

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law 571-580

"I love you," I told her, hugging her back as more tears spilled down my cheeks.

It was Nan's turn to hug me so tightly like she was afraid I'd disappear at any moment.

"Call me as soon as you land," she whispered before pulling back.

"I will," I assured her.

She blinked away the tears and stepped back just as my section was called.

"Tell Irene I'm sorry," I told her. I hadn't told anyone that I was leaving, other than my parents and Nan. I'm sure Chester was already aware by now as well, but I didn't have the heart to actually say goodbye to anyone.

With my graduation, my contract as Matt's tutor had come to an end. It stated that I would remain his tutor until I graduate; now the contract doesn't apply to me. I didn't have the heart to say goodbye to him either. I knew he'd be gutted to find me gone... but it was better this way. A silent goodbye.

I turned on my heel and headed towards the gates. I looked back once more, smiling at my family and giving them a short wave before I turned for the final time and headed off to start my new life.

Third Person POV

"She's on her way here as we speak," Alpha Levi said into the phone. "You've done well, Lila. Pretty soon, we will be able to take over the company completely. Gavin will be so distracted by everything going on around him, he won't even see it coming."

Rachel, aka Lila, laughed bitterly into the phone.

"He's so stupid. He doesn't expect a single thing. You should have seen the look on Judy's face when I told her we were getting married. She was gutted. I'm glad she's out of the picture now, though. It'll make things much easier with Gavin."

"Remember what I said, he's not allowed to touch you. I won't allow it," Levi said, his tone dark on the phone.

"Baby, you know I'd never let another man, other than a human, touch me. I hate that I'm pregnant with someone else's baby," Rachel said, scowling. "But thankfully, it was only a human, so it doesn't mean anything."

Levi growled lightly.

"I still don't like that his hands were on you. I've already sent someone to kill him."

Rachel chuckled.

"You didn't have to do that. I could have done that myself," she replied simply.

"You should have done that after you fucked him."

"I didn't want to leave a trail," she muttered "So, tell me, my darling, what's your plan for Judy? I can't imagine you are going to be treating her well while she's residing with you. Will you?"

"We got a condo for her to live in. We'll let her get settled in, have her be preoccupied with work and responsibilities, and then we will slowly chip away at her. We will break her and eventually she will spiff even more secrets to us," he explained. "I already have some inside men on the ready for when she arrives. She's not even going to know what hit her."

Rachel laughed with glee.

"I can't wait. Please keep me updated—"

Just then, the door of the hospital room slammed open, leaving a crack on the wall as Gavin stood before her. Rachel's eyes widened in shock, and her heart leaped into her throat.

"What's that?" Levi asked. "What just happened?"

"Let me call you back," Rachel said as she hung up the phone. "Gavin, what's wrong?"

Gavin looked furious, and it was

clear his wolf was on the surface, ready to be ripped free from his

human form. Rachel's heart want

racing rapidly in her chest, and her hands trembled as she clutched the thin blanket that covered her.

"You lying bitch," Gavin seethed, making Rache's jaw drop.

"W...what?" She asked, panic striking.

Did he somehow find out about her plan?

"That baby isn't mine," he growled, nearly shaking the entire hospital room. "And

you drugged me."

"I... I..." She was at a loss for words. How the fuck did he find out this

information? She made sure any traces of evidence were gone.

Before she could even fully reply, he was standing over her, his hand wrapped

around her throat as he fought to keep control of himself.

"What the fuck did you say to her??" Gavin growled.

"W...what?" Rachel croaked, trying desperately to draw breath as she struggled against his hold.

"At the hotel suite. I saw you talking to Judy in the doorway," Gavin said, his temper past the point of no return. "What did you say to her to make her leave? What did you say to hurt her??"

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Griffin's POV

"Tell me what you said to her," I growled, my wolf forcing itself to the surface.

The color completely drained from Rachel's face. She was staring at me as I had just struck her. My patience was running thin, and she knew it; I saw the way she trembled, the way her eyes darted back and forth like she was planning an escape. She glanced at her phone sitting on the bedside table, and before she could even think about it, I snatched it. She sucked in a startled breath, her fingers curling in until her hands were balled into fists.

"Give me my phone," she said, her tone trembling though it was obvious she was trying to keep it steady.

"Answer my fucking question," I growled.

"What proof do you have that I'm lying to you?" She asked.

"I did a paternity test," Eliza said, walking into the room with a piece of paper. "Alpha Gavin isn't your baby's father. Your baby is half human, which makes him an Omega. A Lycan would never have an Omega child."

Rachel's face paled even more before her eyes flashed with anger.

"Who gave you permission to give my baby a paternity test?!" She asked, her voice rising as her anger grew.

"I did," I sneered. "Now answer my fucking question. What did you say to Judy that night?"

Rachel stared between the two of us, a panicked look in her eyes. Her fingers fidgeted against the thin blanket that covered her.

