

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 114

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Chapter **One** Hundred **Fourteen**

Alpha Blake

The game was about to begin and Ryley still hadn't arrived yet. I wonder what was taking her so long. She said she has never missed a game before and I doubt she's going to start today.

When she walked in, my heart skipped a beat. She was in an oversized jersey, the same one her son was wearing on the ice but it was in white, instead of dark teal. Halliwell is on the back with a big number three. Her tight jeans hugged her curves just right. I was already suffering before she turned my way and smiled. Fuck me. She could ask me for anything with that smile on her face.

She hurried up the stairs of the bleachers. Her eyes were on me the entire time but all eyes were on her while she made her way to me. I had to hold back a growl when one of the spectators she walked by whistled at her as he checked her out.

I internally groaned when she pushed her ass into my face before sitting between me and Walter. Chris was sitting on the other side of his father.

"That **was** mean," I wrapped my arm around her waist and whispered to her after she was done greeting Walter. She shivered but I knew it wasn't from the cold. She looked at me before she leaned over and

brushed her lips against mine.

“I **missed** you today,” she mumbled. I barely heard it over the crowd as **the game was** about to start.

“I **always** miss you,” I told her, staring into her stormy **grey eyes**. She **smiled**, and I **smiled** with her. She seems less guarded than before and

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I liked it.

The music played loudly before the team got into position for the puck drop. Number three was ready at the face — off. I haven't seen him play but I knew he was good, really good. He was new to the team and earned his place like the other boys on his team.

As the puck dropped, Ryley was out of her seat to cheer on her son. I stood up with her, wrapping my arms around her shoulders pulled her close. I wanted everyone to see that this was the woman I was with. She was mine.

The first period was almost over when I noticed Aspen standing by the glass, watching. I knew he came here with Channing but I didn't see him when I arrived.

“Aspen, you okay?” I asked him. I didn't have to be near him to know he let out a sigh.

“Is Ryley with you?” He asked through the link.

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“Turn around and look up.” I told him. He turned around and scanned the crowd of people on the bleachers before finding us near the top. He climbed up the stairs and made his way towards us while Ryley was cheering loudly in my arms.

Aspen squeezed his **way** between her and Walter. When Ryley noticed him, she pulled him in for a hug and kissed his cheek. It warmed my heart to see her so comfortable with my son, that she loves him just as much **as I do**.

When the **first** period ended, it **was** zero, zero. After I sat back down I pulled Ryley down into my **lap**. Aspen had taken her spot and there **was** no more room except for me. Which I didn't mind until she started to **rub** her **ass** against **my** already-growing cock. Watching her passion **as she** cheered on our son had me tempted to take her out to my truck

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during the twenty-minute break between periods.

"Mom, **is** there something wrong with me?" Aspen sighed, resting his head on Ryley's shoulder. My head snapped to my son, but Ryley didn't seem to notice him calling her mom or she didn't care. She was resting her head on his and looped **an** arm around his.

"I want the whole story when we get home, but there is nothing wrong with you. If they can't see how wonderful you are, then fuck them." She told him, and he sighed.

"Sometimes, I hate being an alpha's son." I looked around them to see Walter watching the two of them as well.

"I know it is. It's not as glamorous as others might think but you should be proud of where you come from and everything your family has built. Don't let others shame you into thinking that you didn't earn your position, because I know you will. It sucks when others hold you to a different standard. But I know you will be the best alpha." She reassured him and I swear my love for this woman grew tenfold.

The second period started and we were standing again. I pulled Ryley back against my chest before burying my face into her neck. She snuggled back into me, resting her arms on top of mine, wrapped around her waist.

“Thank you,” I mumbled against her skin. She turned her head and **kissed** my cheek.

“We are a family.” She murmured, kissing my cheek again. I squeezed her tight **as** I rested my chin on her shoulder and we watched the game. This right here, is how our life should always be, her wrapped up in my arms. Our **boys** may almost be men but I love watching her with them, to be the shoulder they need in this stage of their lives. Being **a** teenager is never easy and **it’s** good to have someone to talk to about it. She **makes** being a parent look effortless.

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I wanted to have a child with her, not because of what Walter warned me about but because Ryley **is** such a great mother. She deserves to have a mate by her side this time around and I was going to stand by her side every step of the way.

“I think we should have a baby,” I whispered before nipping at her earlobe. She stopped mid-cheer to stare at me wide-eyed. I couldn’t stop the chuckle that filled my throat.

“Blake, I,” she stammered, unable to find the words to say.

“Just think about it. But first, you need to get a New Jersey,” I told her.

“What? Why?” She looked down to see if something was wrong with

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“It has the wrong last name.”

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