

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law 541-550

"Hey, Dad," Irene said, breaking through the tension that had built between us. "Want to give her some space? You're kind of towering over her a bit."

Irene's words were like a reality check; I realized I was indeed towering over Judy and making a scene out of the situation.

The man who had been speaking to Judy, I recognized him as Gregor, Elana's father. He was a former Alpha before he passed the title down to his Son after his retirement.

"Alpha Landry," Gregor greeted, holding out his hand for me to shake.

I never had bad blood with the guy; I liked him just fine. He was well off and was a fierce and respected Alpha. I never had issues with him.... Until now. The way he looked at Judy, eating her up with his eyes, made me want to rip his head off.

"Gregor," I greeted him informally, making his ears twitch. "Good to see you again."

He nodded, his posture tense as he cleared his throat.

"I was just about to ask Miss Judy for a dance," he told me, offering Judy his hand.

She stared at it with wide eyes, looking uncomfortable.

"I'm sure she'll join you for a dance later. Judy and I have some matters to discuss," I spoke before I could stop myself, I took a hold of Rachel's hand and at first, she lit up like a Christmas tree, a smile lighting her face. But then I brought Rachel's hand to Gregor's outstretched hand, shocking them both. "Have you met a good friend of mine, Rachel?"

"I... I don't believe we have," Gregor stammered, a bit uncertain as he stared at Rachel.

I nodded.

"She's the reason I was able to seal the deal with the shareholders last week. I'm sure you've heard of the Landry Corporation expansion, a deal so big that it'll take my company to new heights?"

Gregor's eyes grew wide; any wolf with rank had heard about this deal by now, so

I wasn't surprised when I saw recognition flash through his eyes.

"Yes, of course, Alpha," Gregor said, nodding his head. "Are you saying this woman was the reason for that deal closing?"

I nodded.

"I couldn't have done it without her," I explained. "I'm sure you'd love to pick her brain about how she did it. Join her for a dance and speak to her personally."

Gregor nodded as he closed his hand around Rachel's. Her face paled as she looked up at me, and I saw a flash of hurt in her eyes.

Don't get me wrong, I felt bad about pawning her off to the old man, but I needed some space from her

constant presence, and I would get

just about anything to keep Gregor from looking at Judy with that type of longing.

"You can't be serious," Rachel murmured, her breath.

"It's just one dance," I assured her gently. "And then we will have that drink you suggested."

She swallowed, her eyes searching mine for any hint of deceit. Finding none, she finally nodded and turned to Gregor.

"I would love that dance," she told him politely.

He nodded, a happy smile lighting up his wrinkled features as he pulled her along with him to the dance floor where others danced elegantly with their partners.

"I'm going to get a drink," Irene said, excusing herself as she walked towards the bar.

The second she was gone, I turned to Judy, her eyes were fixed on mine.

"Dance with me," I told her. It wasn't a question or a suggestion, but she blinked, her movements hesitant.

"W...what?" She stammered, finally finding her voice.

"You heard me," I told her, grabbing hold of her hand and pulling her towards the dance floor.

My hand held hers, entwining our fingers, while my other arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her flush against my body. I could feel every curve, every breath, and every beat of her heart.

When I spoke, my voice was low and almost dangerous, my lips brushing across her ear deliberately, wanting her to feel the warmth of my breath against her cheek.

"Whose attention are you trying to

attract, Miss Montague?" I asked

pulling her even closer if possible.

"Because I'm about to gouge out every single eyeball in this room who looks at you."

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Judy's POV

My body felt like it was on fire as Gavin spoke in a low and deep tone. His breath fanned across my cheek, sending goosebumps to form along my neckline and arms. His close proximity was intoxicating. My heart was hammering in my chest as I swallowed the lump that formed in my throat.

"Whose attention are you trying to attract, Miss Montague? Because I'm about to gouge out every single eyeball in this room who looks at you."

His words sent a chill down my spine; his voice was icy and possessive in a way that was unfamiliar. I had never had anyone, not even Ethan, sound this possessive. The way his lips brushed across my ear made my knees weak and my body melted a little, but I caught myself before I turned into a fool.

"What makes you think I'm trying to attract anyone's attention?" I asked, proud that my voice came out stronger than I felt.

I felt him smirking against my ear.

"A woman doesn't wear something like this without an alternative goal," he murmured.

I hated that my eyes fluttered closed from the warmth of his breath against my features. His scent was choking me in a way that made me not want to breathe.

