

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 104

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Chapter **One Hundred Four**

Alpha Blake

“Well she’s isn’t coming back anytime soon,” Channing said as I watched Ryley bouncing a baby, while its mother ate dinner.

My heart swelled as I watched her bounce the baby, kissing his little head. I wanted her to have my baby. There was no doubt in my mind. She was even more beautiful with a baby in her arms.

“And why is that?” Aspen asked him.

She loves babies. And when she comes back to the table, she is going to start crying about how I was that little once. And how much she misses me being that little: Babies also seem to love her. She can calm down any baby she holds.” Channing shrugged.

“Dad, are you and Ryley planning on having a baby?” Aspen

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questioned. My mother spat out the wine she was drinking.

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“It’s that or you need to get her a pet. She isn’t going to do well with us both leaving next year.” Channing said.

“Blake don’t you dare,” my mother threatened after cleaning up the wine she spat.

“Grandma, it would be great to have another sibling,” Aspen told her.

“You don’t have one now,” she grumbled.

“Dear, that’s enough.” My father warned her.

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“Alpha, I didn’t realize you wanted to have more children,” Gwen said.

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“I didn’t,” I told her.

Dinner was served and I kept watching Ryley across the room. She was now seated with not only a baby in her arms but a little girl in her lap. I couldn’t help but smile as I watched her. She was meant to be a mother.

“And to watch her belly swell with our pup,” Gunner purred, his tail thumping in my mind. The thought makes me want to claim her even more. The faster I claim her, the faster she will be pregnant with my pup.

“Dad, now that Channing is a part of the pack, can we go out tonight?” Aspen asked me, pulling me from my thoughts.

“And where are you two going?” I questioned.

“One of my teammates is having a bonfire,” Channing answered.

“Text me the address of this teammate and ask Ryley on the way out. If she says yes, then it’s fine with me.” I told them.

They both excused themselves, leaving to go ask Ryley. Channing was right, I don't think she is coming back to dinner. Aspen mind-linked me to say they were leaving after speaking with Ryley. Then both of them left the dining room. I'm sure she gave them the rundown on what not to do.

"So you just give this random woman permission to parent your son?" My mother scoffed.

"Mom, can we just have a nice dinner? I trust Ryley and she has every right to have a say in where the boys go." I told her.

Everyone was finished eating by the time Ryley came back to the table. Her good mood was contagious **as** she sat down in my **lap** again,

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ignoring the free seats.

"Sorry about that. Claire needed help." She apologizes to the table.

"Channing was telling us how you love babies," my father asked her and her face lit up.

"I do, and I am thankful to get some baby snuggles. Claire needed help and. I know how hard it is. Her mate has been working and their newborn has been colic. She just needed a moment to herself." She told him. I snuggled my face into her neck.

"Well, you chose to not have help with your son." My mother mocked, and I growled. Gwen and her family excused themselves from the table as I glared at my mother. I have had enough of her attitude towards the woman who will be my mate and mother of my future children.

“Luna Orion, you may not like me and I’m okay with that. I am. But what I did and how I chose to raise my son is none of your business. And my relationship with your son is also none of your business. I’m not going to sit here and let you bully me into believing that I’m not good enough for your son. Or that I’m not good enough to be Luna of his pack, because I know that I am.” Ryley exclaimed. My heart swelled with pride as I watched Ryley stand up for herself.

“Are you both just going to let her speak to me like that?” She retorted.

“I love you Liz but if you can’t take it, you probably shouldn’t dish it out. And the girl is right. She is more than capable of being a Luna. We just witnessed her helping her pack, as a Luna should.” My father said. My mother huffed, throwing her hands in the air before getting up from the table and storming out of the dining room. My father sighed as he watched his

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“Well, I might be staying you two tonight,” he grumbled.

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“**You didn’t have to do that,**” Ryley told him.

“**I did.** You are the new Luna. And even though you are chosen and not fated, you still deserve respect. You both deserve to be happy. Now excuse me, I need to go calm down my mate.” My father left, leaving Ryley and me alone. I snuggled her back against my chest.

"I'm sorry, Blake," she sighed.

"Don't be, baby. You handled that like the Luna you are. And I'm so proud of you," I mumbled, kissing her neck. She turned in my lap to look at me.

"Thank you," she breathes out.

"Now, I'm changing my answer," I announced to her.

"Your answer," she stammered, nervously.

"I want us to have a baby, or three. I don't care how many as long as you give me one." I rubbed my nose against hers.

"Really? You want me to have your baby?" She questioned.

"If you'd let me mark you, we could start tonight," I purred. She wiggled in my lap as she bit her lower lip. I let out a groan. She was teasing me and she was going to pay for that as soon as we got up to

our room.

"It's something we could discuss," I didn't let her finish as I crushed my lips to hers.

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