

Puppy love

Madison POV

Madison sat behind her desk, checking the data one of her senior database administrators had sent her, when her phone chimed, alerting her of a new message. Madison unlocked the screen and nearly dropped her phone.

Prescott heir in the making?

Today, Lauren Prescott (formerly Barbey) was spotted while shopping for baby clothes. Is this a sign of a long overdue Prescott heir?

[Click here to look at photos of the Prescott couple over the years.](#)

Madison had turned off the news notifications specifically for this reason. She hadn't seen or heard anything about Nathan or Lauren since that dreadful day.

She couldn't help herself as her trembling finger touched the link to look at the couple's photos.

A sharp pain sliced through her heart as she scrolled through picture after picture of Nathan and Lauren, at all kinds of social functions, on vacation, or just walking the streets of Arizona or some other fancy city. They looked happy. Really happy.

Madison's critical gaze swept over Nathan. Goddess, he was still so very good-looking. Maturing a few years had only made him look hotter.

A soft knock on her office door brought her back to the present.

"Come in." She spoke, still staring at a closeup of Nathan.

"Maddie, the lawyer is here to take you to court. Also, your sister called, wondering when you had time to have dinner at her house," Arianna announced. Madison still went over to Mackenzie's pack as much as she could. Most of the time, her brother Marcus, who was the Alpha of their home pack, Blue Mountain, would join them.

She loved that quality family time. And the twins loved it too.

"Your honor, my client can prove that the idea was her own." Her lawyer, Mr. Moore, pleaded her case to the judge. Their meeting was being held in the judge's quarters. Unless they couldn't come to some kind of arrangement, they wouldn't need a jury for this specific case.

"Objection, your honor, my client can prove the contrary to be true." Dimitri's lawyer stood up and yelled, slamming a file on the table.

"Mr. Johnson, there is no need to object, we are not on trial in front of a jury." Judge Sparrow reprimanded. Madison knew from the second she stepped into the quarters, that the judge was a shifter. A bird shifter, to be precise.

Since the recovery of the bird shifter kingdom, six years ago, bird shifter had gone from being the outcasts of the shifter kingdom to being respected members. Mostly that is. Some shifters still looked their nose down on the species.

Madison saw the recognition in the judge's eyes, confirming he knew she was a wolf shifter.

Madison looked toward her former boss while the lawyers bickered back and forth. He was handsome, she had to give him that, but he was a terrible loser. He hadn't gotten what he wanted from her and was now trying to discredit her in the business world as well as trying to get money out of her.

The judge's loud sigh brought her out of musings.

"Let's take a short break while I study the evidence." The judge stood up, taking the folders the lawyers had brought with him, disappearing into a back room.

"Gentlemen, could Dimitri and I talk privately for a moment?" Mackenzie asked the lawyers. They both looked at their respective clients.

"Miss Matheus, I don't think that's a good idea." Mr. Moore began, but Madison cut him off.

"I won't make any kind of deals, don't worry," She waved him off. Mr. Moore reluctantly left the room as Dimitri nodded to his lawyer, dismissing him.

When the door shut behind them, Madison turned to Dimitri.

"Cut the crap, Dimitri, what do you want?"

Dimitri chuckled. "Still cutting right to the chase."

"You know me." Madison shrugged, tired of this bullshit already.

"You know I didn't steal any ideas from you. I don't know what bullshit evidence you concocted, but it's not going to hold in court."

Dimitri stood up from his chair and made his way over to Madison with a devious smirk on his face.

"This could all go away, you know."

"How?" Madison asked with a glare.

"One night," Dimitri shamelessly said, looking her up and down.

"Excuse me?" Madison scoffed, unable to comprehend what this sleazeball of a man was saying.

"Spend one night with me, in a hotel. Let me use that delectable body the way I want. And this," He held up his hands, "will all go away. I'll even apologize to the press, so you don't get discredited any further."

"First of all, you're still married," Madison scoffed.

"So? She doesn't have to know."

"Second of all," Madison grated out, "What kind of w***e do you think I am? I will never, ever, let you touch me. Or would you like a repeat of last time?" She asked with a smile.

Dimitri's eyes turned a shade darker as he clenched his fists.

"Fine. Then watch me ruin you." He shrugged as if he didn't care, but the way his jaw ticked told her the opposite was true.

"Or..." Madison began, a sinister smirk appearing on her face. "I could leak this recording to the press...and your wife." Madison challenged, holding up her phone, showing Dimitri that she had been recording their conversation the whole time.

"Why you little..." He took a threatening step forward, but Madison held her ground. She could kill him in mere seconds if she really wanted to. He was no match for her.

"Give me the phone." He grated out, just a few inches from her face.

"I've already made a backup of the recording, so destroying my phone won't do you any good." She shrugged, staring into his eyes.

Dimitri was the first to look away, another victory for Madison.

When the judge returned, telling them that they would have to take the case to trial, Dimitri quickly told the judge to dismiss the case. He would be retracting the lawsuit. His lawyer tried protesting, but Dimitri, with one last glare at Madison, turned on his heel and stomped out of the room, like the petulant child that he was.

Madison snorted.

As she and Mr. Moore made their way out of the courtroom, Madison could see Dimitri talking to members of the press as they bombarded him with questions. As his eyes found hers, Madison waved her phone at him with a smile.

His eyes turned cold as a hateful gaze appeared.

"It seems that I was mistaken to accuse Miss Matheus..." Madison didn't listen to the rest of her former boss's pathetic speech as she hastily made her way toward her car, wanting to avoid the press.

Mr. Moore said his goodbyes and headed toward his own car, which he had called for at the end of their meeting.

It was as she opened the car door that a shiver made its way down her spine. It felt as though someone was watching her. Madison looked around, but when she couldn't spot anything suspicious, she shrugged it off and stepped into the car.

She decided to call it a day and surprise the twins by picking them up from school herself today. She quickly called her nanny, Inez, to inform her of the change of plans before asking the driver to stop at the store on their way to school.

She required a good home cooked meal and some serious puppy love.