don't know what's happening." "Sometimes people grow attached to others without them knowing. I knew he looked at you with affection but I didn't realize... this."

"We have to get out of here, Beth. I don't want to risk any more time here in case he has something else planned for me. Men never react well when they're rejected." Doris sighed. She wished she could call out for William. She wished there was a way for him to find her through their mating bond.

Was there a way?

It didn't matter. Her wolf was silenced inside her and it might be days before she woke up again.

"I was able to see a lot of the house, my room is all the way across the building. I was led here and given a tray for her by these two large men that didn't say much else."

"What did the house look like? Are there others?" Doris whispered. She glanced at the door to make sure it wasn't open. "How many guards did he bring?"

"I think there are many guards, more than I could guess. I passed quite a few and could hear more far away. The house looks like a larger version of a plain cottage house that wasn't fully decorated. Many of the areas were plain with a few pieces of furniture but no life."

Doris dropped her head in her hands. "I don't think William will ever find me here. It looks like we're in the middle of a forest from outside of my window-who knows how far we actually are from the palace or the kingdom."

"That's not true, we could be close by. Don't you remember that the palace has many off properties around the kingdom? They have areas like this for the royals to rest in if they were ever traveling." Beth glanced around the room as if she was finally taking it all in for the first time. "If William knows where those places are, he will eventually find you."

That could take weeks, Beth. Especially with all of the snow." Doris didn't want to admit that she was terrified of not surviving that long. "Wait... I think I might have an idea... Or the start of one at least."

Beth leaned closer with wide, desperate eyes. "What is it? Are you going to use your wolf to get us out of here? I saw you fight back at the camp-I know you can take a few dozen men down. Easily."

"No, he used a drug to put my wolf to sleep so I couldn't defend myself or try to escape." Doris said quietly. Beth gasped. "No, I have another idea. Men may react badly when they are rejected, but they will fall into your hands if they think you're giving them exactly what they want."

Beth looked at Doris suspiciously. "Okay, what would you do?"

"I'm not sure entirely yet, but I could play along with whatever he throws my way. I know he sent you here to win my favor, perhaps I could tell him how thankful I am."

"Oh." Beth frowned. "A girl back at the castle used to do that to one of the royals. She would do whatever he asked even though she hated his guts. He always thought she was in love with him, though. She got a lot of gifts."

"If he trusts me, he won't be so strict. His leash on me will loosen and I can try to get a weapon to fight back or try to escape when he isn't around." Doris stood. It sounded easier said than done, but she had nothing else to work with.

"What can I do to help?" Beth asked. She watched as Doris started to pace the room while her thoughts ran wild.

"If Prince Martin asks you about me, feed him the lies too. Tell him I talked about him and that I complimented the room. Just little things to grow the seed in his mind."

"It's a dangerous game, Doris. He won't like his feelings being toyed with when he thinks you're finally opening up to him." Beth warned.

"I know that, but I have to get us out of here and I don't have any other options. We could be days of travel away from the palace, I don't know how long I was out for."

"I wish I could tell you. He knocked me out the minute they did the same to you. I suppose it was so I couldn't find the way back to camp even if I tried." Beth bit her lip in thought. "It's worth a try, Doris. He's clearly obsessed with you and might take every crumb he can get from you."

“Exactly.” Doris said. “If he thinks there’s a chance, he might be more willing to make me feel as if I’m not trapped here.”

“It could blow up in our faces, Doris.” Beth said gently. “It might go wrong, he might see what you’re doing.”

“I know.” Doris said. She offered a small smile. “But I have to try at least.”