

Chapter One Hundred One

Alpha Blake

I watched as Ryley drove away. I was furious with my mother. She had no right to come into my home and make my Luna feel uncomfortable. I stormed up the stairs and threw open the door to our floor.

The boys were sitting with my parents in the living room.

“Blake, you scared me. Is everything okay, son?” My mother gasped.

“Boys, rooms now,” I demanded, as I crossed my arms over my chest.



“Where’s mom?” Channing asked me, worried.

“She just went to the store and will be home soon. Now, both of you go get cleaned up for dinner.” I told them. As soon as the door to their rooms closed, Gunner let out a murderous growl. Ryley was his mate and he wasn’t going to have her disrespected.

“Son, calm down.” She scoffed.

“I will not calm down, Mother. You can’t just walk in here and make the person I chose to be with uncomfortable. Ryley lives here with me. She is my partner and you will treat the woman I love with respect or you will leave. Do I make myself clear?” I yelled.



“And what if I don’t approve of this girl for you or our pack?” She retorted.

“Liz, this is his life.” My father defended.

“No Blair, I won’t accept that. We had to approve of his mate because of fate. But now if he is going to choose to finally be with someone, it should be someone who can move the pack forward and not into the ground.” She told him.

“Excuse me? Mia gave up her life to give you a grandson and you’re telling me right now that you never approved of her?” I exasperated.

“She wasn’t an alpha’s daughter, Blake. This pack deserved to



have the best running it." She defended.

"Liz, that is uncalled for. Mia was a wonderful woman, mate, and Luna." My father retorted as I was taken aback by what my mother just said about my fated mate.

"Blood matters, Blair. And do you really want the daughter of some mobster alpha in control of the pack we worked so hard to build?" My mother scoffed.

"Get out," I said.

"What?" She stammered. I could feel my blood boiling.

"I said get out," I growled. And she gasped.

"Blake, you would put some

whore before your own mother?"

"She isn't some whore, Mother. She will be my Luna and she deserves respect from every pack member, especially you, the former Luna." I told her.

"Son, you can have your pick of anyone. Gwen is such a wonderful woman. And that bitch threatened her and you did nothing to punish her for attacking a member of your pack," she exclaimed.

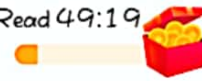
"Liz, I think it's best if we stay in another part of the pack house." My father told her, trying to defuse the situation.

"Gwen hates Aspen. You want me to be with someone who hates my son. Maybe you should take

some time to get your priorities in order, Mother. My sons and mate will always come first. Blood doesn't matter. Now, get out." I ordered, before storming into my bedroom. I slammed the bedroom door before slamming the bathroom door. I ripped off my clothes before stepping into the shower.

The cold water cooled my hot skin but my mind was still racing. I can't believe what my mother was saying. Would she have rejected my father if he wasn't born from two alphas? And where was all of this coming from? I never once had the feeling that she didn't like Mia.

I stayed in the shower until goosebumps covered my skin and my heart had returned to a



normal beat. I can understand why Ryley was so upset earlier. She didn't sign up for any of this and I was asking so much of her. To join a pack, to let me mark her, to be my Luna of the largest pack in our world. She had her own problems and I just added more stress to her.

"If you let her go, I will walk you off a cliff," Gunner huffed.

"I don't want to let her go. I can't let her go. I just wish I could make things easier for her." I retorted. I quickly dried off before throwing on a pair of sweatpants.

I walked out of the bedroom to find Ryley in the kitchen with her back to me. She was busy mixing something in a bowl. I quietly

walked up behind her, wrapping my arms around her waist. I snuggled my face into her neck, planting gentle kisses on her soft skin.

“Blake, I’m sorry about early. I shouldn’t have acted like that,” she sighed.

“I should be the one apologizing. I’ve been putting so much pressure on you,” she whipped around in my arms to look at me.

“But you haven’t. You’ve been perfect, Blake.” She rushed out.

“But I have. Our relationship has moved quickly. Then there’s your ex-mate. And my mother, who by the way won’t be staying here. I won’t put up with anyone making my Luna uncomfortable.” I

finished, resting my forehead against hers.

“You didn’t have to do that,” she whispered. I lifted her and sat her on the counter. I settled myself between her legs.

“Yes, I did. I want to mark you, baby. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. And I don’t care who doesn’t like it. I will always defend you and this relationship.” I told her, brushing her lips against mine.

“Blake, do you want more kids?” She mumbled. I pulled back enough to look at her.

“Do you?” I asked and she shrugged.

“I never gave it much thought



before. But if I'm going to mark you, I want us to be on the same page. I can tell you, I would like to have a house, that's not the pack house." She confessed.

"As soon as the house is repaired, we can all move in there. It's close enough to the pack house. And Luca is here." I said, taking hold of her cheeks.

"And if at any point you want to have a child with me, I'd be more than happy to give one to you," I murmured before crushing my lips to hers.