"I told her that I had it handled, and I'll take care of you," she said, refusing to meet my eyes.

"You said something else. Why was she upset?"

Rachel rolled her eyes.

"I might have insinuated that we are together," she muttered.

My heart sank at her words. I needed to find Judy and set the record straight. But first, I needed to deal with Rachel.

"Who are you working for?"

She grinned.

"I will never tell you," she said, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "But know, our plan is already in motion, and you don't even know about it."

My blood was boiling; I had no idea what the fuck she meant. All I wanted was for her to get out of my pack.

The door opened, and Taylor and Derek walked in with a few other gamma warriors.

"Take her to the holding cell," I ordered, pointing at Rachel.

Her eyes grew large.

"You can't be serious! I'm pregnant you assholes!" She screeched.

The gammas grabbed her and forced her out of bed. She stumbled along with them, growling and yelling as they dragged her to the door.

"You are going to regret this!" She growled, struggling against their hold.

"You'll tell us the information we seek sooner or later, Rachel," I told her, my eyes narrowing. "Even if we have to torture it out of you."

"You wouldn't dare! I'm pregnant!!"

"Try me."

The serious look in my eyes told her that I meant what I said; her eyes widened, and she retreated from her stance.

I motioned for the gammas to take her away, and they dragged her out of the room, leaving me alone with Derek, Taylor, and Eliza.

'Do you think it's Levi she's working with?"

I nodded; I had no doubt in my mind that fucker was behind this. My wolf was growling angrily; I should have listened to him to begin with and not allowed Rachel access to my pack. I should have kicked her out the second she arrived at my door. But I wasn't going to let her ruin anything else in my life. I needed to fix the damage she had caused and hoped to the Moon

Goddess it wasn't too late.

"Follow them to the dungeon and try to get whatever answers you can from her," I tell Derek.

He nodded and left the room.

I turn to Taylor.

"I want a statement made announcing that I am not the baby's father, and for everyone who saw the previous news report to disregard it."

"I'll get the editor on the phone," he tells me before turning to his mate. "Can you print me a copy of the DNA report?"

"Of course," she said, following him out of the room.

I ran my fingers through my hair and

grabbed my phone. I did something I should have done a couple of weeks after my night with her... her..d called

O.UMS

Judy.

It went straight to voicemail.

I frowned as I stared at the screen. I tried her one more time but got the same result.

As I was leaving the hospital, I tried Nan's phone. After a few rings, I went to voicemail.

Did she just deny my call?

Erik was waiting in the car for me; he came after I sent Taylor away on his task. I got into the backseat. I knew Erik and Judy had become friends, so figured maybe he'd know where Judy was this afternoon.

"Do you know where Judy is?"

He tensed at my question and then cleared his throat.

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"The last I saw, she was at the mansion; she wanted to talk to Irene," he replied, though he avoided my eyes. I knew there was more to it, but I didn't have the time to overthink it.

"Take me to the mansion," I said, leaning back in my seat.

'Yes, Alpha," he replied.

It didn't take long to get to the mansion. He parked right outside the door, and I got out without a word. I walked into the mansion and stopped when I saw that Nan was there with Irene and Chester. All three of them looked miserable. They were heading into the parlor but paused when they saw me standing in front of them. Nan's scowl was enough to know that something was seriously wrong.

Chester wrapped an arm around her and pulled her away before she could say or do something she would regret. It was smart of him to make her leave because I wasn't in the mood to play these games.

My daughter stared at me with bloodshot eyes, and it was clear she had been crying.

"What's going on?" I asked her as soon as Nan and Chester were out of the room.

"Funny you should ask," she said, narrowing her eyes at me. "Why are you here?"

"Answer my question, Irene. I'm not in the mood for whatever this is," I told her, rolling my eyes. She was always so dramatic, and I seriously couldn't give a shit about whatever dramatic she was having right now.

"You had weeks to come here and make things right. You had months to tell her how you felt, and still you lied to her," Irene said, her lips pressed in a thin line.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm not an idiot, Dad. I know how you felt about her," Irene said, shaking her head. I could see the disappointment and hurt on her face. "I know you loved her."

I opened my mouth to speak, but she held up her hand, silencing me. No one has ever silenced me like that before, but her words... both my wolf and I relished in them. I realized that Irene was right; I was in love with Judy.

Tears filled Irene's eyes as she stared at me; she could see the moment I realized it, too.

"You broke her, Dad..." she whispered. "You should have come here sooner. You should have tried harder. How could you not call her? How could you not tell her?"

"I needed to deal with Rachel first," I

admitted, my voice coming out

softer than usual. "There's a lot that happened that you don't know about But I wanted to come back to to her with a clean slate, with proof that nothing that was said was true. I didn't want her to ask questions I couldn't answer because it would only break her heart even more."

