

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 128

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Chapter One Hundred Twenty–Eight

Luna Ryley

My heart pounded in my chest as I came down from the orgasmic high Blake took me on. When his teeth sunk deep into my neck, every nerve in my body exploded. It was unlike anything I had ever felt before. There's no doubt he made love to me. It was slow, sensual, and intimate. Everything about our sex life has always been hard and fast but this is something I will always remember. The love I felt when he marked me as his.

The sun shining through our window caught my diamond ring just right, making it sparkle and shine. It was beautiful. It was bigger than I would have chosen for myself but Blake chose it. It's simple with **its** bigger middle stone with two smaller but **still** big stones on either side of the middle one. I'm guessing it's platinum, knowing Blake. I smiled as I looked down at my – hand.

“Blake?”

“Mmm,” his throat made the sound as he drew lazy **circles** along my back. I looked up at him, resting my chin **on his** chest. His blue eye caught the light just right letting **me see** the swirl of different shades **of** blue.

“**Let's get married,**” I blurted out. He **chuckled as he raised an eyebrow.**

“**Baby, that's why there's a ring on your finger,**” he teased and I rolled my eyes.

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“I **mean tomorrow, or** even today,” I clarified. My stomach **twisted** painfully **as I** waited for him to answer. Did he not want to get married **so** soon? Maybe he changed his mind? **Doubt** filled me **as I** waited for him to say something, anything.

“Do you not want a big wedding?” He questioned and I shook my head.

“All I need is you and our boys. Walter and your parents. Now, that I think about it, I may need a few days to get everyone here.” I chuckled, sitting back, his hard cock was still buried inside me. He groaned with my movement.

Taking my hands he pulled me down against his chest. I smirked, rolling my hips.

“How about we have a small ceremony in the garden on the weekend? We can invite on ly the most important people to us. And then we can have dinner at Under the Full Moon .” I smiled as he pecked my lips.

“That sounds wonderful. Under the setting sun.” I exclaimed, excitement bubbling inside me. I don’t remember **a** time when I was this excited about anything.

“Whatever you want, baby,” he voice husky **as** I slowly rolled my hips down into him. I m oaned when he hit just **the** right spot. I **gasped** when he rolled us and thrust **hard**.

“**Blake,**” I **moaned**, my nails digging into **his shoulders as my** legs **wrapped around his** thighs. He crushed his lips **to** mine **before** thrusting **faster**, more frantic **than before**.

Blake swallowed my moans and screams as I quickly came undone beneath him. I t didn’t take him long before his release

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followed mine. He roared before **he flipped** onto his **back** and tugged **me into his** side, **my** head resting on his chest. **We** were both left breathless as we **lay** tangled up in each other.

“We should go meet up with the boys,” I breathe out, snuggling closer to Blake. He chuckled at my lack of effort to get out of bed . I didn’t want **to** shower and get ready to go anywhere. I felt exhausted but I wanted to spend time with my boys. I have missed so much this past month.

“How about you go have a bath and I will get everything organized.” He said. I lifted up on my elbow to look up at him. I had **a** feeling there was more that he wasn’t saying but I decided not to push him.

I pecked his lips before climbing out of bed and heading into our ensuite. When the tub was filling with water, I brushed out my hair. I smiled as I looked at my mark in the mirror. It was already healed. I brushed my fingertips against the raised, pink skin. I never thought I would have any of this. A mark. Another child. And now I have both.

“You’ve been busy,” I heard Lily. She let out **a** yawn.

“Lily!” I exclaimed, happy to finally hear my wolf again.

“Hello, mamma **wolf**,” she giggled.

“**We are** having **a** pup, Lily. We **saw** them **today** on an ultrasound.”

“I’m **sorry I wasn’t able to tell** you **before all that shit went** down. But **I did everythin**g in my power to make sure they lived.” She whimpered.

“I **know** you **did**. And I’m **so proud of you**. Your strength is

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unmeasurable. The best wolf anyone **werewolf** could **ask** for,” I **praised** her **as** I climbed into **the** tub. I relaxed in the warm

water.

“**And** you finally let him mark you,” she squealed.

“You were right about him. He was my second chance. I wish I would have claimed him sooner but it did get the council off our **backs**. Me being pregnant before he marked me proved he was my mate.” I told her.

“True, but if you would have marked him before finding out you were pregnant, **it** would have also proven he was your mate and they wouldn’t have been able to take you in the first place.” She retorted. Thinking about it, she was right. An ultrasound would have proven I was pregnant before. Ugh. I was there for a month for nothing.

I climbed out of the tub, wrapping a white fluffy towel around myself. I towel-dried my hair before stepping out into the bedroom. Blake was sitting on the bed looking at his phone. His hair was damp like he had showered. And he was dressed in black **slacks** and a white buttoned shirt. The first few buttons were undone, his hard chest peeking out and the sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. **I** licked my lips **as I** watched him.

“If you keep looking **at** me like that, **we** are never leaving this **room**.” **He** smirked, looking up from his phone.

“And **where** are we going?” **I** asked, walking **over to him**, **I** dropped the towel. I giggled **as** he **hissed** out a **breath**.

“**I’m taking you out and the boys are meeting** us there. **Now, go get dressed** before **I** throw **you** on this bed **and** fuck you **until you can’t walk**,” he **growled**, and heat **pooled** in my **core**

“**Fine**,” I pouted **before** turning to walk **toward** the closet. I didn’t get far when his hand came down on my **ass**. **I** yelped, jumping away from him.

“Blake,” I scolded.

“That was for teasing me, my Luna.”

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