

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 118

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Chapter One Hundred Eighteen

Ryley

It's been a few days since I found out Eli and my mother were alive. I was supposed to start working again but it was hard for me to focus on anything. My mother still hadn't reached out and I don't know how to contact either one of them. My past was catching up to me and I didn't know how to deal with it. I wished for years for my mother to be alive and prayed she would find me. Now it was real and she still hasn't reached out. How do you not want to see your child? If it was me with Channing, I would have been here finding him not sending my second in command.

I sighed, sitting at my desk, I massaged my temples. I have a never-ending headache and I feel so exhausted. Even sleeping beside Blake, wrapped in his scent hasn't given much rest. Guilt twisted my stomach as I thought about Eli. He was my best friend. We grew up together and we spent so much time together. He was my first kiss. I always believed he would be my mate but when I met Dorian I couldn't help but be attracted to him. And now I know why, he was my mate.

Closing my eyes I saw the hurt in his eyes when he knew Channing was my son. I always told him I wanted my first time to be with my fated mate. But that night I took things too far. And I can't regret it. I could never regret Channing. But that didn't stop the guilt of hurting my best friend.

And now I was hurting Blake. Everything about us feels different and I don't know how to fix it. I don't want him to let me go but I also don't want to drag him down with me. And if

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my mother does have a pack then it would be mine as well. How would Blake and I make it work if I have to run a pack?

I slammed my laptop close unable to concentrate on anything but my problems. Blake wanted me to change my last name and now I feel like such a burden. And I can't get my feelings or thoughts in order. I'm a wreck.

I took deep breaths, trying to pull myself together. I know I could never let my mother see me this way and I'm sure my father is rolling in his grave. I was raised to be a strong, intelligent woman. I don't show weakness. The public only sees the side of me I want them to see.

The reality hit me like a brick. Would my mother be proud of me? I wanted to share so much with her. She has missed so much of my life and Channing's. But is she ashamed of me? Is that why she hasn't reached out? Because I had a child with the enemy?

My body trembled as tears fell down my cheeks. I betrayed them. I betrayed my entire pack. I was supposed to protect them but I failed. I failed my family and my best friend.

I jumped up from my chair, it hit the wall behind me when the door to my office was thrown open. Men in council uniforms filled my office.

"Blake," I screamed through the link.

"Miss Evelyn Ryley North?" A man asked. I crossed my arms over my chest refusing to answer.

“Does Alpha Blake know you’re here?” I demanded, watching the men step closer to me. I was terrified but I wouldn’t show

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“He is being informed as we speak. You are to come with us to the council.” The same man spoke.

“Never,” I growled. He motioned to his men to grab me but I fought back with everything I had.

I punched a few in the face before a fist hit me in the nose and I hit the wall behind me.

Two men grabbed me and threw me against the wall while another cuffed me with silver around my wrist. I refused to scream, the burning was painful, taking the air from my lungs.

“You have no right to do this!” I spat out when the men turned me around to face the one in charge.

“Luna wolves belong to the council.” He growled as I fought the hold of the men.

Blake was standing in front of the house yelling at someone when I was pushed out of the pack house.

“Blake,” I yelled, his attention snapped to me. There was murder in his eyes as he looked at the men around me.

“Blake, please,” I begged through the link, trying to pull myself away from the council’s men.

“Jerry, let my mate go, now,” Blake roared, turning back to the man he was yelling at when I was shoved out of the pack house. All the men flinched at his anger. They were playing with fire and Blake was about to burn them all.

“Blake, you know I can’t do that. Even if she was marked, she is still a Luna wolf and she isn’t your fated. I’m sorry but she needs to come with us.” I heard the man say.

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“Blake, take care of Channing,” I told him through the link. I didn’t want the council to know about my son.

“Her son’s father will be coming to get him soon,” the man said as his men were moving me to a vehicle. I fought harder to get away from the men. I needed to protect my son. Dorian can’t have him.

Blake’s skin ripped and I knew he was close to shifting and taking everyone out. I knew he would protect me with his life.

“Blake, stop. I love you and I need you to protect the boys.” I pleaded with him. My eyes filled with tears as his eyes met mine. He was furious but there was also pain.

“Don’t let him take Channing,” I begged before I was shoved into the back of an SUV. A man on either side of me, caging me in. I could hear Lily whimpering as the vehicle pulled away from the pack house, Blake and our boys.

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