As I spoke, I realized how true those words were didn't want to hurt Judy by not having real answers to her questions. But now I had answers and proof to go along it. Now I could finally tell her everything and show her that I'm not the person the media has painted me out to be. Now I'm ready to move forward with whatever these feelings I had for her are... now I'm ready to love her.

But the look on Irene's face gave me pause. I knew it wouldn't be easy to

tell her that I was in love with that 1

someone as young as Judy; I don't

expect Irene to think of her as a

mother, nor do I expect Judy to take on the role of a mother to rene. But I wasn't expecting the pure disappointment and regret on

Irene's face when I finally confessed to having these feelings.

But before I could say anything more, Nan walked in with tears in her eyes.

"It's too late," she whispered, shaking her head. Chester was trying to get her to return to the parlor, but Nan shrugged him off. "Judy's gone."

My brows dipped low.

"What do you mean she's gone?"

"I mean, she left..." Nan said, her lip trembling. "We don't know what pack she went to. She wouldn't tell us because she feared you'd force the information out of us with your Lycan abilities. But she took a position with an Elite Force, and she moved."

My blood went cold as I looked at my daughter, who was staring at me, her eyes now void of emotions.

"Tell me she's lying," I said, trying hard to keep control of my wolf who was now thrashing inside of me, begging to be released and find the woman he had fallen so deeply in love with.

"I wish I could," Irene murmured. "But Nan is telling the truth, Dad. Judy came here to say goodbye. They dropped her off at the airport a few hours ago. She's gone, and I don't think she's coming back."

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Judy's POV

2 weeks later.

Life in the Redcliff pack had been interesting these last 2 weeks. When I first arrived, it was Beta Ron who had met with me. I was expecting Levi, but apparently he was too busy. I hadn't even seen Alpha Levi the entire time I was here. His home pack was only about an hour away from Redcliff, but I thought he would have been there to see me; I was wrong, Instead, he sent his Beta.

I stood in the front of the mirror in the bathroom in my new condo, getting ready for the day. When I first got here, I couldn't stop crying. All last week was miserable, but I vowed that I wouldn't shed another tear for a man who didn't want me. It was obvious where his

loyalties were, and it wasn't with me, so why should my loyalties be with him? This week, I felt different. Not necessarily stronger, just different. I couldn't figure out why, though.

I stared down at my body; it didn't look any different. I still had the same narrow frame with curvy hips from all the years of working out. I wore a tank top that rested just above my belly button and yoga pants that hugged my figure. I tied my long hair back into a ponytail, my eyes went to the fading mark on my neck from Ethan. It was almost completely gone; not being around him as much this past year had drastically weakened our mate bond, and when that happens, the mark gradually fades. In a few months, it'll be completely gone.

I heard a knock on the door. I pulled my gaze away from my reflection and opened the bathroom door. I walked down the short hallway and entered the living room area. The condo was a vast and clean space; I hadn't done much to it. It was decorated by the Redcliff packmates, and it was nicely done; it was modern and made the area seem brighter and comfortable.

I went to the front door and opened it to find Lucy standing in front of me. Lucy was gorgeous with straight blonde hair with pink streaks and Emerald green eyes, equipped with long and dark lashes. The second she saw me, her smile lit up her face, and she pulled me into a tight hug.

"Hey, girl!" She cooed. "Sampson wants you at the packhouse this morning. Something about a rogue threat he wants you to investigate."

She waved her hand dismissively as if it were no big deal.

I nodded as I grabbed my backpack, which was filled with all the supplies, such as weapons and equipment, that I would need for the day. I put my shoes on while Lucy watched me from the doorway, her eyes following my frame, and her eyes cocked to the side a bit.

"You look different," she pointed out.

I frowned as I joined her at the door.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I know I've only known you for 2 weeks, but last week you were all thin, washed out, and sad. This week... you're different," she told me. "Your face is fuller, and you seem brighter."

"I feel different," I admit. "I think this was exactly what I needed."

We stepped out of the condo; Lucy's red convertible was parked right outside. I raised my brows as

watched her walk around the car to

into the driver's seat.

"I'm surprised that Alpha Sampson let you drive yourself here," I teased as I slid into the passenger side.

"Oh, he doesn't know I'm here," she giggled.

I gawked at her, shocked.

"Are you kidding me??" I asked. "I thought he sent you to get me."

She shook her head, nibbling on her lower lip.

"Not exactly. I convinced the Gamma that he did send to let me go instead," she admitted with a shrug as she put the car in drive.

"And he went along with it??"

She just laughed, pulling away from my condo.

"Of course he did; I'm the Luna. He has to do what I say."

I laugh at her logic.

"Your mate is going to kill you," I tease. "And me for letting that happen."

"Oh, please. He'd never. He loves me, and you're my friend, so my default, he loves you."

