

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 107

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Chapter One **Hundred** Seven

288 Vouchers

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Ryley

I felt terrible that Blake had to deal with his mother. She has no right to come storming into our space and attacking him.

If she has something to say to me, then she should have the guts to say it to my face.

This is not how I wanted to wake up after the night I had with Blake. That man has more stamina than I ever experienced. And not just sexually. Even training with my father and his warriors, I've never seen someone who just didn't get tired. And Blake never gets tired. I lost count of how many orgasms we both experienced. The only reason he stopped was because I couldn't keep my eyes open.

"You may want to consider letting him mark you," Lily chimed in, yawning.

"I want him to mark me, but I want this mess to be cleaned up before we take that step. A mark is forever for me." I told her. Even marked, you can still reject your mate but I didn't want to ever consider that. When I mark Blake, I want it to be forever, with no doubts.

I got out of bed and threw on a robe before leaving our room. I wanted to see if Blake was **okay** after I heard the front door slamming. I found Blake in the kitchen talking with Aspen.

"Is everything okay?" I asked when they stopped mid-conversation.

"Good morning, Ryley," Aspen said. I walked over to him and gave **him** a side hug, kissing his temple.

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“Good morning, sweetie.”

I walked over to Blake who was pouring himself a coffee. I wrapped my arms around his waist from behind and snuggled into his back.

“Are you okay?” I mumbled. He grabbed my hands, squeezing them. He released my hands before turning around to face me.

“I’m okay, baby. She’s just being over dramatic.” He told me, pulling me against his chest.

“I think I should talk with her,” I told him. He pulls back just enough to look down at me.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” he said.

“Yeah, she was pretty mad this morning. I asked why she doesn’t like you but she wouldn’t answer me. You would think she’d want her son to be happy,” Aspen shrugged.

“Blake, I know you want to protect me, but I can handle your mother. I’m a Luna wolf and unless she is one herself, no one is above me.” I reminded him. There was a knock on the door. Great, I summoned her.

“Come in,” Blake called out and his parents walked in. I resisted the urge to roll my eyes and made everyone a coffee instead. I needed to busy myself or I was going to snap.

“Still acting like the help,” she sneered as I held out a mug of coffee for her. She **was** about to take it but I pulled it away. I walked over to the sink and dumped it out.

“I’m not **the** help and I don’t have to take your shitty attitude. Now **if** you’d like a cup of coffee, **you** can ask me nicely **or you** can make it yourself.” I **retorted**. I **was** done being nice. I **was** raised in the same world she **was** but **my** mother would have slapped me for speaking to

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anyone the way she was speaking to me.

“How fucken dare you?” She screamed, taking a step towards me. Blake moved in front of me, while

Blair grabbed onto his mate. I moved around Blake, standing in front of him as his mother glared daggers at me.

“I’ll report you to the council, you conniving bitch.” Blake let out a growl at his mother’s threat.

“Elizabeth, I don’t think you grasp the reality of this situation. I’m here and I’m not going anywhere, no matter how hard you try. And don’t think I don’t know about your dirty little secret.” She let out a gasp.

“You know nothing,” she defended herself and I just shrugged.

“Then you shouldn’t be worried. But if you go to the council about my mate, I may have to speak the truth about what you have done. Isn’t that why you have been pushing for Blake to get with Gwen?” I questioned. She stammered and I knew what the staff had told me was the truth. The pack house is full of ears.

“Liz, what is she talking about?” Blair asked his mate.

“Grandma, this is the reason Dad doesn’t want to be with Gwen,” Aspen said, holding up his phone. We all snapped our attention to him while he played his grandmother the video of my altercation with Gwen in the dining room.

Elizabeth gasped

before covering her mouth with a hand. Tears filled her **eyes as** the video came to an end. Blake pulled me against his side, wrapping an arm around me tightly.

“Did someone **die?**” Channing asked as he entered the room. The tense **was palpable**.

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“No one died, sweetie. It is time for you and Aspen to get to training. **We’ll** see you at breakfast.” I told him.

“What the hell did I miss?” I heard Channing question Aspen as they left the apartment.

“Elizabeth, if you’d like, we can speak in my office after breakfast. Or we can speak up here? But don’t ever threaten me with the council again. As you like to point out, my father was mafia and he taught me a thing or two. I

don’t need to fight physically to bury someone and the only reason I’m giving you a warning is because I love your son and grandson.” I told her. She looked at me before looking at her son.

“I will see you both at breakfast,” she nodded before grabbing her mate’s hand and leaving.

I jumped when Blake wrapped his arms around my waist and snuggled his face into my neck, planting kisses.

“Fuck, that was hot, baby,” he mumbled, pushing his swollen member against my ass.

“It’s not something I enjoy doing, but sometimes you have to play dirty.” I sighed. Blake spun me in his arms before lifting me to sit on the kitchen island. He settled himself between my legs before attacking my neck again.

“I’ll **give you** dirty,” he purred, gripping my bare thighs.

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