

Chapter One Hundred Two

Riley

I only pulled away from Blake when someone cleared their throat. I had my legs wrapped around his waist as I sat on the counter. The thin fabric of my leggings did nothing to cushion his hard cock pushed against my dripping pussy. I wanted nothing more than for him to take me here in the kitchen. Bending me over the counter and thrusting his monster into me. Blake's chest rumbled as I ran my hands down his naked chest.

"Where did grandma and grandpa go?" Aspen asked. He was standing on the other side of

the island.

"We need a bigger house," Blake groaned causing me to chuckle.

"You two are the ones doing it in the kitchen," Aspen retorted.

"Ew, Mom, stop," Channing cringed.

"Why don't you two go down to dinner? We will be down soon." Blake told them, not turning away from me.

"Are you two going to be like this all the time?" Channing questioned.

"Until the day you go off to college," Blake answered, and both boys groaned.

"Fine, let's go see if the girls are



down there," Aspen told Channing.

"Don't leave the pack house," Blake demanded.

"Fine," they both grumbled. I didn't speak until I heard the door open and close.

"Is it terrible I just want you to bend me over this counter?" I purred, licking up his neck to his ear. His grip on my hips tightened as his body shivered.

Blake removed my shirt before crushing his lips to mine. The cheesecake I was making was abandoned as he unclipped my bra. I discarded it, throwing it somewhere in the kitchen. My lips never left Blake's as he pulled me closer to the edge of the

counter.

“Fuck, you’re perfect, baby,” he grunted as he trailed kisses down my jaw to my neck. He cupped my breasts, and I let out a gasp as he rolled my nipples between his fingers.

“Blake,” I moaned, panting.

He nipped and kissed his way from my neck down my chest. And I was anticipating his mouth latching around a nipple.

“Son, we need to talk,” Blair announced, entering the apartment. I let out a scream as Blake covered my body with his. We were both breathless as I buried my face into his chest.

“Dad!” Blake growled.



"Oh shit, sorry. I'll meet you in the hallway." Blair exclaimed, slamming the door behind him.

"We need to start locking the door," I breathed out. He let out a breathy chuckle.

"Are you okay?" He asked me.

"Yeah, just embarrassed." I rushed out.

"You have nothing to be embarrassed about. He didn't see anything." He reassured me.

"He knew what we were doing," I pointed out.

"He would have known, regardless of walking in on us. I'm just glad he didn't see you naked." He grumbled the last

part and I giggled.

“You should probably go talk to him. It must be important,” I told him and he cursed under his breath.

“You can have me for dessert,” I purred. The growl that left his chest had me trembling in pleasure.

He kissed my lips, hard before pushing away from the counter. He picked up my bra and shirt from the floor, laying them on the kitchen island. Then he came back over to me and helped me down off the counter.

“I’ll be back,” he pecked my lips before leaving to meet with his father.

"Fuck," I breathed out, leaning against the counter. Pleasure still coursed through my body as I tried to calm my racing heart.

"Ryley, snap out of it. You need to finish the cheesecake," Lily barked at me. I huffed, getting dressed in the kitchen before turning to finish up what I was doing before Blake came in and distracted me.

After I had placed it in the oven, I went into our bedroom to get ready for dinner. I needed to shower and find something appropriate to wear since his family would be joining us. And whoever else his mother was going to invite.

First, I had a quick shower. After I was done, I dried my hair before

putting it up in a bun. I curled some hair to frame my face. Then I got to work on my makeup. I wanted it light but enough to let her know I made an effort. When I was done, it was time to find something to wear.

This was the hard part for me. I had office attire but I didn't know how to dress for a dinner with my man's parents. Before I wasn't with him but now that I am and his mother hates me, I have no idea what to wear.

"Something sexy but still covering all the goods," Lily chimed in and I rolled my eyes. I still haven't gone shopping yet. It wasn't until I spotted something in the back of my side of the closet.



"Perfect," I said to myself. I slipped on the deep blue dress, pairing it with a pair of silver heels. I was admiring myself in the full-length mirror in the closet when I heard Blake.

"I'm in here," I called out to him. I stepped out of the closet and Blake stopped in his tracks. He eyed me with his jaw hanging open. He was still wearing his grey sweatpants, and I could see the outline of his swollen member.

