

# Seducing My Ex's Father In Law 521-530

Gavin's POV

The rest of the evening went by amazingly smoothly. Rachel was the real prize of the evening. The shareholders and businessmen were obsessed with her, and it wasn't just because she was gorgeous, but because she had such great knowledge about literally everything. She brought up possible problems that she came across while listening to their propositions, and then she helped them come up with probable solutions that made everyone nod and stare at her in wonder.

She was also funny, having them laughing and ordering more drinks as the night progressed. Her witty jokes were perfectly timed, and the fact that she was pretty didn't go unnoticed by the men who couldn't seem to tear their eyes off her. Even those who weren't at our table couldn't help but look over at her.

She certainly had a charm about her that made men fall at her feet.

I would know because I used to be one of those men.

Since she pretty much told them that she was my Luna, I didn't correct her, though every fiber of my being wanted to. But this business deal was important, and I knew right away that they were more drawn to her than they were to me.

Plus, there was no harm in them thinking we were a couple. She did come in on my arm, so I would have looked bad otherwise. As if I hired an escort for the evening or something.

Towards the end of dinner, and our conversation about the upcoming changes that will soon take place, we started talking numbers and how much each shareholder will need to give in order to make these plans a reality. I was surprised when Rachel pitched in with her own ideas and made adjustments to the revenue.

The men were equally impressed, if not more so.

"You have a keeper on your hands, Alpha Landry," one of them said, his eyes never leaving Rachel.

"Gorgeous, charming, and good with business. What more can a man want?" Another said, a smile lighting up his face.

I glanced at Rachel and felt a sense of pride as she basked in the compliments. Bringing her along was a good decision.

My phone rang and I frowned as I fished it out of my pocket. Leroy's name flashed across my screen. My brows furrowed as I stood to my feet.

"I have to take this," I told them. "Excuse me."

I stepped away from the table and B-lined towards the bathroom hallway where I could speak in private. It was strange that my driver was calling me in the middle of an important business meeting, which he drove us to.

"What is it?" I asked, cutting all casualties.

"I have a personal emergency at home I need to tend to," Leroy said, his voice sounding strained. I know he's been caring for his sick mother, and it's been taking a lot of his time, which is why I've been using Taylor as my personal driver as of late. I knew there was a possibility that Leroy would need to dismiss himself early tonight.

"Do what you have to do," I told him. "I'll find a ride back to the villa."

"Thank you, Alpha. I am so sorry."

Without another word, I hung up the phone and shoved it back into my pocket. I would have to see if one of my other gammas could pick us up; that's the risk I took not driving us myself, but I knew we'd be drinking tonight, and I wanted to be safe.

Taylor was having a date night with his mate, and Erik was out of town for a few days. My mind was flipping through all the people who could potentially pick us up when Rachel stepped around the corner.

"Is everything okay?" She asked.

"Yeah, we have to find a new ride home. Leroy has an emergency," I explained.

She nodded.

"The men are all leaving. After we say goodbye, how about we go to the bar for some drinks and alone time," she said, her meaning not lost on me. "It's been a while since we've just hung out."

I nodded and took her arm, guiding her back to the table where the men were packing up their things.

I gave them each a handshake, and Rachel made sure to hug each one of them; some lingered a little too long, and some hands rested a bit too low.

After we finished without goodbyes, Rachel and I headed to the bar. I sent out a few text messages to some other gammas that I knew would drop what they were doing to pick me up from this hotel casino.

We ordered a couple of drinks, and I excused myself to the restroom to freshen up. When I returned, our drinks arrived, and Rachel was beaming at me, a wide smile on her lips as I took my seat.

"I'm glad we got to do this. Thank you for inviting me," she said, batting her lashes.

"I had no idea you were so good with business-related topics," I told her. "Last I remembered, you were a nurse, not a businesswoman."

She giggled as she took a sip of her bright green drink.

"I am a woman of many talents," she told me; then her face grew serious for a moment. "There were a lot of things you didn't know about me back then, but I want to make amends now and have you get to know the real me."

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"Were you really a nurse?" I found myself asking as I took a sip of the scotch I ordered.

"I was registered and trained to make it look convincing on paper, but no," she confessed. "There were other spies that I worked with at the hospital, so it made it easy to take root there."

I had uncovered many spies throughout the years, and as she said, most of them were doctors, nurses, and even the mortician at the hospital. It was no wonder it was easy for her to fake her own death.

