

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

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"I can't seem to stay away from you," he whispered, closing the small distance between our mouths, kissing me like his life depended on it. Our kiss was anything but soft and sweet; it was heavy and filled with so much pent-up need. I felt the warmth going straight to my core.

My mind went completely blank, and for a while, I completely forgot why I was upset in the first place. It wasn't fair that he had this huge effect on me; that he could make me comply with a simple kiss. His hands were on my hips, pressing me against him, and I felt everything he was willing to offer me in that moment.

The worst part was... I wanted it. I wanted it so badly.

Or maybe he was showing me what I couldn't have because he had given it to somebody else. The thought was like a slap in the face, and I pulled back; we were both breathless, and he didn't let me go.

"Gavin I—"

"Don't," he said sharply, cutting me off.

I blinked at him, confused.

"What?"

"Don't push me away," he whispered, pressing his forehead against mine and closing his eyes.

"You chose someone else..." I whispered.

His eyes opened, and they were dark, swirling with something I didn't recognize.

His hand reached up and he gripped my chin, keeping my gaze on his.

"Who told you that I chose someone else?" He asked.

My brows furrowed.

"Uh... your fiancé," I told him.

He narrowed his eyes.

"My what?"

"Stop playing stupid, Gavin," I told him, trying to wiggle out of his grasp. "I know you and Rachel are engaged. Congratulations, by the way."

Even I could hear the sarcasm and bitterness in my voice.

"What?" He asked, the confused look in his eyes darkening. "You think I'm engaged to her?"

I froze and looked up at him, my brows dipped low as my own confusion practically consumed me.

"Aren't you?" I asked.

"What makes you think that?" He asked. "Who told you I was engaged to her?" "She did..."

A flash of anger went through his eyes, and I saw a glimpse of his wolf surging forward.

"And you believed her?" He asked, the hurt evident in his tone.

His emotions were all over the place, and I couldn't get a grasp on them. I nodded, though, answering his question.

"I had no reason not to ..." I whispered. "You're having a baby with her. I thought you proposed so the baby would have a complete family."

He let out a dark chuckle as he stepped away from me, releasing his hold on me.

I suddenly felt cold without his close proximity.

"Do you have any idea what I've been doing the last few weeks before you left?" He asked, frustration clear on his face.

I shook my head; I assumed he was spending those last few weeks with his fiancée, getting ready for both the wedding and his upcoming baby. I had reason to believe anything

else after Rachel told me they were

engaged.

"I had been working day and night trying to poke holes in Rachel's accusation," he

told me.

I raised my brows.

"Wait, what?"

"I didn't believe for a second that I touched her that night. I remember being with you vividly at the Grand Casino Hotel, and you lied to me I

about it. I didn't argue with, and

about it because it was clear you weren't going to fess up. I didn't have sex with her that night, despite what it might have looked like. I didn't have any desire to touch her, and regardless of how drunk I was, I wouldn't have allowed it to happen. I might have been fucked up, but I know my dick went nowhere near that woman."

I stared at him, my eyes wide.

He cupped my face in his hands, his thumb tracing my upper cheekbones,

spreading warmth throughout my body.

"Judy, I never touched her. The baby she's carrying isn't mine, and she's not my fiancée. I'm banishing her."

My jaw nearly dropped.

"You're what?" I gasped.

"I'm banishing her," he repeated.

"She's been working for someone as a spy. She was trying to trap me into marriage so she could take ownership of my company. I've spent weeks gathering evidence, but I couldn't let her think I was on to her, or she would bolt, so I played the part. I'm sorry if that hurt you, but I never thought you'd leave."

My breathing grew shaky as realization dawned on me. "She... she told me you proposed to her..." I whispered.

Had I been deceived?

A sad expression crossed his face.

"She lied to you..."

Judy's POV

I stared at him in shock. Was what he was saying true? Was I lied to? The intensity of his gaze nearly brought me to my knees. Now I was the one left with questions unanswered, but most importantly, if he wanted me, why didn't he ever tell me? Why did he let me believe that he and Rachel were a thing?

My heart cracked at the very thought. Tears burned in my eyes, blurring my vision as I stared up at him. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't look away. My bottom lip trembled, and I sniffled, hating myself for displaying this type of weakness. But he was bringing it out of me, and I couldn't help myself when I'm around him. He still owned my heart despite how hard I tried to convince myself that he didn't.

He brushed his thumb across my cheek, wiping away the tears I hadn't noticed falling.

"After I get answers from Rachel, I'm banishing her. She's being held right now," he told me softly.

I was shocked by this sudden news; I thought they were getting married, but it was the furthest thing from the case. I swallowed the lump stuck in my throat, my heart pounding against my chest. I didn't know what to do in this situation. I wasn't sure who to trust. I've been hurt so much by those I loved... Ethan had betrayed me, and Gavin had hurt me. I wasn't sure if I could trust him, and I was terrified to let my heart fall for him even deeper despite my wolf's sudden pull towards him.

He kissed me softly on the lips, pulling my mind to the current moment, making me melt from the sweetness.

"Don't run from me," he whispered against my lips before closing the gap again. I found myself melting against him, deepening the kiss because the only thing I knew in that moment was that I missed him so much, and having him here with me, kissing me, worshiping me, it was everything my heart had been craving these last couple of weeks.

He wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me flush against him; heat coursed through my body when I felt his tongue slipping between my lips and invading my mouth, searching hungrily. The kiss was filled with need and hunger, and it went straight to my core.