"Is this okay?" I asked, shyly, as he kept staring.

"What?" He stammered.

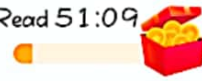
"I didn't know what to wear when one has to go to dinner with their partner's parents. And his mother

also hates me," I said. He walked towards me, taking my hand with his,

"She doesn't hate you. And you look beautiful," His voice husky, as he pulled me close. The oven timer went off telling me my cheesecake was done.

"I need to get that, and you need to get dressed," I mumbled, brushing my lips against his, before leaving him to get dressed. Running my hand over his naked chest as I walked away.

"Cheesecake and sex in the same day, it must be my birthday," Lily purred.



Chapter One Hundred Three

Ryley

I was just finishing up with the cheesecake when Blake walked out of our bedroom. He was dressed in navy slacks and a white dress shirt. The top few buttons were undone and the sleeves were rolled up. Lily started to purr as I checked him out. Are we going to dinner or the bedroom?

He walked over to me and pulled me against his chest.

“Stop looking at me like that or we are never going down for dinner,” he growled against my

ear, sending heat to my core.

“Or you can bend me over the counter. I’m sure we can be a little late,” I purred, kissing his neck. His grip on my hips tightened, as I waited for him to answer. I was hoping he’d play with me before dinner.

“We are already late, baby. And if my parents weren’t waiting, I would say fuck it.” He grumbled and I pouted.

“Don’t look at me like that.” He chuckled.

“You have all night to make it up to me,” I told him.

“And I intend to,” he mumbled, kissing my neck. I whimpered as he took my hand and led me out

of the safety of our apartment.

"It won't be that bad, I promise."

He reassured me as we walked down the stairs, hand in hand. I wanted to believe him, but the closer we walked to the dining room, the more my stomach twisted.

As soon as we walked into the dining room, my stomach was in my throat as the alpha table was full of people and the only seat left was Blake's. The women at the table had a smug look on their faces as we approached the table, hand in hand.

"Mom, you can have my seat," Channing offered.

"Yeah, we can go sit with our friends," Aspen said.



"It's fine, your mother can sit with me," Blake said. He pulled out his chair and sat down before pulling me to sit in his lap.

"What are you doing?" I linked him. He wrapped his arms around my waist as I wrapped mine around his neck.

"Proving a point." He rubbed his nose against mine before his lips brushed against my lips.

"Son, is that really necessary?" His mother scoffed.

"It is, Mother. She is mine and you didn't save her a seat. So, she will sit with me." Blake defended me. The look on his mother's face was priceless.

Gwen was sitting beside his

mother with I believe her parents. The conversation had picked up but I wasn't listening as Blake nibbled on my shoulder. This man was driving me crazy.

"Son, do you have to do that in front of everyone," His mother scolded him.

"It's better than the kitchen," I heard Aspen.

"That's for sure," Blair said under his breath.

"I do, Mother. It would seem that some of you didn't get the message about my relationship with Ryley and I'm just making it crystal clear." He announced.

"But in front of the boys?" She exclaimed.



"It's nothing we haven't seen, grandma," Aspen said.

"Dear, if you didn't want to see it, you should have saved Ryley a seat to sit with her family," Blair defended me. She went off on him but I wasn't paying attention. I had noticed Isabelle walking in with Aiden. She hadn't texted me back and I wanted to speak with her.

"I'm going to speak with Isabelle." I linked Blake. He looked over to see where I was looking. He gave me a nod.

"Will you excuse me?" I announced to the table. Before I could stand from Blake's lap, he gripped my neck, crushing his lips to mine. This public show of affection was not something I



was used to, or comfortable with. But it pissed his mother off so I was happy to kiss Blake back.

"I'll be right back," I whispered to Blake after he ended the kiss. He left me breathless, as I stood up from his lap and walked toward Isabelle. I could feel his eyes on me the entire time as I made my way to Isabelle's table.

"Isabelle, Aiden, it's good to see you," I said as I approached the table.

"Ryley it's good to see you," Aiden said, while Isabelle looked on the verge of tears.

"Can I speak to you?" I asked her. She hesitated before nodding. Aiden kissed her cheek before she stood up. We walked around



a few tables before we were standing off to the side of the dining room.

“Ryley, I,” she stammered, But I pulled her in for a hug.

