

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 140

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Chapter

Alpha Blake

The rage and guilt I felt over having a traitor overseeing my mate's care was all-consuming. He *could* have *killed* them both and I never would have known if not for Ryley's special ability. She doesn't need to command to get the truth, all she needs to do is search when they leave their *minds* open. As long as they are pack members she can find out the truth. And I'm thankful she woke up when she did to tell me the truth about Perry.

The thumping of our baby's heart pulled my attention back to the present. After Ryley checked all the other doctors and staff, I wanted *to* make sure our baby was okay. I didn't trust anything Perry had told me over the last two weeks.

"Babe?" Ryley's soft fingertips caressed my cheek as I watched *the* screen with our baby. Their heart was beating rapidly as they *kicked* their tiny legs.

"As *you* can see Alpha, Luna, everything with your baby is great. The *pup* is around twelve wolf weeks along. And even though Luna has been put under a lot of stress early on, the baby is still strong and healthy. But, please Luna, take it easy on your wolf and Alpha for a bit," the doctor chuckled.

"She is never leaving my sight," I growled low in my throat.

"I won't leave his side. I promise," Ryley giggled as she rubbed my cheek. We both watched for a few more minutes while the doctor printed off a photo for us.

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After Ryley's stomach was cleaned, I helped her **sit** up on the bed. She was **still** weak after everything that had happened and a lesser wolf would have died.

"Luna, I want you to go home to rest. Your body and wolf have been through so much and it's also growing a tiny human. Don't rush. And if you need anything, don't hesitate to reach out. The pack is here to help with anything and everything you need. Also, I'd like to see you back here in a few days or sooner if you aren't feeling better." She explained. We both thanked her before I scooped up my Luna. I know she was about to protest but instead, she leaned into me and rested her head on my shoulder.

"Babe?" She mumbled against my neck causing goosebumps to cover my body as I fought the urge to shiver.

"I love you," she pecked my neck as I walked out of the pack hospital and towards home .

"I love you," I squeezed her tightly against me, breathing in her scent. The relief of having her alive, still carrying our child, was overwhelming. And I wish I could focus on her and our family right now but there is so much clean up I've been ignoring. And there was so much to tell her.

The house was a mess when I walked Ryley through the threshold. I had hired someone to clean but with two teenagers and a father who hasn't been home for the past two weeks, it was still a mess.

"Dad?" I heard Aspen call out from the basement.

"Boys, come upstairs." My voice carried through the house.

"Thank you for keeping them **safe**," Ryley mumbled before her

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lips brushed against mine. I shivered, squeezing her impossibly close.

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I heard the boys thumping up the stairs or banging the walls. I'm not sure what they were doing as the basement door flew open and our boys rushed into the living room.

"Is mom," Channing's words died as he took in his mother in my arms.

"Mom!" They both rushed her as I put her down.

"Oh my boys," she cried as she embraced them both. I let out a sigh of relief that my family was all under the same roof again and we were all safe.

Ryley reached for my hand and pulled me into the family group **hug**.

"Did you find my vehicle?" Ryley squealed out from being squished.

"Yes, we did why?" I questioned as I pulled back.

"Well if there's going to be a wedding this weekend, I kind of need my dress," she giggled. My hesitation had her frowning.

"Unless that has changed," her voice trailed off. The boys let her go and I pulled her against me.

"Of course it is. More than anything. But," I sighed.

"But, what Blake?"

"Mom, I have to tell *you* something," Channing said nervously, moving back and forth on the balls of his feet. He shoved his hands in his pockets. We haven't had time to deal with the

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aftermath of Channing killing his father or that Dorian had killed his father and now both **packs** were technically Channing's.

I also didn't want to tell her that we found Lisa and her son dead. They were both pushed into the river where she had fallen in all those years ago but they weren't so lucky. Their bodies washed ashore a few days later. I've had Aiden looking into finding Lisa's family. They didn't deserve what Dorian did. And I know Ryley would want to honor them and make sure they are laid to rest in peace.

"Baby, I think you should sit," I pulled her with me to sit down on the couch next to me.

"And I'll go make Mom a cup of tea," Aspen announced as he rushed to the kitchen. I didn't blame him. I was feeling nervous about telling Ryley everything that had happened.

She looked over at me, crossed her arms, and pushed her lips in a line as she waited for one of us to speak.

"Baby, I want you to know that I didn't intend for this to happen," I said as I took hold of her hands, unwrapping her arms and lacing our fingers together.

"Oh my god, is it Walter? Did something happen to him?" She exclaimed as tears filled her eyes.

"No, Mom, nothing happened to Granddad. He had to go. oversee something at the cabin, or he would be here," Channing rushed out. She let out a breath as she relaxed. She took a deep breath before turning to face Channing who was sitting on the coffee table across from her. Aspen was leaning against the wall, closest to the kitchen. Channing took a deep breath **after** I gave him a nod.

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One Hundred **Forty**

“Mom, I **killed** Dorian.”

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