

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law - Chapter 327 -

****Chapter 0327****

Ethan sighed as he stepped off his front porch and walked toward his car. "You need to stop showing up at my house, Stella," he said.

Stella Airborne, a stripper, stood a few feet away, looking taken aback.

Ethan had been close to her and they had shared intimate moments. But now, as he walked away, she followed him, tears in her eyes.

"You haven't returned any of my calls, Ethan," she said, tugging nervously at her hands. She looked upset, her body tense with emotion.

He was trembling.

"There's nothing we need to talk about," he said firmly. "It's over between us."

"Is it because of that rich woman?" Stella asked, her voice shaking.

"I'm not sure what you're talking about," he replied, looking away.

"I'm not stupid," she said, grabbing the car door handle before he could open it. Ethan paused and turned to her, his eyes blazing with anger. He was not someone to be messed with, especially not by a girl like her.

Ethan's voice was low and tense. "Watch yourself. You're forgetting your place," he warned.

"I saw her here, you know," she replied, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Ethan narrowed his eyes, trying to understand. "What?"

"That girl... the one you want. That's Irene Landry, right?" she asked, her voice shaking a little. But her eyes held a shadow that Ethan had never seen before.

"I saw her with you before. I'm assuming..."

"She's just another one of your pieces of ass."

"She's my fiancé," he growled. "Leave her out of this. You shouldn't have come here in the first place. She should have never seen you."

"What do you want from me?"

"I'm not sure if I should tell her the truth about us," I thought.

Suddenly, Ethan grabbed her by the throat. In an instant, he slammed her against the car door. She gasped for air, struggling to breathe as she choked out a few words. It was clear she was in a desperate situation, trying to find a way to escape.

She tried to get him to loosen his grip, but he wouldn't let go. Tears streamed down her face as she begged him to stop.

"Don't you ever threaten me again," he said in a low, menacing voice. Leaning in close, he whispered coldly in her ear.

He said, "You won't like what will happen if you do."

Without saying anything else, he pushed her to the ground. She let out a sob and rubbed her sore throat.

"You're a..."

"Ethan, you're a monster," she said, her voice shaky as tears streamed down her cheeks.

"I never claimed to be anything else," he replied softly. He opened his car door and slid into the front seat.

The only reason Stella had ever been drawn to him was because of his honesty.

She looked like Judy. That made things easy for him, and it didn't take much to get her into bed.

Just before he put his car in reverse and backed out of his driveway, she grabbed the car door handle and pulled herself closer.

He thought about just driving off, even if she was hanging onto his car. But he really didn't want to get blood splatters all over the paint.

He sighed and turned to look at her, narrowing his eyes.

Hissed, "Let go."

"I'm pregnant," she blurted out. Ethan's heart froze. A wave of panic washed over him, making it hard to breathe as the world felt like it was closing in around him.

Even with her words hanging in the air, Ethan struggled to grasp what she meant.

Ethan kept a calm expression, even though he felt the weight of the news.

"I found out last week," she said, wrapping her arms around herself. "I've been trying to reach you to tell you." She looked at him earnestly, waiting for his response.

On the ground, a hint of pink colored her cheeks and nose.

"Okay?" Ethan asked after a long pause. He had to remind himself that she was a whore, which made it unlikely that the baby behind him was his. She had a way of making him doubt everything he thought he knew.

She was trying to make him feel guilty and stay close. But it wasn't working.

"I'm pregnant with your baby, Ethan," she said, her voice trembling a little as tears streamed down her flushed cheeks.

"How do you know it's mine?"

His words hit her hard, like a slap to the face, and she recoiled from the impact.

"Because you are the only one I've ever been with..." she whispered.

"You weren't a virgin," he replied, cutting her off.

"Do you remember when we... well, you know, Stella?" Ethan growled, his frustration evident. "You're a stripper, for crying out loud!"

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"I haven't been with anyone else in almost a year," she told him. "It was only one other guy before that..."

She sniffled and wiped her eyes.

"Y... You're..."

"Only one..." she stammered, a sob escaping her lips.

She was too upset for Ethan's liking, and he looked at her with disgust.

