

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 111

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Chapter **One Hundred Eleven**

Ryley

I stormed upstairs and into our apartment, slamming the door behind me. I felt out of control. I'm not sure what is happening to me and I'm scared. I've never been this out of control before. Even when I got Lily, I'd never felt like this before.

"Ryley, breathe," Lily said as I rushed into our bedroom. I stripped off my shirt and wiped the blood off my hands before going into the close.

"Lily, what the hell is happening? I've never been able to read thoughts or see other's memories before." I cried, overwhelmed with everything that had happened.

Domestic abuse is not something my father put up with in his pack. He may have been a mobster but he wasn't a monster. And he made sure that everyone in his pack felt safe, until that night.

I crumbled to the floor, letting my tears flow. Bringing my knees to my chest, I wrapped my arms around them and cried. Memories of my parents and old pack hit me and with everything else that has been happening, it's just too much.

"Lily, what's wrong with me?" I sobbed.

"You never had a pack by the time you got me. All of this must be things **that** a Luna **wo** **lf** can do within her pack. If their walls are down, **you** can flip through their memories. I don't understand it, Ryley." **She** whimpered when I cried harder.

It's how I knew about Blake's mom. **She** dropped her walls and **I** was

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able to see into her thoughts. It scared me to death and I thought maybe I dreamt it, but it happened again with Claire. And then her mate. It's something I have never been able to do before but I also didn't have a pack to mind link. Maybe it's a part of the mind link ? The realization didn't make me feel better.

"Baby?" Blake called out. I didn't answer, I knew he would find me.

"Baby,"

he sighed as I heard him enter the closet. I felt him sit down behind me before he pulled me back into his arms.

"Blake, I'm a mess," I cried. He squeezed me, resting his chin on my shoulder.

"And how does my Luna think she is a mess?" He mumbled, kissing my cheek.

"Ever since I joined the pack, things have happened and I can't explain them and neither can Lily," I confessed. He turned me in his arms, so I could look at him.

"What things?" He questioned.

"**It's** hard to explain but when someone leaves their mind open, I can flip through their memories. And it wasn't just your mother. That's how **I** knew Claire **was** telling me the truth and her mate **was** lying."

"Wait, you're telling me that you can see into people's minds?" He **exclaimed**. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath before answering

him.

“Yes.”

“That’s how you learned about whatever my mother **did**?” I nodded.

“I thought I dreamt it. But then it happened **with** Claire and her mate.”

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I shrugged. Blake squeezed me against me, holding me tight. I let the warmth of his body and this scent calm me. Since the moment I met » him, he’s had that effect on me.

“Blake, I’m scared.” I whimpered into his chest.

It’s the truth. If this is something Luna wolves have been able to do, it makes sense why they were hunted. We can heal and see liars in the pack. And I don’t even know what else we can do.

“I’m here, baby. No one is going to hurt you,” he said, hugging me tightly.

“I’m sorry about what I did earlier. I don’t know what happened. I feel so out of control.” I confessed. Blake took my arms and wrapped them around his neck before turning my hips so I was straddling him.

“You are every part my

Luna to this pack. You may not bear my mark yet but you will. And what you did was not only **sexy** as hell but it proved how much you care for the pack. This may not have been your original pack but it’s your home now. I’m your home. And everything that is mine, is yours.” He rumbled as his hands squeezed my ass cheeks. Tears blurred **my** vision

as I stared into his amber eyes. I found no doubt. He meant every word he spoke to me.

“I love you,” I whispered, resting my forehead against his, my hands in **his** hair. The words felt right as **they** fell from my lips. A life with Blake and our **boys** was **all** I wanted in his world. There’s been something between us from the moment I locked eyes with him. I may have been in denial, but it’s nothing that I want to hide from anymore. I know I can trust him with my life. With **my** son’s life. And I want to be truly happy.

“I love **you, baby,**” **he** mumbled before his lips brushed against mine. I forgot I wasn’t wearing a shirt **until** his hands rubbed up my back,

tugging **at my** bra.

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“Fuck, I wish I had more time,” he groaned, kissing **my** collar.

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“**I’m** sorry, Blake, I know you have to work,” I moaned as his kisses became more aggressive. My hips rolled down, grinding my aching pussy into his swollen cock. There were too many clothes between us. My gasp turned to moans as he bucked his hips up, hitting my sensitive heat.

“Blake,” I cried out. I needed him like I needed my next breath. He stood up and carried me into the bedroom before throwing me on the bed. He climbed on top of me, stalking his prey. I licked my lips, watching his eyes fill with lust.

He crushed his lips to mine, settling himself between my legs. His lips quickly moved down my jaw to my neck.

“I will see you back on this bed after this fucken meeting is over.” He growled the demand and goosebumps covered my body.

“Yes, Alpha,” I purred. Grabbing my wrists, he pushed my arms above my head before rushing his lips to mine again. The kiss was not enough before he jumped off me and the bed. I instantly missed the feel of his body against mine.

He didn’t turn back as he rushed from our room. I knew why, and I **didn’t** blame him. He had work and I **was** a distraction. I let out a breath when I heard the front door close.

“Blake and **Ryley** sitting in a tree, **K-I-S-S-I-N-G**,” **Lily** sang in my head. I **just** shook **my** head and got out of bed to find a clean shirt. I needed to check on Claire before I could speak **with** Blake’s mother.

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