"Well, you can thank your daughter for my choice of outfit. It was her designer who created this dress," I said, my voice coming out as a breath.

He pulled back slightly to look at me, trying to detect any hint of a lie, but finding none. His eyes were dark and dilated as he stared into my eyes, and I swear I saw a hint of his wolf surfacing slightly, but it was gone before I could blink.

"You do realize that every man and even some women are staring at you?" He asked.

I smirked, finding a bit of confidence in the almost vulnerable tone he used. "Jealous, Alpha?" I asked, teasing him slightly.

His nostrils flared.

"I don't do jealous."

"Could have fooled me," I murmured. My eyes flickered over to Rachel, who was still dancing with Gregor, a retired Alpha. Though he seemed to be engrossed in whatever conversation they were having, Rache's attention was clearly on my dance with Gavin. I could see the jealousy and anger in her eyes, and it was like a bucket of cold water being dumped on my head.

"Perhaps you should be paying more attention to the men who stare your date instead," I told him, my eyes finding his again.

His brows furrowed a bit, and I could tell he was about to say something, but I pulled away, feeling cold without his touch.

"Thank you for the dance, Alpha," I say as I walk around him to join Irene at the bar. He grabbed hold of my arm, not enough to hurt, but enough to make me freeze and look back at him.

"The song isn't over yet," he said, his eyes darkening until they were almost black.

I pulled my arm away from his grasp, watching his hand fall to his side.

"It is for us," I told him before I turned and walked away. I could feel his eyes

following me, but I forced myself to keep moving forward.

By the time I reached Irene at the bar, I felt like couldn't breathe. My heart was pounding so heavily against my chest, and my nails were digging into the palms of my hands, creating little moon marks in the process.

One look at my face and Irene already knew what was wrong.

She grabbed a shot off the bar top and handed it to me, grabbing one for herself as well.

"Forget about him for tonight," she said, clinking the glasses. "This isn't about my father. You are here as a favor to me, and I'm forever grateful to you for it."

Without a word, I downed the shot, realizing too late that it was straight up tequila. let the liquor burn my throat, wincing as it entered my

stomach. Irene laughed at mk net'

expression before grabbing another shot.

"Should we really be getting drunk at this event?" I asked her. "Aren't there important people here?"

"Girl, we don't have to impress anyone," she said, winking at me. "That's the beauty of not being an Alpha or a Luna."

"Yeah, but you're the daughter of Gavin Landry. Aren't you worried about your reputation?" I asked, staring at the other shot she just handed me.

"Paparazzi aren't allowed in this building, so we don't have to worry about a bad publication," she told me, nudging my shoulder. "You are here as a favor to me, and I'm Kere out of obligation to my father Nobody here cares if we are here or not. The only reason anyone is interested in talking to us is because we look hot, not because we contribute to anything here. My money is my father's money, so whatever contribution he makes, puts me in the clear of any actual

financial obligation."

I knew what she was saying, that we were allowed to have a little fun, but still, I

didn't want to make a fool out of myself in front of all these important people.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

"Drink with me, Judy," she said. "Let's show my father that he doesn't control your life."

Her words sparked interest in me, and before I knew it, I was taking another shot of tequila.

She cheered, drawing the attention of others around us, making us both giggle with slight embarrassment.

"Judy?" My mother said as she approached. Per usual, she looked gorgeous in her own elegant dress; she had a confused yet bright smile on her face. It was nice that she was taking care of herself again; I loved that things were going back to normal now that my father was out of prison and not in jeopardy of losing his company. "I wasn't expecting you to be here."

"I'm afraid that's my fault, Mrs. Montague. I asked Judy to be my plus one," Irene said, putting an arm around my shoulder.

Irene had never actually met my mother before, but I knew she knew who she was, as did my mother.

"Miss Landry," my mother said, looking between the two of us. "I didn't realize you two were so close."

"Judy is my good friend," she told her. "As soon as she started to tutor my brother, we clicked right away. We clearly have the same terrible taste in men," she tried to joke, and I knew some of it was alcohol induced.

I nearly choked on the wine I started to drink.

My mother's brows arched as she stared at Irene, and then she turned to look at me.

"May we have a word?" She asked.

I knew what was about to come and I wasn't looking forward to this conversation. "Do we have to do this here?" I asked her, begging her with my eyes to just drop it for tonight.

He kept a plastered smile on her face, telling me that I wasn't to argue with her. Sighing, I excused myself and followed her to a more secluded spot, feeling eyes on me as I walked through a small crowd. Heat prickled the back of my neck, but I refused to look around at the lust-filled and curious eyes.