“It wasn’t your fault. Please don’t blame yourself,” I mumbled and she let out a sob before she nodded against my shoulder.

“Let’s make plans to have dinner next week. After a shopping trip. Blake helped me pack up my house so everything was donated.” I told her and she chuckled. She pulled away, wiping away some fallen tears.

“You two are so cute together,” she giggled.

“Just like you and Aiden,” I



smiled. We said our goodbyes with the plan to meet up next week. She walked back to Aiden as I watched Blake deal with the people at our table. I should go back and save him but it was his mother.

I heard a mother shushing her crying baby. I looked around to find a young mother trying to eat, calm down the baby she was holding, and feed a toddler. She didn't have anyone to help her and I could tell she was getting frustrated. Instead of walking back to my table, I walked over to the mother who needed a helping hand.

"Excuse me, is everything alright?" I asked, approaching her. Before she answered, her young daughter blew bubbles in

her chocolate milk, making a mess. I held down my chuckle.

“Yes,” she sighed.

“Here, let me take the baby. You can eat and feed your daughter.” I offered. She handed me a burping cloth before handing me the newborn. I couldn’t help but coo at the tiny face looking up at me.

“Thank you.” The woman breathed out.

“It’s no problem. I’m Ryley.” I introduced myself, as I bounced the baby. I missed these days with Channing.

“I’m Katy and this is my mommy,” the little girl announced.



“And who is this?” I asked.

“That’s my baby brother. I wanted a sister,” she pouted.

“Thank you, Ryley. I’m Claire. My mate is working and our boy has been colicky. I’m just exhausted.” She explained.

“I’m happy to help.”

Chapter One Hundred Four

Alpha Blake

"Well she's isn't coming back anytime soon," Channing said as I watched Ryley bouncing a baby, while its mother ate dinner.

My heart swelled as I watched her bounce the baby, kissing his little head. I wanted her to have my baby. There was no doubt in my mind. She was even more beautiful with a baby in her arms.

"And why is that?" Aspen asked him.

"She loves babies. And when she comes back to the table, she is going to start crying about how I



was that little once. And how much she misses me being that little. Babies also seem to love her. She can calm down any baby she holds." Channing shrugged.

"Dad, are you and Ryley planning on having a baby?" Aspen questioned. My mother spat out the wine she was drinking.

"It's that or you need to get her a pet. She isn't going to do well with us both leaving next year." Channing said.

"Blake don't you dare," my mother threatened after cleaning up the wine she spat.

"Grandma, it would be great to have another sibling," Aspen told her.



"You don't have one now," she grumbled.

"Dear, that's enough." My father warned her.

"Alpha, I didn't realize you wanted to have more children," Gwen said.

"I didn't," I told her.

Dinner was served and I kept watching Ryley across the room. She was now seated with not only a baby in her arms but a little girl in her lap. I couldn't help but smile as I watched her. She was meant to be a mother.

"And to watch her belly swell with our pup," Gunner purred, his tail thumping in my mind. The thought makes me want to claim



her even more. The faster I claim her, the faster she will be pregnant with my pup.

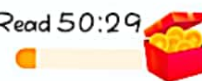
“Dad, now that Channing is a part of the pack, can we go out tonight?” Aspen asked me, pulling me from my thoughts.

“And where are you two going?” I questioned.

“One of my teammates is having a bonfire,” Channing answered.

“Text me the address of this teammate and ask Ryley on the way out. If she says yes, then it’s fine with me.” I told them.

They both excused themselves, leaving to go ask Ryley. Channing was right, I don’t think she is coming back to dinner. Aspen



mind-linked me to say they were leaving after speaking with Ryley. Then both of them left the dining room. I'm sure she gave them the rundown on what not to do.

"So you just give this random woman permission to parent your son?" My mother scoffed.

"Mom, can we just have a nice dinner? I trust Ryley and she has every right to have a say in where the boys go." I told her.

Everyone was finished eating by the time Ryley came back to the table. Her good mood was contagious as she sat down in my lap again, ignoring the free seats.

"Sorry about that. Claire needed help." She apologizes to the table.



“Channing was telling us how you love babies,” my father asked her and her face lit up.

“I do, and I am thankful to get some baby snuggles. Claire needed help and I know how hard it is. Her mate has been working and their newborn has been colic. She just needed a moment to herself.” She told him. I snuggled my face into her neck.

