

## Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 147

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Chapter One Hundred **Forty**–Seven

Luna Ryley

I busied myself in the kitchen while the others took a seat at the dining table. My mind was racing with questions but ultimately I wanted to know why. Why was my whole life turned upside down?

I didn't realize I had stopped moving until I jumped when Blake's hands wrapped around my waist and he snuggled his face into my neck. I had my hands on the counter by the coffee machine, bracing myself as I tried to take in much-needed air.

"Breathe, baby, I'm right here," he mumbled against my neck. I inhaled and exhaled a few times, calming down my racing heart.

"Better?" I nodded, as I grounded myself. I didn't need to fall apart now. I had to be the strong Luna I was born to be. Or some shit like that. I know if Lily was awake she would be scolding me.

Blake grabbed mugs and I poured the coffee and helped him take everything to the table before taking a seat beside him. I felt my father watching me the entire time and I took a seat across from him. He looked the same, but older. I smiled knowing that Channing had his

eyes.

"Where's your boy?" He asked, taking a sip of his coffee.

"School," I answered.

“So, you and Dorian?”

“Yep,” I popped the ‘p’.

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289 Vouchers

“Then he was right about you being his mate.”

“Is that what he told you? Because I didn’t know until after the attack,” I retorted.

“It’s what got the plan in motion. Your mother is a Luna wolf, like you, Stormy, and she also wasn’t my fated mate,” he confessed.

“She told me that when she was here. So, the beautiful love story you both told me was a lie.”

“It wasn’t a lie, Evelyn, it just happened a little differently.” My body trembled as my mind raced through events I remembered from my earlier years, before the attack. Blake wrapped his arm around my shoulders, pulling me closer to him.

“Then, please, explain, because I can’t for the life of me figure out why you and mom would abandon me like that. Or why you would hand over our pack to someone other than me? I worked my ass off to make you proud and you just gave it to someone else. Someone who I believed killed my family and tried to kill me.” I said in despair as tears ran down my cheeks. I was quick to wipe them away.

“Evelyn, I was always proud of you. But I needed to have your mate there to protect you. And that was Dorian. I didn’t expect my Beta to take you and run.” He growled.

“Alpha Everett, you need to start at the beginning,” Blaine said.

“Elaine wasn’t my fated mate, she was Darius’, and he was my friend. He was about to make his long-term girlfriend Luna when they met. I was there the night they met and after they rejecte

d each other, I claimed her. Neither one of us knew she was a Luna wolf. Your mother never confessed that to me until after she had given birth to you. There was a mother and pup who your mother saved the **day** you were born, Stormy. It was then I started to research everything I could

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find on Luna wolves and everything I found, I hid. I wanted to protect you and your mother.”

“Dorian said his father was obsessed with mom. But why if he rejected her?” I asked him, remembering what Dorian had told me when he took me.

“Alpha males will go mad without their Luna wolves. He had his mate which slowed down the madness but when she died, he became desperate for mine. He wanted his fated mate back. And I wasn’t about to hand over my mate, fated or not.” He answered. I didn’t say anything as I put the pieces together. Darius believed my mother was dead and his wolf stopped the obsession, but why not just kill Darius? If he was the problem, then why not end it?

“Why didn’t you just kill him?” Blake questioned.

“Because, young man, I wanted out. It was becoming harder and harder to keep Elaine’s secret. I thought if I handed over my pack to my daughter’s mate, then she and the pack would be protected. And I would be able to protect my mate.”

“Stormy, I saw you were happy with him, that’s the only reason I set up this plan. I never would have if I would have known what I do now,” he told me.

“Why not just tell me? Include me in your plan.”

“You weren’t supposed to know we were alive. Your mother and I thought it would be for the best, to keep you both safe. If the council found out that she was a Luna wolf, then they would assume you were as well. We just wanted a normal life and we couldn’t do that running a pack.” He responded.

“So you abandoned your daughter,” Walter scoffed and my father

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growled.

“Who the fuck are you?” My father retorted.

“I’m the man that was raising the daughter and grandson you left behind, you selfish prick. Did you even bother to look for her after you found out she went over that cliff? Or did you just believe the fucker who just two weeks ago tried to kill her?” Walter stood from his chair and yelled at my father.

I screamed as my father stood up and flipped the dining room table before stomping up to Walter. He was shaking in rage as he glared down at the man who took care of me and my son.

“Alpha Everett, this is our home and you will respect it,” Blake ordered, stepping in between the two men who raised me. My father for the first seventeen years, and Walter for the last seventeen years.

“She is my daughter, my blood, not yours,” my father shouted, ignoring Blake’s warning.

“No.

you need to know what your actions could have cost you. She was ready to give up when I found her, and if I didn’t her and her son would be dead. I don’t know who the fuck you thought you were protecting, but it wasn’t your daughter. The one person who you should have protected at all costs.” Walter stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

“Dad, I think you should go,” I cried, and his attention snapped to me

“Stormy, I” he stammered and I held up my hand.

“He’s right, I was ready to give up. And without him, I would most likely be dead. I understand your need to protect mom, but what about me? You never gave me a chance to prove myself. To be the Luna you were raising me to be. You just left when you thought you could pass

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## **Chapter One Hundred Forty–Seven**

me onto my **mate**.” I left the kitchen and walked upstairs to **my** bedroom, leaving the mess behind. I needed time alone to clear my

head.

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288 **Vouch**

Hundred Forty–Eight