

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne By Caroline

Chapter 46 What was that

It took Doris only a second to register his *words*. She shot up from the bed and hastily threw on her cloak. "How far are they?" She asked as she gathered the pile of clothes in her arms so they wouldn't leave a trace of him behind. She didn't have time to act proper in the moment, she didn't care how crazed she looked. "A few miles down. I don't think they scented us yet but we need to get moving before they do." William surprisingly helped her stuff the rest of the items in a bag before he grabbed her arm and hurried out of the tent. Guards were ready to collapse the tent the second they stepped out of it and packed it up with the rest of their items. Doris made sure her bag was still on her shoulder before she felt inside as he led her towards the waiting carriage. "Wait!" Doris halted her steps, he turned with frustration written all over his face but also a hint of concern. "What is it?" "My book-I can't find it. I must have dropped it somewhere!" Doris looked around on the ground in hopes it was near by. His grip tightened on her arm, she winced and looked up at him. "Why would you care about that stupid book now?" His voice was tainted with a sort of rage that erupted from no where. It made her shrink back away from his towering form. "I-it was a gift from-" "From Martin. Yes, I know." He hissed. "We don't have time to search for a meaningless gift your 21:43

lover gave you. Would you rather us all die looking for it?" "Of of course not." Doris said as he pulled her into the carriage and shut the door. She glanced out the window once more to see if she could see it before he shut the curtain. "I wouldn't hold your hope for him too long, I'm sure he's already forgotten you the moment we left. After all, you're only a maid and there's plenty of pretty ones still there to distract him." His unkind words made her slowly turn towards him. He sat back lazily against the leathered seats as the carriage pulled away from their resting area. His eyes looked her up and down with a sort of distaste that was hard to miss. It made her skin crawl and shame wash over her for no reason. "I have never harbored any feelings for him, nor has he ever touched me." Doris said lowly, she turned her head to hide her blush. How could he ever think that of her? "It was just a gift." Prince William snorted as if he didn't believe a word she said. Doris scooted closer to the door and as far from him as she could get. One minute he was calm and almost caring, the next he was cruel. It didn't make any sense to her and she couldn't figure out what his true personality was. Perhaps she would never truly know. Doris picked at her nails to distract herself from the silent carriage ride. So far she had seen nothing but snow and trees that went on for miles and miles. She was curious if there were any small towns in the north or if it was all like this. Obviously the rogues must have their own areas they favored, she wondered if it was villages or if they set it up almost like a camp so it would be quick to move if they needed. Beth had once told her that they liked to hide in bushes and set carriages on fire if they

didn't know the people inside-Doris quickly tried to shake that thought away before she started to worry about someone setting the carriage on fire while they rode. Snow was always lovely to watch out a window in the palace during the colder months, but here it seemed more like a death sentence. Every inch of her felt like claws of ice down her skin. Sometimes she forgot how cold she was,

and then she would move and it came back to her in one horrible breath. It was a wonder how the rogues survived in this weather, but she supposed being a wolf helped in some way. Doris let out a quiet breath and glanced up at the prince to see him staring out the small slit in the curtain. He had his hand holding up his chin and he looked exhausted still. She wished she could pick apart his mind and ask him what bothers him so much all the time. Was it her? Or was he just this way because of the rotten childhood he had? It was getting harder to tell. "Is there something you need?" He asked without taking his eyes from the window. The heat crept up her face again and threatened to expose her thoughts. "No—" "Then why do you keep staring at me?" He turned his blue gaze on her, it was almost startling. "I was just making sure you were okay, is all." She shifted under his searching gaze and wished she hadn't said anything at all. "It would be best for you not to concern yourself with my feelings." He said blandly. "Otherwise you'd never sleep." Doris furrowed her brows and looked down at her hands. It was terrifying to be alone with him for so