I laugh again and shake my head at her; I loved Luna Lucy and Alpha Sampson. They both welcomed me with wide smiles and open arms, especially when they were told would be joining their Elite Force. It took a little while to prove myself to those I'm working with, even after I won the Gamma Competition, but after one week of working with me, they realized I was all business.

I wasn't there to play around. I was there to do a job. I do my job well, even if my brain is clouded because of a stupid guy. I refused to let my teammates see me weak, so I left my crying at my condo door before leaving every morning. This is the first week that I don't feel like crying; yes, I'm still sad and my heart still aches every time I breathe, but I feel a bit lighter today. I feel as if the weight of the world isn't on my shoulders, and it was a nice feeling.

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I was quickly making friends and a home in this pack.

Though I had to admit, I missed my friends back home. I've had my cellphone

shut off for the last 2 weeks; I was afraid that if I called one of my friends, or if they called me, they would only feed me information about Gavin. The last thing I wanted to hear about was his wedding planning.

"Where did your mind just go?" Lucy asked with a frown.

I hadn't told Lucy about Gavin or about anything real in my life. She obviously knew I had family and friends back home, but she didn't know much of anything else. I told her that I didn't have a phone, which is why she couldn't contact me right now. I have a company one from working with the Elite Force, which is what Sampson contacts me on; she keeps trying to get Sampson's permission to contact me on that phone, but he refuses because it's not meant for socializing.

I suppose at some point I was going to have to turn on my phone and get a hold of my parents because they were probably worried about me, despite me calling them when I landed to tell them that I was safe, and I'll contact them again when I can in a few weeks.

I'll just tell Lucy that I happened to have gotten a phone and then give her my number.

She offered to buy me a phone, but I refused to take a dime from her.

"Just thinking about the rogues. There are new attacks?"

She shrugged.

"Or so I've heard through the grapevine," she replied.

We pulled up to the large manor of a packhouse and got out of the car. We walked together while they mindlessly spoke to me, and soon we were entering through the large doors only to see a bustling of Gamma warriors.

"Woah," I said, freezing.

Before I could comprehend what was going on, Sampson was in front of us with his arms folded across his chest; his eyes were fixed on his mate.

"You bribed one of my

Gamma

warriors," Sampson stated; it wasn't a question, more like a fact. "You can't do that kind of thing, Lucy Not right now, at least. It's dangerous for you to wander around the pack unprotected. You know the main target for rogues are Luras and those who are important to Alphas. It weakens the pack when the Alpha is distracted. By being careless with your life, you put the pack in danger."

"You are so dramatic," Lucy said, rolling her eyes. "It's not that serious. Judy lives literally up the street."

"It is serious, Lucy. If anything

happened to you..." His voice trailed off, unable to finish the thought. I loved how much Sampson loved Lucy; made me envious. I wanted that kind of lovely wanted to feel worshipped like she did. My heart ached at the thought that might never have that. My true mate didn't want me... and the guy I thought I was falling in love with, also doesn't want me. My hope was dwindling, and there was nothing I could do about it.

"Is the threat that bad?" I asked, interrupting his scolding. "Why are there so many warriors here? What's going on?"

"You should find your team," Sampson told me, directing his gaze from Lucy to me. "Marlo will tell you the details."

Marlo was my team leader. We don't always see eye to eye, but I respect him as my superior. I had only been here for a couple of weeks after all.

"Are we in danger, Sir?" I asked him.

Sampson opened his mouth to speak, but then he closed it as if he were to rethink what he wanted to say. Then he pressed his lips together and gave me a short nod.

"Yes," he replied. "I'm afraid the security of my pack had been breached, We are calling in for help from other packs and waiting to hear back from them, but it's not

looking good. There are a lot of

Tieto are a lot of deaths, and I'm trying to keep those

of us here alive. Go find Marlo and

have him fill you in, Judy. I need to deal with my mate and make sure she stays in the packhouse."

I nodded without hesitation and did exactly what my new Alpha requested.

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Judy's POV

I found Marlo with the rest of the team towards the back of the packhouse. I could see the worried expressions on some of their faces, and it ate away at my stomach. We were a team of Elite Gamma Warriors; nothing was supposed to worry us. But the look they were sporting wasn't confident.

"Marlo, what is going on?" I asked, approaching my team leader.

Marlo was a tall and bulky man with tattoos, and he constantly wore his armor and weapons. He turned when I approached him, his stern expression never wavering.

"There was a breach in security during the overnight," he explained. "We lost lives."

"How many?"

"Enough to raise alarms," he replied. "Innocent people. Women... children... it was a blood bath in some homes."

"What?" I gasped. "How did I not hear about this until now? How did I sleep through it?"

"It was in the northern location of the pack, a long way away from your condo," Marlo explained.

"And nobody thought to page or call me?" I asked.

I hadn't been sworn into their pack officially yet and couldn't until the full moon, so

I couldn't mindlink anyone in the pack or on the team yet.