"Well, regardless, you were a huge help today," I told her, lifting my glass to clink hers. "So, thank you."

She smiled at the compliment, the rim of her glass clinking against mine as she took a sip. Her eyes followed my every moment as I took a sip, the scotch making my insides warmer than they'd been before.

I cleared my throat and set the glass down.

"Once one of my gammas gets back to me, we'll get out of here," I told her.

She gave me a sly smile as she sipped her drink.

"Or we could always get a hotel for the night and just stay here," she teased, nudging me.

The thought of staying the night in a hotel with her left my stomach in a knot. Not in a nervous fluttering kind of way, but almost unsettled.

I took another sip of the scotch, the liquor leaving a slight burn in my throat. I furrowed my brows as my vision became hazy.

Was I getting drunk?

It took a lot for me to get drunk, and I've only had a few drinks this evening, so that wasn't likely.

"One of my gammas will get back to me soon enough," I assured her.

She looked almost disappointed by my statement, but then gave me a curious look.

"Are you feeling okay?" She asked.

"Is it getting hot in here?" I asked, suddenly feeling as if there wasn't enough air in the room. It was incredibly hot; was I the only one suffering?

"I don't think so," she said, reaching out and touching my cheek.

I leaned into her touch; her hand was

cold and soothing, leaving me feeling slight relief for only a second. Her eyes darkened as she watched me and I could see the hidden desires behind her gaze, a desire that I have seen before, but ignored.

"Are you sure you're okay?" She asked, her voice turning into an almost purr as she leaned in closer to me. "How about another sip of your drink?"

She pushed the scotch closer to me, and I grabbed it, chugging the rest of it, relieved by the coldness of the ice, but the end result was almost like a punch in the gut when my vision blurred even more and suddenly, I was laughing at the most ridiculous stuff.

Rachel was also laughing as she rubbed herself against my body, her hands draped in my hair and her lips close to my neck as she whispered stuff into my ear; stuff I had no idea what she was saying, but for some reason I found hilarious.

I caught glimpse of the bartender, giving us curious looks. He was human and probably had no idea how powerful I was or else he'd never look me in the eyes.

"I'll be right back. I'm going to book us a room for the night and get stuff prepared," I caught Rachel's words last minute as she excused herself, telling the bartender to keep an eye on me while she gets things situated.

She doesn't know I own my own suite here at the hotel, and I wasn't going to tell her either. I was about to decline her advances. I reached for my phone, realizing that I didn't have it on me. Where the fuck did my phone go??

I had no idea if any of my Gammas received my texts and if someone was coming or not.

Fuck, even in my drunken state I knew I couldn't spend the night here with her. I might have been loopy and completely out of it, but there was that small part of me that was still in protection mode.

I motioned for the bartender, who came to me right away.

"Need some water?" He asked, watching me carefully.

"I need a favor," my words came out slurred, and I could barely register the man standing in front of me. "Give me..... paper and..... pen." I took deep breaths between each word I spoke.

He nodded and reached for a piece of paper and pen, sliding it in front of me.

I wrote out a name and then a phone number.

"Call this person. Tell them Gavin Landry is in trouble, and they need to get here as soon as possible," I told him, just as darkness started to cloud me.

"Sure," he said as he grabbed the phone that hung on the wall behind him.

I rested my head on the counter as a pounding headache surfaced at my temple; heat consumed my body, making me feel as if I was on fire, and the entirety of the room spun.

The last thing I heard was the bartender speaking into the phone, "Hello, is this Judy Montague?"

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Judy's POV

"Hello, is this Judy Montague?"

I glanced at the time and saw that it was just past 10 pm; who would be calling me at this hour? It was an unknown number, and I didn't recognize the voice.

Furrowing my brows, I said, "Yes, speaking. May I ask who's calling?"

"I'm sorry to bother you at such a late hour, Mam. I was given your number to call by Gavin Landry..."

My heart stopped at the sound of his name. Gavin? Why would Gavin be having this man call me at 10 pm?

"Is everything okay?"

"He's here at the Grand Casino Hotel; he's passed out at the bar," the guy told me. "I'm Luis, the bartender. He wrote your name on a piece of paper along with your number and told me to call you and have you come here as soon as possible. That was before he passed out a few seconds ago."

I was already out of bed and pulling off my sleep shorts and tank top so I could put on a pair of jeans and a sweater.

"He passed out?" I asked, holding my phone between my shoulder and cheek as I pulled up my jeans. "Why did he pass out?"

