

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Chapter 616

Judy's POV

No?

Did he just say no?

Anger coursed through me; the shock of him tracking me down to the packhouse long gone as I stared up at him.

"What do you mean by no?" I asked him, my tone louder than I intended.

"Just that," he said, folding his arms across his chest. "I'm not letting you stay here. As soon as I'm done here, you're coming home with me."

"You have no right to tell me that," I nearly shouted at him, my fury getting the best of me. "This is my decision, not yours!" Truth be told, I was going to talk to him about it. I wasn't sure if this was a decision I wanted to make. I wasn't sure if I wanted to stay in this pack, but I needed to know where Gavin stood first. But hearing him deny my choice without even discussing it with me first left an unsettled feeling in the pit of my stomach. I wasn't going to remain quiet over that. His eyes darkened.

"Are you forgetting that I am your Alpha?" He asked, narrowing his eyes. "Not to mention you are carrying my baby... something that connects you to me by blood. I have every right to make this decision for you, and right now, my decision is that you are coming home with me, where you belong."

I stared at him in shock; he was serious. He wasn't planning on discussing this further, and I could tell by the dismissive way he was glaring at me. I glanced over my shoulder at Sampson, whose eyes were shifted to the ground, trying to avoid my gaze and keep his nose where it belonged.

"Can't you do something?" I asked him as if this was his fault. He lifted his gaze to meet mine, and I could see the struggle behind his eyes; I knew it was out of his hands before he even responded.

"I already told you, if Alpha Landry disapproves, I can't do anything. He has every right to deny my offer," Sampson said gently. "I'm sorry, Judy. There's nothing I can do about it."

Tears burned in my eyes as I turned towards Gavin; a rage I never felt before bubbling inside of me. I pointed a finger at him, which he ignored.

"I'm not going anywhere with you," I said through my teeth. "You can't come here and disrupt my life like you didn't take part in destroying whatever was budding between us. If you o kept communicating with me during your rendezvous with Rachel, then none of this would be happening. You were never clear about what you wanted from me, and now you're acting like you have this giant claim on me? You disgust me, Gavin Landry."

I spat the words at him, my chest aching with each cruel thing I said to him. Though he didn't flinch, I could see the slight pain in his eyes as my words grew colder and crueler.

"Did I disgust you when I was inside of you last night?" He asked, his tone just as menacing.

I gawked at him; I couldn't believe he just said that... especially in front of Sampson. What the actual fuck was wrong with him?

"You're a piece of shit," I muttered as I shoved past him, hating that my voice cracked on that last word. It was a moment of vulnerability I didn't need him to see.

"Judy," he said before I could get too far. I could hear the slight apology in his voice, like he regretted what he had said to me. But the damage was done, and the words were spoken.

I was done talking to him; I was done trying to make this work. No matter what we did, we would never see eye-to-eye. I would always be someone he thinks he can control. I was stupid to think that Gavin wanted me... he only wanted to dominate me. Nothing more.

Tears blurred my vision as I hurried down the hallway, my heart shattering even more the further I got from Gavin. He didn't follow me; part of me was hoping that he would chase me down and apologize. Another part of me, the bigger part, needed that space. I needed to get away from him to clear my head.

Though just because he didn't follow me, it didn't mean I wasn't being followed. As I got outside, I felt a hand on my shoulder, making me freeze. For a second, I thought maybe it was Gavin, and I was too caught up in my own misery to notice that he was behind me the entire time, but when I turned, I

realized that it wasn't. A small flutter of disappointment grated my chest before I brushed it away.

Spencer stood behind me with a worried frown and a crease between his brows.

"What happened?" He asked.

I hadn't realized how bad I was crying until I tried to speak. Without a word, Spencer had me wrapped in his arms, holding me close to his chest. I could hear the rapid beating of his heart, and his strong hands splayed out on my back, keeping me close.

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Despite being a friend, and his embrace warm, his touch somehow felt wrong. Like, I shouldn't be allowing him to touch me like this. But I needed to feel something... anything other than the pain I was feeling from Gavin.

"Come on," he said softly, lifting me off the ground and carrying me bridal style. My lips trembled as I suppressed more sobs, but I couldn't hold them in.

He brought me over to his waiting car and helped me into the passenger seat. He buckled my seatbelt because I was too out of it to do it myself. He ran around the car and got into the driver's seat. For a moment, I thought I heard my name coming from Lucy's lips, but it was gone as Spencer sped away from the packhouse.

