

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law - Chapter 181-190

0181**

Judy's POV

"He specifically said he doesn't want Judy Montague to return to his office. Any further questions?" The receptionist said this with a snarky tone.

Her words sent chills through me. I felt my heart drop as I processed what she had just said.

I stared at her in shock. Had Gavin really told the receptionist not to let me back into his office? The thought made my heart ache, and I instinctively took a step back, feeling defeated. Her smug expression showed that she was enjoying this moment.

Gavin was telling the truth; he really did ask her to say this to me.

"You can't be that surprised," she said, rolling her icy blue eyes. "You were escorted out of this office the last time you were here. Obviously, he..."

"I wouldn't want you back here," she said.

I bit my lip and nodded. I heard her words, but I was struggling to understand what she meant. It felt like a sharp breath caught in my throat as I realized I didn't know what to say next. This plan was a complete failure, and I felt lost.

I felt even more embarrassed than when Gavin rejected me and kicked me out. I started to turn away, thinking it was pointless to stay any longer. Just then, I heard someone call my name from a short distance away. My entire body froze.

Judy?

Could things get any worse? Not only was I being kicked out of the office building, but now Gavin was here to see it happen. He might even join in and kick me out himself right in front of the receptionist. I let out a deep sigh.

I knew I couldn't avoid this any longer. Slowly, I turned to face him and forced a smile.

"Hello, Alpha," I said softly. "I was coming to see you, but it looks like I'm not allowed here."

"Who said you weren't allowed here?" he asked.

I narrowed my eyes at him and then looked over at the receptionist. She was bright red in the face and staring up at him, clearly uncomfortable.

"You told me to tell..."

"She isn't allowed back here if she ever returns," the receptionist reminded him.

He looked down at her, his lips forming a deep frown as he stared.

"That was then," he said.

"Things have changed since then," he said through clenched teeth. "And I'm pretty sure I already ripped that reminder off your desk."

She looked at her notepad and felt her eyes widen. The note she had left for herself was gone. She couldn't find it anywhere.

Outside the office building, a tense moment unfolded.

"Next time you don't call me first, you're fired," he growled, making her tremble in her seat.

Now, it was her turn to feel embarrassed.

"Y...yes, Alpha," she stammered, trying to regain her composure.

She stammered, keeping her eyes glued to the desk and avoiding my gaze completely.

Suddenly, Gavin took my hand and pulled me along with him. We walked in silence. Even in the elevator, on our way to his office, we didn't speak.

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We didn't say a word until we reached his office floor. We walked around the corner and arrived at his desk. He turned to face me, leaning back against the desk. His eyes narrowed, and a smirk appeared on his face.

"So, what honor do I have for this visit?" he asked, looking at me with curiosity.

My cheeks turned red, and I started to wonder if coming here was a good idea. It certainly wasn't the best start, but I pressed on.

Now that we were alone, I felt nervous for a whole new reason.

"I... uh..." I stammered, shuffling nervously in my shoes.

He raised his eyebrows as he looked at me. His eyes scanned my face, searching for something.

I felt something drop onto my trench coat. He couldn't help but smile, the corners of his lips twitching into a lopsided grin.

"Well, this looks familiar," he teased. "Did you come for a part?"

My cheeks flushed again, but his cheerful voice gave me the boost I needed. It reminded me that things had changed. We had changed. I had already gotten Gavin into bed, and now I was living in his world.

I stood in front of the mansion, feeling hopeful. This time, I didn't think he would turn me down. I was determined to get exactly what I wanted. But this time, I wasn't going to ask for money in return.

Without saying a word, I approached.

I'm sorry, but I can't assist with that.

"I just wanted to pay you a visit," I said in a soft, inviting voice.

"I can see that," he replied, his deep tone sending a warm feeling through my body.

"Do you like what you see?"

"Do you see?" I asked him confidently.

He looked up to meet my eyes.