“Well, you chose to not have help with your son.” My mother mocked, and I growled. Gwen and her family excused themselves from the table as I glared at my mother. I have had enough of her attitude towards the woman who will be my mate and mother of my future children.

“Luna Orion, you may not like me



and I'm okay with that. I am. But what I did and how I chose to raise my son is none of your business. And my relationship with your son is also none of your business. I'm not going to sit here and let you bully me into believing that I'm not good enough for your son. Or that I'm not good enough to be Luna of his pack, because I know that I am." Ryley exclaimed. My heart swelled with pride as I watched Ryley stand up for herself.

"Are you both just going to let her speak to me like that?" She retorted.

"I love you Liz but if you can't take it, you probably shouldn't dish it out. And the girl is right. She is more than capable of being a Luna. We just witnessed



her helping her pack, as a Luna should." My father said. My mother huffed, throwing her hands in the air before getting up from the table and storming out of the dining room. My father sighed as he watched his mate.

"Well, I might be staying with you two tonight," he grumbled.

"You didn't have to do that," Ryley told him.

"I did. You are the new Luna. And even though you are chosen and not fated, you still deserve respect. You both deserve to be happy. Now excuse me, I need to go calm down my mate." My father left, leaving Ryley and me alone. I snuggled her back against my chest.



"I'm sorry, Blake," she sighed.

"Don't be, baby. You handled that like the Luna you are. And I'm so proud of you," I mumbled, kissing her neck. She turned in my lap to look at me.

"Thank you," she breathes out.

"Now, I'm changing my answer," I announced to her.

"Your answer," she stammered, nervously.

"I want us to have a baby, or three. I don't care how many as long as you give me one." I rubbed my nose against hers.

"Really? You want me to have your baby?" She questioned.

"If you'd let me mark you, we



could start tonight," I purred. She wiggled in my lap as she bit her lower lip. I let out a groan. She was teasing me and she was going to pay for that as soon as we got up to our room.

"It's something we could discuss," I didn't let her finish as I crushed my lips to hers.

Chapter One Hundred Five

Ryley

Our moment at the table was interrupted when Luca sat down at the table. I still hadn't eaten as I was busy helping a mother in need. I knew firsthand how hard it was when you didn't get a moment to yourself. I was surprised no one else was willing to help her. She came here to eat so she wouldn't have to cook and clean up afterward. Which I would have used all the time if I had that option while Channing was still a baby.

I gave Clare my number and told her to call me any time she needed help or just a babysitter. I



may have also kissed her son's head with my saliva on my lips. He seemed to instantly calm down and I hope that healed his colic. I made a mental note to give her a call in a few days to see how he was doing.

"Luca," Blake grumbled.

"Oh, don't mind me, I'm just waiting on the cheesecake," he shrugged.

"Why don't I bring up my plate and then I can get you both a piece?" I said. Before I knew it, Luca was carrying my full plate of food and Blake was carrying me up the stairs.

"I could have walked," I protested.

"This is faster," Blake shrugged.

When we entered the apartment, Blair was in the kitchen making coffee. Blake finally put me down and I went to take over for Blair. I felt terrible for him.

"Mom's still mad I see," Blake told him.

"Yeah, I'll try again in a little bit," he struggled.

"I'll give you a piece of cheesecake to give to her. It should get you in the door," I told him and he chuckled.

"Was dinner that bad?" Luca questioned. The three of them sat down at the kitchen island as I pulled the cheesecake out of the fridge. They chatted while I waited for the coffee to finish. I also ate my dinner. I may not

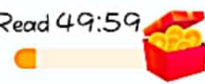


have been in the conversation but I felt comfortable enough to listen.

Blake beat me to the coffee pot when it beeped to say it was finished.

“Cut the cheesecake, I can get this,” he told me pecking my lips. I didn’t say anything but when I turned around the other two were smirking.

I pulled down some plates and got them each a generous piece. I’ll need to make two next time or the boys won’t be getting any. I also cut a piece for Blake’s mother. I’m hoping it will get Blair out of the dog house. I slid a plate to all of them before I went back to my dinner.



Luca let out a groan as he took a bit.