"That's the strange thing... I'm not sure. "He looks like someone who can handle alcohol, but he's only had one scotch. I can't imagine he'd get drunk based on that one drink."

"I'm on my way there now. Make sure he doesn't go anywhere," I said urgently as I grabbed my purse and hurried out of my bedroom.

"I'll do what I can," the bartender, Luis, said. I hung up the phone without saying another word. I hurried down the steps of my family's home and out the front door, only to freeze when I saw that there was no car in the driveway.

I inwardly cursed, remembering both my parents had plans for the evening. [seriously needed to get my own car, but with Gavin insisting on having one of his men drive me around this past year or so, my need for a car hadn't come up until now.

My first instinct was to call Nan, but when she didn't answer, I called Chester. He didn't answer either, so I assumed they must have been together.

I pulled up the Uber app instead and quickly selected an uber, hoping that they won't take long to arrive.

Thankfully, there was a driver around the corner, and he was there within minutes. As he pulled in front of me, I quickly got into the backseat. He greeted me with a warm smile and asked me if the heat was okay or if it was too much.

"It's fine," I replied, a bit rushed. "I don't have a lot of time. If we could just hurry, that'd be great."

He nodded and put the car in drive.

Though he was driving fairly faster than the typical speed limit, it still wasn't fast enough for my liking, and I found myself growing impatient. We were beyond wolf territory and deep in the human territory, where there were no other wolf packs for miles. The Grand Casino Hotel was right in the heart of the city, and it was the biggest building in our region. It was gorgeous with golden décor and bright sparkling neon lights that led their way into the casino. I could hear the slot machines before I even got out of the car.

It was incredibly busy, even at this late hour.

Seeing everyone in their best clothing, I suddenly felt it was inappropriate to wear a hoodie and jeans. But it's not like I had a lot of time to get ready before coming here. Plus, I'm not here for a social

call, I'm here to rescue Gavin.

I still wondered why it was me he wanted the Bartender to call and not anybody else.

"Can you wait here until I get my friend?" I asked. "I just need to grab him, and then we can leave."

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The Uber driver frowned.

"Sorry, you only purchased a one-way Uber pass," he told me, making my heart stop. I grabbed my phone and looked at the Uber app. I thought I selected the round-trip Uber pass, but sure enough, only the one-way was selected. "I have another customer I need to get to."

"It's fine," I told him as I pushed the door open. "I'll just get another Uber."

I slammed the door shut and rushed inside. My main focus was to get to Gavin. There were so many bars in this place that I cursed myself for not asking the bartender which bar he was at.

As I went to multiple bars in search of him, I noticed several strange looks from those around me, all probably wondering why I looked so disheveled and wasn't dressed up to their standards. I had half a mind to say something to them, but I couldn't think straight.

As I neared another bar, I felt my wolf stirring, almost pulling me in that direction and making me move faster. She had been wound up and antsy since that phone call and the

fact that there are so many different scents here, not to mention a turmoil of emotions running through our veins, made it hard pick up on Gavin's specific scent, though it was clear to us that he was somewhere in this building.

But the second my wolf caught wind of that specific bar, his scent became evident the closer we got. I picked up my pace, and when I saw him slumped on the counter with the Bartender, I'm assuming Luis, trying to talk to him and give him some water, my quickened pace turned into a run.

The bartender noticed me and a relieved look crossed his face. I'm thinking he assumed I was the one he spoke to on the phone based on the fact that I'm running in their direction and dressed like a slob.

"You must be Judy," he said when I approached.

Ignoring him, I sat beside Gavin, cupping his face in my hands.

"Gavin," I said to him, keeping my one low, though there were traces of concern leaking through. Gavin, stay with me."

"Judy..." He whispered, his face nuzzling my hands. "Mmmm."

He was burning up.

I looked at the bartender; something wasn't right.

"Are you sure all he had was scotch?" I asked him.

He nodded.

"I've been here all night, and I didn't serve him any other drinks. I mean, he came from the restaurant. I'm assuming it was a business meeting he was attending. He was with a bunch of men with suits and a gorgeous woman by his side."

"A woman?" I asked, my brows furrowed. "What did she look like?"

"Huge tits, nice ass.... gorgeous red

dress that hugged her fit form perfectly. Dark curly hair, bright green eyes with some blue and grey in them... God, I could stare at her for hours. She left a little bit ago though. I'm not sure if she's coming back despite the fact that she said she would."

My heart cracked in my chest.