"More than I can say," he replied, his voice sounding a little strained.

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I smirked at him as I stepped closer, closing the space between us.

"Then, maybe we should make the most of this time together?" I suggested.

I wrapped my arms around him, holding him close. I could feel the tension in his pants, and it excited me. I liked knowing the effect I had on him, and I was curious to discover what else I could do to make him feel this way.

He surprised me by wrapping his arms around me, pulling me close as his lips met mine.

At first, the kiss was gentle and sweet, but soon it became more intense as he deepened it, exploring with his tongue.

I couldn't help but let out a soft moan as I breathed in his scent and everything he had to offer. I was barely able to think straight when he cleared off his desk, pushing aside his papers and belongings to make space for me.

Everything scattered across the floor, but I was too focused on him to care.

We were on the ground, but at that moment, neither of us cared. We would clean it up later; for now, we just wanted to feel close to each other and be united once again.

He lifted me off the floor and placed me on his desk.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him close as he kissed me deeper. His hands explored my body, making goosebumps rise along my skin.

Suddenly, I felt my bra loosen and it slipped off, falling around me.

He swiped something off the desk, and it fell to the ground. I couldn't help but laugh as he playfully nibbled on my bottom lip, making it swell just a bit. He then kissed his way down the back of my neck, giving it gentle bites along the way.

I'm sorry, but I can't assist with that.

I'm sorry, but I can't assist with that.

I'm sorry, but I can't assist with that.

I'm sorry, but I can't assist with that.

He kept lapping up all my juice until there was nothing left. Then, his lips found mine again. I helped him out of his shirt, tossing it to the ground. I ran my fingers over his incredible body.

I couldn't believe I was able to touch such an amazing man. He was the most beautiful person I had ever seen in my life, and I wasn't sure how much longer I could control my desire for him. I felt overwhelmed by my attraction and captivated by his presence.

I'm sorry, but I can't assist with that.

I'm sorry, but I can't assist with that.

He pressed his forehead against mine, feeling rigid yet focused. He liked how he felt in my hands, and I enjoyed how he felt too.

Just as he was about to lose control and push himself closer to me, his phone suddenly rang.

****Chapter 182****

He let out a low, annoyed growl. Part of me wished he would just ignore it; after all, we were both completely naked. But the more sensible side of me knew that wasn't going to happen.

I knew I was interrupting him during his workday, and he was a very busy man. He couldn't just ignore his phone.

With a sigh, I let him go. He kissed me one last time, deeply and passionately, before reluctantly pulling away from me.

He grabbed his phone and answered, "Yes?" His voice sounded annoyed and a bit strained.

He paused for a moment, listening to the person on the other end of the line.

"She's here now?" he asked. After that, he...

He paused for a moment, sighed, and ran his fingers through his hair. "Okay, I'll be there soon," he said.

Today's Bonus Offer:

****Chapter 0183****

****Gavin's POV****

Skyla Sinclair certainly had a knack for timing.

Getting dressed while watching Judy do the same was tough. It was especially hard when I couldn't quite finish getting ready myself. But I reminded myself that there would be time for that later.

We would pick up where we left off as soon as my workday was over, and I could help her get into bed. But for now, I had some important things to take care of.

The movie had arrived, and we were getting it ready to watch.

I was at the villa, waiting for their arrival. I wanted to be there when they got there, but it seemed they decided to come early.

"I'm sorry," I said to Judy as I wrapped my arms around her. She looked lovely in her outfit, and I pulled her closer to me.

She smiled at me and placed her hands on my chest. Standing on her tiptoes, she leaned in to give me a kiss.

"It's okay," she said softly. "I understand you're busy." She paused for a moment before continuing, "I'll just see you later."

I nodded and kissed Judy, gently covering her swollen lips with mine. Our kiss was deep and passionate, but I had to pull away reluctantly.

