

Chapter One Hundred Fifteen

Ryley

This was the best hockey I have watched to date. Not because we won, or that my son got a hat trick, three goals this game. No, it was that Blake was holding me the entire game. Even if he mentioned babies and my last name. All of this is moving quickly, maybe too quickly but it just feels right. But it will only be right if Channing can take his name as well. I need me and my son to have the same last name, and it's something I will have to discuss with Blake.

And I also didn't miss Aspen



calling me mom. It warmed my heart but also made me want to rip apart the girl who had hurt him. Aspen is perfect and I hate that he thinks lowly of himself because of some girl. The closer he gets to the age of eighteen, the more likely his wolf will be able to identify his mate. He just needs to wait to find his perfect one. His soulmate.

All of us were waiting in the lobby for my boy to finish with his team after such a great win. I love watching him play. I love that he loves it as much as my dad did. He taught me to play and I love that I get to share that love with Channing. I think moving here and playing for such a great team will be good for him. It means we will be busy in

the fall for his travel hockey but I wouldn't change it.

"Walter, did you figure out the cabin stuff?" I asked over the crowd. The five of us were standing in a small circle, while Blake had his arms wrapped around me. He glanced at Blake before turning his attention back to me.

"We have." He said, cautiously.

"But it's a surprise," Blake chimed in. I turned in his arms to look at him.

"It can't be a surprise. I need to pay for it." I told him and he grinned.

"It's been already paid for," he said, nonchalantly, before

pecking my lips.

“Blake, that’s too much,” I exclaimed.

“Isn’t what mine is yours and yours is mine?” He shrugged and I grumbled. Not because it bothered me, but because he was right.

“It’s still too much,” I pouted and he chuckled.

“I swear you’re going to love it.” He smiled, kissing my cheek as I pouted. I understand his position but I didn’t want him to think that I was only here because he had money. I don’t need anything fancy, I just want a house where we can raise our babies and have our boys.

“He wanted to make sure there was room for the pups,” Chris chuckled. I looked over my shoulder to find Chris and his father grinning.

“You told them?” I turned back to Blake.

“Blame Luca for that.” He defended.

“Ryley, this is a good thing. And I’m glad I won’t be the one getting yelled out,” Walter chuckled.

“Fair warning,” he told Blake. And I huffed. Blake wrapped me in his arms again.

“No warning needed.” He whispered against my cheek. I know Walter was right, but it was a long hard labor. And the human

meds only worked for so long and I didn't have my wolf. I'm praying this time around will be easier.

"How was shopping with Grandma?" Aspen asked me, changing the subject.

"It was good. I think I replaced my entire wardrobe," I told him, glaring back at Blake. He was the reason I needed to go shopping in the first place.

"And everything's okay?" Walter questioned. I told him all about what his mother was doing and saying about me.

"It was a big misunderstanding, but we worked it out." I smiled. It was good to have the support of Blake's family.

The lobby went crazy as the players started exiting the rink area. My eyes locked with Channing's and he broke through the crowd of girls to hug me. I could see the glares of the girls he ignored. They must not know that I'm his mother.

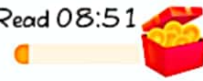
"That was such a great game," I exclaimed, stepping back from him.

"Couch guaranteed me a spot on the fall team," he grinned.

"That's awesome, man," Aspen clasped his shoulder.

"You deserve it. That was such a great game." Blake praised him.

Channing hugged me again, and I felt so proud of my son. He has



worked so hard for this.

“Thank you, Mom,” he whispered, kissing my cheek. He pulled away to greet, Walter and Chris. I had tears in my eyes as I watched him. He was truly happy here.

“I’m so proud of our boy,” Blake said as he wrapped me in his arms again. I brushed away my fallen tears, not wanting to embarrass Channing. This was his moment and he deserved to celebrate.

Some of his teammates started to yell Channing’s name.

“You coming?” He asked Aspen.

“You want me to?” Aspen retorted and Channing sighed.

“Dude? I won’t go unless you come as well.” Channing told him.

“Fine,” Aspen sighed.

“Mom, we are going out.”
Channing turned to tell me.

“You know the rules.” I gave him a pointed look.

“Yeah. Yeah.” He hugged me again before Aspen did.

“Try to have fun and we will talk tomorrow,” I whispered to him.
He gave me a nod before following Channing into the crowd.

“You two hungry?” Walter asked as we made our way to the exit.

“Starving.” I breathed out and

Blake chuckled beside me. We walked hand in hand out to the parking lot.

“I know a great little place. I’ll text you the address and we can meet there,” Blake told him.

“Sounds good, see you guys there,” Walter said before he and Chris walked over to their vehicle and Blake led me to his truck. His mother was nice enough to drop me off at the arena.

Blake opened the truck door for me before helping me up into his truck. I could hear pack members whispering but I ignored them. Rumors weren’t going to steal away my happiness.

“You are in so much trouble when we get home,” he growled before

his lips crushed to mine. Heat pooled in my core as I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer. This was the life I wanted and I will do anything to protect it.