long, but somewhere along the journey she felt that fear slip away. Even with his unpredictable moods, she felt fine being near him. Almost used to it by now. "I just wonder how long it will take to get there." Doris said without lifting her gaze. "It depends on how many detours we have to take. As long as we're not digging through the snow for a useless book or getting mauled by the rogues, we should get there any day now." Doris blushed furiously. She felt silly for ever wanting to delay their trip to look for the book but he was just as rude about it. "Have you ever traveled the north?" She asked. His fingers played at the hem of the curtains as he gazed out into the snow. "No. I've only ever heard stories. My father would have never allowed it when I was younger, even when he didn't care what I did." "I heard a few messengers were—" "Wait." He sat up quickly, Doris closed her lips and watched him. "Do you hear that?" Doris strained to listen, but she heard nothing but the sound of the wheels traveling through the snow and the rattle of the carriage. "No—" He gestured for her to be silent again. His head tilted to the side and his brows furrowed in concentration, but she couldn't hear a single thing. Their carriage shook, William moved to sit next to her and put his arm across her as if he was shielding her from a rough break. When it stopped, he stepped out without a word and looked around. "What happened?" He demanded. A guard slid off his horse and pointed to the wheels. "We ran something over, we couldn't see what it was in this darkness."

William went to see for himself. Doris carefully stepped out of the carriage and immediately felt the cold chill sting against her cheeks William snapped his head back to look at her. "What are you doing outside of the—" He froze and cocked his head to the side as if he was listening for something. "Get over here, Doris." Doris hesitantly moved closer to him, he pulled her behind his back as he searched through the area with alert eyes. "William?" Doris whispered. He held up his hand to silence her. It was obvious everyone around her seemed to hear something as well. "We should" An arrow pierced the air and struck one of the guards through the shoulder. They all watched him fall before someone shouted. "Get down!"

Chapter 47 We got a pretty one here

It all happened so fast, Doris was barely able to duck before William had thrown himself on her. A spray of arrows thunked against the trees seconds later, she saw the wood splinter from how hard it hit right where William had been

standing. Shouts broke any sense of silence the night had, it turned into chaos and Doris wasn't sure what she was supposed to do. William grabbed her arm and had her follow him in a crouch across the clearing as a pack of men and wolves fell upon the guards. William placed her behind a large rock and fallen tree and threw his coat over her. "Stay here and don't move. Call out for me if someone comes near you." He said before he turned to face the rogues that ambushed them. Doris gripped the bark of the tree and held her breath as she watched. It was pure madness. Wolves rained down on some of the guards before they could even get their weapons out. She shielded her eyes as one of them got their throat torn out and stomach ripped open. She lost William in the crowd, she wasn't sure if he shifted to his wolf or if he was still human. There was so much blood in so little time, the entire ground was stained with it. Her eyes tried to keep track of each guard, but they were so spread out it was hard to follow them. Off to the right, a guard got the better of a rogue and slammed his knife through its jaw, Doris quickly looked away and tried to find William again. Where had he gone? Surely he couldn't be far.

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We got a pretty one here A large wolf turned from the center of the chaos. His eyes locked on where she was hidden, Doris crouched down further and brought the jacker up higher on her head. The grey wolf sniffed the air and backed up a little before it fully sprinted towards where she was hiding. Doris saw its sharp teeth flicker in the moonlight as it opened its jaws wide. Doris started to move but stopped before she got very far. A black wolf tackled the grey wolf before it could reach her. They slid across the snow while snapping their jaws at each other. The black one grabbed a hold of the grey one's neck before it could even think to defend the area. Doris looked away quickly, she didn't want to see anymore blood shed. She moved across the trees and tried for a more secluded hiding space. When she turned, the black wolf was behind her with a bit of blood dripping from its lips. She saw his blue eyes glow a little in the darkness and felt her fear vanish when she knew instantly who it was. William sniffed her hand once before he turned and put himself back in the fight. Doris picked up an arrow from the ground and tested the sharp tip with her fingers. No one had bothered to give her a weapon to defend herself in instances like this. She would have to make do with what she had around her in case any of them got too close to her. Doris watched the black wolf move through the darkness taking down as many rogues as he could. It was...hard to look away from him. He was truly a force and now she understood why everybody feared him-especially when he was a wolf. A branch cracked behind her, Doris turned to stab the man in his leg without a second thought. He went down hard, but he wasn't alone. "You bitch!"
The other man had claws as fingers, it was worse