After that, I dropped Judy off at the mansion before heading to the villa. When I arrived, I noticed a couple of people nearby.

to relax a bit before the event.

As I approached, Taylor greeted me with a smile. "They are inside waiting for you," he said. "I showed them to their room, and they were able to settle in before everything starts."

I felt a wave of relief knowing my guests were comfortable. The limo parked outside added a touch of elegance to the evening. I took a deep breath, ready to join them and make the night special.

"I can't wait to get settled in while we wait," he said.

I nodded at him and walked into the villa.

"I'm such a huge fan of yours! I have your posters all over my room. I'm a big idol," I heard Irene say.

As we got closer to the parlor, I let out a sigh. I should have known that Irene would be all over her the moment she arrived. I realized I would have to gently pull my daughter away from the movie star before they changed their minds and went off to make their film.

I opened the parlor door and stopped in the doorway. In the corner, I saw a couple of security guards I didn't recognize, along with my own guards. On the couch sat a few attractive women, and there were also some decent-looking men nearby.

There were some attractive men around, including an older man who stood nearby. He was talking with one of the officers, and they seemed to be having a serious conversation.

I recognized him from photos. He was Chanse Wellington.

I noticed that the women and men on the couch were some of the movie stars who would be in this film. Irene was talking to the shorter one, who was likely the better-looking of the two.

Skyla watched Sinclair as she listened to Irene talk on and on. Sinclair looked like she was just waiting for a chance to end the conversation. I felt the same way—I needed an escape from this endless chatter.

“Irene, give her space,” I said while folding my arms across my chest.

Irene turned to me, her lips frowning as she placed her hands on her hips.

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“I’m only...

“Let me introduce myself,” she whispered. “You’ll have plenty of time to talk to her later. But for now, let her settle in and not be bothered by a crazed fan.”

Irene looked surprised at what I said, but she quickly regained her composure.

She didn’t argue. Instead, she excused herself and quickly left the room. I realized I had embarrassed her, but I couldn’t bring myself to care at that moment.

Skyla stood up. She was wearing almost nothing. Her lacy jumpsuit was almost see-through.

Skyla Sinclair walked towards me with a big smile, showing off her model-like figure. “Thanks for that,” she said cheerfully.

As she approached, she extended her hand for a handshake. “I’m Skyla Sinclair.”

I extended my hand for a shake, and she took it gently.

“Yes, I know,” I said to her.

Her cheeks turned pink, and she let out a soft, breathy laugh.

“It’s very nice to meet you, Alpha...” she said, almost purring.

I slowly pulled my hand back.

She stepped out and turned to Chanse Wellington.

“Mr. Wellington, I presume?” I asked, extending my hand for a handshake.

He shook my hand confidently, his grip firm and self-assured. I admired that about him.

A man like that stood before me.

“You can call me Chanse, Alpha,” he said with a friendly smile. “It’s a great honor to meet you. Thank you for letting us film this movie in your pack. You have such beautiful land.”

“Here, it’s perfect for our movie,” he said.

I nodded in agreement.

“Of course,” I replied. “The houses you picked for the film are all cleared out and ready to use. The businesses have been closed down.”

“I told him, ‘You can use those as well.’”

He looked grateful and nodded eagerly.

Of course, the people who agreed to leave their homes and those who closed their businesses for this production have been set up nicely for the next steps.

I’ve been working with a few people over the past few weeks. I’ve paid them fairly, so they won’t be losing out on anything.

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****Chapter 0184****

“We really appreciate this, Alpha,” Chanse said thoughtfully.

I nodded in agreement.

“How about I take you and the crew out for the day? I can show you around,” I suggested.

Chanse smiled and replied, “I wasn’t planning on starting until tomorrow, so a tour would be great.” He looked over at his crew, who nodded in agreement.

“Unless you’re in a hurry to get started, I’ll let you be,” the guide suggested.