He was quiet as he drove through the streets; his hands clutching the steering wheel tightly, as if it owed him money, and his jaw tensing periodically.

I glanced up at him with a frown, not sure what to say. I was grateful for my friend

at that moment for getting me away from the packhouse, but now that I was getting further away, I had questions in my mind... like why?

Most of the gammas were on post with this new threat out there, so why was Spencer at the packhouse to begin with?

"Thanks," I tell him, breaking the silence after a long while.

"Don't mention it," he said, his eyes remaining fixed on the road.

"You didn't have to do that, you know."

He was quiet, which gave me a slightly eerie feeling in the pit of my stomach. It was a feeling I never got from being around him before, and I wasn't sure where it was coming from now.

I blamed it on the high tension from what I just dealt with, the heartbreak, and the pregnancy hormones. It was clouding my judgment, apparently.

As we passed my condo, my frown only deepened as I looked at him. I assumed he was taking me home, and his house was in the other direction.

"Where exactly are you taking me?" I asked him, my tone coming out rougher than I intended.

"Somewhere safe," he assured me, though his tone was anything but reassuring. I furrowed my brows at him, not sure what he was talking about. This pack was plenty safe with the amount of security there was around here this last day or so. I wasn't in any kind of danger... at least not physically. So, I wasn't sure why he felt the need to take me somewhere safe.

"I'd rather just go home," I told him honestly.

"You were crying for a reason," he reminded me. "Once we get to our destination, we can talk about it. But I feel like you just need to getaway for a bit."

I bit my lower lip, nibbling on it as I stared up at him. He was so serious; it was something I wasn't used to when it came to Spencer. At this point, I wished I had my phone with me and almost cursed myself for having it shut off and on my nightstand.

The second we left the parking grounds, my heart was pounding rapidly against my chest.

"Please, tell me where we are going," I told him, hating the fear that was clear in my tone.

He heard it, too, because he frowned as he glanced in my direction.

"Are you afraid?"

I swallowed.

"Of course not," I lied.

"Good," he said without hesitation. "You have nothing to be afraid of, Judy. I'm your friend... remember?"

I nodded and took a shaky deep breath.

"Friends tell each other where they are going," I told him, trying my best at witty humor, but I only sounded desperate.

A smirk played on his lips, and it gave me an even more unsteady feeling.

"There's this cabin," he finally said. "It's about 10 miles south of the Redcliff pack borders. I found it when I was out exploring as a kid. It's been abandoned for years, decorated it and turned it into a hideout. Very few know about this

place. I only tell those I trust. I

figured we could stay there for a

couple of days. There are 2

bedrooms, a kitchen, and a full

bathroom. It's not fancy or anything, but it's a good hiding spot for when you don't want others to know where you are."

"A hiding spot?" I asked, my brows furrowed. "I had no idea such a place existed."

"That's because I never told you," he replied. "Like I said, very few know of its existence. But don't worry. We'll be there soon enough."

Chapter 618

Gavin's POV

I was an asshole.

I ran my fingers through my hair as I watched Judy run out of the packhouse. I thought about going after her, but I knew she needed space. I hated that I upset her; I let my pride cloud my judgment, and I said something I regretted immediately. I was being and acting stupid; she just had an infuriating way of bringing it out of me.

But I knew that wasn't an excuse.

I embarrassed her. I hurt her.

I could feel Sampson's eyes on me as he leaned against his desk.

"I would have done the same," he finally spoke, breaking through the tense silence. "If it were Lucy. I wouldn't allow her to stay in another pack... at least not without me."

"Lucy is your mate," I said, my eyes finding his. "Judy isn't mine."

Sampson raised his brows.

"You sure about that?" He asked. "From the way you two responded to one another, I could practically see the pull from here."

"I think I would know if she were my mate," I muttered. "She's not... but she is carrying my pup, and I won't have her living in Levi's territory. She belongs in the Silver Crescent pack with me, and near her friends and family. She left because of misunderstandings, which were cleared up last night. She's not in her right head space, and she will come around soon enough."

Sampson nodded, though I could tell there was something he wasn't saying.

"Speak," I ordered, my eyes narrowed at him.

"I've only known Judy for a short time, but she's a stubborn girl. Telling her what to do isn't going to end well. She wears her heart on her sleeve, and if you mean something to her, she was probably already considering turning

down my offer and returning home with you. She didn't exactly look pleased or excited when I told her she could stay in my pack."

I froze at his words; had I pushed her far enough where she might actually want to stay here? He was right; she was stubborn as fuck and she had pride... pride that I stomped on.

