

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 102

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Chapter One Hundred **Two**

Ryley

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

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Chapter One **Hundred Two**

288 Vouchers

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 latched 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.”

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1288 Vouchers

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

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wear.

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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**.

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“Cheesecake **and sex** in the same **day**, it must be my birthday,” Lily

purred.

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