My mother finally stopped walking once we reached a small section that had fewer people, and she turned to look at me.

"You're hanging out with Irene Landry?" She asked me, her brows raised. "Gavin's daughter?"

"I know what you are thinking, but I promise, this has nothing to do with Gavin," I assured her.

"Gee, Judy. What do you think I'm thinking? First, you start tutoring his son, and now you're friends with his daughter? Was this a ploy to get your father out of prison?"

"God, Mom! No!" I nearly shouted

before composing myself and

saying in a much lower tone, "I'm not using Gavin like that. I made it a point to make sure he never found out about Dad's situation. I worked for him as Matt's tutor so could earn the money the right way. How I feel towards Gavin is completely separate from anything else."

"Then why would he not only pay your father's debt, but also pay to ensure your father never loses the company again?" She asked, folding her arms across her chest. "Why would he do that for you if you didn't ask him personally?"

I bit my lip and looked away from her penetrating gaze.

"I don't know," I admit. "That's something you'd have to ask him."

She stared at me for a long while before her gaze lingered on Irene, who was still drinking at the bar and flirting with an older gentleman. I needed to get back to her before she did something she'd truly regret.

"Isn't she the one Ethan left you for?" My mother asked.

I looked back at her and sighed.

"Yes," I told her. "But like me, she was left burned and disappointed. Now we are friends."

"Heartbreak brings people together," my mother said, the fight and edge leaving her voice. She gave me a small smile as she put her hand on my shoulder. "If what you are saying is true, that you didn't tell Gavin about our family's situation and you didn't ask him for his help... then you must be really special to him, Judy."

I blinked at her words, not sure where she was going with this.

"I'm sorry?" I asked; maybe it was the tequila in my system, but her words weren't really making sense to me.

"A man wouldn't go out of his way to

help someone like that if there wasn't something real there. I know I've been appearing unsupportive since finding out... but if he truly makes you happy and if he cares about you this much... then maybe it's worth hanging onto after all."

She squeezed my shoulder before kissing my cheek.

With those parting words, she rejoined my father, leaving me alone with my very confused and tequila-induced thoughts.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Judy's POV

"There you are! Come on, you need to catch up," Irene said as she placed another shot in front of me. I sat at the bar and took the shot, wincing at the sting as it hit my throat. She chuckled at my expression before taking another shot herself. "God, I hate these parties," she started to slur.

"Charity events?" I asked her, kind of surprised. These parties were in her element; I thought she loved dressing up and meeting up with other rich people.

"Anything that has to do with stuck up rich assholes," she muttered, taking a sip of her wine and rolling her eyes. "I always hated this kind of thing."

"I never knew that," I told her. I felt the buzz of the alcohol making my head a bit cloudy. I looked around at my surroundings and saw how gorgeous everybody was; they were all mingling among themselves and laughing at stuff that probably wasn't even all that funny.

My eyes found Gavin on the other side of the room, Rachel by his side. They were speaking to a few men in suits, men I didn't recognize, but they looked as if they were all old friends... including Rachel. She was laughing at their chokes and putting her hand on their arms as she spoke, making the men blush and chuckle. I couldn't help but roll my eyes; and the fact that Gavin just stood there and didn't do anything about it for some reason annoyed me even more.

Like if he was going to be in a relationship with a woman, at least act like it.

I turned away from him before he caught me staring. Irene noticed the expression on my face and glanced over at her father.

"He's so stupid sometimes," she muttered, rolling her eyes for the hundredth time. "Take another shot with me and forget about him."

She ordered another round; the bartender stared between the two of us for a moment, hesitating about pouring another round of shots. But Irene pulled out a giant wad of cash and slammed it on the counter, making his eyes widen. Without a word, he poured the shots and slid them in front of us.

Irene laughed when he walked away. She raised her glass to mine, and we clinked.

"To forgetting men," she cheered a bit too loudly, making me cackle with laughter.

The tequila was definitely having an effect on me.

We downed the shot glasses, this one going down a lot smoother than the previous ones.

Suddenly, I was feeling bold.

"Let's dance," I told her, knowing my voice was a bit louder than usual, but she didn't seem to notice. She looked at me excitedly and grinned as she grabbed my hand.

"Let's do it," she agreed, pulling me off the bar stool and towards the dance floor.

The dancing we did was not

appropriate for this type of event, or the music being played. But in our drunken state, we both found it to be

hilarious. We laughed until our be

hurt. She started off with the chicken dance and then ended attempting to

break dance. I did some fame ballet moves and then attempted a split, which landed me on the ground, laughing.