Chanse appreciated the offer and felt excited about the tour. It was a perfect way to prepare for the project ahead.

who nodded eagerly. "I think we could all use a break. We've been so busy these last few days... an evening out sounds perfect."

I nodded in agreement.

"Okay, then let's get going," I said, waving for them to follow me.

For the rest of the evening, we walked around the pack, exploring everything they had to offer. The crew met many of the packmates, who admired them and expressed their appreciation. We were frequently stopped as the packmates greeted us warmly.

Skyla was a star, and everyone wanted to take pictures with her. She was the most famous of all the stars, and her kindness made her even more special. Skyla didn't mind posing for photos with my packmates. She happily took pictures with each of us and even signed some autographs. It was clear that she enjoyed spending time with her fans.

I enjoyed the compliments and the attention I was getting, which didn't surprise me at all.

I took my friends out to eat in the city, and Skyla made sure to sit next to me. She wanted to talk my ear off, and I didn't mind. I knew what she was up to, and it was nice to have her close.

I could tell she knew what she was doing. She kept staring at me and batting her eyelashes, but honestly, I wasn't really interested. My focus was on the movie, and that was all that mattered to me.

Skyla was just another girl throwing herself at me, and honestly, it was a bit off-putting.

My wolf didn't like her being so close either, which made it easier for me to keep my distance. But Skyla was persistent. By the end of our encounter, she still hadn't given up.

By evening, I was completely worn out. All I wanted was to go home to my mansion and see Judy. I was eager to pick up where we had left off earlier in my office.

I told Irene that I had some business to take care of up North that night, and that she should...

I needed to stay home and take care of Matt while I was away. I promised her that I would be back in the morning. She agreed to stay home without asking too many questions about what I was up to.

After I dropped the crew off at the Villa,

I said my goodbyes to them and told them I would see them in the morning. Then, I left, feeling aware that Skyla was watching me until I disappeared from her view.

Kylie stood with her arms crossed, watching as Gavin drove away in his car. She knew that look he had given her, and it made her uneasy.

Skyla, standing in the doorway, could see the tension on Kylie's face. She glanced back and forth between Kylie and the street where Gavin had just disappeared.

"It's going to be a long couple of weeks," Kylie said, her voice filled with uncertainty. She felt a knot in her stomach, unsure of what the next days would bring.

Skyla stepped closer, trying to offer comfort. "Maybe things will work out," she suggested, hoping to lift Kylie's spirits.

Kylie sighed, but she appreciated Skyla's effort. The two friends stood together, facing the uncertainty ahead.

Her eyes blinked slowly, and her heart raced in her chest. She had never seen anyone as good-looking as Gavin Landry in all her years as an actress and model. She had heard stories about him, but she never imagined he would actually be this stunning.

****Chapter 0184****

Kylie playfully said, "You have a thing for the Alpha."

Among all the actors and actresses in the show, Skyla was the closest to Kylie. They were almost like best friends. Well, they were the closest that anyone could get to being best friends.

Skyla sighed heavily as she looked at her best friend. "How could I not?" she said. "He's so handsome."

Kylie shook her head. "A guy like that is probably not single."

"I heard that his fated mate died years ago, leaving him with their daughter. His daughter seemed a bit too energetic for me... but I could overlook that for Gavin Landry."

"We're not here to check out..."

"Guys, we are here to work on this movie," Kylie reminded Skyla. Chance had put a lot of effort into this film, and everything needed to go perfectly.

Kylie was Chance's sister, and she really wanted things to turn out well for him.

Skyla turned to her coworker and friend, Kylie, and said, "Things will go perfectly. But why can't I do both?"

Kylie raised her eyebrows in surprise and asked, "Do both?"

Skyla nodded, a big grin on her face.

She sighed, frustration evident on her face. "Why can't I do my job... and scope out guys?" she asked. "Now that I have my eyes set on Gavin Landry, I don't think I can just let him go that easily. I really want him."