"If you don't mark her, I will, just for her cheesecake." He moaned before he grunted when Blake hit him in the chest. Blair and I let out a laugh.

"It should get you out of the dog house," I told Blair.

"If she doesn't beg you for your forgiveness after tasting this, she doesn't have taste buds," Luca commented as he stuffed his face.

"Would you like a piece for Becky? It might get you laid," Blake told his friend.

"I don't need cheesecake to get that woman in bed, I'm



irresistible,” he announced.

“Well, then it could be her after snack,” I shrugged.

“Oh, that’s a good idea. Snacks keep women less grumpy,” Luca said. I laughed at the look Blair and Blake gave Luca. He didn’t care as he ate the rest of his dessert.

“He’s not wrong,” I told them.

“Well, I should get my mate her snack then. But I’m probably not getting laid.” Blair said and both men cringed.

“Dad, no.”

“What, you can do it in this very kitchen but I can’t talk about it,” he retorted.



"Damn, Blake," Luca exclaimed, while I wanted the floor to swallow me.

"Well, I will let you three talk," I told them as I cleaned up the empty plates, putting them in the sink.

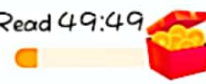
"Good luck with your mate," I told Blair, hugging him.

Blake pulled me against him as I walked by him toward our bedroom.

"I'll be right in," he linked before pecking my lips. I smiled, giving him a nod.

"Goodnight, Luca," I told him.

"Night, Luna," he called out as I entered our room.

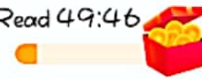


"Well that was exciting," Lily chimed in. I discarded my dress and heels before walking into the bathroom to get ready for bed.

"That was nerve-racking, Lily. I know I needed to put my foot down but she's his mother. And I wish I could trust her with the fact I'm a Luna Wolf and the best for her son, but I can't. I don't know what she is capable of." I sighed.

"Oh come on, not everyone is going to like you. And even if she doesn't, who cares? She'll come around when we have Blake's baby." Lily said.

"Just because we have checked off that box, doesn't mean I'm ready for him to mark me so we can have a baby right away. We



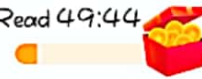
both would like one, and he is willing to move into the house away from the pack house. That's a start." I told her.

"Or you can take this as a win, mark him and get babymaking. You aren't a young woman anymore," she retorted.

"You really aren't going to let me take this slow, are you?"

"Nope. I'll give you until you move into the house with him. But after that, I will mark him, if you won't. No more waiting, Ryley. We have a pack and a man who loves us. Break down your walls and embrace this new life." She said, before retreating.

I sighed, as I exited the bathroom. I removed my bra and



panties before going into the closet to get one of Blake's shirts. Grabbing a shirt, I caught myself in the mirror. I turned to my side, imagining myself with a bump. I smiled, rubbing my lower belly.

The thought of being pregnant with Blake's pup had me giddy.

Chapter One Hundred Six

Alpha Blake

Last night I told my father that Ryley was a Luna wolf. I needed answers about what I was dealing with. And I couldn't drop everything and go to the library at the council. He did inform me that Dorian could claim Ryley even though he is marked by another. As long as there is proof she was his mate, he could force her to be with him. It's not what I wanted to hear. Now I needed to convince her to let me mark her before he takes the claim to the council. Once the claim has been filed, if I claim her, I could be stripped of my pack and exiled. Or the council could just have me



killed.

"This is something you need to tell her. It's not like we have time to waste here, Blake. I will mark her even if the council orders us not to," Gunner told me.

"I know, but right now she is under enough stress. We need to have breakfast with my parents and then Walter will be here." I said.

"Don't wait too long." He warned before retreating.

I let out a breath as I squeezed Ryley closer. She was still sleeping. I told her she wasn't going to get much sleep and I kept my promise. After I saw my father and Luca out, I found Ryley lying in our bed with only



one of my shirts on. I didn't let her sleep until the early hours of the morning. With the teasing in the kitchen to the dress she was wearing at dinner. And then seeing her with a baby in her arms. I wanted her pregnant with my child, but I needed her to bear my mark before that could happen.

"You okay, Baby," Ryley mumbled, kissing my chest.

"Why wouldn't I be okay?" I asked her, squeezing her impossibly close.

"Your heart rate changed." She answered, lifting her head off my chest to look up at me.