"We did," one of my teammates, Drew, said, folding his arms across his chest. "Maybe try charging your pager?"

I frowned as I reached into my bag and pulled out the sleek black pager Marlo had given me on my first day. I clicked the button that turned it on, but it didn't turn on. I had forgotten to charge it last night... again.

I groaned and shoved it back into my bag.

"Sorry," I murmured. "I'll make sure to put it on the charger tonight."

"You better," Marlo said, narrowing his eyes. "We needed all hands on deck. We could have used you. You proved yourself to us already, your skills are a must on the force. Don't let us down again."

"I'll make sure not to, Commander," I told her, nodding my head. "So, what can I do now? Put me to work?"

"Right now, we are healing those who survived and putting to rest those who didn't. There are a lot more who didn't. We have the tech team investigating how our servers got hacked. Alpha Sampson@alled in backup as well from someone very powerful. We are keeping their identity under wraps for right now because we don't want to cause more of a frenzy, but your job will be to get them settled in our pack."

"Someone important?" I asked, my heart suddenly racing. "Can I ask who they are? I promise I won't tell anyone."

"Sorry, but the identity is hidden from even me. Only Alpha Sampson knows," Marlo replied.

"Okay," I said, not fully processing this information. "When will this important person be arriving?"

"He's scheduled to land in a couple of days," Maro told me. "He'll be in a private jet. You'll pick him up at the airport and bring him to the

hovel

packhouse... safely. Not that he can't handle himself. If Sampson is calling for his help, I'm sure he can hold his own in a fight, if not defeating all threats himself. But we'd feel better if someone were with him on his journey to the packhouse."

"I understand," I said before I could stop myself. "I'll be there."

I was about to ask if I should head to my post on the outer coast of the pack, but a

strange sense of nausea washed over me. My breathing grew shallow, and the saliva started to build up quickly.

Spencer is at your post right now. He's scheduled for another hour," Marlo said, as if he could read my thoughts. "You can start heading there now if you His voice trailed off once he saw my face, and he frowned. "Judy?"

"Excuse me for a minute," I said before he could even get my name out of his mouth. I hurried away from him and through the packhouse. Only a few noticed that I ran through them. I didn't stop until I reached the bathroom.

I pulled the door open and stumbled over to the toilet. I leaned over and let out all of my dinner from last night. I have no idea what is wrong with me; I don't ever get sick, at least not like this. It wasn't making any sense.

My head was spinning.

There was a soft knock on the door. I didn't want to see anyone right now. But I knew I couldn't, Lucy. I knew from her scent that it was her before she even spoke.

"Judy?" She spoke softly. "Are you okay?"

I took a deep breath before flushing the toilet and standing up. I unlocked and opened the door, pulling it open only to meet Lucy's concerned gaze. Without a warning, she's rushing into the bathroom, a worried glint in her eyes.

"Are you okay?" She asked me, turning to look at me. "I saw you running through the room like something was on fire. What happened?"

I opened my mouth to speak, but then she crinkled her eyes.

"Did you throw up?" She suddenly asked, looking around before her eyes landed on the toilet. "You got sick? Have you been sick this whole time?"

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"No... I mean... kind of," I told her, my cheeks flushing. "I'm not really sure what's wrong. I think it's just a stomach bug. It's nothing to be too worried about. I think I just need to drink some water or something."

"Nonsense. I'll talk to Sampson. I want to take you to the pack hospital."

My face paled at the mention of a hospital.

"No, that's not necessary. The doctors of this pack have enough to worry about right now. With the new threat out there and the lives that are at risk, they don't need to worry about me over a stomach bug."

Lucy defiantly folded her arms across her chest.

"You can't go on post with a stomach bug, Judy," she told me. "You know this, as does Marlo and Sampson."

I knew she was right, and I hated that she was. I took a deep breath and let my shoulders slump.

"Okay," I breathed. "But I really don't want to make a big deal out of this. Maybe they can give me something for the stomach bug, and I'll be on my way."

She nodded, holding up her hand.

"I promise," she assured me. "We'll be in and out if it's nothing."

Not before long, we were standing in front of Sampson and asking him for a short leave so I could go to the hospital. He granted it, agreeing with Lucy.

Of course, he didn't allow us to just go to the hospital unprotected; a few of his Gammas accompanied us. I was grateful that Lucy was with me the entire time. She refused to let me go through this alone. She could tell I was nervous, and it made me feel better that she was standing by my side.

The nurse walked into the waiting room after what felt like an eternity of us waiting.

"Judy Montague," the nurse called out.

I stood to my feet, though I felt numb. I could barely feel my legs as I walked through the waiting room and towards the waiting nurse. Her smile widened when she noticed me, and she motioned for me to walk with her.

Lucy stayed closely behind me as we stepped through the doors and down the long hallway. Not before long after, we were stepping into the hospital room.