w gat a pretty one har than any nightmare her brain could torment her with. He grabbed Doris by her hair and dragged her out to the middle of the fighting ground "Let me go!" She screamed. William tumed away from his opponent when he heard her. The other wolf got in a nasty bite before William cracked its neck. "I

have a theory." The man announced. Some of the fighting ceased at his words but the rest continued on. William growled at the man who held Doris like a discarded doll. "I think the prince has a soft spot for this one." He pulled Doris up by her hair, she screamed and gripped the area he held. William let out a louder, more furious warning growl but the man only smiled. "Let's test it, shall we?" He put one of his claws up to her throat. She felt a small sting before the warm blood dripped down her neck. Her eyes blurred with tears, "W-William!" She screamed. The man was off her before she could even finish screaming his name. William went right for his arm that held her and took it completely off his body before he dragged him into the darkness and silenced his screams. Doris shakily stood, one of the guards hurried over to try and put her in hiding again, but they all had seen her already. "Here, take this." He said. She only just realized it was Erik. He placed a small dagger in her hand that already had a bit of blood on it. "Go for the throat or eyes and be quick about it. They can smell your fear." Doris nodded when no words formed. He turned away and threw himself back into the fight with a wolf that met him halfway. Doris tried to take count of how many guards still stood and she was surprised to see a large amount of them did. The king must have really sent the best guards he had

We got a pretty one here to survive this long against a rogue pack. William stepped out of the shadows with bloodied foot prints. Something about the way he walked told her it wasn't his blood and she almost felt sorry for the next rogue who put themselves in his way. He sniffed the air and turned to look at her with his piercing blue eyes before he turned away and targeted the closest enemy. A cold chill ran down her spine when the air thickened. She felt something warm caress the back of her neck. Her fingers curled tightly around the hilt of the dagger, she closed her eyes and silently prayed to the moon goddess. When it growled, Doris turned and plunged the dagger deep into his neck. A wolf light as the snow let out a wounded cry before it fell hard onto the ground. Doris quickly moved away from him and found a new tree to hide behind. It felt as if it would never end, when would it stop? When one side is completely dead? She hated to think it, she hated herself for being the reason someone was now dead or close to it. Doris looked down at her bloodied hands and felt warm, thick tears trail down her cheeks. She had a feeling that the sounds of death would follow her into her nightmares for many weeks to come, perhaps forever if she survived tonight. Her chances were feeling less by the second. If she closed her eyes, she might pretend she was at the palace in her warm bed still. Or perhaps gossiping with Beth late into the night. Anywhere was better than here, away from all of the blood and death. Out in the clearing, she saw William tear down another wolf as if it was nothing. His fierceness was extraordinary and at the same time terrified her in a way. She knew he wouldn't harm her, but it was horrifying to see how quickly he could tear through

Welgota pretty one here a whole pack of rogues: With his back turned, Doris noticed several other wolves started to surround him. His guards were busy trying to stay alive to notice, but Doris did. They crept towards him silently as he fought with another wolf and she knew exactly what they were doing Doris stood, "William! Behind you!" William turned at her voice and found himself surrounded. They were going to kill him, she knew they wanted to more than anything. They probably didn't even care about the rest of them, just him. Her heart raced with fear, she wanted to help him His guards must have heard her shout. They turned their attention back to their prince and took down some of the wolves that cornered him. Doris let out a relieved breath "Looks like we got a pretty one here," a man said against her ear. Doris tried to move but he wrapped his arm

around her waist to force her against him . “I think I found the prince’s favorite.” She could hear the smirk in his voice as if she was the

greatest prize he’d ever seen. “Let me go!” Doris clawed at his arms and kicked his legs as hard as she could, but he acted as if it didn’t phase him in the slightest. In fact, he only laughed. “Will—” Doris wasn’t able to finish before the darkness swallowed her whole.

