

# Seducing My Ex's Father In Law - Chapter 1 -

**\*\*Judy's Perspective\*\***

Today was supposed to be the day I got engaged to my fated mate. Instead, I'm watching him kiss another woman. He's chosen her, not me. Marrying her could make him the future Alpha because she's the daughter of Gavin Landry, the most powerful Lycan chairman in the world.

A few months ago, our Alpha died in battle, and now everyone is fighting for the position, including Ethan. The Lycans control the werewolf population, and Gavin has the power to appoint the new Alpha himself.

So, Ethan made his choice.

Her, not me.

"Get me a whiskey and a martini for the lady," a deep voice said nearby. "Is it the future bride or the future groom that's got you in a mood?"

"I'm just not into parties," I replied.

"Nor am I," he said softly. "I'm here out of obligation."

The bartender placed my drink in front of me, and I took a sip, feeling a bit of comfort wash over me. I hoped the alcohol would help numb the pain.

Every time Ethan kissed her, it hurt a little more. How did my life take such a terrible turn? How could my fated mate do this to me? Did our two years together mean nothing? Did the mark on my neck mean so little to him?

"Thank you for the drink," I said to the man beside me.

I took one last sip of my martini and stood up, but my blouse snagged on the corner of the bar.

I heard a tearing sound and suddenly started to fall. I closed my eyes, ready for the impact, but it never came.

Instead, I felt strong arms wrap around me and lift me into the air. I opened my eyes and looked up at the man who had caught me, and my breath caught in my throat.

He was incredibly handsome.

He held me effortlessly, as if I weighed nothing at all. I could feel his strong muscles through his grip. He smiled down at me, and a dimple appeared on his right cheek.

I couldn't help but think about how I wanted to kiss that dimple.

“Madam, are you falling for me?” he teased.

I stared at him for a moment, then squinted my eyes playfully. I saw what he was doing.

“You’re quite the joker, aren’t you?” I replied.

He grinned, but then his smile faded as he looked at my shirt.

“Let me take you to my suite upstairs,” he said, making my heart race.

“What?” I whispered in surprise.

His eyes locked onto mine, and I got lost in their beauty for a moment.

Goddess, he was too good-looking.

“Your shirt is ripped. I have one you can wear in my VIP suite,” he explained.

I blinked a few times and let out a nervous chuckle.

“Oh, um, alright. Thank you,” I managed to say.

He turned to the bartender. “Charge our drinks to my suite,” he ordered.

“Yes, sir,” the bartender replied.

I let the man carry me out of the room. His arms were warm, and I found myself resting my head against his broad chest, breathing in his minty scent. My wolf was practically purring in my mind, finally waking up after being quiet for most of the evening.

the pain from the broken mate bond. But right now, it seemed like she had forgotten all about her heartbreak.

“Take off your shirt,” he said as we entered the suite. He let go of me and walked over to the closet.

“Excuse me?” I replied, surprised.

“So you can put on a new shirt,” he clarified.

“Oh, right,” I inhaled, understanding.

I pulled my ripped shirt over my head and tossed it onto the bed, leaving me in just my bra from the waist up. When he found a shirt, he turned around, and his whole body froze as his eyes traveled down my figure. I was so busy admiring him that I didn’t notice his gaze. But the longer I looked at him, the more familiar he became.

Suddenly, it hit me, and I gasped.

“It’s you...” I whispered, taking a step back.

His eyes met mine, and he raised an eyebrow.

“You know me?” he asked.

“I know of you,” I replied.

The corners of his lips curved into a smile as he approached me slowly, almost like a predator. I could hear my heart racing.

“And what do you know about me?” he inquired.

“Just what I’ve heard...” I confessed.

“And what have you heard?” he pressed.

“You’re Gavin Landry, the Lycan Chairman. You’re a playboy. You have a new woman each week and never sleep with the same one twice.”

He raised his eyebrows in surprise.

“Is that so?” he asked, intrigued. “Tell me more about...”

I was taken aback. This man was the father of the bride and also Ethan’s future father-in-law? It all felt confusing. I didn’t know what to do. I wasn’t surprised I didn’t recognize him at first. The Lycan family preferred to stay out of the spotlight rather than seek fame like the werewolf Alpha.

Should I tell him who I was? That didn’t seem like the best idea right now.

He kept walking toward me, and I instinctively stepped back until I hit the wall behind me.

“What more do you want to know?” I asked, my voice shaky.

“Everything,” he replied.

Maybe it was the martini talking, but I decided to take a chance. If Ethan could explore something new, I could too.

I looked up into his eyes as he stepped closer.

“Your eyes...” I began. “I’ve heard they’re mesmerizing, and I agree.”

“What else?” he asked.

I swallowed hard.

“When you smile, you have this adorable dimple on your cheek...” I whispered.

Now he was just inches away, looking at me so intensely that I felt like I might melt under his gaze.

He licked his lips, drawing my attention there.

“And your lips...”

Before I could say more, his mouth crashed into mine. The kiss was anything but soft; it was filled with passion and intensity. I kissed him back just as eagerly. His tongue slipped between my lips, exploring every part of me. He lifted me off the ground, pinning me against the wall. I instinctively wrapped my legs around his waist, letting him deepen the kiss.

His lips moved down to the nape of my neck.

I felt warmth spread across my body as I sensed him kissing my soft skin.

The moment his lips touched mine, all my self-control vanished. I could only think about Gavin; he took over my thoughts completely. I tugged at his tie, eager to remove it along with his shirt. He helped me loosen his tie and then lifted his shirt off, throwing it aside.

My fingers explored his body, tracing along his abs and broad shoulders.

I let out a soft moan as his lips found mine again.

“Are you sure you want this?” he asked between kisses.

“Yes,” I breathed out. “We’re both consenting adults, so why not?”

Just as he was about to unhook my bra, I suddenly received a panicked message from my adoptive mother.

“Judy! Please, come home!” Her voice was frantic; my mother never panicked.

Hearing her voice felt like cold water splashing over me. I gasped and let my legs fall from around him, pressing against his chest.

“Stop,” I said, trying to catch my breath. “I have to go.”

He frowned, looking frustrated.

“I don’t have much patience; stop joking,” he said, a hint of anger in his voice.

“I’m really sorry. But I’m sure you have plenty of other options,” I said, turning to run toward the door. He grabbed my arm, stopping me.

I turned to face him, feeling my own anger bubbling up, but before I could say anything, he pointed to the bed.

“Your shirt is ripped, remember?”

I glanced down at my bra, frowning.

“Oh...”

He sighed and grabbed his shirt, placing it over my head.

I took a deep breath, feeling warmth spread within me again.

My body smelled like him.

As soon as I walked into the house, I heard my mother crying.

“Judy?” she sobbed from the kitchen. Her voice was shaky, and my heart sank at the sound.  
“Your father was taken away by the Gammas tonight.”