"Put that gown on and pee in this cup," The nurse instructed, handing me a cup.

I frowned at it.

"What for?" I asked, glancing at her.

"It's procedure," she replied without hesitation.

Soon, the nurse was leaving, and my heart was racing. Lucy found a comfortable seat in the corner of the room. I stepped into the attached bathroom, locking the door behind me.

Once I peed in the cup, I put the cap on and stepped out of the bathroom, my body almost trembling as I placed it on the nightstand beside the bed.

The nurse returned a moment later to collect the pee sample. She said a few words and then left. I stayed seated on the bed with a racing heart. Lucy reached over and gripped my hand, a small smile lighting up her face.

"You're going to be okay," she assured me. "Just breathe."

"Am I that obvious?" I asked, trying my best at a laugh, but she could see right through me.

"Kind of," she admitted. "It's all over your face."

There were no words left to speak; I

wanted to say something, but I wasn't sure what. We stayed in a comfortable silence for a long while. It didn't take long for Lucy to continue her normal banter as if nothing was wrong. Not long after, a doctor was walking into the room.

He greeted me and introduced himself as Dr. Oliver. I wasn't sure if that was his first name or last name, but he seemed kind enough. He had clean hands, and he scanned me briefly before his gaze lifted to mine.

"Well, I have results for you, and I have good news. It's not a stomach bug," he told me. I let out a breath of relief. Thank goodness, because

the

no way would be able to work with a stomach bug. Now, just need some medicine to fix whatever is wrong with me so I can get back to work.

"Great," I said, my voice coming out breathy as I slid down from the table. "Just prescribe me something that'll help, and I'll be on my way."

"I'm afraid I can't do that either," he said, holding up his hand. "You may not be ill, but that doesn't mean there isn't an underlying issue."

I frowned, not sure what he meant.

"I don't understand."

"It might be hard to uphold your job in your current position," he said, narrowing his eyes at me, his eyes scanning me from head to toe.

"My position?" I asked, my voice coming out as barely a whisper.

He nodded.

"Yes," he replied. "Your condition. Miss Montague... you're pregnant."

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Judy's POV

"Pregnant?!" Both Lucy and I nearly shouted at the same time. It startled the doctor, who looked between us with a frown.

"Y...yes," he stammered. "You are, in fact, pregnant. Of course, there are options. You don't need to decide anything right now, but I know you just got here and are a part of the Elite Force. I doubt they'd let you continue working on the force if they knew you were pregnant."

"Are you saying I could get fired from my job?" I asked, my voice hoarse. "I worked hard to get this position. How would it look if I got fired??"

"Don't worry, you're not going to get fired," Lucy said stubbornly, folding her arms across her chest. "This is a minor setback."

"As I said, there are options," the doctor said, his brows pinched together. He

rummaged through his stuff and pulled out a brochure. When he handed it to me, I saw the big words on the front of it, and my heart stopped.

Abortion.

Was he seriously suggesting that I abort my baby?

Was that something I was even capable of doing?

I was pregnant... with an actual baby. A living and breathing baby.

I thought back to the last time I had sex; it was over a month ago now. Maybe

almost 2 months. It was that night with Gavin...

Oh Goddess... Gavin.

My hands immediately went to my belly, and my entire body trembled.

I was carrying Gavin Landry's baby.

"As I said, there are options," the doctor continued as he tried to hand me the brochure; I just stared at it, refusing to move to take it. He was about to say something more, but Lucy grabbed the brochure, her eyes narrowed.

"Really?" She asked, her brows pinched together. "Abortion? That's the option you're giving her right now?"

"If she wants to remain on the Elite Force, it's the best option."

I knew he was right; if I wanted to continue on this career path, I couldn't be pregnant. There was no way they'd let me do my job while carrying a baby, and then what about afterwards? How could I commit 100 percent to the force when I have a baby at home? Plus, who would take care of the baby while I'm working? My nerves were getting the best of me; my heart hammered in my chest.

What was worse... Gavin didn't want me. There was no way he was going to want this baby. It would ruin his entire life; he was already a father to Irene and Matt; did he even want any more kids?

Who was I kidding? Even if he did want kids... he didn't want them with me.

I suddenly felt sick to my stomach again.

I didn't realize that the doctor had left the room until Lucy was standing in front of me with a concerned look on her face. She must have told the doctor to leave.

"Judy, talk to me," Lucy said, her voice soft and compassionate. "I had no idea you were seeing someone..."

My cheeks flushed.

"I'm not seeing anyone," I blurted. "It was a one-night stand."

"A one-night stand?" Lucy asked slowly, like she was testing the words on her tongue. "That doesn't seem like you..."

"It was a drunken night," I said quickly. "It wasn't a big deal."

"Well, it is now," Lucy said, raising her brows. "You are pregnant with his baby. Are you going to tell him?"