We were so caught up in our own drunken stupor and lame dance moves that we didn't even notice that half the audience was watching us. Most of them looked horrified, but at the moment, neither Irene nor I cared.

Before I knew what was happening, a firm hand wrapped around my wrist. The entire room was spinning, and I couldn't stop the laugh that bubbled out of me. I barely noticed that was being dragged away from the dance floor.

As soon as the cool night's air hit my skin, I realized we were now outside. Irene was by my side, her wrist also being held captive.

"You're such a party pooper!" She complained, her words slurring on her tongue.

It took me a minute to register who she was talking to.

"Are you out of your mind, Irene?! You knew how important this event was, and you made a mockery of it," Gavin's voice rang through, echoing through the busy streets. "You owe Elana an apology once you sober up."

"Yeah, yeah," Irene said, rolling her eyes. "Sue me for having some fun and letting loose with my friend. Sorry that I don't have a stick up my ass like the rest of these rich assholes."

"You are out of line," Gavin seethed.

"I got their coats," another voice said

from nearby. Everything was spinning and I was seconds away from losing everything I had eaten and drank; sweat started to form on my forehead, and my breathing came out in short gasps.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

"Thanks," Gavin said, shuffling towards the voice.

I managed to focus a little and saw Rachel standing beside him with our coats in her hand. The second my eyes locked on with hers, I lost everything that was in my stomach. I turned away and threw up all over the ground, my entire body heaving.

I heard Gavin cursing and then a warm fabric draping my shoulders. From the overwhelming scent of Gavin, I knew it was his coat.

"I need you to do me a favor," Gavin said in a low tone; I knew he wasn't talking to me or Irene, which only left Rachel.

"Anything," she said softly, making me want to vomit all over again. I focused on my breath, not wanting to puke all over his coat.

"Take my wallet and go back inside. I need you to stay until the end of the event and once they start taking donations, give them my credit card. I already texted Elana the amount I'm donating, I just need to pay for it."

"Why do I need to stay until the end of the event?" She asked, sounding a bit hurt.

"Because that's when they are doing the donations, and plus, it'll look bad if we both leave. You're really good with these guys; you talk their language and get them on board quickly. They admire you; they barely even notice when I'm there. They won't notice me gone. Just keep doing what you're doing. It would help me out a lot, Rachel."

She was quiet for a moment before she sighed.

"Okay, but where are you going?" She asked him, folding her arms across her chest.

"I have to take these two home," he explained. "I need to make sure they get back safely."

"Get Beta Taylor to do that?"

He put a hand on her shoulder; I had to look away before I completely lost it again. I hated their intimacy; I hated when he touched her... I hated it when he looked at her.

"She's my daughter, Rachel. I need to make sure she gets home. I won't feel better unless I know for sure," he told her. "I'll have Taylor come back to pick you up later."

Before she could say another word, I felt Gavin's arms around me, and suddenly, was airborne. I didn't

realize Irene was already in the back of the car, but she was seated when Gavin placed me beside her and then slid in beside me, shutting the door behind him.

Rachel stared after us, standing on the curb with a deep frown; I couldn't help but glance her way as the car pulled away from the building; her eyes piercing mine and I could have sworn I saw steam coming out of her ears.

I might have drunk out of my mind, but I knew one thing for sure... Rachel was fucking pissed.

At some point, + must have fallen

asleep because the next thing I knew, we were pulling up to the mansion. I half expected him to just drop me off at home, so I was surprised when we reached the mansion. Irene was also asleep by the time the car stopped

"Taylor, can you get Irene to her bed?" Gavin asked.

"Yes, Alpha," Taylor said as he got out of the car.

Gavin pushed the car door open and got out before wrapping me in his arms and pulling me out as well. He held me bridal style; I was too out of it to fight him. I rested my head on his chest, listening to the steady beating of his heart as he walked with me inside the mansion.

I could hear some of the murmuring staff through the walls as we made our way

up the stairs. I heard the clicking of a door, and from the scent surrounding me, I knew we were in Gavin's room.

I heard another door opening and then closing, and then he sat me down on something cold. I opened my eyes to peer around at my surroundings, and I saw that I was in his bathroom; he placed me on the counter.

The sound of running water woke me a bit more.

He was quiet as he moved around the bathroom; his movements effortless and yet filled with purpose. It took me a while to figure out what he was doing but soon, he was standing in front of me, his closeness intoxicating.

