

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law 501-510

Gavin's POV

When I got to the mansion, I wasn't expecting to see guests. I scowled as I stared at Judy who looked like a deer caught in the headlights. I could hear her heart pounding against her chest and her breathing picked up, like she was just caught red handed.

"Who gave you permission to have a party in my mansion," I asked folding my arms across my chest. Of course, I wasn't really upset, but seeing her squirm was just too much fun. I knew she was here, and I wanted to ask her to join me for dinner tomorrow evening. I also wanted to check on Irene and the baby while I was at it so I figured I'd stop by instead of calling. Though I was here earlier in the day to drop Judy off, I didn't stay long, nor did I really come inside.

"A party?" She asked, raising her brows as she glanced at Tabby and Shirley. "This is hardly a party."

I realized there was one person missing from this get together; well, technically two, but I figured Nan was with her mate Chester in his room.

"Where's Irene?"

They all looked at one another and I could practically smell the tension radiating off them. it immediately put me on alert.

"Probably asleep," Judy settled on.

I could tell immediately that she was lying; not only could I smell the lie, but she had obvious tells. Like the way she tugged at her fingers or subtly licked the corner of her lip. I narrowed my eyes at her and was about to say something, but then I heard Irene's voice.

"Dad?" She asked, walking into the kitchen, Chuck trailing in behind her. Both of them looked disheveled and they reeked of sex. A growl escaped my lips as I glared at Chuck, who paled immediately. "W... what are you doing here at this hour? It's so late."

"What is he doing here at this hour?" I countered, my eyes never leaving Chuck's face.

I knew Chuck from past encounters; he was a competitor of the Gamma competition and was a fair fight. If Judy hadn't won, it would have been him. He was a fair gamma under Jeremy's jurisdiction, but I didn't know him personally, which worried me. The last thing Irene needed was another Ethan situation. I knew what she was like when she was interested in a guy, and I didn't like it.

"We were just leaving," Shirley said quickly. "Right, Chuck?"

"Uh..." he glanced at Irene, a blush tinting his cheeks. "Yes."

Irene looked upset by him leaving, but I didn't give a shit. I wanted him gone and I didn't want him to come back. My wolf was close to losing control but then in an instant, Judy put her hand on my back, her touch immediately soothing him back into my control. Nobody has ever had that type of effect on my wolf before and it startled me. I whipped around to look at her, my eyes wide for a moment, which seemed to jolt her.

She looked into my eyes for a long moment, suddenly the rest of the room faded away.

"It was good to see you again, Judy," Chuck said, breaking through the barrier Judy and I had created with just one touch and one look.

Judy blinked, coming back to reality as well as she smiled at Chuck.

"It was good to see you too," she replied.

Shirley and Tabby both gave her hugs; a small growl escaped me when Chuck tried to give her a hug as well, a growl I couldn't suppress. It made him stand down and rethink his next move.

After another round of goodbyes, they finally left.

I turned to Irene.

"I'm not having you stay here for you to invite men over," I scolded, folding my arms over my chest. "Until can find a family to adopt that baby, you are responsible."

"I didn't invite him over, Dad," she said, rolling her eyes. "And no offence, but I am an adult. I can spend time with whoever I want."

"You need to take some time for yourself. You've been put through the ringer with Ethan, and I don't want to see that happen again."

"What makes you think it would happen again?" She asked. "Chuck is a great guy and-"

"You don't know him," I said, cutting off her words. "You know nothing about him or what he's capable of, Irene."

"I've spoken to him a few times. We met at the competition..." Irene told me. "You should be happy that he's a gamma and can properly protect me."

"I don't trust anyone I've barely met... especially not with my daughter."

"I think maybe we should just end the conversation here," Judy suggested, stepping between us, her stance almost protective. "It's been a long day, and we are all tired."

Irene nodded in agreement.

"Fine," I said, relenting.

After another beat of silence, Irene said goodnight and then went to her room. I

turned to Judy, my eyes narrowed.

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"What happened between them?" I found myself asking.

Judy smirked and stepped closer to me.

"You are such a protective father," she teased, wrapping her arms around my neck and pressing her body against mine. "It's kind of hot."

She was deflecting my question and trying to distract me; just like how she lied to me earlier for Irene, she was trying to save Irene again. I should have been stronger than that and call her out on it, but I didn't. Instead, I slammed my lips against hers and lifted her off the ground, forcing her legs around my waist.

"I'll show you what's hot," he murmured against her lips as I carried her to her bedroom where I spent the remaining of the night just who dominates who.

The next morning, Judy wore only my shirt as she danced around the kitchen, cooking breakfast. I frowned as I entered, my sleep pants hanging low on my waist.

"Why are you cooking? Where's Chester?" I asked, running my fingers through my hair.

