

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law - Chapter 151 -160

****Chapter 0151****

****Judy's POV****

I stared at Gavin, completely shocked.

"What did you just say?" I asked, my voice shaky.

"I asked you to move in with me," he replied calmly.

He repeated it, his face calm as he looked back at me.

Even though he said it again, I still wasn't sure I heard him right.

"You're joking..." I said, and it wasn't really a question.

"I am not," he replied.

He replied, "You want me to move in... here?" I looked around at my surroundings, feeling a bit unsure. "With your family?"

He frowned and shook his head.

"No, I have a mansion just north of here," he said.

"He answered, 'It's fully staffed. I use it when I have work to do in the North of the border.'"

I raised my eyebrows in surprise. I had no idea he had another home within his pack.

I must have looked just as surprised as I felt because his expression softened.

"You clearly need a place to stay," he said to me. "And I'm offering you one."

"And you would be living there too?" I asked.

He paused for a moment, thinking about how to answer my question.

"I can't live there full time," he said. "But I'll be there often enough."

He continued, "I'm already there quite a bit because there's always work to do."

“Things to do in the North. It won’t be much different. But if I stayed there full time, it might seem suspicious to my children. I can’t just leave them to live here by themselves, especially not Matthew.”

I nodded.

I was trying to understand what he was saying.

“Can I think about it?” I asked him.

“Of course,” he replied. “Take all the time you need. I have business to attend to, so I’ll be leaving you.”

I nodded as he left. Turning away, I walked back to Matt, who was still practicing with the bow and arrow.

“Okay, how about we switch to swords now?” I suggested. “After that, I’ll...”

“Make us some lunch,” he said.

He nodded eagerly, and we kept practicing for the next hour.

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What were Judy and Gavin talking about so privately?

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The thought of Judy snuggling up to her father made Irene feel uneasy.

than words could describe. She had spent the last couple of days with Etlian. He had changed his behavior around her in ways that surprised her. Although she hadn’t confronted him about what she had discovered, it didn’t seem to matter much anymore. What really mattered was that Ethan appeared to have a genuine connection with her.

Judy had left Ethan, but he often wondered why she was still around him. Could it be that she was struggling to move on? The thought made him angry. He cursed quietly to himself at the idea of Judy wanting to get back with him. After all, he had let Ethan go in the first place.

Irene knew she had no claim on Ethan anymore. He was now with Judy, and Irene was determined not to let him go easily.

As Judy walked by, Irene hid in the shadows. She wanted to avoid being seen, but she couldn’t help watching.

Matt and Judy had a brief conversation before they started sparring. During their talk, Judy mentioned something about lunch. Trene, however, was focused on one thing: making sure Judy left. She didn't want her anywhere near the villa.

Irene didn't want to be anywhere near Ethan. As she walked inside, she forced a smile for the servants passing by. They had no idea how troubled she felt inside. All Irene truly wanted was to find peace.

Lila dreamed of being loved for who she truly was, but that felt like a fairy tale. Ethan was the closest she had ever come to finding her perfect match. However, she was beginning to see how far from reality that idea really was.

Lila felt confused about her feelings and wasn't sure how to move forward.

Irene had been pacing the kitchen for a long time. She was deep in thought, trying to come up with a plan to get Judy out of the villa and away from her man.

Suddenly, the door opened, and Judy stepped inside. "Irene?" she asked hesitantly.

Irene quickly turned around, her face turning red when she realized she had been caught.

"Judy!" she gasped, her eyes wide with surprise. "How long have you been there? I didn't hear you come in!"

Judy closed the door behind her.

"I just walked in a moment ago and saw you pacing. Are you alright?" Judy asked.

"I'm fine," Irene said, lying a little. She forced a smile for Judy.

Judy looked unsure as she moved around the counters.

"I feel like you've been avoiding me," Judy said, a frown forming on her face. "I was wondering if I did something wrong?"

"What? Of course not," Irene replied, lying again. She felt a twinge of guilt but quickly brushed it aside.

She was getting pretty good at lying. "I could never be upset with you," she said.

"Are you sure?" Judy asked, raising her eyebrows.

Judy picked up a loaf of bread and put it on the counter. Then she grabbed the...

Irene opened the fridge and pulled out a jar of strawberry jam.

“I’m sure of it,” she told her friend, biting her lower lip. “Can I ask what you’re doing?”

“Oh, I’m just making lunch for Matt,” she replied with a smile. “A big surprise for him!”

“I’ll have a jam sandwich with chips,” Irene said.

Irene nodded thoughtfully as she watched Judy start making the sandwich. Then, an idea popped into her head. However, she knew that if she wasn’t careful, this idea could have serious consequences.