"I'm going to undress you now," he said, his tone deep. "And you're going to let me."

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Gavin's POV

I watched Judy's body tense at my command. I wasn't giving her an option. I was furious with both her and my daughter for putting themselves and me in that position back at the Charity banquet. They should have known better; they are old enough to know better. I was worried that if I opened my mouth and said something to Judy, things would blow up, so the best thing I could do was keep quiet until my thoughts were gathered.

Telling her that I was going to undress her was the first thing I had said to her since the banquet, and my tone left her with no room for argument.

She remained still, her breathing growing heavier as I neared her, wrapping my arms around her body and slowly unzipping the dress from her back. My fingers brushed across her delicate skin, and I swear I felt her trembling under my touch. Her breath hitched slightly as I reached her lower back, my fingers brushing across her tailbone until the zipper couldn't go any lower.

The dress loosened around her body, and I was able to push it down until it was around her waist. I was careful with the delicate fabrics, knowing that this dress was no cheap. Telling from the stitching and the rare fabrics used, I would say that Irene had her personal stylist design this dress specifically for Judy. It fit her like a glove, and she looked hot as sin wearing it.

My dick twitched at the even when I saw her and it hadn't stopped since. I knew now was not the time for my horny thoughts. She was drunk out of her mind, and I was not the type of take advantage of women who are intoxicated; but damn, being this close to her made me dizzy with lust.

She wore a strapless bra that blended in with her skin tone and pushed her breasts up, making them look bigger. It hooked from the front, which made things easier; I unhooked it, ignoring the way her breath hitched, and her eyes dilated. Her breasts spilled out, exposed to me. Her nipples were pink and hard, and my mouth watered; I wanted so badly to suck on them and make her scream my name with just my mouth. But I stopped myself from doing something I'd regret.

I cleared my throat, pulling my eyes away from her glorious breasts, and pulled the dress the rest of the way off. I grabbed a hanger off my bathroom door, and put the dress on the hanger, hanging it on the back of the door so it doesn't get ruined.

Judy sat on the counter in just her black laced panties; her knuckles were white from gripping the edge of the counter hard. Whether she was trying to keep herself steady or keep herself together, I wasn't sure.

"I'm going to take her underwear off now," I told her, my tone deeper than I intended. My wolf was at the surface, ready to devour her, but I pulled him back with all my strength.

She didn't reply, she just watched me; her own eyes growing dark and yet a bit wary as she followed me with her gaze. My fingers hooked the band of panties; she licked her lip slightly, making my eyes dilate again. Before I could stop myself, a low growl escaped my lips.

I pulled off her panties with more force than I intended, leaving her naked and exposed. My nose flared when I caught the scent of her arousal. I needed to get her in that bath and my mind out of the gutter.

I wrapped her in my arms, ignoring the ache in my dick as I cradled her in my arms, her soft skin pressing against mine and the soft purr of her wolf that practically tore my wolf from my body. It seemed my wolf wasn't the only one affected.

I walked her over to the bathtub. It was filling fast, and the bubbles I placed in the hot water were making the bathroom smell like lavender. I placed her in the tub; at first, she gasped from the hot temperature, but after a minute, her body adjusted, and I saw her relaxing.

She was watching me, a wary expression on her face as I silently took the washcloth and started to wash her body gently. Her eyes fluttered closed, and my heart pinged at the sight.

I ran the cloth along her neck, feeling her pulse point, then I ran it down the nape

of her neck and across her shoulders. Her breath hitched when I reached her breasts; the cloth brushing across her nipples caused them to pebble even more.

I moved my hand down her

stomach, washing her torso before moving between her legs. She parted her thighs slightly, granting me permission to continue. I swallowed as I washed her most intimate areas, but I didn't linger too

long,

not wanting to take advantage of her.

Once I was done washing her body, I washed her face, and then I grabbed a cup and started to pour hot water on her head to soak through her hair. I grabbed my shampoo, pouring a generous amount into my hands, and then I massaged it through her hair.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

She let out a soft moan as I massaged her scalp, a sound that went straight to my dick. I adjusted myself and ignored the aching feeling between my legs as I continued to run my fingers through her hair, making sure each strand was lathered in my shampoo. My wolf liked the fact that she was covered in our scent, right down to her hair, and I had to admit, I didn't hate it.

I rinsed out her hair and then repeated the same steps with the conditioner. Once she was completely clean, I let her soak a bit longer in the tub as I cleaned up the bathroom. I went to check on Irene to make sure she was soundly sleeping in her bed. She was completely dead to the world.