She smiled at me.

"I told him I had breakfast covered this morning. He wanted to take Nan out."

I nodded as I walked up behind her, wrapping my arms around her waist. I enjoyed the sight of her in my clothes, cooking in my kitchen. It was a sight I could get used to; a thought that came suddenly and made something stir low in my gut. I kissed the nape of her neck from behind, making her shudder and lean her back against me.

"Go to dinner with me tonight," I murmur against her skin.

I felt a smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

"Okay," she whispered.

I gave her a gentle squeeze and peppered another kiss on the nape of her neck before pulling back.

"Then it's settled," I winked as I stole a piece of bacon from the pan and left the room, hearing her laughter echoing behind me.

I took Judy to the Carter Resort restaurant. Nan was working and was our waitress for the evening. Judy was dressed in a short white dress that rested just above her knees and dipped loosely between her cleavage, giving me a prime view. Her hair was down, draped beautifully around her shoulders and she wore only a little makeup to highlight her features.

When she smiled at me across the table, my heart nearly stopped.

I swore off the thought of a real relationship. Having someone to call mine... another mate... falling in love, it didn't seem as if it were in my cards. Those I fall in love with die and the thought of losing Judy broke my heart in a way that I couldn't explain.

But at this moment, my guard was down as I stared at her from across the table. She was telling me a story about something that happened to her that day, and it was making her laugh. She had a beautiful laugh; she looked so beautiful as she smiled.

She tucked a strand of

behind

her ear, and I kept thinking that wanted to be the one to tuck it

behind her ear. I wanted to touch her

in one way or another.

"You seem lost in thought," Judy pointed out, his brows raised. I realized she had stopped talking and I hadn't said a word.

I opened my mouth to speak, but then Nan was at our table with the wine I ordered for us.

"Ready to order food?" She asked as she poured the wine into the glasses and then left the bottle.

We both ordered our meals and then Nan left to fill the orders, leaving us alone to talk.

"You are beautiful tonight," I found myself saying.

Her cheeks flushed at the compliment.

"You don't look so bad yourself," she replied with a small smile.

I felt a sense of pride swelling in my chest, my lips tugging into a smile. We fell into a comfortable conversation, followed by

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comfortable silence, like this was the most natural thing in the world.

It didn't take long for the food to arrive; being a Lycan had some perks. We got high priority no matter where we went; even in the place that was busy, which Carter's Resort was always busy.

Midway through the meal, my phone rang. I wished I could have ignored it, but as the Alpha, I couldn't. It could be an emergency.

I saw Beta Taylor appear on my screen.

"Yes?" I asked into the phone upon swiping the green answer button.

"Alpha, you need to return to your villa immediately," he said, an urgency in his tone.

"I'm out to dinner with Judy," I remind him; this was information he already knew.

"I know, Alpha, and I'm sorry to interrupt. But there is someone here I need to see," he told me.

I furrowed my brows.

"Who is it? Does this really need to be dealt with right this minute?"

I met Judy's eyes, and she was watching me with furrowed brows and a hint of worry in her gaze.

"Yes," Taylor replied, breaking through my thoughts. "It's Rachel."

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Judy's POV

I watched Gavin's face go pale as he clutched the phone tightly. His eyes met mine, and I could see the turmoil, confusion, and something else lingering in them. My heart squeezed at the sight of him like this.

After a long beat of silence, he finally cleared his throat.

"Can you have Gamma Erik come to the Carter Resort?" He asked into the phone. "I'll be there shortly."

After another stretch of silence, he hung up, his eyes never leaving mine.

"I need to leave," he announced, his tone sounding almost distant now as he scooted his chair away from the table and stood. I watched him, confused. We were in the middle of a date; what did he mean that he had to leave? "Please, enjoy the rest of dinner. Nan will put the bill on my tab. Erik will be here shortly to pick you up and bring you home."

"Is everything okay?" I asked him, but I could barely get the question out before he turned and walked through the restaurant.

I stared at his retreating back until he was completely gone; my mind in a whirlwind of thoughts and my heart pounding unsteadily against my chest.

He just ditched me on our date...

"What happened?" Nan asked, stepping beside me.

"I'm not sure," I said softly, my eyes fixed on the closed door. "He left..."

"What?" She asked, her eyes wide as she stared at his hardly touched food. "Why?"

"He got a phone call and then he just... left," I told her, my voice sounding unfamiliar and hollow as I spoke. I was so unbelievably confused by what just happened. I couldn't believe he just left me like this.

Who was on the other end of the phone? Was it Beta Taylor? Would he tell me what was going on?

"He barely ate," Nan frowned. "Should I box it up?"

I shook my head.

"He never takes leftovers," I whisper, feeling tears prick the corner of my eyes. She shrugged and sat down in his place.