"I don't even know his name," I lied, hating that my face was betraying me right now. I could feel how not my face was, which meant Lucy could see the redness in my cheeks.

"We have some of the best

resources in the world, Judy. We can find him easily. He might want to know that he's going to be a father, and even so, he should be

on

accountable. If not physically here, he should at least be financially. You shouldn't be expected to do this your own if this is what you want. You do have options, but ultimately it is your choice. It's your body."

"I'm going to lose my job," I whispered, my hand splaying over my flat belly. "What am I going to do?"

"You don't lose your job. You might still need to be put on leave for now. You'll still get paid. I'll make sure of it. Let me talk to Sampson and—"

"I'm not ready for him to know yet," I blurted. "Can we just keep this between us for right now?"

She frowned.

"You want me to lie to my mate?" She asked, almost astonished, her eyes wide. I flushed at her question.

"Not lie... just don't tell him. I mean it's not your story to tell. It's mine. I'll tell him I'm ready, I promise. Just don't say anything. Please, Lucy."

"That's kind of a big thing though," she said, cocking her head. "He's the Alpha. It's hard to hide something like that from him."

"You hide things from him all the time," I remind her. "Like when you leave the packhouse without guards."

She rolled her eyes.

"But I don't expect him not to find

out. That's the fun of it. I love it when he gets all possessive and growly It's hot, and the makeup sex is incredible. It's never malicious, though. I'd never keep something from him that he wouldn't find out immediately." Content bétongs to

"Lucy, I am asking you as my friend to please let me tell him when I'm ready.

That's all," I said, my eyes big with worry.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

She stared at me for a long while, and then she sighed; I've come to know that sigh. She was relenting.

"You have to promise me you'll tell him soon," she said, narrowing her eyes. "I'm still Luna, and I worry about you, Judy. I don't want you putting yourself or your baby at risk by working yourself sick."

I nodded.

"I promise, I'll be careful."

She nodded in return.

After we finished at the doctor's, we returned to the packhouse with some of the Gammas appointed to keep the Luna safe. Alpha Sampson greeted us; his brows pinched together as he studied me.

"Is everything okay? How was the doctor's appointment?" He asked, folding his arms across his chest as he stared at me.

"It was fine," I told him a little too quickly. "Just a stomach bug. He gave me some medicine and sent me on my way."

"So, you'll be okay to take your post?" He asked, cocking his head to the side.

I glanced at Lucy, who kept her eyes averted, before I returned my attention to Sampson's questioning face.

"Yes, I'm ready to take my post. I'll head there now."

He studied me for a moment longer before nodding, effectively dismissing me.

My post was on the other side of the pack. There was a small wooden perch on top of one of the tallest trees, perfectly hidden in the leaves. That was where my main post was. Before I made the climb, I made sure I had all my supplies. Before entering the forest, I stripped out of my clothes and shifted into my wolf. Her tracking senses were on point, and she could sniff out any lingering threats that may or may not be following or watching. I hadn't caught anyone yet, but with the threat of the rogues and how they took out so many innocent packmates during the overnight, I wasn't taking any chances.

I wanted to make sure my post was cleared before I made the climb to my perch. I let my wolf take on full control as we searched the perimeter. Once my wolf deemed the area safe, she relinquished her control back to me. I shifted back into my human form and quickly dressed, putting on my gear as I did so. I stared up at the perch; I was satisfied that I couldn't see any signs of Spencer, who was currently keeping watch of my post until I relieved him. That meant the perch was still unseen; I couldn't even smell Spencer, which meant he was using the masking spray.

I sprayed it on myself before I entered the forest to keep myself from being followed. I started to climb the tree with ease; climbing had always been easy for me, even in wolf form, which was a rarity because wolves were not climbers. It was one of the many things that saved me during the competition.

As I broke through the clearing of the treetop, the wooden perch came into view. At first glance, it looked almost empty. But I knew better than that; Spencer wouldn't just leave the post. I whistled, mimicking a bird, as I neared. It was a soft whistle; it was our secret language.

The whistle returned to me, and I grinned when I saw his hand outstretched for me. I didn't need his help, but I took it anyway. Spencer, being as strong as he is, pulled me the rest of the way up until I was resting on the wooden perch beside him. He was hidden in the shadows, but his blue eyes, with a hint of gold from his wolf eyes, were shining through.

"Took you long enough," he teased.

I rolled my eyes as I got myself settled.

"Sorry, I had an incident. Had to go to the pack hospital," I told him.

His eyes grew wide, and suddenly, he was no longer in the shadow region, but right in front of me.

"Are you okay?" He asked. "What happened?"

Spencer was one of the first guys on the force who actually respected and befriended me. He was kind; he had a large build and shaggy brown hair. He had adorable dimples on his cheeks when he smiled and always had this boyish quality about him, but he was good at his job. He stood up for me when the others rallied around to push me out during their haze. The haze usually lasted a few weeks, but thanks to Spencer and because I proved myself pretty early on, the haze only lasted a few days.