"Sampson, what happened with-" Lucy walked into the office, but her voice trailed off when she spotted me.

Sampson frowned at his mate, a concern lingering in his eyes.

"What is it?" He asked, and his posture suddenly started straightening.

She pulled her gaze away from me and looked at Sampson.

"Judy," she finished. "She left here upset. She was sobbing when I saw her. I tried to talk to her, but I don't think she knew I was there. Spencer ended up taking her away."

At the sound of Spencer's name, my wolf was immediately alerted, and I couldn't hold in the growl that escaped my lips.

"Why would Spencer take her away?" I asked through my teeth, my wolf close to the surface as I glared at Lucy.

She flushed under my scrutiny and took a step away.

"I... uh... I don't know," she stammered nervously.

On cue, Sampson was by her side, draping a protective arm around her. I knew that move all too well; he was worried I'd do something stupid to hurt his mate, and he wouldn't tolerate that.

I had to calm myself before I started a war in this pack.

"Where did she go?" I asked, taking a deep breath, feeling my wolf stirring and stewing in its own anger and slight fear.

"Maybe he took her home?" She suggested, her eyes avoiding mine. I knew it was because my Lycan aura was strong; it was intimidating, and most had trouble looking directly at me when I got like this. Even Sampson struggled to look at me.

I didn't wait around for them to say anything more. I hurried out of the office, ignoring everyone in my path who stopped to gawk at me. Most downcast their eyes the second they saw me because once again my Lycan aura was too much for them.

I wasted no time in getting to Judy's condo, and the second I stepped onto the property, I knew she wasn't there. I still entertained the thought that maybe she was wearing the masking spray, and I couldn't smell her, but even so, I knew in my gut that she wasn't home. I would have been able to sense her somehow now that I've had a taste of her again; my wolf would know right away if she were here.

I walked into her condo, looking around the quiet space. My heart was racing against my ribcage.

"Judy?" I called out, my voice practically echoing through the vast space.

I walked into her kitchen, saw that it was untouched. I went towards her bedroom

and stepped into the room. It looked exactly the same as it was before I left this morning.

"Fuck," I cursed, feeling my aggravation growing.

Who the fuck did Spencer think he was?? Why would he take her away, and where would he have taken her?

My phone started to ring, bringing me out of my thoughts. My knuckles were tight as I gripped my phone in my pocket and glared at the screen. I tried to calm myself when I saw that it was Irene calling.

Taking a steady breath, I pressed the talk button and put the phone to my ear.

"Irene," I greeted as if I were greeting a business partner, but it was the most I could manage right now. I was speaking through gritted teeth and trying to keep my wolf under control. I know better than anyone that if I wanted to find Judy and bring her home with me, I needed to be calm. I needed a calm mentality, and honestly, my daughter was pretty good at keeping me calm most of the time.

Plus, she could be calling for an emergency; ignoring the calls of my children was something I would never do if I could help it.

"Woah," she said, taken aback by the harsh sound of my tone. "What's crawled up your butt?"

"I'm not in the mood, Irene. What is it you need?" I asked, my jaw clenched.

"I was just asking if you could send over the adoption paperwork for Nan and Chester," she told me.

I almost forgot about the adoption paperwork; I told her once I finished reviewing it, I would sign it and send it back to her so they could finalize it. Honestly, I was a bit worried about handing Emalyn over to Nan and Chester because of their unstable relationship. They are unmarried, and I wasn't really sure if they'd make it as a couple. But these last few weeks have proved me wrong; they have gotten closer, and Chester even went as far as proposing to Nan, who surprisingly said yes.

Plus, they are both really good with the baby, and Irene trusts them.

"I hadn't gotten around to reviewing them," I sighed, running my fingers through my hair frustratingly. "I will soon, and I'll send them to you."

"Okay, what's going on with you?" Irene asked, and I could almost see the furrow between her brows. "Forgetting something that serious isn't you."

"I didn't forget, I—"

"Don't lie to me, Dad," she said, stopping my lie before it could fully leave my lips. She was right; I was lying. I completely forgot. The second I saw Judy, all my duties left my mind completely. "What's really going on with you?"

I was quiet for a moment; should I tell her the truth? She was my daughter, and I hated lying to her. She was old enough to know when I was lying now, and I didn't want to keep her in the dark when it was important.

"I found her," I said, my tone dropping to barely above a whisper.

There was silence on the other end for a moment before she asked, "Found who?"