"Guess now is a good time to take my break then," she teased as she started to nibble on his food. "I'm sure it's nothing. Don't worry too much about it, Judy."

"He has never left me like this before," I whisper. "What if it's something important..."

"Then it's his problem and I'm sure he'll explain himself later," she told me, giving me a small smile. "Don't worry too much about it."

Despite her words, I still worried deeply about it.

As promised, Erik came and picked me up. He brought me back home to my parents' house. My mom hugged me when she saw me, and my

father apologized for his "gged

over the last day or so. We hadn't spoken since I yelled at them and stormed out, but it seemed we all reflected on it and felt equally guilty. I didn't want to remain mad at them, and they didn't want to be those overbearing and controlling parents, especially because I am an adult.

The next several days mixed together in a blur; the weekend came and went, and

I still hadn't heard a word from Gavin. Now it was Monday and Erik came to pick

me up for school, Nan was with him because she spent the night with Cheser at the mansion and hitched a ride.

School was busy with students

cramming for the upcoming exams. Everybody was worried about their final grades; this would make or break my future. We

- premenstrual

for graduation and these final exams determined whether or not we get a degree or not. I was beyond nervous and stressing... I wished I could talk to Gavin, but he hadn't returned any of my texts.

I did try calling him last night after not hearing from him for a couple of days, but his phone appeared to be off, which was strange because he never turned that thing off. His phone was a part of who he was, and when it was off, it meant

something serious was happening.

I sat in the student lounge with a mound of books, trying to cram as much as I could. Nan sat beside me, also cramming for her upcoming exams.

Lukas walks by and when his eyes find mine, he quickly averts his attention and starts towards the exit. I pressed my lips together and stood up, chasing after him.

"Lukas, hold on a second," I said, grabbing his arm to stop him. "Can you at least talk to me?"

"I can't, Judy... I'm sorry," he said, still keeping his eyes averted. "My parents should have sent you the last of the payment already for your services."

"It's not about the money<" I said, folding my arms across my chest. "It's about our friendship. I thought we were becoming friends..."

"We were..." he admitted. "Until Gavin Landry got to me. We can't be friends, Judy. I'm sorry, but I have a scholarship to maintain. I still have another year of school before I can officially graduate, and I can't fuck it up now."

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"It's not fair that you are letting him dictate your lie like that. How can you scare so easily, having Lycan blood?" I asked him, narrowing my eyes.

"It's because I have Lycan blood that makes it scary. I was on another Lycan's territory. There are laws..."

"It's my fault for not telling you in the first place," I told him, guilt washing over me. "I will take the hit for that. If I need to speak to your uncle="

"No," he said quickly. "It's not that simple. I should have been able to detect that it was his territory. It's not your fault, so please don't say anything to my uncle. It would only make things worse."

"It's not fair that we can't be friends," I told him.

He was chewing on the corner of his lip for a moment, his eyes downcast.

"Maybe if you weren't sleeping with him," he murmured.

My cheeks flushed at the accusation, though I knew he was right. It was because I was sleeping with Gavin that made him so possessive over my male friendships. All Alphas were possessive like that, but Gavin was extra possessive. At least he was... now it seemed like he won't talk to me, and I hated feeling ignored.

Lukas finally glanced at my face and noticed the sorrowful expression... he also noticed slight unease and sadness were lingering in my gaze, and he misinterpreted it as him going too far.

"I'm sorry," He said softly. "I didn't mean it like that. I just wish things could have been different."

Without another word, he turned and left, leaving me alone with my thoughts and aching heart. I wish things could have been different, too.

Gavin usually picked me up from school on the nights that I had to tutor Matt, but instead of it being Gavin, I was surprised to see Beta Taylor.

Matt was also in the backseat of the car with his backpack pressed against his chest. He gave me a small smile as I slid into the seat.

"Hi," I said to him, and then turned to Taylor, who was watching me with a wary expression. "I wasn't expecting this."

He nodded.

"I was told to bring you home. Master Matthew will be joining you at your family home for tonight's tutoring session."

My heart sank.

"Am I not allowed at the Villa?" I asked him, daring myself to get answers.

He was quiet for a moment as he put the car in the drive and drove away from the school. I could tell he was trying to figure out how to tell me something, and my heart hammered against my chest until he spoke again.

"It's just better this way," he finally murmured.

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I wasn't sure what that meant, and I wanted to press the issue even further, but something about his expression silenced me.

Matt was oddly quiet as well, which was unusual. He's usually talking my ear off

by now, but the drive to my home was eerily quiet, and I didn't like it.

After Taylor dropped us off, promising to pick Matt up in a

couple of hours, Matt and I went into

the living room of my home. My parents weren't home, so it made for

a quiet session.

"Judy, can I ask you something?" Matt finally asked, breaking through the silent tension.