He lifted me off the ground, making me wrap my legs around his waist to steady myself, and before I knew what was happening, he was opening my bedroom door and inviting himself inside. My room was dark when we entered, and his kicking the door shut behind him made it even darker because now we no longer had the light from the small hallway outside the door. He didn't bother turning on a light; I don't think he even noticed it was dark. He laid me down on the bed, gently, not to hurt me. For a moment, I almost forgot that I was pregnant.

He broke the kiss from my lips and started to kiss down the nape of my neck. I breathed him in, his scent slowly starting to return. Either I was smelling him through the masking spray, or the spray was starting to wear off. Either way, it was a glorious scent that made my wolf purr happily.

He dragged his lips down my body, resting them on my belly, sending warmth through me. It was like he wasn't just loving me, but our baby, too. It was a silent claim that the baby in my belly was his, and he wasn't going to let either of us go. He kissed around my belly like every inch of me deserved to be

worshipped. Tears welled up in my eyes as my heart expanded. Then he brought himself back to my lips, kissing me deeply like I was the most important thing to him.

He lifted off me and started to unbutton his shirt. My eyes wouldn't look away from

his incredible form; no matter how many times I see it, it will never not be the most beautiful sight. His toned abs were mouth-watering, and I had to fight the urge to reach out and touch him.

As if he were reading my thoughts, he grabbed my hand and pressed it against his body, making me touch every rippling ab on his stomach and causing my mouth to go completely dry.

It was as if he was allowing me to claim his body just as he was claiming mine.

He lowered himself back down to

my lips and kissed me as if his entire life depended on it. As he kissed me, he made quick work to remove my shirt, leaving me almost exposed to him, other than my black laced bra. His eyes darkened as he kissed my chest, his tongue dipping between my cleavage, making me gasp.

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I felt my bra loosen, and I blinked; when had he unhooked my bra?

The second my bra was off my body and being thrown to the ground, his lips wrapped around my hardened nipple, sucking and pulling it into his mouth. I couldn't help the moan that escaped my lips.

I knew we had so much more to talk about; my heart was so conflicted, and I worried that at the end of the day, it would get broken. But at this moment, I

couldn't think of anything other than how good he makes me feel. How much I missed him and how much I craved his touch.

Once he was finished with one nipple, he gave the other the same treatment, making me moan again. I felt moisture pooling between my legs, and I had to rub them together to create some friction. His legs stopped me from rubbing mine together, though, separating them.

I whimpered at the loss of friction, needing something to help soothe the ache.

His fingers looped in the waistband of my yoga pants, and he pulled them down my legs, taking my underwear with them. I could barely even comprehend what was happening before I was completely naked and vulnerable in front of him.

He leaned back, taking me in. His eyes were dark with little speckles of gold, indicating that his wolf was right there and watching me. I could see the hunger in his gaze and the small smirk that played on his lips as his eyes traveled down my body and landed on my core. He reached out, his fingers sliding between my slit and I heard a soft moan coming from his mouth.

"Fuck," he rasped out. "You're perfection and already so wet for me."

His words and the way he throatily spoke them made me even wetter, and I whimpered, wiggling my hips for him. I needed him to touch me where it really mattered; I need that friction.

With a smile, he parted my folds and lowered himself to me, peppering kisses around my lower belly and inner thigh. Though the kisses were nice, it wasn't enough. I needed so much more of him.

Finally, his tongue slid between my slit, making me gasp loudly. When his lips wrapped around my clit and he began to suck and lick, I thought I was going to black out from the pure pleasure of it. He slid his finger inside of my core, giving me the friction I desperately craved.

I let out a loud moan, my body limp, while I was completely at his mercy.

He put another finger in me, curling it and hitting that spot that made my legs tingle and my body light on fire. I breathed out his name, missing the taste of it on my tongue, felt my s core clenching around his fingers, squeezing him tight until was combusting on his hand and mouth. He lapped me up like a starving man. He continued the torturous treatment until I was nothing but a twitching and panting mess.

He placed one last gentle kiss on my clit before removing his fingers. I closed my eyes, counting each

breath as he kissed up my body felt his lips on the nape of my neck and soon I felt his cock at my entrance.

When had he gotten undressed completely?

As if I hadn't just had a mind-blowing orgasm, my core grew wet and needy again,

my body immediately reacting to his close proximity.

"I'm not done with you yet," he murmured before he pushed himself inside of me.

I gasped at the fullness I felt from him; my core stretched and immediately adapted to his size, having had him many times before. I moaned deeply as he thrust himself inside me, his movements animalistic.

He captured my lips, drowning out my moans. Our tongues and breath mingling together, forming one entity. I felt my orgasm slamming into me before I could even comprehend what had happened.

He nipped at my bottom lip, bringing it into his mouth, sucking on it like it's the sweetest candy as I came undone on his cock. Within seconds he was falling over the edge with me, cumming inside me.

Holy fuck.

That was the best sex we've ever had.

So good that blacked out at the end; I don't even remember falling asleep.

When I woke up the next

morning, was draped in Gavin's net

arms

He was still sleeping, and he had a contented look on his face. We were both completely naked without a care in the world. My heart was hammering against my chest as my wolf wagged her tail happily.

As I stared at him, I had the strangest thought that was pushed through by my wolf, and it scared the absolute shit out of me.

Mate?