Chapter 48 We’re just getting started

Ice cold water woke Doris from her darkest dreams. Her head felt heavy as she finally opened her eyes to see an unfamiliar room. She tried to move her hands to wipe the water from her face but realized they were tied behind her. It looked as if she was in some old forgotten shack with only one dim light for the entire room. “There she is... I was beginning to think I might have hit you too hard.” A man with blond hair stepped out of the shadows. Doris tried to pull her hands free from the ropes that only burned her skin the harder she pulled. “Please... let me go-” The wooden chair creaked beneath her as she struggled. “What a waste that would be.” He leaned down to be eye level with her. She cringed away from his horrible breath and rotten teeth. “We wanted a prince, but we at least got you.” The fight rushed back to her all at once. Was William still alive? Was he able to get away before someone captured him-or worse? She shifted in her seat. “Where is he?” The man smiled. His teeth were sharper than they were a second before. “Your prince has fled into the night without you.” He took out a dagger from his belt and trailed it down her skin slowly. “Are you his lady?” “N-no. I’m just a maid at the palace” Doris closed her eyes for a moment as the cool blade ran over her jaw

We’re just getting started Just a maid? Hmm... I’m not sure if I believe that. What kind of prince goes feral for his maid?” He applied a bit of pressure against her neck, Doris winced. “I swear I’m only a maid to him. He-he protected me out there because I didn’t have a blade, nothing else.” Doris flinched when he pushed a little deeper until he finally pulled back “Well, I suppose that makes since.” He started to circle her, her gaze snapped towards the door when another man bursted in. He was a bit shorter than his friend and had the same greasy blond hair. He dropped a sack on the ground. “What makes sense, Jules?” He asked. He looked Doris up and down and gave her a smile that made her bones chill. “I thought she was his lady, but a prince would never leave his lady behind. She’s nothing but a useless maid, Darrell.” “Oh, no shit eh?” His friend laughed. “I guess he won’t come back for her after all, he’s probably miles away by now.” Jules took a chair and dragged it next to Doris’s before he plopped down. “I’m sure she must have some sort of information to tell us about the prince that might be useful.” “Yeah, she must know something.” Darrell leaned against the wall and pulled out a small knife to clean his disgusting nails. “What’s the prince doing out here in the north?” “I-I don’t know,” “Wrong!” Jules stood up so fast, his chair banged against the floor. He grabbed Doris by the chin and forced her to look at him. “I don’t like liars. Is the prince planning on attacking the rogues in the north?” “No! He isn’t planning that.” His grip tightened on

We’re just getting started her chin, she tried to pull back but he only pressed harder. Mis that loyalty I hear? I wouldn’t bother trying to protect him, your man ran without a hesitation for what happens to you. You’re nothing more than a maid, as you said.” Jules said. Doris swallowed. She didn’t doubt that was true,

there was no way Prince William would risk himself to save her. He was probably already miles from here without a second thought to what happened to her. He wouldn't risk himself over a maid. Especially not one like her. It still hurt to hear. "Let's try again. Why don't you tell us why the prince brought you out of all the other maids he could have chosen?" "Yes, why did he bring you? Does the prince expect you to serve him in every way you can?" His friend smirked and knelt down next to her chair. Doris tried to keep her voice as even as she could, though her fear was almost overwhelming. "I was the closest to him when he was leaving. He's a prince, he travels with many servants." "Ah, that just isn't true. Is it? All of the men out there were trained guards, you are the only servant." Darrell laid his hand on her knee, she wished she could kick him in the face for even touching her. "You must have heard something about why he's here." Her dress was suffocating her, sweat dripped slowly down her back. Every breath she took made her feel as if she was about to pass out. She couldn't tell them why Prince William was here, they would know exactly where to find him if she did. It could lead to his death if they ambushed him. They were right, she was nothing but a maid—but he was a prince. He was important to the kingdom. She

