

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 17

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Chapter Seventeen

Ryley

I spent the evening sitting beside the alpha. Our hands would brush when we would reach for popcorn at the same time. I had to keep my thighs clamped shut. Every touch would ignite a need I haven't felt in a long time. I was so focused on thinking about spiders, I missed the entire movie.

Aspen ended up spending the night on the couch since I didn't want to wake him. And I thought once the alpha had left, I would be able to calm down. But even after my shower, to wash away his scent, I still wasn't calm. And no amount of self-love satisfied me. My fingers just weren't good enough anymore.

"Maybe you should just indulge and get him out of your system," Lily chimed in as I lay in bed staring at my ceiling.

"Yeah, and how would that go? Hi Mr. Blake, It would seem I need a good sp**king. Would you mind helping?" I scuffed.

"Or you send the boys out and invite him over. Then you answer the door naked," she purred and I rolled my eyes.

"And then I still have to work for him. That wouldn't make things awkward," I sighed. I rolled in bed, trying to get comfortable.

"I'm not sure what you want?" She asked, confused.

"I don't know. I don't understand why I'm feeling this way. I'm not some h***y teenager. I've seen se*y men before and didn't feel this need to jump them." I ranted feeling frustrated.

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"I don't know. But we may get to spend the weekend with him. I wonder what Walter will think of him?' She chuckled. We both know Walter is very protective of Channing and me. He'd even take on an alpha if he felt the need.

I groaned, pulling my blanket over my head. I can't believe I agreed to have him at the cabin with us. But I couldn't say no to Aspen. When the boys came to my office, Aspen was so excited.

"It's because we are a Luna. He's not officially in our pack but he's Channing's best friend. And Lunas care, maybe too much."

I spent the rest of the night tossing and turning until exhaustion overtook the restfulness. I dreamt of those eyes. The deep blue eyes I would have given everything to, if he would have asked. But instead, he took it from me and left me with nothing. Nothing but his child growing inside me.

Everything I had been feeling from last night vanished when I awoke. I know why I don't do men, I do toys. No matter how sexually attracted you might be or how much you may think you love someone, it's not worth the heartache. It's not worth the pain when you realize they don't love you as much as you love them. Sex is never just sex. And I could never do that with one of Channing's friend's dads. Also, I would never survive another heartbreak. The first one almost killed me.

So with newfound determination, I got out of bed and did my morning routine. Running off all this worked-up energy. I needed to forget those feelings and focus on myself and Channing. I've been single for the last seventeen years, no point in thinking I could accept anything different.

With all those feelings buried deep, I walked into the pack house and went straight to my office. The faster I get this done, the faster I can go home and forget about Blake Orion. I couldn't risk losing everything

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again. I had Channing to worry about and he needed me at my best. I don't have time or the energy to waste on someone who would most likely break my heart. Taking risks is not an option for me anymore. And I need to put being a Luna wolf aside to make sure I care less about the people who are not important in my life. Luna's care and that's a trait that bites us in the a*s more often than not.

Beta Luca was waiting by my office door when I arrived. Clearing my mind of yesterday I greeted him.

“Good morning,”

“Good morning, Ryley. I brought you a coffee,” he said, handing me one of the cups he was holding.

“Thank you. This is much needed.” I said, as I took the cup and breathed in the aroma.

“Alpha Blake also has a surprise for you,” He said, sipping his coffee.

“Oh,” I breathed out, biting my lip.

“Don’t look so worried,” he chuckled. He opened my office door and stepped aside so I could enter. I gasped as I looked over the newly decorated space. The desk and chair were the same but now there were two chairs in front of the desk. There were two leather couches for a sitting area, a mini fridge, and a coffee bar. There were even paintings added to the walls. It looked like a new office.

“Do you like it?” Beta Luca asked, standing by the door.

“Mr. Blake didn’t have to do this,” I told him, turning to face him.

“Nonsense. This is how it should have looked when you arrived. Now, I have someone scanning everything you have sorted. I emailed you access to the few newer companies that are digital. And I also had your

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printer set up. And if you need anything else, just text me,” he finished. I was still in shock. I was perfectly happy with the office before. And all the effort the alpha made, warmed my stupid heart. The one I was trying to bury.

“I’ll leave you to it,” The beta said, pulling me from my thoughts.

“Beta Luca, before you go, did your son mention anything about a party happening on Thursday night? I asked, stepping behind my desk. Beta Luca moved to the front of my desk.

“A delta’s daughter is throwing a birthday party,” he answered.

“Channing asked to go but since I don’t know anyone, I thought I’d ask you,” I told him.

“Honestly, he should be fine. A bunch of us will be across the street at Delta’s Perry’s house playing poker.”

“You’ll be there?” He gave me a nod

“Ryley, you have nothing to worry about, Channing is a good kid.”

“Thank you,” I smiled, feeling better about this party.

“I’ll let you get started. Text me if you need anything,” he said before leaving my office, closing the door behind him.

I placed down my bags and coffee before flopping down in my chair.

“It was nice of the alpha to decorate our office,” Lily chimed in.

“Yeah,” I sighed, sipping my coffee.

“And you can trust Beta Luca. Channing has said nothing but good things about him,” she said.

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“Also, he knows I can kill him.” I snorted.

“So then maybe the alpha can come with us Thursday after all,” she purred.

“As friends,” I scolded her.

“A perfectly handsome friend, who you wouldn’t mind taking for a long, hard ride,” she giggled.

“Okay, thanks for that. Now can I get to work,” I grumbled, annoyed with the image she put in my mind. Friends. We can only be friends.