He was with Rachel.



"And she left him?" I asked.

He nodded.

"They came to the bar together and then she told him she'll be right back and left,"

he said, shrugging. "They looked very intimate."

I pressed my lips in a thin line, trying hard not to cry in front of the bartender. Now was not the time for pity parties. I needed to get Gavin out of here, back to his home, before he made a complete fool of himself.

"I need to call for an Uber," I told Gavin, hoping that he could hear and understand me. "Just sit tight. I'm taking you to your villa, and then I'll call Dr. Pierce."

He grunted as his head rested back on the counter after I released my hold of him.

"I have a suite..." he murmured. "Just take me there."

His eyes were closed, but he was clearly conscious.

I glanced at the Bartender, who just shrugged.

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Gavin got a suite? But why? Was he planning on using it with Rachel?

The thought made my stomach churn.

"I'll call the front desk and ask them," Luis said as he grabbed the phone behind him.

A few minutes later, he hung up and turned to me.

"Apparently Gavin Landry owns a suite," he clarified. "The very top floor."

He wrote down the room number and handed it to me.

"I might need some help getting him there," I murmured, trying to tug Gavin off the barstool, but his body was too heavy, and I doubted he could walk.

"Hold on," Luis said as he walked away, disappearing through a crowd. A few moments later, he returned with a couple of guys by his side. "They'll help you get him upstairs."

"Thank you," I breathed.

I had no idea who they were, but they reeked of humans, as did Luis. I had no problems with humans; I just didn't fully trust them. I wasn't sure if they knew what we were, but if they did, they didn't say anything or make known that they knew anything.

Because of how large the Casino Hotel was, it took a while to reach the elevator, and even that took a while to reach the top floor. We managed to get Gavin to his suite door, which was larger than all the other doors on the floor... shocker.

"Shit, I don't have a key," I muttered.

Gavin hummed and lifted his thumb before letting it fall to his side. I realized it had a thumbprint lock, and I sighed in relief as I grabbed Gavin's thumb and pressed it to the panel. Within seconds, the little light on the panel turned green, and I heard the lock disengaging.

I opened the door and ushered the men inside the suite.

It was huge... bigger than any hotel suite I had ever seen. My mouth nearly hit the floor, though I didn't have time to gawk and take in my surroundings. I felt underdressed even being in this room. The floors were marble, and we immediately entered a fully intact kitchen with brand new appliances that were so clean I could see my reflection in them.

We walked down a small flight of stairs that led into a living room area that had a giant flat screen TV on the wall, a huge luxurious couch that wrapped around the living room, a couple of love seats, a bookshelf, a glass coffee table, a huge marble fireplace with some pictures of Gavin's family hanging on the mantle, proving his ownership. There were at least 5 different doors, and I'm not sure where each of them led, but I'm assuming different bedrooms and maybe bathrooms.

But that wasn't what boggled me; what blew my mind was the large floor-to-ceiling windows that overtook the entire wall on the far side of the suite that overlooked the glorious nightlife and part of the gorgeous casino hotel that wrapped around.

We were on the top floor, so the entire city was in view of the window and the prettiest sight I had ever seen.

"Where do you want him?" One of the guys asked, bringing me back to the present moment.

"Couch is fine," I told him. "Thanks."

He nodded and dropped Gavin on the couch. After I said goodbye and thanked them one last time, they left.

I sighed and went to Gavin, trying to assess him. He was still sweaty, and his eyes were closed. His breathing was coming out in short rasps, and my heart clenched at the sight of him.

"I'll get you some water," I murmured. "And call Doctor Pierce. Maybe she can just meet us here."

Just as I turned to walk towards the kitchen, his hand wrapped around my wrist, and suddenly I was being pulled into him. I fell on top of him; before I could grasp what was happening, his hand came around the back of my head, and he was pulling into a deep and passionate kiss.

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Judy's POV

His kiss was everything I had longed for; everything that I had missed.

There was a hint of scotch in his breath, but for the most part, he was all Gavin. His taste was familiar and brought a world of comfort to my aching soul. His tongue slid between my parted lips, tasting me.

He was warm, and it brought warmth to my chilled body. The softness of his tongue was almost too much for me to handle as I deepened the kiss with my own tongue, tasting what I had tasted so many times in the past. Tasting what I never thought I would taste again.

His strong arms pulled me into him, so I was even closer, pressing my body against his rock-hard abs that I knew were beneath his suit. My legs were on either side of him as I straddled his lap, his hardness pressing between my legs, rubbing against my core, and making heat flare up on my cheeks.