"Of course," I told him, wondering what it was he had to ask.

"Do you still like my dad?"

I frowned at his question, not sure where it was coming from.

"I'm not sure what you mean?" I told him honestly, keeping my eyes on his face.

He wasn't looking at me, which gave me a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. He nibbled on his lower lip for a long while, trying to rephrase his question.

"Are you still... uh... friends?" He asked.

I raised my brows, not sure how to answer his question.

"Yeah," I told him. "We are..." After another beat of silence, I asked, "Why do you ask, Matt?"

He blushed, which was unusual, and then he just shrugged.

"I might be almost 8... but I thought I had good perception," he admitted. "But I think I was wrong about something."

Before I could ask what he was

er

talking about, Beta Taylor returned to pick him up. Matt hugged me, lingering a bit longer than usual, like he was afraid I'd disappear if he let go. swnovel

"I'll see you later, Judy," he said softly before he turned and left with Taylor.

I knew now more than ever that something weird was going on... and I had a feeling it involved Gavin.

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Judy's POV

"You look as if you haven't slept in days," Nan points out as I join her in the coffee shop near the school campus. I felt gross; I didn't bother showering and knew I had dark circles under my eyes.

"I haven't," I admitted. "Not since my date with Gavin."

"You still haven't heard from him?"

I shook my head.

"I texted him last night after Matt left, but he hasn't even opened it. His phone's been off..." I told her.

"That's odd," she said. "Maybe you are right... Maybe something happened. Did you talk to Beta Taylor?"

"He won't tell me anything. He gets weird when I bring up Gavin," I told her, my heart pounding in my chest.

"Has Matthew said anything?"

I thought back to my conversation with Matt last night.

"He asked me if I still liked his father," I told her. "Like if we were still friends... then he mentioned something about his perception being wrong. He didn't get to finish his thought, though, because Taylor came to pick him up."

"I wonder what he meant by that," Nan said thoughtfully.

I took a sip of my coffee, my hands trembling as I brought the cup to my lips.

"I don't know, Nan... I don't know what to think. Is he ghosting me? Did he decide he wanted nothing to do with me during the date?"

"Judy, I don't think that's the case," Nan said gently. "You didn't see the way he was looking at you. That man was falling in love with you."

I blinked as I looked at her.

"Falling in love with me?" I asked.

She nodded.

"The way he was looking at you, Judy. It was a look I had never seen before, not even with Chester. Ethan had never looked at you like that before. This was different..."

"I don't know what to think anymore," I admit, nibbling on my lower lip. The anxiety was bubbling inside of me, and I hated the feeling. I took another sip of the coffee and sighed as I leaned back on my booth.

"Well, how about we don't think about it?" she told me. "We are graduating soon, Judy. This is huge. We have to focus on our finals... not men with poor communication skills."

I nodded, knowing she was right. This could make or break my future. I knew that I had already secured a spot in the Elite Force because I had won the Gamma Competition, but having a degree would mean the world to me, and it would open the doors to other opportunities.

After we left the coffee shop, we walked to the campus. We spent some time studying in the student lounge before we had to go to our classes.

Lukas was already in class when I got there. I took my seat beside him and got my notes ready. He was trying hard to pretend I wasn't seated right next to him, which aggravated me.

"Eventually, you'll have to stop acting like I don't exist," I told him. "We are classmates, Lukas."

"We are classmates, not friends," he replied simply, his eyes fixed on his own notes as he prepared them for class.

It annoyed me that he wouldn't even give me the time of day. He was so worried about getting on Gavin's bad side, and Gavin probably wouldn't even notice if he did talk to me or not. It's not like Gavin was talking to me anyway.

My stomach knotted at the thought.

As class started, my mind went into focus mode. I pushed all thoughts of Gavin to the back burner and tried to make the most out of my class time. By the time class was over, my brain was feeling utterly fried.

"Judy, Dean Griffin wanted to speak with you in her office," Professor Rivers told me.

I frowned, my heart pounding against my chest.

"Dean Griffin?" I asked. "Is everything okay?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm not entirely sure. But it's best if you head there right now. I just got a phone call from her, and it sounded kind of urgent."

I swallowed the lump in my throat and nodded.

"Okay, thank you."

I made my way across the campus and towards the Dean's office. Dean Griffin was new as of this year; the former Dean, the one who nominated me for the Gamma Competition, retired over the

summer and was replaced by a new,

younger dean. I've only seen glimpses of her before; she was pretty and looked extremely intimidating. I would be lying if I said. I wasn't nervous about meeting her for the first time, and even more so that she wants to speak to me in her office.

As I approached the faculty office, I used the elevator to reach the top floor. I stepped out of the elevator and walked over to the receptionist's desk.

