

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 122

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Chapter One Hundred Eighteen

1288 Vouchers

298 Vouchers

288 (Vouchers.

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1288 Vouchers

Chapter One Hundred Twenty–Two

Ryley

After Blake announced to the council I was carrying his child, chaos broke out. The head councilman demanded that all the blood they took from me be tested. Blake wouldn't let anyone get close to me as he held me tight. He kept apologizing but I knew it wasn't his fault.

He had to protect his son and pack. And I'm thankful he was able to protect my son. I don't know who told the council about my wolf but they were going to

pay.

I must have fallen asleep in Blake's arms. The next thing I knew I jumped, panting, grabbing on to him for dear life. I didn't want him to let me go.

"Baby, it's okay. I'm just taking us home," Blake mumbled. I sighed in relief. He leaned down and kissed my forehead. I realized I was sitting in the passenger seat of his truck.

"Home?" I whispered, tears filling my eyes. I never thought I would ever see Blake again, let alone get to go home. I get to hold my boys again. My heart swelled with emotions, relieved this was finally over.

Blake buckled me before closing the door. He went around the front of the truck and climbed in behind the wheel. The truck started with a roar before Blake turned up the heat. Before buckling himself he reached into the backseat and grabbed a jacket of his.

He laid the jacket over me like a blanket. Breathing in his

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scent, my body relaxed into the heated seat. Blake buckled himself before taking my hand in his. He squeezed it as he drove away from the council building.

“How are the boys?” I asked him. We haven’t talked much since he told the council I was carrying his child. I’ve been so overwhelmed with everything that I just needed him to hold

1. me.

“They have been worried about you. Channing finished out the summer hockey season, but he wasn’t happy to play without his biggest fan in the stands. Both have started school as well,” Blake sighed and my tears were back. I’ve never missed a game before this. Guilt twisted my stomach painfully at the pain I caused my son. I should have been there for him.

“Hey, don’t you dare blame yourself for this? He doesn’t blame you and neither do I. And as soon as I find out who told the council about your wolf, I will kill them,” Blake growled, and he squeezed my hand tightly.

“Thank you for keeping Channing safe,” I rested my head on the seat, turning to look at Blake. I squeezed his hand a few

times.

“He’s mine, baby. Just like you are mine, and I know you would have done the same for Aspen.” He quickly looked at me before turning his eyes back to the road.

“Always.”

“Ryley, I want you to know that I never gave up. I was either in court fighting with Dorian over custody of Channing or I was at the council demanding to see you. I’ve never been more scared in my life. I thought I was never going to see you

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again.” He confessed bringing my hand to his lips.

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“I can never repay you for what you did to protect Channing and me,” I told him.

“You can agree to be my Luna and mark me,” he shrugged. He sounded uncertain of himself.

“I’d be honoured,” I said watching him physically relax as he brought my hand to his lips again. He didn’t say anything, but he didn’t have to. I knew after I had rested and gained some strength back, he was going to be mine.

I must have fallen asleep again. The feeling of safety will do that. Lily was still softly snoring in my mind. I knew she needed her rest. Being forced to submit under silver for a month could not have been easy. Plus she was keeping our pup alive. The council could have killed our child and I was going to make them pay for what they did to me.

“Baby, we’re home,” Blake mumbled kissing my forehead. Being with Blake was home to me. I love our boys and they will grow up and have their own lives but Blake is my life now. He’s my mate even though I had no idea I could have a second chance. They are so rare. Almost as rare as a Luna wolf. I smiled at the irony before opening my eyes to look at Blake.

“I love you, so much.” I smiled, meaning every word I spoke. He leaned over the console, resting his forehead against mine, taking hold of my cheek. His touch sent tingles through my body.

“More than anything, baby,” he mumbled before his lips brushed against mine.

“If you didn’t need rest and to get checked by a doctor I would

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take you right here in my truck,” he sighed. I giggled, knowing he was holding back. He wanted to mark me but didn’t want to hurt our baby.

“I want you just as much.” Blake pecked my lips before getting out of the vehicle. I watched him as he walked around the front of the truck. It was dark now, and I covered my face with my hand as he opened my door.

“Mom?” I heard Channing and my tears returned. The happiness and relief were overwhelming as Blake helped me out of the truck. Blake stepped to the side and my boys came into view. A sob broke through as I motioned for them both to come to me. My dam broke as I wrapped them both in my arms. I felt so small sandwiched between them.

“Boys be gentle,” Blake scolded. They both pulled away and looked down at me concerned.

“I’m okay, I promise,” I told them, wiping away my happy tears.

“You smell different,” Channing pointed out, his nose scrunched up.

“Were you two doing the nasty? You smell like dad,” Aspen exclaimed. Blake wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me back against his chest.

“Let’s get inside and get your mom settled,” Blake said. I gasped as I looked behind the boys. I didn’t even realize Blake wasn’t parked outside the pack house.

“Welcome home, baby,” Blake kissed my cheek.

“Thank you, Blake.”

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Long Time, No See

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whatever they were doing, Cara spent most of the time with me and my mother. Sadly, Cara’s mother died during birth and my mother raised Cara like she was her own daughter. Other than that, we were a pretty happy family.

Or so I thought.

As kids, there was stuff you didn’t notice because, well, you were busy beings kids, right ? My father, Gaetano, was always a busy man but he did remember to spend time with me from time to time, not as often as I would have liked, but it was better than nothing. And then, one day, Cara and I were being nosy as always and tried to eavesdrop on my parents because it sounded like they were fighting. We had sneaked down the stairs to get a better look and listen to what was going on but we couldn’t hear anything.

But what happened next shocked us both.

My mother, Jacinta, slapped the fuck out of my father that night. We stood still, shocked to witness what had just happened before we ran back to our shared room, and pretended to be asleep so we wouldn't be caught.

The next day, my mother had our bags packed and we left. I remember crying so hard that day because Cara wasn't coming with us. My mother tried to take her with us, but Uncle refused to let her go. It pained my mother to leave Cara behind like that and I was sure she had her reasons to leave. However, the reason for that was still unknown. My father and I didn't stay in touch after that even though I tried to call him because I missed him, but he never once called me. He then changed his number, and I got the message.

We moved to Florida, while my father stayed in California. I

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