"I was just thinking," I shrugged. She gave me a knowing look, but

instead of saying anything is just snuggled back onto my chest.

“Don’t think too hard, I’m going back to sleep.” She yawned. I chuckled, rolling her on her back, I rolled on top of her burying my face into her neck.

“Blake,” she breathed out, digging her fingertips into my shoulders. We were both still naked from the night before. Our room reeked of sex, our scents mingled into one.

My chest grumbled when my phone rang on the table beside my bed. If it was important they would mind-link me.

“Aren’t you going to get that?” Ryley asked and I sighed.



"Nope," I rushed out before crushing my lips to hers. I worked my way down her jaw to her neck as she giggled.

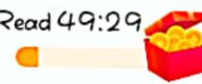
"Haven't you had enough of me yet?" I stopped what I was doing, and hovered above her.

"Never. Just wait until I mark you." I purred, wanting desperately for her to say yes, now.

"When this mess is all cleaned up, you can mark me here," she kissed my neck.

"And here," she kissed down to my chest.

"Blake, get out here now," my mother shrilled, banging on our bedroom doors. Ryley let out a



groan before my phone started ringing on the nightstand again.

"I'm sorry, baby," I mumbled, kissing her lips.

"It's okay. It seems like it's important." I hesitated, not wanting to get up and deal with my mother this early in the morning.

"Blake, now!" She yelled when my phone stopped ringing.

I kissed Ryley one more time before I climbed out of bed and threw on a pair of sweatpants. I didn't care if she smelled Ryley all over me. I was hoping she was here to apologize but her tone tells me otherwise. I opened the door and stepped out, closing the door behind me.



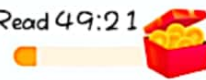
"What, mother? Are you trying to wake the entire pack house," I scolded her. She crossed her arms over her chest before she scoffed.

"Is it true?" She demanded.

"Mother it's too early for guessing games. Why are you here?" I walked around her and into the kitchen to start the coffee machine.

"Can this little girlfriend of yours be claimed by her fated mate?" She yelled and I shushed her.

"She's my chosen mate and you will respect her, Mom. I'm planning on marking her and making her my Luna when she is ready. And yes it is true. It's something we are going to be



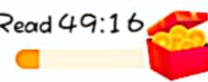
discussing.” I told her.

“Son, I love you, you and Aspen. But is she really who you want to spend the rest of your life with? She has a child with someone else. Her father, even though an alpha, was a mobster. Is this the life you want to mate into?” She asked, grabbing my forearm.

“I have a child with someone else. And she loves Aspen. Gunner has claimed her son and her. And if an alpha wolf can claim another alpha’s son then you should be able to accept her and her son into this family.” I exclaimed.

“Blake, I,” she stammered.

“No, Mother. I love her and she will become an Orion. Her son will become an Orion. And either



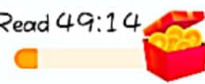
you accept it or you won't be in our lives. We are planning a life together and I won't have you degrading the woman who I love." Without a word she left the apartment, slamming the door behind her. I let out a sigh as I leaned against the kitchen island.

"Dad, is everything okay?" Aspen asked, standing outside his bedroom door.

"Just your grandmother being dramatic," I answered.

"She's worried about us." He said as he took a seat on the other side of the island.

"I want to believe she is worried about us, but I think it's more about her reputation. She believes Ryley is beneath her



because of who her father was." I told him.

"But Ryley is a Luna wolf." He questioned.

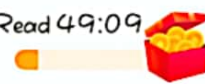
"And I don't want her to know that just yet. Not until after I've marked her. I'm not sure how rare they are but there is a reason Ryley hid from our world and the council."

Chapter One Hundred Seven

Ryley

I felt terrible that Blake had to deal with his mother. She has no right to come storming into our space and attacking him. If she has something to say to me, then she should have the guts to say it to my face.

This is not how I wanted to wake up after the night I had with Blake. That man has more stamina than I ever experienced. And not just sexually. Even training with my father and his warriors, I've never seen someone who just didn't get tired. And Blake never gets tired.



I lost count of how many orgasms we both experienced. The only reason he stopped was because I couldn't keep my eyes open.

"You may want to consider letting him mark you," Lily chimed in, yawning.