He moaned into my mouth as our lips moved together in sync, a harmony that only we could hear. He pulled back slightly, stopping the kiss to look into my eyes with his hooded ones. They were dazed and clouded over with what looked like desire.

He nipped at my bottom lip before capturing my lips in another searing kiss that made me see stars.

I knew that I shouldn't be enabling this; he wasn't in the right frame of mind.

However, I convinced myself that a kiss was okay... that I would put an end to it if it became more than that.

But as soon as his hands roamed across my body, I knew I was putty in his hands. I let out a gasp as his fingers found their way beneath my hoodie; I wasn't wearing anything underneath because I was in such a rush to get to him.

His fingers found my breasts, and I felt my nipples pebbling beneath his touch, making me gasp as he continued to pour his heart into the kiss.

"I've missed these," he whispered, twirling my nipples with his fingers, making them harden even more.

I couldn't help the moan that escaped my lips. His touch went straight to my core, and I found myself soaking wet... wanting him and needing him more than I need my next breath. It had been so long since I felt Gavin inside of me, and though I knew I needed to put a stop to this before it got too far, my wolf and my body weren't obeying what my brain was shouting.

"I've missed you..." I whispered against his lips, my tongue sliding across his bottom lip and making him tremble with a need that matched my own.

He started to lift my hoodie over my head, but a knock on the door, a frantic-sounding knock, stopped me dead in my tracks. My eyes, wild and untamed, glared at the door. My wolf was angry at the interruption, but I was partly relieved that whatever was happening between us was ending.

Gavin was drunk... or drugged... or something would be taking advantage of him if things got any further, and my brain knew this, but my body didn't care. Nor did my wolf, she was ready to mount him and have her way with him regardless of the state he was in.

"Ignore it," he said, his eyes hooded with lust and something else as he watched me have my internal battle.

Continue with Gavin, or push against my urge and wolf to answer the door.

With a groan, I slid off him, allowing his hands to fall to his sides in a defeated slump.

His eyes closed, and I wondered if he was about to pass out as I adjusted my hoodie and went to answer the door.

The second the door was open, I wished I could shut it again. My heart completely sank when I saw teary-eyed Rachel standing in front of me. She was wearing sleep attire, nothing like the gorgeous red dress Luis had described downstairs, and her hair was a mess.

"I heard Gavin was in here," she said, glancing behind me. "I didn't know he already owned a suite. I just booked us one for the night."

My heart shattered in my chest.

I wondered if she could see my messy hair where Gavin's fingers were just entangled, or my swollen lips from Gavin's searing kisses. Or smell the lust and desires in the air from our heated exchange.

If she did notice, she acted as if she didn't.

"You booked a room?" I asked, my brows raised.

She nodded.

"Our ride bailed on us, and instead of

getting another one tonight and ruining someone's evening, I figured we'd just book a room and spend the night. I left him at the bar and told him I'd be back once I got everything situated. When was gone, I was told he went to his suite. With another woman."

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She looked at me, eyeing me head to toe.

"I'm assuming you're the other woman?" She asked me, her eyes narrowed.

I swallowed.

"I think he was drugged," I told her, ignoring her statement. "Did you notice anything strange before you left him at the bar?"

She frowned and shook her head, tucking a strand of dark curly hair behind her ear.

"No," she replied. "I mean, he was drunk, but that was about it. I told the bartender to keep an eye on him while I booked a room for the night."

I furrowed my brows, my wolf growing uneasy.

She didn't trust Rachel, and I wasn't sure if it was because she was jealous of her relationship with Gavin or if there was another reason. But I also found it difficult to trust her; she just came into Gavin's life last month and took Gavin from us... She faked her own death years ago and broke his heart.

Why was she back now? After all these years?

When she noticed Gavin on the couch, she gasped and pushed past me. I nearly stumbled because I wasn't expecting her to run past me like that. She was soon seated beside him, pulling him into her arms. He groaned softly as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"Oh, my poor baby," she purred. "It's okay now, I'm here. I've got you."

He didn't pull away from her or say anything. I think he was too out of it to struggle against her, but the sight of them together made my chest hurt. She had her arms wrapped around him and her face nuzzled in his hair; a tear slipped out from her eyes and went down her cheek.

"Thank you for taking care of my Gavin, Judy," Rachel said, her eyes finding mine. "I'm glad he was in good hands."