I checked my phone and saw that Rachel had left me a few messages. I thought about opening them to see what she wanted, but I decided to just ignore them for now. I put my phone on my nightstand, plugging it into the charger.

I pulled off my suit, neatly folding it and placing it on the dresser on the far side of the room. I grabbed a pair of sweatpants and threw them on, leaving myself shirtless. I stared at myself in the mirror, my abs were bulging from my morning workout, and I found myself flexing in the mirror. I wasn't condescending, but I knew I was good-looking.

The soft sounds of Judy crying caused me to pause. My heart shattered into a million pieces when I heard the soft sounds of her sobs. I heard the water splashing slightly as she attempted to get out of the tub, and then she cursed under her breath out of frustration.

I quickly walked back into the bathroom; she paused and looked at me as if she had been caught doing something she shouldn't have been doing. She was hanging over the side of the tub, attempting to get out, but failing miserably. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and I knew from the sight of her reddened face, tear-filled eyes, and the sounds I heard a moment ago, she had been crying.

My heart shattered at the sight.

"Let me help you," I told her, my tone controlled as I took a couple of strides towards her. She didn't resist me as I wrapped my arms around her naked body and pulled her out of the tub. I walked her over to the sink, placing her down. She shivered, but she was trying hard not to. I stifled a smile, finding it cute.

I grabbed a towel, wrapping it around her body.

I stared at her for a moment. I could see that the slight flush in her cheeks from the alcohol was fading, and her eyes were more focused; she was sobering.

"I'm sorry..." she whispered brokenly, tears spilling her eyes and before I could react, they were spilling out of her eyes and down her cheeks.

I quickly cupped her face, wiping her tears away with my thumbs.

"Hey," I said soothingly. "Why are you sorry?"

"Because I ruined everything..." she whispered. "I'm so embarrassed..."

Something told me she wasn't just talking about the banquet, and it tugged at my heart.

"You didn't ruin anything, Judy," I told her softly. I wrapped her in my arms and held her close to my chest. She buried her face in my chest, listening to the steady beating of my heart; it seemed to be calming her. I ran my fingers up and down her back

soothingly.

I lifted her off the counter and brought her into my bedroom. She didn't say

anything as I lay her down on the bed.

I left her in the room for a moment

so I could grab some water from the

kitchen downstairs. Thankfully, Chester wasn't there. I didn't want anyone to ask questions about why I was there so late at night. Once I returned to Judy, she was lying down, but her eyes were fixed on the ceiling.

"You need to drink," I told her, handing her the cup of water. She lifted her head and took small sips of the water.

"Thanks," she whispered.

I nodded and sat beside her in bed.

I wrapped her back in my arms, pulling her flesh against me. She went willingly.

"Why are you taking care of me?" She asked, her voice coming out as barely a whisper.

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That was a loaded question with an answer I didn't have just one to. Because she was mine... because I will always take care of her... because I will always protect her. Because despite all the chaos in my life, the only thing constant is her.

Instead of telling her with words, I lifted her chin with my fingers, making her look

at me, and then I brought my lips to hers.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Gavin's POV

The kiss started off as sweet, almost tentative, like neither of us knew if it was a good idea or not. Since the bath and the water, she was much more sober than she had been when we left the banquet, though I could still taste the tequila on her breath.

She parted her lips slightly, inviting me into her mouth. I slipped my tongue between her lips, tasting everything she had to offer. As my tongue tangled with hers, she let out a soft moan as she melted against me. I wrapped my arms tighter against me, pulling her flesh against my body.

She took it a step further by straddling my lap, my hardness pressing against her, and I knew the moment she felt it because her hips started to grind against me. Her towel was barely hanging onto her body, her breasts practically exposed to me, pressing against my bare chest. Her skin was soft, and I felt her tremble as I touched her, running my fingers down her back and to the small of her back.

"I want you," she whispered against my lips.

"Are you sure?" I asked, not bothering to stop her, but making sure this was what she wanted.

"Yes."

She didn't have to tell me twice, I ripped the rest of the towel off her body, throwing it off the bed and to the ground. She ran my fingers down my body, exploring each and every one of my abs. I felt my body flexing underneath her touch, and my breathing hitched when she reached my bulge beneath my sweatpants. I watched her with a curious gaze, wondering what she was about to

do.

I was painfully hard, and it was taking everything in my power not to flip our positions and ram myself into her sweet pussy. But I kept myself back, not

wanting to overstep. I wanted her to have full control over this situation, even if my wolf was begging for me to take control.