We're just getting started wouldn't betray him—no matter what they did. "I don't know anything. As you said, I'm only a maid. The royals have never shared private information with their servants." Doris said with a shaky voice. The men glanced at each other. "How long have you worked there? And what's your name?" Jules added. Doris swallowed. "I've worked there for 5 years." The men waited for her to continue, when she didn't—Jules smacked her across the face. "I asked you what your name is!" "D-Doris!" She said quickly as the pain burned her skin. "Well, Doris." Darrell started walking around her chair. "You must have some sort of information to give us. Working 5 years at the palace doesn't come away with nothing." "I—I worked in the library, none of the royals ever ventured there." Silence followed her words. They were both behind her, she couldn't see if they were silently communicating or what but her heart sped up and tried to bang out of her chest. Would they kill her once they realized she was completely useless to them? Doris tried to name all of the people that might care if she died... Beth was the only one that came to mind. Would Prince William let her go free even though she didn't return? Doris licked her dry lips and tasted her own salty tears. Jules finally came to stand beside her. He put his boot on the side of her chair and knocked it over so she fell hard against the ground. "We know you're lying. We didn't want to have to do this, but you leave us no other choice." "Yeah, there ain't no way we walked out of that

Chantera were lunt getting started fight empty handed. We will get something out of you... one way or another." Doris shuddered to think what that might possibly mean. How far would they go to get something from her? Until she was on the edge of death? She imagined herself already bloodied and bruised, much worse than she had been when Prince Jack tried to get her to blame the poisoning on Prince William. It should have been so obvious then, of who was truly behind the poisoning. Perhaps if she had noticed sooner, she wouldn't be here about to die now. Darrell picked up a pair of clippers. "Should we take her fingers off first? One by one?" "No, no. Let's save that for later. The night is still young, we might be able to get something without completely destroying her beauty." Jules smirked. "I quite like her face, it's got a sense of innocence in it." He bent down to caress her cheek. Doris turned her face away from his hand. He hit her for that, harder than before. "Don't be like that with us, Doris. We promise to let you go if you tell us something worth our time." A lie, she knew it. She would not see the fresh light of day again no matter what she told them. She

could relay every secret she ever heard and they still wouldn't let her walk free. Even if they did, there was no where for her to go for miles. She would freeze to death before she found somewhere safe. "I don't have any information to tell you. You're wasting your time on me." Doris said weakly. Darrell paced the room as if in thought before he moved to kick her as hard as he could in her stomach. Jules pulled her back up

"We're just getting started I'll get you screaming, baby." He licked her face before he brought his mouth to her neck and bit her as hard as he could. Doris screamed from the pain, she felt his sharp teeth draw blood and she tried to tip her chair again to get his mouth off her. He finally pulled away and grinned at her. His mouth was stained with her blood. "Don't like that? We're just getting started here."

Her Unwanted Mate On The Thi

Chapter 49 Let's have some fun

. "I swear I don't know anything Jules pointed his knife at her. "No, no. None of that. If you're not going to tell us anything useful, keep that pretty mouth shut before I bash your face in." Doris closed her lips and glanced between the two men "How many hits do you think before she starts talking?" Darrell asked. "I'd say six...but let's go for ten." Jules turned his knife around and hit her right in the nose with the hilt. It rocked her head back hard enough to hear a crack. Doris swore she saw stars for a moment, blood strained down her chin from just one hit. "Is the palace planning an attack on the rogues? Is the prince here to scout our areas out?" Darrell asked as he leaned over with his hands on his knees to look at her. She wished she could spit on both of them but she was afraid of what they would do to her. They looked crazy enough to kill her right now and she wouldn't be sorry if they did. Doris kept her lips closed, Jules immediately hit her again. "He asked you a question! Can't you hear?" "I don't know anything about what the palace does!" Doris coughed when she inhaled some of her own blood. How many times would she be beaten before her body would finally give up on her? She regretted the day she ever agreed to be Melody's lay's maid. If she hadn't, she might have been in the library with a book and warm chocolate right now. Not here... being beaten for the third time since she changed jobs. Jules held out his hand. "Give me the clippers."