Mrs. Connolly sat at the desk in her normal fashion, typing away on her computer. She had been the receptionist for years, and even in her old age, she refuses to retire. She's so old, she can't even shift into her wolf anymore.

Her eyes lifted from her computer when she saw me, and a small smile played on her lips.

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"Well, hello there, Judy," she said, her pleasantries easing my mind slightly.

"Good morning, Mrs. Connolly," I replied, stopping in front of her desk. "I heard Dean Griffin wanted to speak with me."

She nodded and turned back to her computer; she typed something on the screen and then turned towards the little speaker box on her desk.

"Dean Griffin, Judy is here to speak with you," she said into the little mic.

The speaker crackled as Dean Griffin's voice came through.

"Send her in."

There was no emotion in her voice, and it made my stomach tighten into an even bigger knot.

Mrs. Connolly gave me a nod and motioned for the office door. I took a deep breath and opened the door, stepping inside. The office hadn't changed much from when I was here last; there were the same modern decorations, with updated pictures of the new Dean's family. She was a mother to what looked like a 3-year-old little girl and maybe an 8-year-old little boy. She was the wife of a Beta, which made her a female Beta. I knew little about her other than the fact that she was from the Whytecliff pack, a neighboring pack of the Redmoon, which was run by Alpha Edmond.

Dean Griffin, first name Lila, was blonde with long hair that draped over her shoulders and glasses that covered most of her young-looking face. She had a petite frame, and from the small amount of times I've seen her, I had never seen her smile.

I heard from others around the school that she never smiles.

"Take a seat, Judy," she motions for one of the seats in front of her desk.

She didn't bother looking at me; too focused on whatever was on her computer screen.

Tentatively, I took a seat, tugging my fingers nervously as I waited for her to speak. It took an eternity for her to say anything. Eventually, she looked up at her, her pale blue eyes narrowing.

"I've heard a lot about you from your professors," she informed me. "I've gone through all your records, and I must say, I'm quite impressed with your performance."

My heart stopped in my chest; was she complimenting me?

"Thank you, Dean Griffin," I said, grateful for her words.

"It seems you've been on the dean's list more times than any student who's been at this school," she continued. "Not to mention your performance at the Gamma Competition deserves some recognition."

My heart started up again, pounding heavily in my chest.

"So, with that, I wanted to personally congratulate you... You are graduating top of your class. If you ace your finals, which telling from your records, I have full faith that you will, you are expected to write and give a speech during graduation, and you'll get a golden star on your degree, which indicates that you graduated top of your class."

I couldn't help the smile that lit up my face at her words.

"That's a huge honor, Dean," I told her. "Thank you so much."

She held her hand out for me to shake, and I did so without hesitation.

"It's a pleasure," she told me in return.

As I stood to leave, she stood as well.

"One last thing," she said before I could turn away fully; I paused to look at her, curious as to what more she had to say. "If I find out that Gavin Landry is the reason you are so successful, you won't like the consequences."

My heart fell into my stomach.

"I assure you, Alpha Landry has nothing to do with my success," I assured her.

With that, I turned and left her office.

As I walked away from the building and towards the student lounge, my mind was racing. This was huge; I couldn't believe it. There was only one person I wanted to tell this good news to, and there was a chance he wouldn't even answer, but still, I wanted to try anyway.

I pulled out my phone and brought up Gavin's contact number. I pressed the call button and pressed the phone to my ear, waiting with bated breath for him to answer. His phone had been off these last few days and going straight to voicemail, so I was surprised when it actually rang.

Then, there I heard the line being picked up, and my heart thudded against my chest.

"Hello?"

A woman's voice came on the other end.

My heart stopped as I pulled the phone away and looked at the name on my screen... it was definitely Gavin's number.

Did he change his number and not tell me?

Why would he do that?

"Sorry, I might have the wrong number," I said softly.

"Who are you looking for?" The woman asked, a curious tint in her voice.

"Gavin Landry," I said, my voice coming out hesitantly as I spoke his name. She was quiet for a moment, and then her next words shattered not only my heart, but my entire soul.

"This is the right number, though I'm afraid he's currently in the shower," she told me: "I can leave a message for him. We do have plans together later, but I'm sure he'll call you before we leave if it's that important."

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Judy's POV

My entire body was frigid as I heard what this woman...a woman I had never even heard of before, saying that Gavin was in the shower. My entire body shook, and I could feel my heart shattering in my chest. I barely registered her words next because I was so numb from the inside out.

My hearing had faded, and all that was left was just me inside the little bubble I created around myself.

I pressed the "end call" button as she was speaking and I shoved my phone back into my pocket, not wanting to hear what more she had to say.