I felt my dick twitch as she ran the palm over her hand over it over my pants, a grin spreading across her face as she too felt it. She liked the effect she was having on me, and I had to say, I liked it too.

She hooked her fingers beneath my waistband and tugged at my sweats until they were down my legs, my erection flying free for her to enjoy. Her eyes widened at the size, as if she had never seen it before which made a smirk tug at my lips. I liked the reaction she had to me, like every time was our first time. I helped her kick the rest of my pants off, immediately precum started to bead at the tip of my cock and she licked her lips at the sight of it, making me swell and twitch even more.

She wrapped her delicate fingers around my shaft and stroked me gently at first before she lowered herself down to me and wrapped her perfect little lips around

my length, sucking me into her mouth. I gasped from the feeling and then let out a guttural moan as she sucked me even deeper.

I had forgotten how good at that she

was. She didn't gag once as she took my entire length into her mouth, sucking like her life depended on it. She twirled her tongue around the sensitive tip, making it swell in her mouth. I dug my nails into the bed sheets, panting like I was trying to keep myself sane. I let out another moan, feeling like a bitch at her mercy.

"Holy fuck," I breathed out, my voice coming out shaking.

She hummed in response to my sounds of pleasure, making a vibration that sent me over the edge. My eyes rolled out as I let out a howl, knowing it was my wolf who had finally broken through the barrier that I kept between us and surged all the way forward.

I came undone hard, and she continued to suck me until there wasn't a drop left. Once my body came down from its ultimate high, she released me with a pop and sat back on her legs with a satisfied grin.

I let out a low growl, unable to

contain myself anymore, as I grabbed her and flipped our positions. She laughed, but then it turned into a guttural moan as

rammed myself into her. I had completely lost control; it was my wolf who had taken charge, and he was after what he felt was his in the first place.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Now it was her turn to moan in pleasure as I thrust as deep and as fast as I could. My animal instincts took over completely as I continued to assault.

"Gavin!" She screamed out my name as pleasure consumed her; I felt her legs tensing as she wrapped herself around me, clinging to me like I was her lifeline.

"Cum for me," I ordered, moving my hand between our joined bodies and rubbing her clit. She sucked in a sharp breath from the new sensation and another moan escaped her lips. "I said cum!" My tone was deep and demanding.

As if her body only responded to my command, she let out one last moan as she convulsed all around my cock. I continued to ram myself into her, chasing my own relief. I didn't stop until she was a trembling mess on the bed, and I was completely out of stamina.

By the time I was finished, we were both panting.

I pulled myself out of her, watching my cum spill onto the bed sheets.

She was half asleep, but she had a satisfied smile on her lips as I climbed off her. We were both sweaty messes, and I loved everything about it. I pulled her into my arms, kissing the top of her head and holding her as tightly as I could, afraid that if I let go, she would disappear.

"Gavin..." she whispered. I shushed her by capturing her lips with mine, giving her a heated kiss, using my tongue to search her mouth, and leaving her breathless.

"Sleep," I whispered against her lips, reluctantly ending the kiss. "We'll talk in the morning."

She relaxed and then nodded as her eyes fluttered shut.

"In the morning," she repeated sleepily.

She drifted off, and then not long after, I too drifted off to sleep.

As the morning approached, I was awoken by my phone ringing. I groaned as I reached for my phone on the nightstand, realizing that Judy was still tangled around me, sleeping soundlessly. I smiled, tugging at the corner of my lips. I kissed the top of her head, untangled myself, and grabbed my phone.

Beta Taylor.

I sighed and pressed the talk button as I got out of bed; I really didn't want to wake Judy this early in the morning.

I didn't say anything into the phone until I was safely out of the room, tugging my sweatpants on in the process.

"Sorry to bother you so early," Taylor said. "But there's a slight problem."

"What is it?" I asked as soon as the door was shut behind me and I was in the hallway.

Rachel had a panic attack. When she found out you never returned to the villa last night, she freaked and broke some things. She ended up passing out. I brought her to the pack hospital. My mate is examining her as we speak."

I cursed under my breath; I probably should have replied to her text and told her I wasn't coming home. But why the fuck did it matter if I

returned or not? It's not like Raol ne

and were in any type of relationship besides a broken friendship, one we had been trying to revive but clearly failing at.

The truth of the matter was, I didn't trust her.

I glanced behind me at the closed door that led to my bedroom. I didn't want to leave Judy here alone after last night, and I did promise her that we would talk this morning. I knew she would be busy this week because of finals, and she needed to concentrate. I made a mental note to speak with her later, for right now, it was better not to stress her out.