She didn't question why I was there in the first place or how I knew Gavin was in trouble. She simply thanked me and held onto him closer.

My Gavin...

She called him hers.

My wolf growled possessively at the thought, and I pulled her back, not wanting to cause a scene right now. All that mattered was making sure Gavin was okay. I let myself get carried away by his kisses and touch, but the truth of the matter was, Gavin needed help.

"I was going to call Dr. Pierce and-"

"I have it handled," she told me, her eyes never leaving mine. "You can leave now."

"I'll make sure he pays you extra for your services."

Though her tone was sweet, her words were condescending and sent a chill down my spine.

I didn't want to leave him, not with her. But wasn't sure what else to

do. I was about to open my mouth to protest... to say anything, but I stopped when Gavin murmured softly, "Rachel..."

My heart shattered even more if that was possible.

He wanted her... not me.

It was her he was thinking about when he was kissing me. When he said he missed these, he thought he was talking to Rachel.

It was her he missed...

How could I have let myself fall so deeply, knowing there was a chance I could get hurt again?

How could I be so stupid to think for a second that Gavin Landry could be mine... that he could want me as badly as I want him.

"I'm here, baby," Rachel whispered, pressing her lips to his mouth, branding him as hers. "I'm not going anywhere, my love."

He let out a sigh, like he was relieved to have her presence with him.

I took a step back, my eyes still glued on them. Though my wolf was frantic in my mind, wanting to be released so she could tear this.

me was breaking, and my fight-or-flight mode was active, and at the moment, all I could think to do was run.

woman apart, the human ins, net"

"Judy, can you shut the door on your way out? Rachel asked, her eyes flickering over to me. "I'll give Dr Peirce a call just as soon as I get him into bed. Which, I'm sure, he'll go easily for me."

She gave me a slight smile; her fingers ran up his chest, and he let out another sigh.

I nodded, not sure what more to say. I had to get out of there before I vomited all over the pristine marble flooring.

Without another word, I turned and hurried out of the suite.

It wasn't until I was in the elevator that I finally let my tears fall.

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Third Person POV

Rachel stared at herself in the mirror; she perfectly covered the hickeys that covered her neck and sprayed the room she booked with a scented spray, hiding the scent of sex that was clearly evident.

She hoped she didn't look too disheveled when she went back downstairs to meet Gavin at the bar.

She finished getting the room situated, slipped her shoes on, and started towards the door, but froze when she heard a commotion in the hallway. Frowning, she turned the handle and pushed the door open, only to see a couple of men dragging a very drunken and drugged-up Gavin towards a large set of doors at the end of the hallway. She was about to say something to them when she saw Judy trailing after them, worrying her bottom lip and tugging at her fingers. Judy hadn't noticed her, but the rage Rachel felt was like no other.

What the hell was she even doing here??

She hid away for a moment as Judy and the others took Gavin through the large set of doors. After a minute of waiting, with bated breath, the men emerged without Judy or Gavin in sight.

"I shouldn't be surprised a man like that owns his own suite here," one of them murmured as they passed Rachel. "He looks rich as fuck."

"Pretentious asshole who can't hold his own liquor," the other murmured.

They both laughed as they made their way to the elevator.

Rachel gawked after them and then stared at the large doors.

Was it true that Gavin owned his own suite here?

Rachel's cheeks flushed with anger. Why the fuck was Judy in his personal suite and she wasn't? This wasn't right! It was supposed to be Rachel. Rachel is the one who came back for him... she's the one he loved and was going to marry a long time ago.

What was so special about Judy that gave her the right to his personal suite?

She closed herself back in her room and paced the space, her fists

clenched at her sides. She wasn't edat.

here to sit on the sidelines and

watch another woman with hermet



She was here to reclaim what once belonged to her. Giving up Gavin

was a mistake; despite everything, she had loved him in her own way. She wasn't ready to give up on that kind of love just yet.

She would be damned if she was going to let Judy Montague take away what belonged to her. She stormed out of her room and hurried down the hallway, stopping when she reached the large set of doors. She realized it was locked by fingerprint, so there was no way to actually break into the room... There was only one thing she could do.

She mustered up enough of her acting performance to produce a few tears, making her gaze tear-filled and somber as she sniffled.

She frantically knocked on the door, her body forcing a tremble as she waited for someone to answer, preferably Gavin, but she'll take what she can get. From the look on Gavin's face when he was being dragged down the hallway, it didn't look like he was going to be doing a lot of walking in the near future.

