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Her question wasn't one I expected, and I immediately got pissed off.

"Because I need to know who you fucked," I said through my teeth. "Who got you pregnant and when?"

Her lip trembled despite her efforts to keep it still.

When she didn't speak, I asked again, "How far along are you, Judy. Don't make me Alpha command you."

She winced at my words, and I knew I had her exactly where I wanted her.

"Almost 2 months," she whispered weakly.

2 months.

What happened 2 months ago?

I tried to think... was that the last time I had sex with her?

I was definitely with her around that time; if she was with anyone else, I would have smelled it on her. I narrowed my eyes at her as I walked towards her. She took the same amount of steps backward, trying to keep her distance from me, probably afraid of what would happen if she were near me.

"You weren't with anyone else 2 months ago," I said to her, my voice low.

She kept walking backwards until she couldn't go any further; with her back pressed against the wall, I caged her in with my arms and lowered my face to hers, forcing her to look at me and feeling her breath fan against my face. Her breath was shuddering as she breathed; her chest rising and falling with a quickened pace.

"You're telling me that baby isn't mine," I said, my eyes filling with lust, shifting to her lips, as I lifted my gaze to meet hers. "You're shit at lying."

Before she could stop me and

before I could talk myself out of it, I closed the gap and pressed my lips against her. She sucked in a sharp breath which gave me the access I needed to wedge my tongue between her lips and explore her mouth. I sucked her tongue into my mouth, taking what was

owed to me as I gripped her hips and pulled her flesh against me so she could feel exactly how she affected me.

She let out a breathy moan which went straight to my cock. I wanted to fuck her so badly that it hurt. My cock was hardening with each breath I took, and it was painful in my pants.

Her lips were soft, and she moved against mine with a hunger that I knew was pent up from these last weeks. It was a relief that I didn't smell or taste anyone else on her; despite the masking spray, it wouldn't be able to erase the taste of her lips. It was intoxicating, and a low growl escaped my throat as my wolf got his fill from the woman he was claiming as his own. I realized that it wasn't just my wolf that was claiming her, I was claiming her too.

I deepened the kiss, taking in more of her.

I ran my fingers up her sides, taking her shirt with it, and just like that, it was like reality slammed back into her because she flinched back, put her hand on my chest, and gave it a gentle shove, stopping the intense make-out session.

She stared up at me, breathless, with her swollen lips and flushed cheeks, looking sexy as sin.

"I can't..." she whispered. "We can't..."

"Yes, we can..." I told her, trying to go in for another kiss, but she stopped me again, her hand spreading out on my chest.

"No, we can't," she said, tears filling her eyes. "Because this baby will be unwanted by you just like I am... You don't want me, Gavin. You never wanted me. We had good sex... but you didn't want me. Not really, at least."

I narrowed my eyes at her, not sure what she was talking about. Yes, it started off as just sex, and then it turned into an agreement where we got my mom off my back and Ethan off hers. But it turned into so much more for me; she wiggled her annoying ass into my heart, and she hasn't left. I didn't want her to leave;

I wanted to keep her there for as

long as I could.

"Don't tell me what I don't want," I said to her, my hand reaching out so I could touch her cheek with my fingertips.

She turned her head, so my fingers missed, and my brows dipped low.

Her next words left me even more confused and slightly gutted.

"I don't think your fiancé would appreciate you being here with another woman."