Judy was focused on her task, unaware of the thoughts swirling in Irene’s mind.

Irene noticed that Gavin was focused on making a sandwich and wasn’t paying attention to her. She decided to take advantage of this distraction.

She walked over to one of the drawers to check if the item she needed was still there. Gavin usually did a good job of keeping a spare EpiPen in almost every room of the house, so she hoped it would be there.

****The House for Matt****

****Chapter 152****

Matt was excited about the new house. It was a big step for him, and he couldn’t wait to make it his own. He thought about all the possibilities—how he would decorate each room, the gatherings he would host, and the memories he would create there.

As he walked through the empty space, Matt felt a mix of nerves and excitement. He knew this house would be more than just a place to live; it would be a home filled with laughter and love.

With a smile on his face, he started to imagine his future in this house. It was the beginning of a wonderful journey.

****Chapter 0152****

When she found the EpiPen in its usual spot, she quickly grabbed it and tucked it into her back pocket. She knew she would need it for what she was about to do.

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“I’ve missed talking to you,” Judy said as she spread red jam on a slice of bread. “I really do think of you as a friend, Irene.”

It turned out that Irene wasn’t the only one who had a habit of lying.

Judy didn't see Irene as a friend at all. Listening to Judy's lies made Irene feel sick, but she forced a smile on her face and nodded.

"I completely agree," Irene said, trying to sound enthusiastic. "We should get together soon for a real chat."

"Irene suggested," Judy smiled, looking more relaxed than when she first entered the kitchen. She spread another layer of jam on the bread before placing the second slice on top. Then, she cut the sandwich into a triangle.

Irene knew that her brother Matt loved a specific shape.

Judy walked through the kitchen looking for chips.

"I think Matt's favorite chips are in the bottom cabinet," Irene said as she crossed the kitchen, following Judy.

Judy searched the bottom cabinet for the chips while Irene reached for the peanut butter in the top cabinet.

"I don't see them," Judy said with a sigh.

"Oh, maybe they are..."

"Irene, it's on the top shelf," Judy said with a laugh.

Judy closed the bottom cabinet and started searching the top one. Meanwhile, Irene took the lid off the peanut butter and secretly hid the jar behind her back.

After a bit of searching, Judy finally spotted the item she was looking for.

Judy grabbed a bag of chips and opened it up. She walked back to the sandwich and put a handful of chips on the plate.

"Oh, juice!" Judy exclaimed as she closed the bag of chips. "Te likes apple juice, right?"

Irene nodded in agreement.

"Yes," she said. "It's in the fridge, and his favorite Star Wars cup is on the top shelf above the stove."

Judy nodded thoughtfully and turned her back to Irene. She began to look for the things she needed.

Irene took a moment to dip her finger into the peanut butter and open one of the sandwich triangles. She spread the peanut butter over the jam and then did the same on the other side.

When she heard the cabinet door close, Irene looked up.

Irene turned around and let out a sigh of relief when she saw that Judy was still not paying attention to her. Judy was busy pouring juice into a cup for Matt.

Once Judy finished, she put the juice away. Irene quickly took the chance to step away.

Judy took a moment to lick the extra peanut butter and a little bit of jam off her fingers, trying to clean up the mess.

She walked back to the plate and caught Irene's gaze.

"Are you sure we're okay?" Judy asked, looking a bit worried.

Irene put on a big smile.

"Never better!" she said, lying through her teeth.

Judy looked relieved and smiled faintly as she picked up a plate from the counter.

"I'm glad we talked," Judy said.

Judy took a deep breath and walked towards the door of the parlor.

"Me too..." Irene said, her mood darkening as Judy left the kitchen. She sighed in relief, glad that she hadn't been caught. This was the risk she had to take.

Judy needed to find a way to leave the Villa for good. She knew her father would never allow her to stay if he thought she was a threat to Matthew. The very idea that Judy could be dangerous enough to poison him was unthinkable to her.

Quickly, she closed the jar of peanut butter in her hands, her mind racing. She had to think fast and find a way out of this situation.

As she walked into the parlor to see her friend at work, she suddenly heard Judy screaming.

Worried, she hurried her steps and burst into the room. There was Matt, lying on the ground. His face was swollen like a red balloon, and he had his hands around his neck.

Matt was struggling to breathe, clutching his throat. Irene thought she was ready for his allergic reaction, but this was worse than anything she had seen before. The last time

something like this happened, she was much younger and didn't have to be the one to save him.

Now, she felt overwhelmed and scared. She could barely remember what to do.

