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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..."

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