I'm not sure how I ended up outside of the student lounge; my body was working on overdrive, and I wasn't in control anymore. I felt paralyzed as the world passed around me, swallowing me into a black abyss. I didn't realize where I was until I heard Nan's voice from beside me.

"Judy, what's wrong?" She asked, studying my pale face.

I looked at her... really looked at her. I saw the worry lingering in her eyes and the way the corner of her lip tipped down into a concerned frown. Her brows were pinched together as she stared at me, the question lingering on her lips as I thought about what to say to her.

I felt so stupid; here I was, thinking this guy might actually like me... thinking he had developed genuine feelings for me as I had him... but instead he was off with another woman, playing house with her... letting her answer his phone... taking her on dates...ignoring me and wondering what it was I did wrong.

I didn't realize that I was crying until Nan wrapped me in her arms and pulled me into a tight hug.

"It's okay," she whispered, but I didn't feel like things were okay. I felt like I was breaking apart, and there was nobody around to pick up the pieces. My wolf was whimpering and howling inside of me, feeling and feeding off my pain, matching it with her own. "Tell me what happened, Judy. Please... I hate seeing you like this."

"I called Gavin..." I heard myself whisper. "And another woman answered."

She let out a breath and closed her eyes as she continued to hug me

"That asshole," she whispered. "He doesn't deserve you if that's how he's going to treat you. Just because he's a Lycan, he thinks he can play with your emotions. It's not fair."

At that point, my phone chimed. I pulled out of her arms and glanced at my phone, sighing.

"Who is it?" She asked, eyeing me carefully.

"Beta Taylor is here to pick me up," I muttered.

"Not Erik?" She asked with raised brows.

She knew Erik was my typical driver that Gavin appointed me a while back, and when it wasn't Erik picking me up, typically it would have been Gavin Taylor only picked me up if he needed to take me somewhere specific or in emergency situations. But this past week or so, it's been him picking up from school and bringing me home. Even when I wasn't tutoring Matt, it was still

Taylor who picked me up.

"I have to go," I told her, my heart heavy as I walked towards the parking lot.

Nan watched me go, shouting for me to call her later. I didn't bother responding; my body was numb, and the words failed to leave my lips.

As I stepped out into the parking lot,

I spotted his car almost right away. I got into the backseat, settling myself before my eyes found Taylor's. He was looking at me through the mirror with a curious gaze, and when he noticed me staring back, he quickly returned his attention to the front, his eyes fixed on the road.

He pulled away from the school without another word, pulling onto the main road and driving towards the Redmoon pack lines.

"Have you talked to Gavin?" I asked him, surprised that my voice sounded stronger than I felt.

He glanced at me through the mirror again, and I couldn't decipher the look in his eyes.

"I have," he murmured, without offering much more information. "He's been busy with a new project for the Landry Corporation."

I nodded, not believing a word he was saying.

"Does he have any new business partners or someone working with him on the project?" I asked,

He was quiet for a long while; his jaw was ticking, and he clenched and unclenched it. He finally glanced at me through the mirror.

"That's not for me to say," he admitted, his voice coming out softer than I thought it would. "It's probably better if you spoke to him directly."

"I would if he'd talk to me," I muttered.

Beta Taylor looked as if he was about to say something else, but before he could, my phone started to ring. Aggravated by the interruption, I huffed as I pulled my phone out of my pocket. I saw Irene's name on the screen and bit my lips as I

answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Judy! I need your help," Irene practically shouted into the phone. "It's Emalyn... she's sick. She won't stop crying. Please hurry!"

She hung up without another word, leaving my stomach in knots. I looked at

Taylor, who was still focused on the road, his mind a thousand miles away.

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"Change of plans... take me to the place," I told him.

He furrowed his brows in response.

"Why?" He asked.

"Irene needs my help with the baby, that's why," I told him simply. "If Gavin doesn't want to see me, then that's fine, but I'm not cutting myself off from Irene."

He nodded and, without another word, he turned in a different direction and started to drive towards the Silver Crescent pack.

Once we were at the mansion, I thanked him and hurried out of the car. I didn't bother looking back at Beta Taylor, though I could feel his eyes on the back of my head.

Irene was in the living room, cradling a crying Emalyn. The baby's face was all red as she belted and sobbed, and it broke my heart to see her like this. Irene was also crying as she cooed at the little baby, trying to calm her.

Irene looked at me with relief in her eyes.

"I don't know what to do," she cried, her bottom lip trembling. "Please, help me..."

I immediately went to her, taking a look at Emalyn's face. I put my hands on her cheeks and forehead, my stomach clenching when I felt how warm she was. "She's running a fever," I told her. "Do you have any baby medicine?" I asked. "Maybe in the kitchen," she said, her voice cracking as she spoke.

I grabbed the baby from her arms, cradling her close to my chest. She relaxed a little, but not all the way.