"I want him to mark me, but I want this mess to be cleaned up before we take that step. A mark is forever for me." I told her. Even marked, you can still reject your mate but I didn't want to ever consider that. When I mark Blake, I want it to be forever, with no doubts.

I got out of bed and threw on a robe before leaving our room. I wanted to see if Blake was okay after I heard the front door

slamming. I found Blake in the kitchen talking with Aspen.

"Is everything okay?" I asked when they stopped mid-conversation.

"Good morning, Ryley," Aspen said. I walked over to him and gave him a side hug, kissing his temple.

"Good morning, sweetie."

I walked over to Blake who was pouring himself a coffee. I wrapped my arms around his waist from behind and snuggled into his back.

"Are you okay?" I mumbled. He grabbed my hands, squeezing them. He released my hands before turning around to face

me.

"I'm okay, baby. She's just being over dramatic." He told me, pulling me against his chest.

"I think I should talk with her," I told him. He pulls back just enough to look down at me.

"I don't think that's a good idea," he said.

"Yeah, she was pretty mad this morning. I asked why she doesn't like you but she wouldn't answer me. You would think she'd want her son to be happy," Aspen shrugged.

"Blake, I know you want to protect me, but I can handle your mother. I'm a Luna wolf and unless she is one herself, no one



is above me," I reminded him.
There was a knock on the door.
Great, I summoned her.

"Come in," Blake called out and
his parents walked in. I resisted
the urge to roll my eyes and
made everyone a coffee instead.
I needed to busy myself or I was
going to snap.

"Still acting like the help," she
sneered as I held out a mug of
coffee for her. She was about to
take it but I pulled it away. I
walked over to the sink and
dumped it out.

"I'm not the help and I don't have
to take your shitty attitude. Now
if you'd like a cup of coffee, you
can ask me nicely or you can
make it yourself." I retorted. I was
done being nice. I was raised in



the same world she was but my mother would have slapped me for speaking to anyone the way she was speaking to me.

“How fucken dare you?” She screamed, taking a step towards me. Blake moved in front of me, while Blair grabbed onto his mate. I moved around Blake, standing in front of him as his mother glared daggers at me.

“I’ll report you to the council, you conniving bitch.” Blake let out a growl at his mother’s threat.

“Elizabeth, I don’t think you grasp the reality of this situation. I’m here and I’m not going anywhere, no matter how hard you try. And don’t think I don’t know about your dirty little secret.” She let out a gasp.



"You know nothing," she defended herself and I just shrugged.

"Then you shouldn't be worried. But if you go to the council about my mate, I may have to speak the truth about what you have done. Isn't that why you have been pushing for Blake to get with Gwen?" I questioned. She stammered and I knew what the staff had told me was the truth. The pack house is full of ears.

"Liz, what is she talking about?" Blair asked his mate.

"Grandma, this is the reason Dad doesn't want to be with Gwen," Aspen said, holding up his phone. We all snapped our attention to him while he played his grandmother the video of my



altercation with Gwen in the dining room.

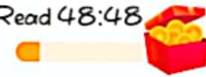
Elizabeth gasped before covering her mouth with a hand. Tears filled her eyes as the video came to an end. Blake pulled me against his side, wrapping an arm around me tightly.

“Did someone die?” Channing asked as he entered the room. The tense was palpable.

“No one died, sweetie. It is time for you and Aspen to get to training. We’ll see you at breakfast.” I told him.

“What the hell did I miss?” I heard Channing question Aspen as they left the apartment.

“Elizabeth, if you’d like, we can



speak in my office after breakfast. Or we can speak up here? But don't ever threaten me with the council again. As you like to point out, my father was mafia and he taught me a thing or two. I don't need to fight physically to bury someone and the only reason I'm giving you a warning is because I love your son and grandson." I told her. She looked at me before looking at her son.

"I will see you both at breakfast," she nodded before grabbing her mate's hand and leaving.

I jumped when Blake wrapped his arms around my waist and snuggled his face into my neck, planting kisses.

"Fuck, that was hot, baby," he



mumbled, pushing his swollen member against my ass.

“It’s not something I enjoy doing, but sometimes you have to play dirty.” I sighed. Blake spun me in his arms before lifting me to sit on the kitchen island. He settled himself between my legs before attacking my neck again.