Darrell looked feral with excitement when he placed the clippers in his hand. He hovered behind his shoulder to watch what was to come. Part of her wished they would just stick them in her heart and end it all. "Maybe you can answer this. How many guards did the prince bring with him?" Jules asked, he twirled the clippers in his hand as if he was taunting her. "I... I think over a dozen." Doris whispered. It was a harmless enough question. Doris knew it had to be much more than that, perhaps they would underestimate him if they decided to go after him again. He was a force, he would easily rip both of these men apart if he were here. But... he wasn't here. He wasn't coming to save her and rip these men in half. He was miles away already and she couldn't even save herself while tied to this useless chair. Doris desperately searched the room for something to help her out of it. If one of them dropped their blade, she could use it to cut herself free "Good girl, that's what we like to see. More talking ... it's good for you. Keeps you alive for a few minutes longer!" Jules grinned down at her as if she were a dog that finally did his trick. "Next question ... where is the prince headed?" "I don't know-" Jules

stabbed her in the shoulder with his knife, Doris screamed in agony. "That's not what I asked. When I ask questions, I like answers." He grabbed her ear and yanked her towards him, "Last chance..." He hovered the clippers in front of her face. Doris felt as if her life flashed before her eyes. Was he going to stab her or cut off her fingers? When she didn't say anything, he took the clippers and cut off the top of her ear. Doris screamed as

loud as she could. He tackled her and pressed his hands down over her mouth. "Shhhh Be a good girl

Doris couldn't see through her tears, he pressed down harder on her mouth when she tried to scream again. She started to choke on her misery and realized she couldn't breathe. He wasn't letting her breathe. Doris's eyes grew wide as she looked at the man on top of her. He looked deranged and excited to see her suffer. To see her struggle for her life. She felt something hard against her leg, he rubbed himself against her as he choked the life out of her. His groans were sickening, she would've rather him stab her a hundred times than ever hear those noises from his mouth. "Jules, we can't kill her yet!" Darrell hissed. Jules kept his grip for a second more before he let her breathe again and got off her. "I don't think we're gonna get her to talk," Jules adjusted his pants as Doris gasped for air. She felt sick to her stomach when she realized what had been pressing against her leg. She knew the rogues were horrible, but this was unbearable. They were pure animals and nothing she could say or do would help her now "Let me try," Darrell leaned down to observe her. She was afraid to feel her ear, she didn't know how much he had taken off but she knew it wouldn't look good. It hurt like hell and every breath made her feel worse. Darrell gripped her chin and turned her face to the side "Even with all that blood you're still a looker, No wonder the prince wanted you to come with him." He smirked and leaned close to smell her. "I can still kinda smell him on you. Did he have his way with you before we ruined the fun? Darrell

asked with a laugh before he smashed her head back against the hard floor Doris saw the room spin, she tried to gasp but he only gripped her head and smashed it down harder than before. Darkness swallowed her whole.

Doris heard their voices before she opened her eyes. How long had she been out this time? "What should we do with her?" Jules said in a low voice. "She obviously isn't going to tell us anything and we're wasting too much time on her." "Do you know when Lord Enzo is coming back?" Darrell asked. She heard a chair squeak as if they were standing "I heard he won't be here for a few days at least. We should be good before then." Jules replied and plopped back down in the chair. "We can't let him find out about this, you know what he would do to us if he found out we kidnapped a girl." "She was part of the royal party—" "He wouldn't care about that, Jules! Remember the last time one of the pack members had taken a girl?