"I need you to listen carefully, okay?" I said, trying to remain as calm as I could. She nodded, waiting for my instructions. "I need you to warm up some milk in a baby bottle and put a few drops of medicine in the milk. Not a lot... just a little. Then bring me the bottle."

Irene nodded and, without another word, she ran off and into the kitchen. I continued to rock and cradle the baby; her crying subsided a little, but she was still whimpering as the fever took full effect.

"Poor little pup," I whispered soothingly.

Not long after, Irene was returning with the baby bottle. I took the bottle from her and started to feed the baby. It took a few tries, but soon Emalyn started to drink greedily.

Irene sighed, resting on the couch now that the mansion was quiet and free from the crying. As the baby drank, her sniffles and sobs subsided. She stopped halfway through the bottle, and then I took a break to burp her before having her continue.

Once she was done with the bottle, I placed it on the coffee table and rocked her. The room had fallen silent as the baby nuzzled against me, trying to gain warmth, though she was sweating from her fever. It tore at my heart to see her like this.

I had to change her a couple of times within the hour because her diaper exploded. The second time it happened had Irene helped me bathe her. The warm water was soothing enough that it calmed her into a sleeping state.

Rocking her in my arms, I sat with her on the couch until she was completely asleep. She wasn't as warm, but I could tell she still had a slight fever.

Irene looked relieved to see that she was finally sleeping.

"Thank you," Irene whispered. "How did you get so good at taking care of babies?"

I shrugged.

"Just a natural talent," I admitted.

"I wish I had that talent," she murmured. "I don't think I'll ever be good at this kind

of thing."

We remained quiet for a long while, and then I turned to her.

"Can I ask you a question?"

She nodded, her eyes meeting mine.

"What's up?" She asked.

"Is your dad dating someone?"

She raised her brows and then cocked her head.

"My dad doesn't really date anyone... why?" She asked.

"I called him earlier, and a woman answered... I was just wondering how she was," I explained.

She raised her brows.

"I haven't spoken to my father in days," she admitted. "He's been busy with work as far as I know. I'm not sure who answered his phone, but I doubt he would have allowed that if he knew," she told me.

I thought about it for a moment, and then I nodded.

"Yeah, maybe it's just a misunderstanding," I said softly.

She was quiet for a long while, and then she straightened her posture.

"You know what you need to do?" She asked, "You need to go to the Villa and see him for yourself."

"What?" I nearly asked, my eyes wide.

"I'm serious," she said, a grin forming

on her lips. "Go to the Villa and see

my father. If anything, you should tell him how you feel. You have obvious how feelings for him, so you should tell him, right?"

"What if he doesn't feel the same?" I asked, meeting her eyes.

"Then you'll know the truth," she told me. She stood and took the baby from my arms, cradling her. "I think her fever broke. I'll put her in her crib... go to the Villa, Judy. I mean, what's the worst that can happen, right?"

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Judy's POV

Irene was right; I was not the type of person to sit around and mope because of a guy. I was the kind of person who would go and get answers, especially considering nobody is willing to provide me with answers anyway.

I was beyond frustrated with the situation, and I needed to know what was up. I was having trouble believing he just up and ditched me for another woman, and if he did, it was time that I gave him a piece of my mind. After Irene got Emalyn changed and settled, and said my goodbyes to her and asked Chester for a ride to the villa. He was happy to give me a ride, having heard what happened from Nan, I didn't have to retell him the story of my earlier events.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Chester asked, sounding a bit worried as we approached the villa. "It's not too late to turn around."

"I need answers, Chester," I told him. "It's going to eat at me if I don't..."

"But what if you don't like the answers that you receive?" he asked, echoing the very fear that's in my head.

I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"Then I guess I'll at least have an answer, and I won't be sitting at home wondering," I told him, my voice dropping to a low whisper.

He remained quiet for the rest of the drive; I could feel the uncertainty radiating off him, and it was starting to seep into me. The closer we got, the more I started to doubt this plan. He pulled into the villa driveway and continued until we reached the designated guest parking area.

I didn't see Gavin's car parked in its usual spot, which made me wonder if he was even home. If not, I guess I would be waiting for him.

I unbuckled my seatbelt and started to get out.

"Stay here," I told Chester. I need to do this alone."

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" He asked, his tone laced with worry. "Nan would kill me if anything happened to you."

"I'm not sure about anything anymore, but I'll send for you if I need backup," I assure him. "I mean, this is Gavin we are talking about... how much danger could there be?"

"Maybe not physical damage," he murmured. "But there will definitely be emotional damage."

I knew he was right, but I was deep now, and there was no going back.

I stepped out of the car, and just as I was shutting the car door, Gavin's car swung around the corner. I got a glimpse of him in the driver's seat, and he didn't seem to notice me as he parked the car a distance away, in his usual spot.