He took out his wallet and pulled out a few hundred dollars. He threw the money at her, and it landed at her feet.

Stella flinched as she watched the bills fall slowly to the ground around her. His cold words left her speechless.

"Get rid of it," he said.

Then, he drove away, leaving Stella feeling heartbroken and lost.

Meanwhile, Ethan drove to the Landry house.

He sat in his home, his mind racing with thoughts about what Stella had just told him.

Was she really pregnant with his baby?

If she was, it wouldn't be for long. Having a baby with a stripper would completely mess up his plans. He needed to figure out what to do next.

She decided to get rid of the baby before it put everything he had worked so hard for at risk.

"Mr. Cash," Adam the butler said as Ethan walked through the front doors of the villa.

"Adam," Ethan replied, removing his coat.

Ethan took off his coat and handed it to the butler. He noticed Adam's frown deepen, but it vanished quickly. Ethan wondered if he had imagined it.

"Miss Irene isn't here right now," the butler said. "But she'll be home shortly."

"Adam," Ethan said, nodding. He didn't care if Irene was there or not. In fact, it was probably better if she wasn't. He was there for one reason and one reason only.

"I'll just wait in her room," Ethan said.

Ethan excused himself and instead of heading to Irene's room, he walked directly to Gavin Landry's office door. The day before, he had been here and spent time picking the lock to the office. After that, he accessed the computer to gather important information.

The man needed to hack into Gavin's computer to unlock it for Ethan. He began working on it, but when he heard Irene coming closer, he knew he had to leave quickly. Before he dashed out, he made sure to write down the password he found, so Ethan could access the computer later.

Gavin was happy to find that the office door was still unlocked from his last visit. This meant that no one had discovered he had broken in. He felt relieved not to have to pick the lock again. It saved him time and trouble.

As he stepped inside, he focused on the task at hand: getting into his computer for next time. He had things to do, and he needed to be quick and careful.

Ethan logged into his computer and smiled as the screen came to life.

“Let’s see what information you have on this computer, Alpha Landry,” he said eagerly.

Meanwhile, Irene had driven to Ethan’s house. She sat in her car, looking at the woman who was standing nearby.

Irene sat on the front porch, her face hidden in her hands as she cried.

I got out of the car and walked over to her.

The girl quickly stood up, looking startled like a deer caught in the headlights.

****+25 BONUS****

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“Please, don’t go...” Irene begged, reaching out her hand. “I need to speak with you.”

The woman, whom Irene recognized as Stella Airborne, nervously bit her lower lip. Stella’s eyes darted around the room, avoiding Irene’s gaze.

Irene’s expression showed her concern. She wanted to understand what was happening, but Stella seemed lost in her own thoughts.

“I... I shouldn’t be here...” Stella whispered hoarsely.

“This isn’t the first time you’ve been here,” Irene said softly. It wasn’t a question.

“Are you saying you’ve come here twice by mistake?”

Stella looked down, not answering. The weight of her past mistakes hung heavily in the air between them.

Irene took a step closer, concern in her eyes. “Stella, you need to tell me what’s going on. We can figure this out together.”

Stella sighed, feeling the pressure build. “I just... I don’t know how I keep ending up in the same place. It’s like I can’t escape it.”

Irene nodded, understanding the struggle. “Let’s take it one step at a time. You’re not alone in this.”

Stella looked up, a flicker of hope in her eyes. “Okay, let’s try.”

Stella’s face turned red.

“I...” she started, but her voice trailed off.

After a long pause, Irene let out a sigh.

“Would you like to get some coffee or something?” Irene asked. “There’s a coffee place nearby, and we can talk there.”

“I think we should talk,” Irene said.

Stella almost said no, but the expression on Irene’s face and the look in her eyes made her change her mind. After a long pause, she finally nodded in agreement.

Stella stood up and walked over to Irene.

Irene and Stella got into Irene’s car, leaving Stella’s car behind.

The drive to the coffee shop was quiet. It took about 10 awkward minutes. Both Irene and Stella wanted the ride to end quickly, so they counted down each minute as it passed.

drive continued.

At the coffee shop, they ordered their drinks. Irene was determined to pay.