We—"

"We found him strung up by his insides on a tree, yes I know." Jules said, almost as if he was annoyed. "This is different. The royals are our enemies and she is part of that." "Enzo won't care, I'm telling you. He doesn't like women being mistreated and if he sees what we did to her—" "We'll get rid of her body before he gets back, don't worry about it." Jules said quietly. Doris felt fear rush

through her veins at his words. Every inch of her hurt and she probably looked like another bloody mess-but some small, pathetic part of her

Let's have some fun truly thought she was going to make it. That part was crushed the moment he said that. *Before we get rid of her..." Darrell cleared his throat. "We should have a little fun with her." "What kind of fun?" Jules asked. Doris felt as if she was going to throw up when she realized what was coming next. "She has such a lovely body, we shouldn't let it go to waste. Why don't we show her a bit of a good time before we end it all?" Jules started laughing and Doris heard the chair creak again. "Let's see if she's awake." Doris closed her eyes tighter to pretend she was sleeping. Their steps echoed off the walls and made her want to move as far away from them as she could. One of their boots pushed the side of her. Doris... wake up..." Jules hissed. "She doesn't need to be awake for it." Darrell dropped to his knees next to her and started unbuttoning her dress. Doris's eyes shot open and she kicked at him to stop him. Darrell laughed. "Ah! So you weren't still out, huh? This will be so much more fun." "Help!" Doris screamed, Jules quickly smacked her in the face. "Shut up you stupid bitch." Darrell ripped the front of her dress off and stuck his eager hand up her skirt to grip her breasts. Doris screamed again and tried to thrash away from him. "I said " A strange whistle pierced the air, they both froze above her. "Did you hear that?" Darrell asked. "Quick! Tape her mouth and shove her in the closet, Enzo is back."

Chapter 50 I'm the leader of the rogues

. Jules pulled her up and untied her from the chair before he double tied her hands behind her back again tighter than before. Doris felt dizzy as Darrell ripped a piece of tape and smacked it on her mouth quickly. Jules dragged her back and shoved her in a closet before he locked the door and moved a few things in front of it. There was a small crack a half inch wide for her to stare out of, she wiggled closer to see what was happening. Jules moved like a madman across the area. He scrubbed at the floor where her blood stained and cursed when it wouldn't come off as easily as he hoped, "Fuck! Do you think he'll come in here?" Jules asked, he moved a mat to cover what he couldn't scrub out. Darrell was looking out the window through a slit in the curtain "Shit, he's coming now!" Darrell hurried away from the curtain and helped Jules cover up any trace of her torture. He slammed a box that played loud classical music to drown out any of her moans. A knock stilled both them, they glanced over at each other as if they were terrified to answer it. It sounded again but louder and they both finally moved at once, racing to open the door. Jules got there first, Darrell stood back and looked as if he was trying to appear busy by arranging a small stack of books. Jules pulled open the door and a tall, dark haired man stepped through. He was quite handsome with a softer face and dark eyes, but he

alisse lackad as at he was ready to commit murder. He closed the door behind him silently and raised his brows at the boys "Mine tuning that down? The man Enzo she assumed asked something about his voice sounded familiar, but her head hurt too much to register why Darrell turned the music down only a bit, Doris tried to scream as loud as she could but it only came out muffled against her tape. Darrell shot a nervous glance towards the door as if he'd heard it. "I heard about your stop on the road." Enzo said as he let his eyes wander around the area Doris strained to hear every word over the ridiculous music. "How did it go?" "Oh, we didn't capture the prince, sir." Jules said nervously. Enzo clasped his hands behind his back as he walked around the area where she had been tortured

minutes before. "And who allowed you to attack the prince? Who gave you that order?" "No one, sir. We took it upon ourselves when we heard he had entered the north. We've been searching for him for days and finally found his cariage along the back road." Darrell stood up straighter when Enzo neared him, but only came up to Enzo's shoulder. "Something as serious as an attack on a price should always go through me first, do I make myself clear?" Enzo turned his stare on the both of them with his back to her. She tried to scream again but it barely made a squeak. For a second, his head tilted slightly towards the door as if he was listening for something. "Of course, sir!" Darrell said quickly. He raised his voice as if he could drown out the distant sounds of