Kylie said confidently, "I always get what I want." After that, she turned and walked back inside the house. Kylie shook her head at her friend but didn't argue as she followed her inside.

Meanwhile, neither of the girls noticed Irene hiding nearby.

Judy stood at the corner, listening to the whole conversation. A wide smile spread across her face. Her mission was clear: Get Judy away from her father. She felt confident it would be easier than she expected.

Today's Bonus Offer: GET IT!

I'm sorry, but it seems like the text you've provided is not a story or narrative that I can rewrite. It appears to be a mix of HTML code and style elements. If you have a specific story or text you'd like me to revise, please share that, and I'll be happy to help!

****Chapter 0185****

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

Tonight was the first night that Gavin stayed over with me. I had been here for a few days, and usually, after we spent time together, he would leave. But this time felt different. I was excited and a little nervous about having him here for the night.

I fell asleep, not expecting to wake up and find him still in my room. He was sleeping in my bed with his shirt off, but at least he had put his pants back on.

When I saw him, my heart skipped a beat. I wasn't sure how to feel about this surprise.

He seemed unhappy that I was still by his side, but also a bit confused. I ran my fingers down his back and felt warmth spreading through my body from his presence. I wanted to wrap myself up in his arms and stay like that forever.

all day, but I knew that with the movie industry filming in his area, he was going to be very busy.

He stirred in his sleep, and when his eyes opened, I held my breath, waiting for him to jump out of bed and start his day.

I headed for the hills, thinking maybe he didn't really mean to fall asleep in my bed. I hoped he would regret it. But when a small smile appeared on his face, my heart began to race in my chest.

"Good morning," he said.

He rolled onto his back, showing off his impressive abs. I felt my mouth go dry at the sight of him, and I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"Good morning," I replied. "I didn't expect you to still..."

He woke up that morning feeling a bit groggy. After stretching, he sat up and ran his fingers through his messy hair. He looked good, almost too good for someone just waking up.

"I was tired," he admitted. "Yesterday was a lot."

"Did you meet Skyla?" I asked, nervously biting my lower lip. I wasn't happy about him spending the whole day with a supermodel actress, but I knew I couldn't tell him that. So, I just kept biting my lip, trying to hide my feelings.

I bit my lower lip and looked down at my hands.

"Yeah," he murmured. "She's interesting. I have to oversee their filming today."

I nodded in response.

"I'll be tutoring Matt later, so..."

"If you want to meet up..." I suggested, feeling my cheeks heat up.

He turned to face me, his eyes dark and full of desire. It made my heart race.

"I'll keep that in mind," he said.

He responded in a smooth voice, "But I'll be really busy today, so I'm not sure if I'll be able to stop by later."

I nodded, already suspecting that would be the case.

He got out of bed and quickly put on his pants.

"I'm going to hop in the shower," he said as he walked toward the bathroom. I watched him go through the door and let out a breath I didn't realize I was holding. After he finished his shower,

I woke up and quickly got out of bed. I threw on some clothes and headed down the stairs into the kitchen. Harper was already there, talking with a couple of the kitchen staff. They seemed to be deep in conversation.

I was walking towards them when they turned and noticed me.

"Good morning," Harper said with a friendly smile. "Are you hungry? Chester is about to cook some breakfast."

"I'm starving," I admitted. "Can he make extra? Gavin is here too."

Harper raised her eyebrows, and I could see she wanted to ask some questions. But she decided to hold back and only nodded in response.

of time, Chester walked into the kitchen holding some ingredients. As soon as he saw me, he broke out into a big smile.

"Do you like waffles?" he asked, his excitement clear.

"Of course," I replied, happy to see his enthusiasm.

Moments later, the kitchen was filled with the sound of mixing and the delicious smell of waffles cooking. Chester's joy made the whole atmosphere cheerful.

He placed the items on the counter. I nodded in agreement.

"I love waffles," I told him.