After a few moments of waiting, her heart thudding violently against her chest, the door finally unlatched and opened.

Judy was surprised to see her, and there was a mix of hurt in her gaze. Rachel acted as the doting girlfriend to Gavin, and when she saw Gavin

slouched on the couch, sporting?

an

obvious hard-on... she didn't hesitate to shove past Judy and go to him. He made it easy when he murmured her name and rested his head on her shoulder; it made the performance look more real in the eyes of Judy, who was standing at the doorway watching them.

"I've got you," Rachel purred, holding onto Gavin even tighter.

She told Judy she would call the doctor once she left, but that was the furthest thing from her mind. What she wanted was to get Gavin into bed and undressed as soon as possible.

She wasn't a complete monster; she wasn't planning on taking advantage of him fully... but she wanted to make it appear as if something had happened between them, further sealing their growing bond.

Plus, the thought of actually being intimate with Gavin made her stomach recoil. He was the enemy after all.

Once Judy left, a wicked smile spread across Rache's face.

Gavin was breathing heavily from whatever interaction he had with her. His eyes had opened briefly, and when he saw Rachel's face, his brows furrowed, and he whispered her name. He was too far gone to fight the drugs, though, so Rachel used that as her opportunity to put on a little show for Judy to ensure she left.

## Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

She kissed him deeply, letting her tongue explore his mouth; he breathed her in, his nose crinkling in understanding that her scent was wrong.

By then, Judy was long gone.

"Judy..." he whispered, his reality distorted. "You smell different."

Rachel scowled at her name... why was he thinking about Judy still?

"New perfume," she murmured as she pulled off her shirt. "Now, kiss my neck like you mean it."

And he did; he grabbed her and kissed her neck like she was the most precious thing in the world, knowing damn well that it wasn't Rachel he was thinking about.

He nibbled and sucked her neck until she had red bruises all along her neckline.

She pulled his shirt off as well and did the same to him; he let out a soft moan, draping his fingers through her hair and pressing her further into him as she nibbled and sucked on the nape of his neck, marking up his skin. She needed her scent all over him and his all over her if she wanted him to believe this lie.

When he had a few hickeys coating his body, she pulled back, admiring her work with a winning smile.

She pulled him to his feet, and though he stumbled and could barely walk, she managed to get him into his bedroom, pushing him onto the bed. He was practically asleep the second his head hit the pillow, which made her job that much easier.

She pulled off his pants and boxers, leaving him completely naked.

Rachel pulled the covers over his naked body and then went back into the living room. If she wanted to make this believable, she needed to get drunk as well and make it seem like they were both overly intoxicated. She drank until she could barely see straight, raiding the mini bar on the far side of the living room.

She drank and sprayed her perfume all over the room, hoping to mask Judy's lingering scent.

Once she was done, she joined him in the room. She stripped off all her clothes and slid into bed.

Moments later, she was drifting off to sleep with a smile on her face.

This plan was bound to work.

Gavn's POV

My head hurt like hell.

What the fuck happened last night?

Before I even opened my eyes, I felt my head. I remember it was burning up at one point... but something made it feel better.

Or someone.

I startled when the image of Judy straddling my lap surfaced in my mind. Her breathy moans as she captured my lips with hers, the taste of her tongue in my mouth, and the way we breathed the same air.

The feeling of her in my arms.

My cock stirred at the very memory. My very protruding and naked cock...

Naked?

I opened my eyes to the dim lighting of the room, glancing around the familiar suite.

How did I get to my suite?

I lifted my head, feeling a presence beside me, and I turned my head to see a figure in my bed. The blanket covered her entire body as she struggled against my pillow. With a

pounding heart, I grabbed the

of the blanket. I needed to see her for myself, to know that it was Judy who warmed my bed just as she kissed me and made me feel more alive than ever last night. Just as she cured the heat that threatened my body from the liquor that I had. drunk.

I pulled back the covers, my heart dropping into the pit of my stomach as I saw

the woman, the naked woman, who lay next to me.

Rachel.

She stirred as the cold air of the room hit her flesh, and then her eyes fluttered open, a tired smile on her face when she saw me staring at her.

"Good morning, handsome," she said, attempting to touch me, but I managed to dodge her.

"Rachel, what the fuck are you doing here?" I asked her, my eyes narrowed. I'm aware of how cold and cruel I sounded, but at this moment, I didn't care.

She frowned as she sat up.

