

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Chapter 626

Gavin's POV

Just as I stepped out of Judy's condo, I nearly ran smack into another figure. I narrowed my eyes at the sudden delay, only to realize that it was Luna Lucy. Her

eyes were wide as if I was the one who startled her.

I didn't have time for her antics right now; I needed to find Judy. I had a knot in the

pit of my stomach telling me that something was wrong, and no matter how hard I

tried, I couldn't bite back that feeling.

I walked around Lucy and started towards my car; I could feel Lucy following me,

her steps hurried as she rushed to keep up.

"She's not home?" She asked once she was at my side.

"Nope," I said, ending the conversation before it began.

"Let me help you look for her, Alpha," Lucy rushed out. "She's my friend..."

"You should have stopped her from leaving if you were her friend," I spat before I

could stop myself. I was on thin ice, and I knew that; just because I was Lycan,

didn't mean I could trample on people whenever I wanted, especially not on

someone else's territory. There were still rules in place, and I was willing to break

each and every single one of them if it meant having Judy back in my arms where

she belonged.

"That's not on me!" Lucy said, an anger sparked to life. "I tried to get her to stop,

but she was devastated over something that you apparently did. Her leaving has

nothing to do with me and everything to do with you. I'm not sure what you did to

her, but-"

Before I could stop myself, my hand was around Lucy's throat.

I don't care if you are the Luna of this pack, you don't speak to me like that," I said through my teeth, my wolf pushing his powers out, making my aura that much stronger.

Her eyes were wide, and her body trembled.

Before she could start gasping for breath, I released and turned towards my car. I

knew once word of that got back to Sampson, hell would break loose.

"You're right," Lucy croaked, rubbing her sore neck. "I was a terrible friend... I never told her about Spencer's undying obsession with her. I shouldn't have let

him take her, but I don't think he's going to hurt her..."

My entire body went frigid. Just as I reached my car, I forced myself to turn around

and look at this woman.

"What do you mean by obsession?" I asked her, trying to keep both myself and

my wolf calm. "What aren't you telling me?"

Lucy swallowed, her eyes brimming with crocodile tears.

"Ever since the Gamma Competition..."

"He was in the competition?" I cut her off with my own question, my tone sharp

and cutting through like a knife.

"No, but he goes every year to

support the competition," she

explained "The second he saw Judy,

he fell in love with her. She was all

he could talk about. When he found

out she was coming to this pack, he

was over the moon excited... a little

too much, honestly. It was

unsettling, but they quickly became

friends."

My blood was fucking boiling.

Who the fuck did this asshole think he was... trying to take what was mine.

Mine.

My wolf hummed his agreement, and I felt something spark to life inside of me.

Judy was fucking mine. I wasn't letting anyone take her from me. She was mine to

hold... mine to kiss... mine to fuck... mine to love.

"I need to know where he is before I

tear down this entire pack looking

for him," said as my teeth started to

elongate, my wolf was close to

breaking through the surface and I

was trying hard to keep him pulled

back so he didn't do something we'd

both end up regretting... like starting

a war, or killing someone innocent.

"We can check his house," Lucy was

quick to say. He lives with just his

grandmother. She's a sweet old lady

who upkeeps a little farm behind

their house. If he's not there, I'm sure

she have a bit of insight on where

he could have gone."

There was much more time to think twice about it, so I nodded, motioning for the car.

"Get in and tell me where she lives," I said as I pulled open the driver's door. She was quick to get into the passenger side. She directed us to Spencer's house, and within a few minutes, we were pulling into the driveway. It unsettled

me with how close he lived to Judy, but then again, this was a very small pack.

I got out of the car, slamming the door shut behind me as I walked towards the house.

I didn't smell any signs of Judy, and my wolf wasn't sensing her. Then again, it could be because of the masking spray, but I'd like to think I would be able to feel it if she were in this area.

An old woman stood outside, watering some plants in her front garden.

"Carol," Lucy greeted the woman; the woman, Carol, turned and then smiled warmly when she saw Lucy.

"Oh, hello child," Carol said, accepting Lucy's embrace. "I wasn't expecting a visit from the Luna today."

"Sorry, I haven't been by in a while. Things have been kind of hectic," Lucy tells

her with a small frown.

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"Oh, I know, Dear. My grandson comes home at late hours and always looks so

tired," she sighed. "You know if there's anything you need, I'm here. I might be old, but I can still fight."

I realized that this old woman wore a gamma tattoo proudly on her arm, and I raised my brows. She was a gamma warrior?

"I don't doubt that," Lucy giggled before straightening up, following the sound of

my throat clearing loudly. There was no time for small talk or catching up with an

old friend; I needed to find Judy. "Speaking of your grandson, is he home?"

She shook her head, a small frown marring her wrinkled features. Her eyes finally

found mine, and I saw the nerves clouding her vision.