"I'll be there shortly," I told Taylor as I hung up.

I ran my fingers through my hair and went back into my bedroom. Judy was still asleep. Oblivious that I had left. Being as quiet as I could, I changed into a shirt and jeans.4 went into the bathroom to brush my teeth and make my hair a bit more presentable before going back into the bedroom.

I went to Judy's bedside, bent to her, and kissed her on the cheek, brushing a strand of hair out of her face.

"I'll see you soon," I whispered to her, peppering another kiss to her cheek before pulling back.

I looked at her for a moment longer before I went towards the door. Without any other thought, I left to go see Rachel in the hospital.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Judy's POV

I woke up alone.

Was I hurt? Yes.

Was I surprised? Not in the least.

Sighing, I got out of bed, wrapping a towel around my body before leaving Gavin's room. His scent was everywhere, and my body was still thrumming after last night. I went into the room that used to be mine; I still had a few clothes in the closet that I could change into, just in case I ended up spending the night here.

I used the attached bathroom to take a quick shower before I got dressed. Once I was fully dressed and my wet hair was tied into a low pony, I felt more like myself. I had a slight headache from the tequila, but the water Gavin gave me helped to keep me hydrated for this morning.

I needed to put my game face on because today was the start of finals, it was crucial. Regardless of what was going on in my personal life, I needed to stay focused.

I made my way down the stairs and into the kitchen. Chester was already cooking breakfast. Nan was seated at the table instead of the counter barstool like usual. It was easy to see why she was seated at the table, though; in her arms was Emalyn. She was bottle feeding her, and her eyes were shining with love and affection.

"Seems you've taken to the baby," I said, grabbing an apple out of the fruit dish. "She's just so cute," Nan breathed, cradling the baby in her arms. "We had such a nice evening last night."

"Yeah, for once... we didn't fight," Chester teased, a grin on his face.

"Maybe all you needed was a baby," I teased back.

They both blushed at my words and then glanced at one another, almost shy, before returning to what they were doing. That was when an idea popped into my head, and I didn't care if it made things that much more awkward between them.

"You know, Irene can't continue to take care of this baby," I told them. "Gavin is actively looking for a forever family for Emalyn."

Nan glanced at me, a curious look in her eyes. I could tell she had no idea where I was going with this.

"Have you considered adopting a baby?" I asked them.

Chester nearly dropped the spatula he was holding, and Nan's eyes widened.

"What?" They both asked at the same time.

I shrugged, trying not to grin at their stunned expressions.

"Adoption

repeated. "Emalyn

needs a family, and you two are really good with her. You both

to take a liking to her, and she seems to like you as well. Why not?"

"Maybe because we just started seeing each other?" Nan sputtered.

"You're mates," I told her. "You are supposed to be together. Plus, you didn't JUST start seeing one another. You've met months ago."

"Yes, and it's been a rocky few months," Nan argued. "I'm still trying to figure out if

I trust him with my heart, alone have a baby with him alone."

"You aren't having a baby with him, you're adopting a baby," I told her. "A baby that needs a home."

Chester glanced at Nan; his face was red as the apple I had just bitten into. His eyes drift to the baby and then back to me.

"Do you think we'd be good parents?" He asked, his tone soft and almost vulnerable sounding.

Nna's eyes grew large as she stared at her mate.

"You can't be serious," she sputtered. "Are you seriously considering this?"

He shrugged, avoiding her eyes.

"I don't know mean, I like Emalyn, and I'm falling in love with you. I don't intend on screwing up this relationship. You're my mate, Nan. I want to spend my life with you and have children with you. I want Emalyn to have a good home, and let's face it, you love that little girl. You love taking care of her, and honestly, I do too. I think she'd be good for us, just like I think we'd be good for her. I'm not saying let's jump into it with both feet, but it might be something to consider if the option is there."

Nan opened her mouth to speak, but before she could, the door to the kitchen opened and in came Irene looking as if she had just crawled up from the pit of hell. I had never seen her look so disheveled before, she hadn't even showered.

The sight made me want to laugh out loud.

"What's an option?" She asked, her eyes squinting to adjust to the light. "Shit, I feel like I got run over by a truck."

Chester grinned as he pulled a glass of milk out of the fridge and handed it to her.

"You're just hung over," he muttered, ushering her to sit at the counter while he continued to prepare breakfast. "Nothing a little milk and greasy foods won't fix."