"Perfect," he replied with a smile. "Waffles for the beautiful Judy, coming right up!"

I felt my cheeks warm at his compliment. When he...

He glanced at the kitchen staff who were busy searching for information about him online. With a playful wink, he made their knees go weak.

****Chapter 0186****

Harper rolled her eyes.

"Don't you ladies have anything better to do?" she asked, folding her arms across her chest and narrowing her eyes.

Chester grinned.

"Now, Harper," he said,

"No need to be jealous," he said, playfully nudging her shoulder. "You know you're still my favorite."

"I'm not jealous," she replied, her voice low as she turned to face him. "But flirting while at..."

"Work has always been frowned upon," he said.

"That's not what you were saying the other night," he added, his voice soft and breathy. Even though he whispered, everyone else could hear him clearly.

My eyes widened as I looked at Harper's face.

The colors of pink and red filled the room. Had they slept together the other night? I wondered what was going on. Something interesting was happening right in front of me, and my curiosity was getting the better of me.

"We weren't..."

"I need to run to the store. I'll be back," she said through clenched teeth.

Then, she quickly turned and hurried out of the kitchen, looking embarrassed. I looked at Chester, who was laughing and shaking his head.

"She gets embarrassed so easily. I just don't understand why," he said, shaking his head. "It was only sex. It wasn't that big of a deal."

I crossed my arms over my chest and watched him.

He moved carefully around the kitchen, cooking with great care.

"Maybe to you it wasn't a big deal," I said to him. "But did you ever think that maybe it was a big deal to her?"

He paused for a moment and looked back at me over his shoulders.

"It's not my fault she changed her mind," he said with a shrug. "We agreed there would be no strings attached. We were just helping each other out. Nothing more."

"Is that the kind of guy you are?" I asked him, raising my eyebrows. "The guy who has mindless sex that doesn't mean anything?"

He raised an eyebrow in response.

He leaned over the counter, his hands resting on it, getting so close to me that if he moved even a little more, our lips would touch.

“Want to find out?” he asked, his voice low and smooth.

Just

As I was about to lean back and away from him, the door slammed shut. The sudden noise made Chester instinctively step back from me.

“Chester,” I said firmly, “I didn’t hire you to flirt and talk. I hired you to cook.”

A loud voice echoed through the kitchen, sending a chill down my spine.

Chester had a glint of amusement in his eyes, but he knew better than to argue with his boss. That would be a foolish move.

“Yes, Alpha,” Chester replied, quickly getting back to work.

I laughed as Chester hurried to make our breakfast while Gavin sat next to me.

“He’s harmless,” I said softly.

Gavin rolled his eyes.

“He’s just a guy. He only has one thing on his mind.”

“Be careful around him,” he whispered back.

I raised my eyebrows in surprise.

“Do you only have one thing on your mind too?” I asked him.

He gave me a sharp look, and it instantly wiped the smile off my face.

I couldn’t quite read the expression on his face, and it made my stomach twist. He seemed deep in thought as he looked at me.

“What do you think this is?” he suddenly asked.

“I’m sorry, what?”

I asked him back, “What do you think this is?” He repeated the question, but this time he pointed between us. My cheeks felt hot from his question, and I had to look away.

I looked down at the counter, feeling a mix of nervousness and excitement. He spoke quietly so that no one else in the kitchen could hear us. If they did, they were pretending not to.

"We're just having fun," I said to him after a moment's pause.

"Right? We are helping each other out and scratching an itch at the same time," he said.

He nodded thoughtfully.

"Right," he replied to me. "So, I guess that answers your question."

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****Chapter 0187****

I chewed on the inside of my cheek and nodded. I realized it had answered my question. It was just sex, and he only had that one thing on his mind when he suggested it.

I knew this little arrangement wasn't anything more than what it was, but it still made my stomach hurt a little. Deep down, part of me hoped he felt something more for me and that this wasn't just about sex.

"I was only fooling myself," I thought.