I'm the leader of the roques her muffled screams. "We won't do it again, we don't know what we were thinking." "This isn't the first time you've done something without my permission lately, is it?" The two men glanced at each other nervously. Doris tried to bang her head against the door but stopped after the first attempt. She was dizzy enough. The noise made his head turn again. Jules cleared his throat and neared Enzo. "We made a mistake, we won't do it again, sir." Enzo turned back to look at them, she couldn't see his face but the other men had a flash of fear cross their features. "You know what else I heard?" Jules visibly swallowed. "What, sir?" "I heard you took a girl from them." Enzo's words were dripped with poison. "The prince nearly lost his mind when he found her gone. He killed the rest of the men that you left behind." Doris swallowed. A rush of relief filled her, at least he was alive and well. She hoped he was far from their reach and closer to where he needed to be. "A-a girl? No, we didn't take anyone. We would never take some random girl" "Then why did you leave your pack to die?" Enzo took a step towards them. "A real man would never leave his pack to die like that." "We were injured, we had to leave to survive, sir." Jules said and placed his arms behind his back casually. "We regret leaving them -" "Where is she?" Enzo interrupted. "Who?" Darrell asked with his brows furrowed. "We didn't take anyone, Lord Enzo. We told you, we came back here when we got injured but that's it." Enzo inhaled deeply. "Shut that fucking music off." He snapped. Darrell hurried to shut it off. "I can

I'm the leader of the ragues smell a female here, I can smell her fucking blood, Don't lie to me." He growled. Doris screamed again and hoped he could hear her muffle this time. Enzo turned towards the door she was hidden behind. Doris kept screaming "Wait!" Darrell grabbed Enzo's arm and immediately looked as if he regretted it. Enzo grabbed his neck and threw him across the room without a hesitation. His body made a sickening crack against the wall before he slid down. Doris hesitated for a minute. Why would she trust him? They were all apart of the same pack and he looked stronger than both of them combined. What if he wanted to do worse to her? No, they said he didn't like harming women. He sounded angry at them for even taking her... didn't he? Enzo's eyes flickered to a part of the floor where her blood remained. He growled and turned to Jules. "What did you do to her?" "We... we tried to see what the prince was doing here. We were afraid he was planning an ambush with the palace." Jules backed away from Enzo. Enzo forced open the door and found Doris bloodied and tied up. He quickly leaned down and uncovered her mouth before he worked at the ties. "Please..." Doris coughed, her throat was so dry and sore, it hurt to breathe. "Help me..." "I'm going to get you out of here and somewhere safe." Enzo helped her up carefully. "Come now..." "We thought she might know something about their plans." Jules said cautiously as he neared them. Enzo turned and grabbed him by his throat. "I should kill you right here for what you did to this poor girl." He hissed. "You'll both get what's coming

m the leader of the Fogues, to you, but I want you out of my face right now." He threw him as if he weighed nothing across the opposite wall. Doris wished he would have cracked his head open, perhaps then she might feel an ounce better for what they did to her. Enzo turned back with a kind expression. "Are you alright?" Doris slowly shook her head. "Why... why do you sound so familiar...?" Enzo offered a small smile. "You're Doris, aren't you?" "How did you know?" "Let's not worry about that right now, you look as if you're about to pass out." Enzo put his hands on her shoulders to steady her. She hadn't even realized she'd been swaying "May 1?" He asked before he picked her up and carried her like a bride. Doris laid her heavy head against his shoulder as he carried her out the door. The bite of cold wind almost made her eyes water again. Enzo loaded her into a small, warm carriage that looked a lot different from the one she rode in with the prince. This one had soft cushion and was dark red instead of blue. Doris felt her sense of vision flicker for a moment as he wrapped her in a warm coat. "Who are you?" Doris whispered. "My name is Lord Enzo, but you can call me Enzo if you wish." He closed the door of the carriage and immediately it took off into the night. She tried to keep her eyes open to watch him across from her. He looked at her with a bit of concern in his expression. "I think I know someone who can help your pain, just hang in there." "They... were going to kill me." Doris said quietly. "Don't worry, I'll take care of them both soon. You'll never have to breathe the same rotten air as

Shatter Som the leader of the roues them again." Doris coughed and closed her eyes. "Who are you?" She asked again "I'm the leader of the rogues."

Her Unwanted Mate On The This