There was another figure in the car, too, that I couldn't quite make out. I furrowed my brows at the sight, waiting with bated breath for them to get out of the car. The passenger door opened, and then my heart immediately sank as I saw the most gorgeous woman I had ever seen in my life.

She was tall and radiant; her skin

was flawless like a porcelain doll; her hair was black like the night's sky, curly enough to crown her entire heart-shaped face. Her lips were perfectly plump and glossy red. Her high cheekbones were featured with pink, and her eyes, equipped with long and dark lashes, were emerald with specs of blue and grey. With my wolf sight, I could see her as clearly as if she were standing right in front of me.

She wore a low-cut dress that left no mystery of what lay underneath. Her large cleavage was on full display, and her legs were prominent. She had a gorgeous fit body, and each and every curve was showcased in that dress.

Though she wore heels that made her appear taller than her normal height, Gavin was still taller. He walked around the car, the look of admiration clear in his eyes as he offered the woman his arm. She took it without hesitation, a smile lighting up her face and that same admiration reflecting back at him.

He leaned in to kiss her cheek, further shattering my heart. As he spoke in a low tone for only her to hear, his eyes darted in my direction as if he felt my gaze on his, and then I watched his color drain from his face.

Gavin's POV

A few days ago.

I sat in the restaurant, my eyes never

leaving Judy's curious face as I

clutched the phone tightly in my hands. I thought I was going to break the phone with how tightly I was holding it. I couldn't get Taylor's

words out of my head for a long while as I remained on the phone

with him, trying to process what it was he was saying to me right now.

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"Alpha, did you hear me?" Taylor asked. "She's here...she's back."

"It's not possible," I said more to myself than him.

What he had just said couldn't have been possible. Rachel couldn't be at my villa right now because Rachel was fucking dead.

It was a cruel and unusual joke that was being played.

Rachel was Cassandra's nurse a long time ago, and one evening, while she was driving, she got T-boned. There were no survivors in that accident... I had no one to blame; no one to incriminate...

"I didn't think so either, but she's here... living and breathing," Taylor confirmed, sounding just as confused as I felt.

Without many words, I dismissed myself from my date with Judy. I felt guilty leaving her, but this was too important. I needed to see for myself if Rachel was truly alive and well. I barely remember getting home.

As I ran through the front doors of the villa and my nose picked up the scent of a woman in the parlor, my heart started to race. I walked into the parlor and froze when I saw the familiar figure sitting on the couch, her legs crossed over one another and her hands neatly placed on her lap.

She looked nervous as her eyes scanned the room, searching for any changes since the last time she was here.

It was true... she was alive.

"Rachel?" I asked, stepping further into the room and drawing her attention to me.

Her eyes shifted to me, and my breathing hitched as I looked into the familiar emerald, blue, and grey eyes. Her dark curls tucked behind one of her ears as she gave me an awkward smile before standing to her feet.

"It's been a long time," she said, as if she weren't a walking ghost standing right in front of me.

"How is this possible?" I asked, my words coming out in a breath. I was confused as to how she was standing right in front of me. "You... you were dead..."

"I know you have a lot of questions," she said softly. "And I want to be honest with you. Do you think we can talk for a bit?"

I was dumbfounded as I stared at the woman once loved after my wife died. She was the only other woman that I loved after Melissa's death The only one I even

considered marrying. I was gutted when she passed away... or at least when I thought she passed away.

I found myself numbly nodding as I lowered myself onto the couch. She sat beside me, her eyes never leaving mine.

"It's really good to see you again, Gavin," she said as tears filled her eyes. "You have no idea how badly I missed you and how it killed me not to see you."

I wasn't sure what to say, but when she wrapped her arms around me and hugged me, it brought my mind back to all those times I've held her before. All those times she's felt so perfect in my embrace. Though she was tall, she still fit small against me, and her scent was the same.

She pulled back slightly to look at me, a small smile playing on her lips.

"It feels like nothing's changed between us," she murmured, her hands running through my hair.

I wanted to agree with her and to fall back into my old habits, but she was wrong. So much had changed between us and I couldn't even begin to tell her because I was just so confused on the fact that she was right in front of me, alive and well... looking incredible and unharmed.

"How are you here, Rachel?" I asked her, my voice was coming out softer than intended.

She swallowed as she glanced at her hands, and then she glanced back up at me, nibbling on the corner of her lip.

"Because I've been lying to you for years," she admitted. "I never died in that crash and I'm not who you thought I was..."

"I don't understand," I said, shaking my head. "Tell me the truth now... who are you?"

"I was never a nurse... though I was trained in that field. I was an undercover agent. I was sent to Silver Crescent as a spy," she told me. My brows furrowed as I stared at her.

"A spy?"