

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 137

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Chapter One Hundred Thirty–Seven

288 Vouchers

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Alpha Blake

My pack and I fought off the enemy wolves with ease. Dorian kept throwing more and more wolves at us prolonging the inevitable. He was going to die and it was only a matter of time. I wasn't going to let him leave this place alive.

More bombs went off causing my pack to fight as they dodge. Where the hell did all these bombs come from? Gunner growled as the alarm on my truck went blaring before an explosion from underneath it forced in on its side. The alarm only lasted a few more seconds before the engine exploded and flames engulfed my truck.

“Damn it,” I yelled.

“We can buy a new one,” Gunner groaned as he fought through the wolves that kept coming. It's not that I couldn't but I liked that truck.

“Those wolves are never–ending,” Luca exclaimed through the link.

“I have more men on route,” Connor confirmed.

“Good, **we will need** them for **clean** up. **Make** sure the **boys** are **safe**. **It's** time for **me** to end this,” I told **both** of **them**. Gunner **dodged a few** wolves **before** he **was now** in front of **Dorian's** large **black wolf**.

He was covered **in blood** but I **wasn't sure** how **much of** **it was his** **know none of my wolves have** been killed. **I would have**

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felt the link snap. I could **see why Eli** **and his men** could easily **kill his men**. Gunner shook out his blood-covered fur before sending up a quick howl to inform his wolves that the battle was almost over. The faster Gunner kills this fucker, the faster I can find my mate and pup.

Gunner lunged, pouncing on top of Dorian's large black wolf. They rolled, both trying to get the upper hand. Gunner let out a roar when sharp teeth pierced his shoulder.

"That's the only one that fucker is going to get," Gunner growled as they came to a stop. Gunner stood up on his hind legs before throwing himself on his back, on top of Dorian's wolf. He let out a yip, as I gritted my teeth not to make a sound. His teeth dug deeper into my flesh before he let go.

Gunner whipped around, not taking his eyes off of his prey. This war was about to end.

Gunner snarled, but before he could advance, there was a catastrophic wave of pressure. The force sent us to our backs. Explosions had been happening since the fighting started but nothing like this.

Gunner was quick to his paws, looking around through blurry **eyes**. The force was worse than the others. And when the pack house came into focus, I knew why. I quickly shifted back and stared in horror at the scene in front of me.

The pack house was now engulfed in flames. Another blast had me staggering back. The enemy was forgotten **as I** watched my mate and pup go up in **flames**.

"Dad. DAD!" Aspen grabbed my arm, pulling my attention.

"The alpha is dead," he informed me. I looked over to see

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Manning's wolf ripping apart his father.

"Channing," I yelled to him. His now red wolf snapped his attention to me. The enemy was dead, but that didn't matter

now.

Before I knew what I was doing,
I was running towards the blazing building. She can't be dead.

"I can't feel her," Gunner whimpered.

"Blake," Luca rushed in front of me, the flames burning my skin. But I didn't care. I needed to get inside.

"Luca, move," I demanded.

"I can't. The boys need their father. They have already lost enough." I looked around at the carnage from the battle. But I couldn't care about anything but my mate and unborn child. I was supposed to protect them and I lost them. I lost another

mate.

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My knees buckled under the weight of my loss. There was no coming back from this. I lost them and it will forever be my shortcomings. I'm the strongest alpha and I couldn't protect

them.

"They're gone," I choked out.

"I know, buddy. I'm sorry. But I need you to **back up.**" Both Channing and Aspen grabbed my arm on **either side.**

need to **help.**" I **pleaded** with my **best** friend. I **needed to do something.** I **can't** just **stand here** and **watch the fire consume** my **mate.**

She would **have wanted you to keep the boys safe, Blake. The boys need you"**

"Go, Luca," we got him." I heard Aspen say.

"Dad, there's nothing you could have done," Channing said and that's when my dam broke. I grabbed onto the only part of my mate I had left.

"I'm so sorry, son,"

I sobbed, begging him *for* forgiveness. There was nothing else I could do. I know the fire was burning too hot for anything to survive but it didn't stop the need **to** run in there and to look for my mate and child.

I should have done things differently. I should have gone after my mate and had my men take on the warriors and Dorian. There were so many what-ifs that I was going to have to have to live with. Even though right now I don't know how I'm going to live without her.

I must be the unluckiest son of a bitch alive. I found my fated mate to lose her, to be gifted with a second chance to lose her and our child.

"Dad, come on, we need to move back," Channing's voice cracked and I looked at him. He had tears running down his face. His bare skin was red from being so close to the raging

fire.

We both helped each other **to** stand, with Aspen helping **us** both. We are all going to need **each other.** My **eyes never** leaving the **fire as** we backed away. **The fire** burning **my** future

to ash.

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