"Is everything okay?" She asked, her eyes fixed back on Lucy's face. "With Spencer, I mean?"

Lucy looked over her shoulder at me and then turned back to Carol.

"We aren't sure," she admitted. "But it's better if we find him sooner or later. He

took off with someone, and we need to find her."

Her brow furrows.

"He left with a woman?" She asked. "Oh heavens... please tell me it wasn't Judy Montague."

Did everyone in this pack know of his obsession with Judy and not think for a second that she should know about it? Or maybe Judy did know about it and just didn't care.

The thought made me feel sick to my stomach, but I pushed the bile down and narrowed my eyes at Carol.

"We need to know where he could have brought her. She's not at home and she's not here. Is there anywhere else he would have taken her?" I asked, my tone leaving no room for arguments.

She stared at me for a moment, probably weighing her options and trying to figure out my intentions.

"You have to promise me you won't hurt him," she said slowly. She's the first person, besides Judy, who can look me directly in the eyes while my Lycan aura radiates so strongly. She must be an incredibly powerful wolf.

"I can't promise that," I say honestly. "If he touched her... if she's hurt in any way, your grandson's blood will be on my hands. But if you cooperate, I'll try to make it

less painful and quicker. That's the best you're going to get."

I didn't have time to feel bad; she winced at my words, and Lucy stared at me with

her mouth agape like she couldn't believe I just said that to an old woman.

Carol swallowed, and I knew from the look in her eyes that she wasn't going to argue with me, so she nodded.

"He had a cabin 10 miles south of here," she said slowly. "It's in the rogue district. If you follow the road to the fork and then go down the pathway, accessible by car, on the right side of the road. A mile in, you'll find a gathering of trees that almost look like a wall. Drive around it and you'll find a cabin hidden in the darkest corner away from the eyes of the road. It's his hideout."

"He has a hideout in the rogue district?" Lucy asked, raising her brows. She nodded.

"He found it when he was a little boy.

He ran off after a particularly bad fight with his parents. He needed

space and was gone before anyone could blink. Apparently, he made it to the rogue district, and he fought off all of them, scaring them away from that section. He was young, but fierce and powerful, and they knew it right away. Though he was too young to have a wolf, he had been a trained fighter his whole young life and was exceptionally skilled. Plus, they knew better than to mess with someone from a pack, so that helped as well. They left that cabin and that area alone ever since."

"How do you know about this?" I asked skeptically. "Are you sure this place is real?"

She nodded.

"Yes, he showed me himself. I was against it at first, obviously, but I saw how at

ease he was compared to when he's home with his parents. Who was I to take

that away from him? Everyone needs an escape... the cabin was his."

"And you think he brought Judy to this cabin?" I asked.

"If he's not at her place or here... then yes. That's the only other place he'd think

to go," she replied.

Just as I was about to turn and head towards the cabin, I heard screaming from a

distance, followed by growling. Gunshots went off, and the sounds of shifting roamed through the streets, reaching my ears in seconds.

"What's going on?" Lucy asked.

I looked around, smelling something

that made my stomach coil. I heard

more gunshots and more shifting

there was screaming and running

going on all around us, though we

could barely see anything through

the gunpowder and dirt that was

filling the pack.

"Holy shit," Carol whispered, her eyes wide as she pointed in the distance.

I turned, and my eyes narrowed when I saw what she was looking at.

Rogues.

They were all running towards the pack.

And there was a shit ton of them.

Judy's POV

I could hear the shower from the living room. Spencer excused himself to shower,

leaving me alone for the time being. There were no TVs, probably because there

was no cable this deep in the forest, but there were a ton of books. I didn't know

Spencer was a reader; we never really talked about it these last couple of weeks.

After going through some of the books on his shelf, I decided to go into the kitchen to grab a drink of water. I hadn't realized how parched I was until that very

moment. But my throat was dry, probably from how much I was crying. I stepped

into the modernly updated kitchen, surprised by how spacious and beautiful it was. It didn't look like a kitchen in a cabin, but a kitchen in a loving home.

As I walked around the granite counter island to get to the fridge, I accidentally brushed against Spencer's coat, which was sprawled on top of the counter, landing it on the ground. I quickly grabbed it and was about to place it back on the

counter when something fell out of his pocket.

I frowned down at the masking spray.

Masking spray isn't supposed to leave the pack ground without the Alpha's

permission; he could have accidentally put it in his pocket and brought it with him. It

wasn't unlikely that he'd forget about it, so I put the masking spray back into his

pocket, which is when my fingers brushed across something else.

It was a piece of paper. Against my better judgment, I pulled the paper out of his

pocket and unfolded it, furrowing my brows when I saw that they were coordinates.

Coordinates for what?

I tried to think back: the coordinates were somewhat familiar, but I didn't have enough time to analyze them too closely.

