

## Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 106

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### Chapter One **Hundred Six**

Alpha Blake

Last night I told my father that Ryley was a Luna wolf. I needed answers about what I was dealing with. And I couldn't drop everything and go to the library at the council. He did inform me that Dorian could claim Ryley even though he is marked by another. As long as there is proof she was his mate, he could force her to be with him. It's not what I wanted to hear. Now I needed to convince her to let me mark her before he takes the claim to the council. Once the claim has been filed, if I claim her, I could be stripped of my pack and exiled. Or the council could just have me killed.

"This is something you need to tell her. It's not like we have time to waste here, Blake. I will mark her even if the council orders us not to,"

Gunner told me.

"I know, but right now she is under enough stress. We need to have breakfast with my parents and then Walter will be here." I said.

"Don't wait too long." He warned before retreating.

I let out a breath as I squeezed Ryley closer. She was still sleeping. I told her she wasn't going to get much sleep and I kept my promise. After I saw my father and Luca out, I found Ryley lying in our bed with only one of my shirts on. I didn't let her sleep until the early hours of the morning. With the teasing in the kitchen to the dress she was wearing at dinner. And then seeing her with a baby in her arms. I wanted her pregnant with my child, but I needed her to bear my mark before that could happen.

"You **okay**, Baby," Ryley mumbled, kissing my chest.

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“**Why** wouldn’t I be okay?” I asked her, squeezing her impossibly close.

“Your heart rate changed.” She answered, lifting her head off my chest to look up at me

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“I was just thinking,” I shrugged. She gave me a knowing look, but instead of saying anything I just snuggled back onto my chest.

“Don’t think too hard, I’m going back to sleep.” She yawned. I chuckled, rolling her on her back, I rolled on top of her burying my face into her neck.

“Blake,” she breathed out, digging her fingertips into **my** shoulders. We were both still naked from the night before. Our room reeked of sex, our scents mingled into one.

My chest grumbled when my phone rang on the table beside my bed. If it was important they would mind-link me.

“Aren’t you going to get that?” Ryley asked and I sighed.

“Nope.” I rushed out before crushing my lips to hers. I worked my way down her jaw to her neck as she giggled.

“Haven’t you had enough of me yet?” I stopped what I was doing, and hovered above her.

“Never. Just wait until I mark you.” I purred, wanting desperately for her to say yes, now.

“When this mess **is** all cleaned up, you can mark me here,” she kissed my neck.

“And here,” she kissed down to my chest.

“**Blake**, get out here now,” my mother shrielled, banging on our

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bedroom doors. Ryley **let** out a groan before my phone started ringing on the nightstand again.

“I’m sorry, baby,” I mumbled, kissing her lips.

“**It’s** okay. It seems like it’s important.” I hesitated, not wanting to get up and deal with my mother this early in the morning.

“Blake, now!” She yelled when my phone stopped ringing.

I kissed Ryley one more time before I climbed out of bed and threw on

a pair of sweatpants. I didn’t care if she smelled Ryley all over me. I was hoping she was here to apologize but her tone tells me otherwise. I opened the door and stepped out, closing the door behind me.

“What, mother? Are you trying to wake the entire pack house,” I scolded her. She crossed her arms over her chest before she scoffed.

“Is it true?” She demanded.

“Mother it’s too early for guessing games. Why are you here?” I walked around her and into the kitchen to start the coffee machine.

“Can this little girlfriend of yours be claimed by her fated mate?” She yelled and I shushed her.

“She’s my chosen mate and you will respect her, Mom. I’m planning on marking her and making her my Luna when she is ready. And yes it is true. It’s something we are going to be discussing.” I told her.

“Son, I love you, you and Aspen. But is she really who you want to spend the rest of your life with? She has a child with someone else. Her father, even though an alpha, **was** a mobster. Is this the life you want to mate into?” She asked, grabbing my forearm.

“I have a child with someone else. And she loves Aspen. Gunner has

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claimed her son and her. And **if** an alpha wolf can claim another alpha’s son then you should be able to accept her and her son into this family.” I exclaimed.

“Blake, I,” she stammered.

“No, Mother. I love her and she will become an Orion. Her son will become an Orion. And either you accept it or you won’t be in our lives. We are planning a life together and I won’t have you degrading the woman who I love.” Without a word she left the apartment, slamming the door behind her. I let out a sigh as I leaned against the kitchen island.

“Dad, is everything okay?” Aspen asked, standing outside his bedroom door.

“Just your grandmother being dramatic,” I answered.

“She’s worried about us.” He said as he took a seat on the other side of the island.

“I want to believe she is worried about us, but I think it’s more about her reputation. She believes Ryley is beneath her because of who her father was.” I told him.

“But Ryley is a Luna wolf.” He questioned.

“And I don’t want her to know that just yet. Not until after I’ve marked her. I’m not sure how rare they are but there is a reason Ryley hid from our world and the council.”

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