When they found out he was allergic to peanuts, it was a shock. She never expected it to be so serious. The situation was heart-wrenching and terrifying.

"Irene!" Judy screamed. From the urgency in her voice, it was clear this wasn't the first time something like this had happened.

Judy was trying to get Irene's attention. "I asked you if you have an EpiPen somewhere!" she said urgently.

Matt wanted to help, but every time he tried to speak, things seemed to get worse. It was clear that Judy was panicking.

Tears streamed down her face as she held him in her arms. Her whole body trembled as she whispered soothing words to him.

Irene had the EpiPen tucked in her back pocket, but she worried about how to explain it.

She felt completely frozen, unsure of what to do in this situation. Her legs began to weaken, and she worried that she might fall over.

Suddenly, the door to the parlor burst open, and Gavin rushed in.

Irene was worried. She had seen Matt have an allergic reaction, and she quickly went to find help with one of the maids. Meanwhile, Irene's father rushed past her and grabbed the EpiPen from the top drawer of the parlor desk. He hurried back to Matt to assist him.

With a moment of uncertainty, he pressed the pen firmly against Matt's thigh and injected the EpiPen into his system. Within seconds, Matt started to breathe again.

Irene was in shock. She couldn't believe what had just happened. She had almost harmed her own brother.

I'm sorry, but the content you provided does not contain a story or any character names. If you have a specific text or story you'd like me to rewrite for clarity and simplicity, please share that, and I'll be happy to help!

****Chapter 0153****

****Judy's POV****

This was the scariest moment of my life. When Matt took a bite of the sandwich and suddenly dropped to the ground, I didn't know what to do.

I had never been in a situation like this before. His face turned bright red, puffing up like a balloon as he clutched his throat. It was clear he couldn't breathe.

All I knew at that moment was that I had to help him.

He needed an Epi-Pen, but Irene was so frozen in shock that she didn't hear anything I was saying. Before I realized what was happening, Gavin burst into the room. I hadn't even noticed that a maid was there until she followed him in.

I felt a wave of relief when she went to get him without thinking twice. He looked like he had an EpiPen hidden in the parlor desk, which was a good sign.

When Matt finally started to breathe again, my whole body relaxed. I allowed myself to take a deep breath, feeling grateful that he was okay.

Tears streamed down my cheeks.

"Call an ambulance," Gavin growled at the maid. She quickly nodded and rushed off to follow his command.

Gavin pulled Matt out of my lap and gently cradled him in his own lap. Matt was breathing, but it was shallow and uneven.

He was all alone now, even though his face was still very swollen. His eyes were closed, and I wondered if he had passed out. I leaned against the couch, trying to calm my racing heart and willing it to slow down.

Gavin pressed against my ribcage, clearly upset.

"Who fed him peanut butter?" he asked through clenched teeth, his eyes blazing with anger.

I frowned at him. He was staring at me as if I had done something wrong.

La...

"What?" I squeaked, my voice barely above a whisper.

"I asked you, who fed him peanut butter?" he repeated.

I opened my mouth to answer, but Irene jumped in before I could speak.

"Judy made him lunch," she said.

"Look!" she said quickly, pointing at the sandwich that had fallen to the ground. Gavin picked up the sandwich and sniffed it. His pupils widened, and his expression darkened.

“Didn’t Taylor go over these things with you? I thought you were given a clear explanation,” she asked.

“Gavin, what are your allergies?” he asked, his voice rising with concern.

“Um...,” I hesitated, unsure of how to respond. I was completely taken aback. I had not put peanut butter in his sandwich; I knew he was extremely allergic to it.

I would never be that careless, but I couldn’t explain how the peanut butter ended up in the sandwich I made for him.

“Dad, you have to do something,” Irene said, tears streaming down her cheeks. She looked up at him, her eyes full of worry.

“She almost killed him. She can’t be safe to be around here...”

My heart sank as I heard those words. I looked at her, shocked and confused. She was crying, but I could see there was more going on beneath the surface. It felt like she was manipulating Gavin for her own purposes.

I was on the other end of a cruel joke, and it felt like I was hearing a fiddle playing right now.

Why was she suddenly treating me this way? I remembered her saying that we were okay.

In the distance, I could hear the sirens of an ambulance.

Matt let out a groan, catching Gavin’s attention. He brushed damp strands of hair out of his face and held him tighter in his arms.

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****Chapter 153****

“It’s going to be okay,” he whispered softly against Matt’s head. “You’ll be fine.”

“Okay. I’ve got you.”

My heart sank; he thought I did this on purpose.

I stared at the sandwich on the ground, feeling confused. I reached out and picked up a piece of the bread, gasping in surprise when I realized what had happened.