I heard the shower turning off and movement coming from the bathroom around

the corner, and I knew I needed to put this stuff away before he caught me snooping. I grabbed a sticky note off the fridge and a pen out of the pen cup. I scribbled down the coordinates on the sticky and shoved it into my bra. Just as I

heard the bathroom door opening, I shoved the original coordinate paper back into Spencer's coat pocket.

"What are you doing with my coat?" Spencer asked, frowning as he walked into the kitchen.

"Oh, I accidentally knocked it down," I confessed. "I was just picking it back up."

Sorry."

He nodded and reached for his coat.

"It's fine. So, are you hungry? I can make some food," he suggested, placing his coat on the back of the dining chair before turning to face me, a smile lighting up his boyish features. Now that he was showered and changed out of his gamma uniform, he looked more like the friend I was starting to know.

He wore a plain T-shirt and a pair of shorts that rested at his knees.

Spencer admittedly had a nice body, but it only brought me back to Gavin, who had the body of a God. I don't think anyone could ever be as good as him, and my cheeks flushed at the very thought.

"I could eat," I tell him.

He nodded and walked around the kitchen island to reach the fridge. He started to

pull out ingredients, and my brows raised. I imagined he would make something

frozen, so this was a surprising turn of events.

"You cook?" I asked him as he laid out the ingredients.

He grinned.

"I make some pretty mean dishes," he told me with a slight shrug. "I'm making risotto. It's my grandmother's recipe."

"Did she teach you how to cook?" I asked, trying to make conversation to distract myself.

"Yeah, she always said a way to a woman's heart is through her stomach," he said with a light chuckle. "She said she wanted to teach me to cook so I don't die alone."

I laughed.

"Your grandmother is a wise woman," I tell him. I've met her a couple of times, and she's the sweetest. She always has home cooked meals prepared and baked goods that make her entire small home smell incredible.

Spencer's grandmother wasn't just

his, she was everybody's. She shined
a light on the pack, and everyone
could feel it. I'm honored to have
met her, and the heart of this pack.

"She's one of the best," Spencer agreed with a thoughtful smile. But I didn't
miss

the lingering darkness that flashed through them, and it made me frown. It
was

almost like a dark thought that had crossed his mind.

At that moment, I wondered what he was thinking.

"She's lucky to have someone like you to take care of her," I tell him. "I know
things haven't been easy after your parents died."

Chapter 629

I knew very little of Spencer's life before I arrived at the pack; he's kind of a
closed

book despite our close friendship. But I have heard that his grandmother
basically

raised him after his parents passed away. He was only a young boy at the
time,

and whatever happened, it shaped who he was as a person.

Deciding to change the subject, I said, "Well, I guess I'll be the judge of your
cooking, and I'll let you know if it's good enough to snag a lady."

He grinned, the tension between us seeming to loosen.

I watched as he cooked; I sat at the island counter, watching how serious he was

when he cut the ingredients on the cutting board.

"We should head back to the pack tomorrow," I tell him, breaking the silence that

started to consume us. "I don't want to be away too long. I just needed some space from everything."

I fully plan on resolving things with Gavin; I was hurt by what he had said to me

earlier, but at the end of the day, I knew in my heart what I had to do. It was going

to be hard, though, because I didn't want to say goodbye to the friends I've made

in this pack.

My wolf whimpered inside of me, being away from Gavin was tough on her, and I

felt bad. There was also a lingering unease deep within her... or maybe it was deep within me? I couldn't quite tell where this unease was coming from, but it was itching for me to return to the pack. I realized I didn't have my beeper or gamma phone on me, and suddenly, I was feeling a bit detached from the others.

I knew that they wouldn't call me for anything now that Sampson knew of my pregnancy, but I'd at least still feel like part of the team, and I'd be able to read the

group texts as they came through.

"Yeah," Spencer said without looking at me. "If you think you're ready, we can return tomorrow."

"I just needed the night to think about things," I told him. "I needed space from everyone. I appreciate you for sharing your special place with me."

He nodded, his face unreadable as he continued to cook.

"Of course," he said, a forced smile on his lips.

Why was he giving me a forced smile suddenly? Had I said something to upset him?

By the time he finished cooking, the entire kitchen smelled incredible. My mouth

was watering as he passed a plate of food in my direction. He grabbed himself a

plate as well and sat beside me.

"I hope it tastes okay," he said, a little shyly, which I found kind of adorable.

"It smells delicious," I tell him reassuringly as I scoop up some of the risotto and

bring it to my lips.

I wrapped my lips around the spoon,

closing my eyes as the taste

exploded in my mouth. I couldn't

help the moan that escaped my lips

completely unaware that Spencer
was watching me with wide eyes.

"This is divine," I tell him, going for another spoonful. I wiggled in my seat, a
little

happy dance from this incredible food that my mouth was being gifted with.