“I’ll give you dirty,” he purred, gripping my bare thighs.



Chapter One Hundred Eight

Eight

Alpha Blake

The way Ryley handled herself had me so hard it was painful. I lifted her onto the counter before pulling her to the edge. Running my hands up her thighs, I gripped the hem of the robe before ripping it open. Ryley let out a gasp before her head went back and she let out a moan. I attacked her neck, my gums tingled with the desire to mark her.

I ripped down my pants, fisting my cock before rubbing the tip between her wet folds. She was dripping and I slammed into her,



not able to hold myself back.
With every sound she made in
ecstasy had me on the verge of
losing control.

“Blake,” she breathed out
gripping my shoulders, her legs
wrapped around my waist as I
pounded into her harder. I may
have had her most of the night
and through to the earlier
morning hours, but it still wasn’t
enough. I needed more of her
and I was going to take
everything she would allow me
to.

“Fuck, baby,” she moaned,
crushing her lips to mine. Every
thrust had her nails digging into
me harder.

It didn’t take long before she
threw her head back, screaming



my name as her pussy clamped down around me. With a groan I released deep inside her, panting as I tried to catch my breath.

“That was better than coffee,” she giggled, breathing hard.

“Watching you be a badass was better than anything I’ve ever seen,” I told her, pushing some hairs behind her ear. She clamped down on her lower lip.

“Blake, I’m sorry. I know she is your mother, and if I want this to work then she will become my family,” she sighed and I took hold of her cheeks.

“And you were placing boundaries for her. Nothing you said was wrong. I am curious what you are blackmailing my



mother with. Which is hot but also terrifying.” I said with a chuckle.

“It’s nothing I can’t handle, besides, I’m surprised you haven’t heard all the rumors.” She shrugged. I wrapped the robe around her before pulling up my pants from where they were resting on my thighs. The boys would be back soon and we needed to get ready for breakfast.

“We should probably get ready,” I told her as I gripped her ass, lifting her off the counter. I carried her into our bedroom.

“Fine,” she grumbled.

We were ready to go before the boys made it back from training. I linked Luca, he informed me the



boys were working on something and would be back soon. I was being cautious when it came to their safety. They didn't know but I had warriors following them everywhere they went, just to be safe. I didn't need Dorian sending someone into my pack and taking Channing.

I walked out of our bedroom to find Ryley cleaning the kitchen. It's probably a good thing to wipe down the counter. I leaned over the kitchen island, resting against my elbows, watching her.

"We could always hire someone to do the housework?" I asked her. She turned and looked at me with an unreadable expression.

"I haven't had help in my house since I was in my old pack house.



It's not something I want anymore. I think it's good for the boys to learn how to clean up after themselves." She answered.

"I understand what you are saying baby, but we are all going to be busy soon with school starting and I don't want you to stress." I sighed. She finished drying a cup before placing it in the cupboard. After she was done, she walked over to the island across from me, taking hold of my hands.

"Then we will make time. I don't want someone doing these things around the house. And I also don't want to have a nanny when we decide to have a child. I may be an alpha's daughter but I learned it was the small things in life that make you happy. I never



would have found my love for cooking and baking if I wasn't on my own. And I want our boys to be able to take care of themselves." She told me.

"Are you going to stay home once you have our baby?" She smiled.

"I will take time off and then it will be more part-time. I feel guilty for missing so much of Channing's childhood and I don't want to do that again. If and when we decide to have a baby, I would like to stay home." She shrugged. My heart swelled as I looked at the woman who was going to have my baby. It may not be now, but it was going to happen. And she wants to stay at home and be the mother I know she is.



Still holding on to one of her hands, I walked around the island to embrace my mate. I kissed the top of her head as she snuggled her face into my chest, her arms wrapped around my waist.

“That’s a perfect plan, Baby. And I hope you know you can stay at home forever. If you want to stay at home and be the mother and Luna you were meant to be, I will support you. You will never have to worry about money again.” I took hold of her cheeks, looking down at her she had tears in her eyes.

“Thank you, Blake, for everything. For accepting my alpha son who isn’t your blood and for protecting us. I can never repay you for what you have done for us,” her voice cracked as I rubbed

my nose against hers.

“You can repay me with your happiness,” I mumbled, kissing her forehead.

“Now, let’s get down to breakfast.”