"What do you mean? You invited me here," she told her, her brows furrowed.

"No... what..." started to ask

because, from my memory, it was Judy I was with last night, but now my memories were starting to become distorted. "I-" I started to speak again, but that's when: them.

The hickeys.

My markings...

All over Rachel's neck.

## Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Judy's POV

"Earth to Judy," Lukas said, waving his hand in front of my face. "You keep spacing off. Are you sure you're okay?"

I blinked a few times, allowing my eyes to readjust to his face. I nodded, running my fingers through my hair, which had pulled free from its binding and was now scattered across my face.

"Yeah," I said as I looked down at the books that were laid out in front of me. We were in our usual spot in the corner of the library, our noses buried deep in the pages. It was Friday, and our exams officially started on Monday, so this was the last time we'd get to have our study session together. "Sorry, just a lot on my mind."

I couldn't stop thinking about the other day at the Grand Casino Hotel. My heart still ached when I saw Rachel and Gavin together. Gavin might not have been in the right frame of mind, but it was Rachel that he was drawn to. It was her that he was thinking about when he kissed me. It was her that he wanted.

I let myself cry that night when I got home, feeling stupid forever thinking that maybe he did want me after all. But since that night, I hadn't allowed myself to cry over it again. I was stronger than that; I was training to be a fucking Gamma warrior, and I had offers left and right to join Elite forces. I am a warrior, and no man will ever define me.

Still, that doesn't stop me from being distracted and lost in my own mind.

"Clearly," Lukas said, his eyes narrowed. "Do you want to talk about it?"

I knew if I told him what had happened, it could ruin our friendship. If he had thought for a second that there was still something going on between Gavin and me, he wouldn't have wanted to be my friend anymore out of fear that Gavin would try something and ruin his scholarship. Though he has finals like the rest of the school next week, Lukas still has another year of college to attend. He needed to keep his nose clean and his scholarship intact.

"No, it's okay," I told him. I glanced at the time and then sighed. "But I do have to go."

Beta Taylor would be picking me up shortly. I have tutoring with Matt this evening, so it is likely that he was waiting in the car with Taylor. I didn't want to keep them waiting.

Lukas also glanced at the time and then nodded.

"Yeah, I'll walk you out," he said as he packed up his things.

Once we were packed up and ready to leave, we walked in silence across the campus and towards the parking lot. As soon as we were in sight, I saw Taylor's waiting car. I sighed, bracing myself for another awkward ride home.

"I'll see you later," I told Lukas as I started to walk away, but he grabbed my arm and pulled me into him. I was surprised by the gesture because he had never hugged me like this before, but as soon as his arms came around mine, I suddenly felt my resolve breaking a little. I had to hold in the tears that threatened to spill down my cheeks. I closed my eyes and let him hug me, his tight embrace an anchor to my soul.

"Whatever is going on in your life, Judy, just know that I'm here if you need to talk about it," he told me, his voice low and for my ears alone. "I'm a good listener."

I nodded, my arms coming around

him to hug him back. For a moment,

I didn't want to let go. It wasn't

romantic, but it was the comfort that

ve

I desperately needed at that moment. I felt like I was drowning and at this very moment, he had become a life raft.

"Thank you," I whispered in return.

He pulled back to look at me, noticing that my eyes were filling with tears. He wiped away the invisible tears on my cheeks with his thumb and gave me a small smile, his eyes crinkling in the corner.

"Any time," he replied. "Good luck on your finals next week."

"You too."

He nodded and dropped his arms from my shoulders. With a final wave, he turned and headed towards his car. I watched him for a moment longer before I turned towards Taylor's waiting car and got

into the backseat.

I was surprised when I didn't see Matt in the car as well.

"No Matt?" I asked him.

Taylor was watching me with a curious expression, but there was a hint of something else in his eyes. A worry that caused my stomach to twist. His eyes kept going back and forth between me and Lukas's car.

"I didn't realize you and Lukas Merriweather were so close," he told me, his tone having a hint of depth in it.

I frowned at him.

"He's my friend," I told him. "Not that it's any of your concern."

"Friends don't hug friends like that," Taylor murmured.

"Is there a point to this?" I asked him, raising my brows and feeling my defenses rising. "I mean, why does it matter?"

"It matters because Gavin had already warned him off. If he found out—"

"If he found out, then what?" I

snapped, my resolve fading even more as my emotions started to leak through my voice.  
"He's busy with another woman, so why does it matter if I have captured the attention of another as well?"