I was quiet, her name feeling heavy on my lips as I spoke it.

"Judy."

Irene gasped.

"What???" She asked. "It's been 2 weeks, and you're telling me you found her? Where???"

"She's been in the Redcliff pack," I murmured, leaning against the wall; I needed it to support my weight.

"The Redcliff?" She asked. "Isn't that in the far North? Alpha Levi's territory?"

"That's the one," I said, trying to keep the bitterness out of my voice.

"Why would she be there?" She asked. "She told me she got an offer in a different territory, but Levi's?? What was she thinking?"

"She wanted to hurt me," I sighed.

"Hurt you? Why would she want to-" her voice trailed off, and then she gasped softly. "Because of Rachel. She still thinks you and Rachel are together?"

"No," I said sharply. "I told her we aren't, nor will we ever be together. I'm ordering her to come home with me once I'm done with business here."

Silence.

"Irene?" I asked after she didn't say anything for a long while.

"Order her?" Irene asked. "You're going to order Judy to return home with you? Even if it's against her will?"

"What else am I supposed to do?"

asked. "I can't let her stay here

Levi's territory," I spoke Levi's

I was a bad taste on 9

tongue.

"If you order her around, you will make her run," Irene said, and I knew she was right, but I couldn't help myself, knew I was being stupid, I was selfish, and it was pushing her further away, not pulling her closer. "Dad... do you want her?"

"Yes," I replied, it was strange admitting that to my daughter, but it was true. I wanted Judy so badly that it hurt.

"Then listen to me," she said, a

determined sound in her voice. "You need to start doing this differently You aren't going to win her heart by ordering her around. You gotta woo her Make her remember why she fell in love with you..."

Judy's POV

I wasn't really prepared for us to leave the pack. But as soon as we crossed the borders, I started to feel even more uneasy. Most of the drive was quiet; I kept stealing glances at Spencer, but his expression was unreadable. It was unlike him.

"Spencer, is everything okay?" I asked him when I couldn't take the silence anymore.

He blinked and then glanced at me.

"Yeah, why do you ask?"

"You just seem off," I tell him. "Unlike yourself."

"I'm fine," he replied. He gave me a smile, though it didn't reach his eyes. He seemed almost nervous about something, or maybe it was my own nerves attacking the pit of my belly.

I decided not to worry too much about Spencer; he was Spencer. He was my first friend after Luna Lucy. He made me feel welcomed to not only the team but to the pack as well. I might have only known him for a short time, but he became my best friend.

I relaxed in my seat a little as I was reminded of that fact. Spencer wouldn't do anything to hurt me.

My mind drifted back to Gavin. I was still so pissed off and hurt that he would barge in here and order me back to his pack. We still had so much to talk about; it's not like I was going to jump on the opportunity to take in this pack. I wanted to return with him; yes, I'll miss the friends I've made in this pack, but I miss my other friends even more. I would kill for a girl's night with Nan and

Irene. They were my best friends, and I wanted to tell them everything that was going on in my life. I miss my family too; I realized how rash I was in leaving when I spoke to my mom on the phone the other night. I missed her so much, and I know leaving as quickly as I did hurt both her and my father.

I was so quick to leave my life behind to escape something that hurt me that I didn't stop to think about those I was hurting in return. I was being just as selfish, and I realized that this past week.

I was also aware of the fact that I'm carrying Gavin's baby.

Instinctively, I put my hands on my belly; it was still flat, a couple of months away from possibly popping. I still couldn't believe a baby was growing inside of me. My baby. Gavin's baby. My heart squeezed.

I was scared that Gavin didn't want me, and in turn, he wouldn't want our baby. I was scared that I was going to end up having to do this alone. I didn't know anything about being a parent; yeah, I had amazing parents growing up who treated me like their own, even if I was adopted. I had great role models... but could I really be that for another living being?

What Gavin said earlier was cruel. I wanted us to have a real conversation, but instead he jumped down my throat and ordered me home. He didn't care about me all he cared about was his control over me. My heart ached at the very

thought.

I stared around the pathed woods we were driving through. I frowned as I looked around; I felt uncomfortable being in a forest when we weren't on packlands. That meant we were traveling through the rogue district.

"Spencer..." I said, a nervous twinge in my voice.

"Hmm?"

"I know we are Gammas and are trained to deal with any situation but is it a good idea to drive through the rogue district?" I asked him, glancing in his direction just in time to see him lifting one shoulder.

"I barely ever see rogues in this area," he told me. "So, I don't really think about it."