Stella, however, only got water. She didn’t think caffeine would be good for her unborn baby. Even so, she kept her reasons to herself.

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Irene ordered a Chai tea.

Once they had their drinks, they found a booth in the back of the shop to sit in.

Stella still wouldn’t look at Irene, even though they were sitting right across from each other.

Irene and Stella sat across from each other.

“Why do you keep visiting my fiancé?” Irene asked boldly.

Stella was surprised by Irene’s direct question. She took a moment to look at Irene. Irene was beautiful, and she didn’t look anything like she had imagined.

Stella couldn't help but wonder what Ethan's type was. Would he be attracted to just any pretty face?

"As I said... it was a mistake," she murmured, looking down at her water bottle.

"Going to the wrong party can happen to anyone," she thought, reminding herself it was just a simple mix-up.

"Buying a house once is a mistake," Stella said, raising her eyebrows. "But twice? Please don't treat me like a fool. I know something is going on, and I want to know what it is, Stella."

Stella's eyes grew wide.

Stella looked up and asked, "H...how do you know my name?" She was confused because she didn't remember introducing herself to Irene.

Stella knew Irene's name because she was famous — the most well-known she-wolf in the world.

Landry and everyone else were familiar with the scene, but hardly anyone knew Stella's name unless they were regulars at the strip club.

"I know things," Irene said, taking a sip of her tea before placing the mug down. "Now, let's get to the point."

"I want to know the truth about your relationship with Ethan Cash," she said.

Stella bit her bottom lip nervously, her eyes scanning the room as if she expected Ethan to walk in at any moment. She was anxious, fearing what he might do if he found out they were talking about him.

What would he do if he found Stella talking to Irene like this? Would he really go through with his promise and harm Stella? And what about their baby?

Without thinking, she placed her hand on her belly.

"Are you not feeling well?" she asked.

Irene looked at Stella with narrowed eyes, focusing on her hand.

Stella quickly dropped her hand to her side and clenched her fist tightly.

"I'm fine," she murmured. "But I really should be going. Thank you for..."

Stella began to slide out of the booth, but Irene quickly placed a hand on her arm, stopping her.

"I strongly suggest you tell me the truth, Stella," Irene said in a cold tone, her eyes narrowing.

"I'm not going to take it from you by force," said Irene. "You won't like me if I have to."

"You know how it is," she added with a hint of pride. "I'm a Landry, and we have our ways..."

Stella shivered as she looked into Irene's cold, fierce eyes.

Ethan might have had some power, but it was nothing compared to Irene's strength. She could tap into her Lycan heritage and force information out of her father, then dispose of his body without anyone even noticing he was gone.

Irene leaned back, considering her options.

Stella sat in her seat, scared to move any further.

"We met at the strip club," she said, her eyes fixed on the table. "He pursued me. I didn't know about you until I saw you two together the other day."

"That's when it all clicked for me," she added, feeling a mix of emotions.

The room was quiet, each word hanging in the air as they processed what she had just shared.

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"Did you sleep together?" Irene asked. Her voice sounded indifferent, as if she was trying to hide her feelings but wasn't quite succeeding.

"Yes," came the reply.

"Are you in a relationship with him?" Irene pressed further.

"No," Stella whispered.

Irene nodded and took another sip of her tea, trying to stay calm.

"Did he end his little arrangement with you? Or is it still going on?" she asked.

"Not officially," Stella replied.

Stella took a deep breath, her eyes squeezed shut as she tried to find the right words. "He's not returning my calls. I've been trying to reach out to him, but—"

"He stopped?" Irene interrupted, her tone sharp. "Why?"

"Why are you trying to contact him?"

Irene looked at her friend, her eyes narrowing in suspicion. "You wanted to reach him? You know he's committed already. You said you saw us together."

The friend hesitated before speaking. "I needed to tell him something," she whispered, her voice shaky.

Irene studied her closely, trying to understand what was really going on. "And what was so important that you had to talk to him?"

"Could it really be that important?" she asked.

"I'm pregnant... with Ethan's baby," she replied.

****Chapter 330****

****Judy's POV****

During the weekend, we focused on training exercises. Most of our time was spent in the gym. I hardly had a moment to rest before the battles that would come next week. But Tabby kept pushing me, encouraging me to give my best.

