

## Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 134

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Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Four

Luna Ryley

After the room was empty and I had let my sobs of emotions out, it was time to get to work. Little did that f\*cker know that I've been trained to get out anything. And my father also trained me to handle silver. It sucks and it's worse now since I have Lily but I can bear it.

"Lily, just keep our pup safe." I told her before standing up as much as I could before throwing myself and the chair to the concert floor. I groaned as the chair broke against my back. I was able to get my legs free and I chewed through the zip ties on my wrists.

Now that I was free it was time to get the hell out of this room. I needed to get to Blake before Dorian killed him. Or Channing and Aspen. I pray he left the boys at home. I knew he would find my vehicle. But I'm hoping he doesn't run straight into the trap that Dorian has set for him.

Taking me wasn't just about making me his, it was about taking down the most powerful alpha in our world. I was Blake's weakness as he is mine and Dorian was using that to his advantage. He says I could keep my child but I know he would never let me keep another man's child

I rushed to the only door and tugged on the handle to find it locked.

"F\*ck." I grumbled in frustration. I needed a plan and I wish I could speak to Lily.

Looking around the room, the walls were bear. I'm sure I was in one of the rooms in the basement my father used to use for interrogations. I don't remember how many he had down here or if I was ever in this

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one. I was never allowed down here, but I was curious about what my father did. When he was away I would explore down here. And my father always had hidden rooms around the pack house. I know of one that was in his office. My father always planned for the worst.

And thinking back, I'm not sure why. Sure, he was a mobster, but he was a powerful man and alpha. Surely he would have fought them with his wolf. I'm sure some of it had to do with Mom and me. And right now. I wish I could remember everything he had told me about the pack house and the exits. But then again, Dorian has been living here for eighteen years, he could have found them.

I walked around the empty room, looking for anything out of place on the walls and floor. There was only me and the broken chair, but maybe there was a backup plan hidden just in case my mother or I were locked in the basement. I know I was grasping at straws but I'm praying my father had a plan for every scenario.

After looking at the walls twice, I walked to the middle of the room and kicked the broken chair in frustration.

"F\*ck, Dad, really?" I yelled, my voice echoing off the walls. I didn't care if anyone heard me. If someone came in I could use the only freaking door.

"Voice recognized," I heard before the floor gave way from under my feet. I fell with a gasp, hitting the ground with a thump. Pain shot up from my ankles to my hips.

"Welcome, Evelyn," the computer voice said as lights flooded the space I fell into.

"What the f\*ck," I exclaimed as I looked around the room to find computer monitors and equipment.

"This is the Aurora Mountain safe room. It was installed many years

ago. Every room can access this space as long as the right voice is recognized." The voice explained. I stood up and limped over to the stack of screens. Every part of the pack house and surrounding area was on one of the monitors in front of me.

“How is all of this still working?” I breathed out as I took the only office chair in front of the panel that controls everything in this room.

“I’m not sure,” the voice answered. I rolled my eyes. This technology was above anything I had seen twenty years ago. It made me wonder what other stuff my father was involved in if he had this installed.

“God damn it.” I yelled as I watched Blake and his pack sped up to the pack house. I know his truck and Walter’s.

“Are you f\*cken kidding me?” I screamed at the screen when Channing and Aspen climb\*d out of Walter’s truck. What the hell is Blake thinking about bringing the boys into this? I swear if I survive. I’m killing him.

More trucks pulled up behind Blake’s and I wish I could hear what was being said. Dorian was standing in front of the pack house with warriors around him.

My stomach twisted painfully as I watched, knowing what was going to happen. Blake rushed into Dorian’s house where he had the home advantage.

“Miss Computer voice, I need to get out of here,” I exclaimed as I paced the small room unable to watch the screens and ignoring the pain in my ankles.

“The only way out is to activate ‘girls under attack’. Is that a yes or a no?” She asked.

“It’s a yes,” I screamed. I needed to get out there to protect my family. I

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can’t be stuck in here watching.

“Activating ‘girls under attack’. The yard bombs have been activated. Ninety seconds until the first bomb goes off. And Five minutes until the pack house explodes.”

“What,” I stammered, unable to understand what the computer had just told me.

“Bombs? Pack house exploding? But I’m in the pack house,” I yelled the last part at her. Great, now everyone is going to die and it’s all my fault. I watched the monitor that was

showing me the front of the pack house where my mate and ex-mate were arguing before everyone started looking around panicked.

“Safe room will keep you safe, Evelyn. Your father will always keep you safe.”