I don't miss the small blush that decorates Spencer's nose and cheeks.

"I'm glad you like it," he said softly, his eyes never leaving my mouth as my
lips

wrapped around the spoon again.

"Aren't you going to eat?" I asked, once I realized his food remained
untouched,

and he seemed almost frozen in place as he watched me eat.

He blinked a few times, and it looked as if I had just slapped him. He cleared
his

throat and glanced at his place.

"Yeah," he murmured, spooning some of the food and bringing it to his mouth.

We continued to eat in silence, and

the longer the silence stretched, the

more anxiety I started to feel. Once

we were done, Spencer grabbed

both plates and started to clean.

"Guest room is the first door on the

right," he tells me from over his

shoulder. "It has its own bathroom too. I built it myself. Feel free to shower or whatever. You should get some rest, too."

I nodded as I slid off the stool.

"Thanks, Spencer," I tell him sincerely. "I honestly appreciate it."

I turned at that moment and started towards the guest room, my mind rattling and

my belly full. I put my hands on my stomach, feeling a warmth spread out from my fingertips.

And then a pending dread fell over me... a feeling I couldn't quite explain.

But as I walked into the guest room, the only thought I could think was, "Am I really willing to walk away from my baby's father?"

Chapter 630

Judy's POV

After dinner, I walked into the guest room, feeling relieved to have a bit of solitude.

As much as I enjoy Spencer's company and I'm glad to have a friend with me, it

was also nice to be alone so I could gather all my thoughts. That pending sense of

dread stayed with me, and it was messing with my wolf as well. I didn't like how

either of us was feeling in that moment, and I assumed it was because she was

missing Gavin.

I hated to admit that I was missing him, too. Having sex with him last night after

being away from him his touch for a couple of months and not even being in his

close proximity for a couple of weeks, it made me crave him in a way that I never

craved another person before.

My body remembered every touch, every scent, every taste of that man, and all I

wanted was to wrap myself around him and never let go.

I shouldn't want him the way I do... not after how he spoke to me earlier and embarrassed me in front of Sampson. But I do want him... more than words could

ever express.

I was pathetic.

It shouldn't be this hard... if two people wanted to be together, then they should

be together. But I was certain if Gavin truly wanted to be with me or if he was

going to be with me out of obligation because he now knows that I'm pregnant.

I hated feeling like this, and I needed to distract myself or get some sleep before I

drove myself crazy.

I didn't have a change of clothes or even pajamas to change into. I wasn't really

planning on going anywhere other than my little condo.

I walked into the bathroom, surprised at how gorgeous it looked. I couldn't believe

that Spencer built this with his own two hands. I knew he did it by himself, too, because nobody other than his grandmother knew about this cabin.

I turned on the shower, relishing in the warm steam that radiated around the bathroom. I let out a sigh of relief. This is exactly what I needed: a shower.

I stripped out of my clothes,

frowning when the sticky note fell to

the floor once I unhooked my bra. I

almost forgot that it was there. I

snatched it off the ground and

glanced at them. Now that I was

alone, I could analyze them a little

more. My father taught me how to

read coordinates at a young age,

and that skill became useful when I started training to be a gamma warrior.

As I studied the coordinates, naked in the steam-filled bathroom, I realized they

sounded very familiar. Like I've seen these before. I tried to think back to when I

saw these coordinates last, but my mind was a bit foggy.

Furrowing my brows, I placed them on the counter and stepped into the shower.

Maybe I just needed to clear my head a little more before I studied the coordinates again.

The shower felt incredible. I used the

shampoo and conditioner left in the

shower, wondering who they

belonged to, only briefly. They were

the scent of roses, and it made me

feel calm. I washed my hair, and

then I washed my body. For a long

while, I just stood under the hot

stream of water, allowing it to soak

over my body and soothe away the

anxiety that lingered in the darkest

corner of my soul.

The coordinates flashed through my mind again as I closed my eyes. The memory of being picked up at the private airport when I first arrived in this region came to mind. I was picked up by Ron and Spencer. I sat in the back seat while they sat in the front seat. The GPS was on display on the car's touch screen system, and I remembered watching the screen as we got closer to the pack.

I remembered glancing at the coordinates once we arrived at the pack and realized that's why I've seen them before. The coordinates on the sticky note were the coordinates of the pack. But why would he have that written down? Was he giving someone directions to the pack?

I couldn't think of a reason why he would have those coordinates written down,

and my mind was whirling with anxiety. My wolf was uneasy about the situation,

and I couldn't blame her; it was strange. I stepped out of the shower and wrapped

a towel around myself.

I used the brush on the counter to brush out my hair and tie it into a messy bun on

top of my head. I then put my bra and panties back on, not bothering to put the

rest of my clothes on.