I lifted the jar and saw the pear butter inside. How could this be possible?

I looked up at Irene, who was glaring at me with narrowed eyes. She was the only other person in the kitchen with me. But would she really get mad at me?

“How could she seriously poison her own brother? What reason could she possibly have for that? He was just a little boy and hadn’t done anything wrong.”

“You hurt my family,” Irene said, pointing her finger at me. “You can’t stay here.”

Gavin frowned and said nothing. He was focused on making sure Matt was okay.

Irene turned to her father.

“She can’t be trusted, especially with Matt. Her intentions aren’t good,” she said.

Gavin continued to watch Matt, worried about his friend.

“That careless mistake almost cost him his life! You have to tell her she can’t go back to the villa!” she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Before long, the parlor was filled with various EMTs and gamma warriors. I stayed quiet, watching the commotion unfold around me.

I stood frozen on the ground while Irene pointed her fingers at me. She seemed to be ignored as Gavin talked to the pack of gammas and EMTs nearby.

“I’ll meet you at the hospital,” Gavin finally said after they carried Matt out of the room.

He turned to Irene, narrowing his eyes. “Go with your brother,” he said firmly.

Irene bit her lip and wiped her tear-filled eyes as she nodded. When she walked past him, she paused and looked up at him.

“She can’t be trusted.”

He didn’t reply. Instead, he waited until the parlor was empty and the sound of sirens faded into the distance.

Taylor stood at the doorway with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Check what happened in the kitchen,” Gavin ordered.

“Uh... Alpha...” Taylor said, sounding a bit nervous. “The camera footage in the kitchen has been broken for the last couple of weeks, remember? You...”

Gavin growled, and the sound sent a chill down my spine.

“Do I really need to make you do everything? It should have been fixed automatically!” he said through clenched teeth, his frustration clear.

He was my Alpha, and it was obvious he was not pleased.

As his anger grew stronger, a dark aura surrounded him.

****Chapter 154****

“I... I apologize,” Taylor said, looking down at the floor. “It was an oversight, and it won’t happen again. I’ll make sure it’s fixed by the end of today.”

Taylor spoke with a hint of regret in his voice, making it clear that he understood the importance of the mistake he had made. He promised to correct it quickly, wanting to regain trust in his work.

“What good does that do me now?” Gavin asked, turning to face him fully. His eyes were red with anger. “My son was poisoned, and we have no camera footage to show us who did it.”

“I’ll...”

“Don’t worry, I’ll do everything I can to investigate,” Taylor assured him. “The good news is, Matt is alive.”

“If I had just been a second faster—”

“But you weren’t,” Taylor interrupted, stopping him mid-thought. “You have to focus on what we can do now.”

Gavin took a deep breath, feeling the tension in his back. He sighed heavily, making his broad shoulders shake.

“Think on the positive side,” he reminded himself. After a brief moment of silence, he said, “Find out what you can.”

“Yes, sir,” came the reply.

“Beta Taylor,” he said, nodding. He looked at me with a cautious expression before quickly leaving the room. That left me alone with a very angry Gavin.

I didn’t know what to say. My whole body was shaking as I watched Gavin.

Gavin paced back and forth, moving like a hunter on the prowl, and I felt like his prey. He searched everywhere but at me, which made me even more uneasy. The Gavin I was starting to understand seemed to be gone; now, he was just a shadow of himself.

I felt a wave of anger wash over me, making me feel sick to my stomach.

He finally stopped and turned to me, his eyes shining with intensity.

“You were careless with my son’s life,” he said through clenched teeth, his voice tight with emotion.

Gavin’s eyes narrowed as he looked at me.

“Alpha!” he roared.

I trembled and lowered my gaze, feeling small under his intense stare.

“Alpha...” I whispered, my voice shaky. “I don’t know what happened. I—”

“What happened was my son ate peanut butter, and he had an allergic reaction. I trusted you to take care of him, and you let me down.”

“No, I—”

“Are you telling me you did!”

“Are you—”

“Are you telling me you didn’t give him the sandwich with peanut butter?”

“I didn’t know there was peanut butter in it...” I replied, tears streaming down my cheeks.

He scoffed and curled his lips in disbelief.

My stomach twisted in knots as disgust washed over me.

“It was your job to check for these things before letting him eat anything,” Gavin said slowly, as if he thought I couldn’t understand him. I opened my mouth to respond, but...

I wasn’t sure what to say, but I knew I needed to calm him down. Before I could speak, he interrupted me with a harsh tone. “Leroy will take you home.”

“But...” I started, but he cut me off again.

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