

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 125

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Chapter One **Hundred Twenty-Five**

Alpha Blake

Ryley and I walked down the stairs hand in hand after we got ready for the day. I was over the moon that she agreed to be my wife and we would be seeing our unborn pup today. With Lily still sleeping, it **was** up to us to protect her and the baby. She had the last month of holding on and now it was my turn.

The smell of food being cooked and the bang of dishes had me shaking my head. I knew the boys must be up making a mess. We've been eating at the pack house or take out most days. I haven't cooked a meal in our kitchen yet.

I looked on in horror as Ryley and I walked into the kitchen. It was a mess.

"Mom, how are you feeling?" Channing exclaimed, he was standing in front of the stove.

"I made grilled cheese," Aspen announced with a grin as he held up a **plate**. I don't think I've ever seen him so proud before.

Ryley gasped letting go of my hand. I turned my attention to my pregnant fiancée to see her hand covering her mouth and tears running down her cheeks. I glanced around the kitchen, maybe I missed something.

"**Mom**, are you **okay?**" Aspen asked, walking up to **Ryley**.

"**I'm** so proud **of you.**" She **cried**, bringing **him** in for a hug. **It** was a sweet moment even though I was confused as hell. **Was** all **of this** over a **grilled** cheese **sandwich?**

When they parted she kissed **his** cheek before walking for Channing, **also kissing his** cheek.

“How are you feeling?” He asked her.

“**I’m** so much better.” She smiled at her son.

“I can see that,” he smiled back, pointing to her hand, and the massive rock I put on earlier this morning.

“She said yes,” I exclaimed, wrapping my arms around her waist from behind. I tugged her back into my chest. She looked up at me from over her shoulder and I pecked her lips. Nothing could kill my high today.

We all sat at the dining room table. Channing had cooked bacon, eggs, and pancakes. Aspen made a grilled cheese just for Ryley. Apparently, that was the first thing she taught him to cook. And it’s the only thing he can cook. But she ate the sandwich, giving my son compliments as she ate. It warmed my heart to see her so proud of him. He was beaming

After we finished, we left the boys to clean up the mess and made our **way** over to the pack hospital. I was feeling anxious the closer we walked to the hospital. I should have brought her here last night when we arrived. Fuck. What if something happened?

Ryley squeezed my hand, pulling me from **my** spiraling thoughts.

“Everything **is** fine, Blake. I haven’t had any bleeding or pain.” She **reassured** me. I let out a breath before giving her a nod. She had done **this before**, but I **was still** worried.

Dr. Perry **greeted** us **as** we entered **the** hospital. He rushed us back **into** a room, closing the door **behind** us.

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“Congratulations **is in** order, Luna, Alpha,” he grinned.

Ryley started to tremble as I helped her to sit on the exam table.

“I’ve **had** silver on me for a month and I can’t talk to my wolf,” she admitted to the doctor

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“Have you marked her?” Dr. Perry asked me. I shook my head.

“I didn’t want to do anything that would hurt her or the baby,” I told him and he let out a chuckle.

“Alpha, your scent is strong on Luna. Have you heard the heart beating?” He questioned and I nodded.

“Even under silver, Luna, your wolf is strong. I have no doubt she was making sure the silver didn’t affect the pup.” He explained.

“Is she sleeping?” He asked Ryley.

“She’s been snoring since Blake broke the silver off. Before that, I would hear her whimpering.” She said.

“**Like** I said, she is strong. Most wolves would have been unable to **hear** their wolves after being suppressed by silver for that long. Now, **let’s** check on the baby.” He announced.

Ryley laid back and lowered her leggings exposing her lower belly. I stood on the other side of the table while the doctor set up the ultrasound machine. I rested my hand on her stomach. She rested her hand on mine, the diamonds on her ring, shining bright. My eyes traced up her body before staring into her stormy **eyes**. **Ryley was** looking up at me, smiling. I leaned down, kissing her forehead, resting **my** forearm above her head.

“Alpha, you **are** going to have to move your hand,” I pulled it away

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quickly and he chuckled. **He** squeezed a gel on her tummy before pushing in a wand with one hand and pressing buttons on the machine **with** another. I waited anxiously to hear and see something, anything to confirm the pup **was** still growing strong.

Ryley's fingertip pushed against my jaw, bringing me back to the moment. Guilt twisted my stomach painfully. I wanted a child with her but what if something happens? I can't raise another baby by myself.

"Everything will be okay, Blake," She mumbles stroking my cheek. I closed my eyes, pushing away the guilt.

A heartbeating filled the room. At first, it was low but then it increased into a strong and steady thump. My eyes shot open to the screen that was now facing us. Tears swelled in my eyes as I witnessed our pup growing strong inside its mother. Inside my mate and soon-to-be wife.

"Everything seems to be in order. The heartbeat is strong. And measuring six weeks in human pregnancy. Nine in wolf. Only another twenty-two more weeks to go." Dr. Perry announced. I pulled my eyes away from the screen to stare down at my mate. She had tears running down her cheeks as she watched our baby. I nuzzled my cheek against **hers**.

"Good job, mamma wolf," I kissed her cheek, and her smile widened.

"**It's** our baby," she choked out.

"All ours, **Baby**."