

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 201

Chapter 201 A king to rise

Music poured through the the hall once all the guests had finally squeezed inside. Not one inch of room was visible from where she stood. She wondered how many had decided to come today. Easily enough to fill a small village—but did they come in support? William stood tall with a mask of indifference on his face as he listened to the sounds grow louder. Classical music replaced the somber sounds from the funeral. It was almost strange to see the people that were previously crying-now shook with excitement. Almost as if the burial never happened. Doris reached up to rub his shoulders. “You see how excited they are? They know a true king is about to rise.” “It wouldn’t be the first time I’ve risen from the ashes.” William muttered as he fixed the cuff on his sleeve as if he was just trying to distract himself from what was to come. His seamstress came in with a large cape that dragged on the ground and looked fit for a grand entrance. She attached it to the shoulders on his suit and laid out the bottom elegantly behind him. Doris took a small step back to admire him.

The only thing he was missing was a crown. Out on the platform, they brought the golden crown out on a velvet pillow before they set both on a pillar that would come up to his waist. The archbishop of the kingdom arrived through the side doors and made his way up silently to the platform where William was about to be crowned. Worn with age, the archbishop moved slowly and let his white robes drag on the ground behind him. Doris had not once seen him in person, she heard he only went anywhere if it was important enough. Otherwise, he never made the trip. He created a silence as the people watched him settle himself. They knew they were witnessing history and she didn’t have to imagine the thrill that must be going through them. It was going through her, too. It spiked every inch of her body with adrenaline and anxiety. The music died down to a sound in the background and suddenly Doris felt hot all over. She felt nervous for William, but he seemed perfectly fine in the moment. He looked composed, ready for what was about to come. Almost as if the past few days had never happen

“Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for coming today to witness the crowning of a new king.” The archbishop said. It surprised her to hear him sound so loud when she originally thought he was pale and frail. She knew better than most that looks could be deceiving

“There hasn’t been a new king in over forty years. This kingdom has relied on its rulers to do what is right and now it is time to give a new king that honor—” William turned to her and the rest of the words faded into the background. His blue eyes looked like a calm storm, even his movements were less stiff and more relaxed. “I want you to be close by. My guards will escort you to the front by the platform. I would bring you on stage with me if I could.” “Are you going to be okay?” Doris whispered. He said nothing, only nodded once. She leaned up to kiss him quickly before she followed his guard. For the most part, the crowd paid her no mind. Those that did notice her stared at her as if she was

some sort of strange animal that they had never seen before. Goosebumps trailed her skin. She was quickly reminded why she didn't like being the center of attention. She missed the days where she could blend into the wall and disappear from sight. Now it seemed that everywhere she went, her presence alone drew enough attention to make her want to sink into the ground and melt away. She didn't know how William stood it. It must have been a hundred times worse for him and yet he took it all in with glory Doris lifted her skirts and followed the path behind his guards to the front row. The archbishop's voice boomed around her and entranced everyone to where he stood. But she couldn't stop thinking about William. Eventually, the stares on her faded away. "... William Arnold, it is time." He called. The room erupted in applause when the curtains pulled apart and revealed William. She didn't know how to explain it, but the sight of him took her breath away. She almost found it hard to breathe when he stepped towards his destiny. His cape dragged behind him and looked as if it weighed a hundred pounds, but he moved so gracefully. He looked... he looked confident. He looked strong and handsome. He looked like a king and he knew it. William stepped up to the archbishop and bowed his head slightly in respect. Doris curled her fingers at her side and stood on her toes as she watched him. "Kneel, my son." The archbishop said as he took a small sword in his hand. Not just any sword, the Arnold family sword. William knelt before him and the man laid the blade on his shoulder. "Do you swear, William Arnold, to protect this kingdom?" "I do." William said calmly. "Do you swear to uphold the kingdom to the best standards and always do what is best for your

people?"

"I do."

The man lifted the sword and placed it on his other shoulder. "Do you swear to put this kingdom's needs above your own? And to be the king they deserve? Do you think you can handle all of the responsibilities that your father left you?" "Yes, I do." William said. The archbishop nodded his head and set down the sword to pick the crown up. "Then I declare you, William Arnold, king." Carefully, he placed the golden crown on top of William's raven black hair. It fit perfectly, as if it was always meant to be there. As if it was made for him. "Rise." The archbishop said. William rose slowly and turned to face the crowd. Once he did, the room broke out in a deafening applause. Doris didn't realize she had been crying until he looked right at her. It was as if every feeling inside her came to light but pride overwhelmed it all. She was proud of him. A ghost of a smile touched his lips before he looked back over the rest of the crowd. Once the applause died down, William bowed his head. "Thank you for the support. Truly, thank you for all of it." William said to the crowd. They all silenced and latched on to his every word as if it was the water they desperately needed to survive. "I know my appearances to the public have always been limited over the years. I know it might be hard for you all to find trust or faith in me when you hadn't seen the way my leadership was. But I hope to gain your trust. I hope to gain your faith and prove to you that I am exactly what this kingdom needs. I am exactly what my father wanted for this kingdom." William walked across the platform to address the other side of the room. "I've heard the doubt. I've seen the looks and the shock and realization that I'm the one who ended up with the crown. I assure you that I have trained my entire life for this title. I won't try to convince you all with my words that might seem hollow, I will prove it with my actions." Doris glanced around at the faces around her but they only stared at William as if he was some sort of god that walked among them. She had to admit that even she felt

intimidated by the way he was. In a good way—it was like she wanted to believe in him even when she already did. She wondered if those around her felt the same way. “I thank you for coming to my coronation. I thank you for standing by me while I laid my father to rest. I now ask you to stay for a while longer and celebrate all of what is to come for this kingdom.” “No more wars?” Someone shouted from the front. Doris froze and snapped her eyes right to William. He didn’t look even slightly bothered by the comment. He looked almost sad. “There won’t be any more wars under my ruling. I learned the hard way what becomes of them and I’ve learned from my mistakes. I fought for what I believed was best for this kingdom, and I will continue to do so.” When no one else spoke out, William bowed his head once more. “Thank you for taking me as your king.”