I was grateful to Spencer for his friendship.

"I'm fine. It was just a stomach bug,"

I assured him "But you're wanted at

the packhouse, so you shouldn't keep them waiting."

Spencer rolled his eyes.

"They can wait. Seriously, Judy. Are you sure you're okay?"

I nodded, giving him a bright smile, though I knew it didn't reach my eyes.

"I'm sure," I assured him. "Let me get situated. You don't need to stay any longer. We'll talk more later."

He studied me for a long while before he sighed; he draped his fingers through his hair and then gave me a short nod.

"Okay," he said softly. "I'll see you later."

Not before long, I was left alone with my thoughts and a baby in my belly.

What the fuck was I going to do?

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Judy's POV

My mind was a whirlwind of thoughts. I couldn't believe I was stupid enough to get pregnant with Gavin Landry's baby. I was on birth control, but either I missed a pill that morning, or my birth control failed. If I missed a pill, I hadn't noticed. I leaned against the tree, my knees pressed to my chest; the cold afternoon air whipped around me, and a slight chill crept up my spine.

I kept my sniper rifle in hand, loaded and ready to go at any moment. I loved being on post because it was all about being quiet. I needed the solitude; I needed to figure out what I was going to do about this pregnancy. Could I really have a baby on my own? Should I tell Gavin about what was going on?

My wolf wanted me to share the news with him, but I knew what was going to happen; he would deny both me and the baby. He wanted Rachel... not me. A part of me thought about calling my mom; she would know exactly what to do in this situation, but it would also worry her, and she would insist that I come home. I couldn't come home right now; not while Gavin was still marrying Rachel and expecting a baby with her. I wouldn't allow my child to feel unwanted; that was the last thing I wanted.

A twig snapping brought my attention to the perimeter, breaking through the haze of my thoughts. My body tensed as I pulled my wolf's eyes forward so I could search my surrounding area easily. I sniffed the air, frowning when I didn't smell anything. Typically, I'd be able to smell a rogue easily or an intruder. There were no others from the force scheduled to be in this area right now, so I knew it wasn't one of the other team members. Whoever it was that was approaching was masking their scent.

A shadow in the distance drew her attention, and though I couldn't see what it was, I knew something, or rather someone, was there. I positioned her sniper and peeked

through the scope to get a better look; between my wolf sight and the sniper scope, I was able to finally get an outline of a person.

My heart nearly stopped when I saw that it was a young girl... a teenager. She was stumbling past the borders and onto the Redcliff pack territory. Her clothes were ripped from what looked like a struggle; she had bruises all over her body and blood on her clothes. Her blond hair was a mess, and her eyes were bloodshot from crying. She had bruises beneath her eyes, and her lip was split open.

It was clear she was beaten.

The worst part was... I recognized her.

I reached into my bag and pulled out my walkie-talkie; I couldn't mindlink with the team leader yet, so he gave me a walkie-talkie so I could keep communication with him while on post.

I pressed the button to connect to him and brought it to my lips.

"Someone is crossing the border. A teenage girl, blonde hair and, small frame. Looks to be wearing jeans with flowers on the bottom cuffs and a loose-fitted blouse," I say into the walkie-talkie.

For a moment, there was no response. I kept my eyes on the girl as she struggled to walk through the perimeter. She stopped a few times to take several deep breaths, as if the short distance she just walked was too much for her to handle, and she was already winded.

"There are reports of a missing girl from last night," Marlo said into the walkie-talkie. "Cindy Carson, Janet's daughter."

Oh, right!

I remembered meeting Cindy once. Janet, I've seen you a few times at the grocery store when I stocked my kitchen with food last week. Janet owned the store, and when Cindy wasn't in school, she worked part-time at the store. She was a

sweet girl, very reserved and

gorgeous. I almost didn't recognize

her.

I had no idea that the rogues from last night had taken her, and my heart broke for

her family.

"Her father was found dead this morning along with others," Marlo continued.

"How's Janet?" I asked. "Did she survive?"

"She wasn't home at the time of the attack. She was across the pack at her store. She was thankfully safe from the attack."

Relief flooded me at hearing that, but my heart ached at the thought of Janet losing both her husband and her child. But it looked like Cindy was being returned... but the question was... why?

"Should I approach her?" I asked Marlo.

"No, I'm sending backup. Keep your post. This could be a trap."

I didn't think about that; my heart was hammering against my chest.

I kept my eyes on the girl, Cindy. She stumbled a few more times before resting against a tree; her shoulders sulking. A small sob escaped her lips as tears ran down her cheeks. There was something strange about how she was moving and the way she was acting. I knew she was beaten; she was certainly in pain, but why wasn't she trying to get home as fast as she could? Why wasn't she rushing away from the borders? A place where they clearly tortured and tormented her?