I took some time to celebrate after we received our official notices that we had moved on to the next round.

We also got our schedules for the upcoming week. I was surprised to find out that Group B doesn't start until Wednesday, while we begin earlier.

On Tuesday, things felt similar to the previous week. By Wednesday morning, Group B had split into smaller teams and was ready for the next match.

Instead of gathering at the arena like we did last week, we decided to meet in a different spot.

We were loaded onto buses and taken to the airfield, where small planes waited for us. There were three planes in total.

I looked up at the sky and noticed the drones were already recording everything that was happening.

I knew the competition was about to begin. By the time the buses dropped us off at the airfield, Levi, Mica, Jeremy, and Gavin were already there.

As I joined my team, Gavin immediately made eye contact with me. It reminded me of the weekend when we had been placed together for the first time.

In our teams, we received team shirts to wear. My group was assigned red, so I wore a red shirt along with my teammates.

There were also teams in blue and green.

Each team was given a white flag, with our team name written on it.

We had a flag with names on it. It was a sign of our surrender, and we planned to carry it with us during the next part of the competition.

If we forgot the flag, we wouldn't be able to compete, and that would mean we'd be eliminated.

"Welcome to week two of the competition!" Alpha Levi announced.

We didn't have the usual announcer because we weren't in the arena, so Alpha Levi stepped in to introduce the week.

The groups cheered excitedly and high-fived each other for making it this far.

to the next round, while others looked nervous, biting their nails and lips.

"This week is very important," someone announced. "It tests your survival instincts and hunting skills. Each team will be taken to a different area in these planes."

You are on a deserted island. We have hidden five of your team flags in the forest on the island. Your task is to find all five flags and bring them back to base, which is located in the arena outside the resort. You have 48 hours to complete this challenge. Good luck!

Murmurs filled the air around me. Everyone was asking the same question:

"Is it really going to take 48 hours to collect 5 flags per team?"

We were not ready to spend several days on this task.

We found ourselves on a deserted island. They hadn't told us to pack anything, so I thought this would just be a quick trip, maybe a couple of hours like the other matches we had last week.

Tabby, who was on my team, looked just as confused as I felt. She stood next to me, trying to make sense of the situation.

“It’s...”

Levi looked at the group and said, “It’s up to you to find the resources you need for survival.” He narrowed his eyes, making sure they understood the seriousness of the situation. “But be careful and think strategically. You could encounter wild animals that might not be friendly. Most importantly, remember to work together.”

The group nodded, knowing they had a tough challenge ahead.

Teams are your enemies. You can attack them, but if you feel you won’t survive, you can choose to surrender. When you surrender, you are showing the other player your white flag. A drone will capture this flag, and you will...

The chopper will come to pick you up and take you back to the base. If you choose to surrender, you are giving up on the competition and will be eliminated.

Murmurs spread through the crowd as I looked over at Gavin. He was watching me, his jaw set tight.

His expression grew serious, and his eyes turned darker.

“There are no rules for this match,” he said. “However, we do ask that if someone surrenders, please don’t kill them. You’ll be blindfolded, so you won’t know which part of the island you land on, but...”

“You should land close to your teammates. You’ll need to work together to complete this mission.”

Levi stepped aside to let the other Lycans lead each team to their assigned plane. Tabby stayed by my side as we prepared for takeoff.

I reached the entrance of the plane and was the last one to board. Just as I was about to step onto the stairs after Tabby, I felt a hand wrap around my wrist, stopping me. It was a gentle grip, but it still made me pause.

My heart stopped when I saw Gavin looking down at me. His dark eyes were fixed on me, shining with an emotion I couldn’t quite understand.

Was it worry?

“Don’t be reckless,” he whispered under his breath. “Surrender...”

I narrowed my eyes at him and pulled my wrist free from his grip. It was painful to see his lack of confidence.

"I'm not backing down without a fight," I told him just before I turned and got on the bus.

As I stepped off the plane, a man greeted me at the door.

I looked around and saw that everyone was seated. They had backpacks strapped to their bodies and blindfolds covering their eyes. The man smiled at me as he secured a backpack on my back.

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