

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 136

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Chapter One Hundred Thirty–Six

Luna Ryley

I watched in horror as bombs went off around the yard. I couldn't see who had been hit but I know a couple of the Orion trucks were now on fire. They were blown into the air from the force of being parked on top of a planted bomb. It was chaos. But as fast as they started they ended. I let out a sigh of relief when the dust was able to settle.

The relief was short–lived when my pack came out from where they were covered. Dorian's wolves had already shifted and were ready for Blake's attack. My heart was in my throat as I watched my mate and sons shift.

"Fuck!" I screamed, slamming my palms down on the desk.

"I need to get the fuck out of here," I growled.

"You can't, Evelyn. Once it's safe, the latch will release not before. Your father was very careful in his calculations."

"It's my mate and sons out there," I yelled at **her**.

"My job is only to keep you safe." She **said** in her generic

computer voice. Tears streamed down my **face**, landing **on my** hands on the table.

How the

hell can any of this be happening? I didn't have time to think as the computer announced more yard bombs would detonate. My head snapped up to watch the screens.

It was a blood bath as my new pack took over my old pack.

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Dorian may **have had**

home advantage but Blake and his **men were** trained **as ruthless** killers. **It** didn't matter that they were outnumbered. They were taking the enemy wolves **down** with

ease.

I held my breath when the first of many bombs went off again. The front lawn was covered in tiny craters and the driveway was no more. What the hell was my father thinking? As I watched my mate and sons dodge bombs and enemy wolves. It was pure chaos as I watched with my anxiety hitting a new high. It's one thing to be in the fight, it was nothing to watch from the sidelines unable **to** help. I **couldn't** warn them about approaching wolves. All I could do was watch and pray that nothing happens to my family.

"Lily, please keep our pup safe," I whispered to her as I rubbed my lower belly. Lily let out a whimper and I knew she was in pain from the silver.

"Two minutes, Miss Evelyn," the computer said.

"What more bombs?" I yelled, rubbing a hand over my chest. I don't think my heart can take any more of this.

"The packed house will explode in two minutes," she clarified.

"Great, I'm going to fucken die!" I exclaimed, throwing my hands in the air. I let out a chuckle that turned into a laugh. and I couldn't stop. I'm sure I sounded crazy **as** I laughed so **hard, that** more **tears** streamed down my **face**. In **less** than two minutes, I surely will **be dead**.

“The metal structure you are in is impact–proof. But first, it will drop lower into the ground before the biggest bomb explodes. Everything was calculated to perfection, Miss Evelyn Nothing will go wrong.” The computer answered. I

laughing. I wanted to shake her for being ridiculous. In a room surrounded by bombs, but I’m not going to die? Is she crazy?

I rolled my eyes, knowing I was insane for talking about a nonliving object the way that I was. She was programmed. And I’m talking to her like she was real. I finally lost my mind.

“And is there a backup plan if something goes wrong?” I asked her.

“Nothing will go wrong. I’ve already run diagnostics and everything is ready.” She answered.

“Have you been running this entire time?”

“I have, Miss Evelyn. Your father needed to make sure your mother and you were safe.” She told me.

“Then why didn’t this go off eighteen years ago?” I

questioned. This could have protected all of us. I wouldn’t have lost anyone or my pack. My mind was reeling with the possibilities of what could have been if my father had used this then.

“By the time we knew of the attack, it was too late, and too many of our men would have been killed. Also, your father wanted everyone to think your mother and him were dead. He was tired, Miss Evelyn. He wanted to live his **life** in peace with his **mate**.” She explained, and now I **was really** confused. What **she was** saying **didn’t make sense**. If he **wanted peace** he could **have just cleaned up his act, couldn’t he?** He **didn’t have to die to be at peace with his mate**.

My heart twisted painfully as I thought about everything my father gave up for me and my mother. To others, he was a

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ruthless man but to me, he was my hero. He did everything to **make** sure my mother was given the respect she deserved **and no** one got away with disrespecting her. Watching him love her, made me want to find my mate. I believed my fated mate would love me like he loved her. But it took me finding my second chance to experience a love like they shared.

My attention snapped to the screens as a gunmetal wolf as I knew was Gunner was fighting a large black wolf I knew was

Dorian.

“Channing, don’t you fucken dare!” I screamed as I watched Bliz stalking toward them.

The computer started to count down and the room began to shake, knocking me off balance.

“Three, two, one,” and I held my breath as I was free—falling. It happened in slow motion as I was floated and then my back hit the top of the shelter. I let out a groan, hitting the back of my head on the metal before I was sent falling to the floor

with a thud.

The room continued to shake but I quickly was drawn into darkness until I felt nothing.

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