

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law - Chapter 5

Judy's POV

"You were right," I heard one of his friends say. "She really works here. This is going to be great."

"Hey, call girl, can we get a table, or are you just going to stare at us?"

Call girl?

I placed the menus on their table and waited for them to sit down.

"I'm not a call girl. Please, take your seat," I replied.

As I leaned over to put a beer in front of each of them, one guy grabbed my rear end. I felt my whole body freeze.

"I like that little uniform on you. Why don't you take it off and show us what's underneath?" he said.

I felt heat rush through me as I stepped back, forcing his hand to drop.

"Do not touch me," I said loudly, looking at all of them.

"Oh, come on, Judy. Aren't you here to satisfy men?" another friend asked. "Why not sit on my lap?"

I pressed my lips together, trying to stay calm.

"I'm not a call girl," I insisted one last time. "I'm a waitress."

"You got this job because you're attractive," one of them chuckled. "The manager only cared about how well you could flirt with customers and make money. I'll give you a good tip if you show me what's under your uniform and sit on my lap."

His words sent a chill through me.

"Come here, baby girl," he said, patting his lap.

I just stared at him in disbelief as he winked at me.

I glanced at Ethan, who was watching my reaction closely. How could he let his friends talk to me like this? In the past, he wouldn't have allowed anyone to look at me that way. He used to be the type to defend me fiercely.

Now, he seemed indifferent.

One of his friends leaned in and said, "I'll give you 10 thousand dollars if you drink this entire beer."

My jaw dropped.

"What?" I replied.

"You heard me," he said. "Drink this whole beer, and you'll get 10 thousand dollars."

Another friend chimed in, "We'll each give you 10 thousand dollars if you drink all our beers."

I looked at the beer, then at the guys, and finally at Ethan again. He raised his eyebrows, waiting for my decision.

Despite my pride, I stepped forward and grabbed a glass.

I didn't really like beer, but I knew Ethan's friends were wealthy and could easily pay that kind of money. I needed the cash to help get my father out of prison and pay off his debts.

I brought the cup to my lips and forced the liquid down my throat. The bitter taste made me wince, but I pushed through until the cup was empty. The guys cheered and shouted as I drank.

I slammed the cup on the counter and turned to the next guy, who slid his beer toward me with a wink.

I chugged that one too.

I was halfway through a third glass when I felt a strong grip on my wrist, and I was pulled away.

I heard Ethan's friends booing, calling him a party pooper. I had no idea where Ethan had gone.

Ethan was quiet as we walked outside, but suddenly he turned to glare at me.

"Accept my offer and stop this foolishness," he demanded.

"I won't be your mistress, Ethan," I replied, narrowing my eyes. My head felt fuzzy from the beer. "You can forget about that."

"Would you rather act like a little slut instead?" he snapped through clenched teeth. "You looked ridiculous in there!"

"Why do you care? You have your fiancé. This is my private business, and it doesn't include you anymore," I shot back.

“You are still mine, Judy. You will always be mine,” he growled.

I wanted to laugh at how absurd he was being, but I also felt like crying. He had been so sweet once, and I had spent over two years loving him. Now, standing in front of me, he felt like a stranger.

“I am not yours,” I said firmly, relieved that my voice sounded stronger than I felt.

He let out a bitter laugh. “Fine, be a whore for all I care. Spread your legs for money because that’s all you’re good for—”

Before I could think, my hand swung out and slapped his cheek with a loud crack.

He didn’t flinch, but his anger grew as he reached for my throat. He stopped suddenly, his eyes widening as he looked at my neck, and I saw the color drain from his face.

“What the hell,” he hissed. He grabbed my chin and turned my head to the side. “Is that a hickey?”

I realized then that the mark Gavin had left earlier was still visible.

The mark on my neck was still there from the other night. It was fading, but you could still see it.

“So, what if it is?” I asked.

He let go of my chin and shot me an icy glare.

“Who the hell have you been with?” he demanded.

“That’s none of your business,” I shot back.

I tried to walk away, but he grabbed my arm, causing me to whimper in pain as he turned me to face him again.

“Answer my question, Judy! Who have you been with?!” he yelled.

Through clenched teeth, I replied, “Gavin. Your future father-in-law. Happy now?”

He released me and started laughing harshly.

“Are you kidding? You don’t have to make up such a crazy story,” Ethan said between laughs.

I noticed more laughter nearby and saw that Ethan’s friends had gathered around us.

“Is she talking about Gavin Landry? He has standards. He would never go for someone like Judy,” one of them said.

“Yeah, Judy is a slut and Gavin is a Lycan chairman. No way,” another friend laughed.

“I’m serious,” I insisted, crossing my arms over my chest.

This time, Ethan grabbed my throat, his expression turning dangerous.

“Stop playing me for a fool and tell me the truth,” he growled. “Gavin wouldn’t want someone like you. You’re nobody. You don’t belong in his world.”

I struggled to breathe as his grip tightened, leaving me unable to respond.

“Now, why don’t you do as I say and move into the house I bought? Once I get married, I’ll see you at night, and you can be mine—”

Suddenly, a loud honk interrupted us, making Ethan release his grip. I gasped for air, relieved to be free.

I rubbed my sore neck as I glared at the person who had interrupted us.

I glanced over at the black Bentley and frowned when the door swung open.

My heart raced when I saw Gavin sitting in the back, his eyes fixed on me.

“Get in,” he commanded.

I stared at him, shocked.

“I won’t ask you again, Judy,” he said through clenched teeth.

I could feel Ethan’s surprised gaze on me as I quickly moved toward the car and climbed inside, shutting the door behind me.

“Drive,” Gavin ordered the driver.

“Yes, sir,” the driver replied.

As the car began to move, I looked back at Ethan, who stood on the curb, his mouth hanging open in disbelief. His friends looked just as stunned.

Gavin turned to me, and I felt my cheeks heat up.

“Using me to make your ex-fiancé jealous, are you?” he asked with a smirk.