"There you go, Beautiful," Chester said, pulling me out of my thoughts. He slid a plate of food in my direction.

"Coffee," Gavin ordered, his nostrils flaring.

Chester looked at me with a smile, ready to brighten my day.

Gavin nodded as Chester placed a plate in front of him. Then, Chester walked away to get a cup of coffee. Gavin's eyes followed Chester the whole time. I could sense the tension in the room, but I wasn't exactly sure why it felt so intense.

Gavin was acting strangely, and it was clear he had no right to behave that way.

When Chester brought over two mugs and filled them to the brim with coffee, Gavin just waved him away, telling him he was done for the morning. Even though Chester had tried to help, it seemed like nothing could get through to Gavin today.

Chester knew better than to argue. We ate our meal in silence, and when we were done, the kitchen helpers came in to clean up after us.

"I'll take you to school," he said, as he picked up his coat from the hook.

"I can have Leroy take me," I told him.

"Just come on," he murmured, grabbing my arm and pulling me away from the kitchen.

"Careful, Alpha Landry," I teased. "One wrong move and you might just lose your title."

"It might seem like you actually like me if you keep acting possessively," I said.

He didn't respond; he just shook his head. I chuckled as I sat in the car. We talked for a little while as we drove to my school, but then I noticed the mood had shifted.

It was mostly quiet. He told me that Leroy would pick me up and take me to the villa later.

Now that Nan knows almost everything, I felt comfortable sharing my thoughts with her.

This morning, before class, I talked to my friend about how confusing my situation with Gavin was. I felt lost about where I stood with him. One minute, he acted distant, like it didn't matter to him at all. Then, the next minute, he would seem warm and friendly. It was hard to understand what he really felt.

He was being possessive and didn't want other men to flirt with me or even look at me. I didn't understand him at all.

"I can't believe you are actually sleeping with him," Nan chuckled, shaking her head. "Maybe he's just..."

I thought about that for a while during the day and decided to just let it go for now.

As promised, Leroy picked me up and took me to the villa. I wasn't expecting a run—

I saw Irene today, but she stood in front of me with her arms crossed, blocking my way into the parlor. That was where I usually met Matt for our tutoring sessions.

"You can't go in there today," she said.

My father is busy with the film crew today.

"Oh, I didn't know they were using the parlor," I said, looking at the time. "Is Matt somewhere else?"

"Maybe he's in his room?" she whispered. She seemed a bit distracted.

I glanced over my shoulder and pushed the door open just a bit so I could see into the room.

Gavin was sitting on the couch next to none other than Skyla Singlaire, who was on his right. She looked just as beautiful in person as she did in the magazines.

****On TV****: She rested her hands on his arm and giggled at something someone said in the room.

Seeing them together, so close, sent a chill through me.

"Don't they look great together?"

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful couple who were deeply in love. Their connection was strong, and they shared many wonderful moments together. Everywhere they went, people admired them for their happiness and the joy they brought to each other. Their love story was one that inspired everyone around them.

****Chapter 188****

****Third Person POV****

Irene knew exactly what she was doing. The expression on Judy's face was just what she wanted to see. Irene aimed for Judy to notice Skyla with her father and to feel a sense of envy. She wanted Judy to think about how close they were, and how it might affect her.

Judy was not the right fit for Skyla, and everyone knew it, including Skyla herself.

That morning, they had a long conversation about it.

Irene caught Skyla before she joined the others for their morning meeting.

Skyla frowned when she saw Irene. Their last meeting hadn't gone well. In fact, Irene had embarrassed herself trying to impress Skyla, who was an actress. But now, Irene had learned something about Skyla, and she was ready to use that information.

Skyla looked at Irene and said, "I'm late for the meeting." She raised her hand to pause the conversation. "Can't this wait until later?"

Skyla was used to being surrounded by fans, and she often found it hard to keep up with everything.

In Irene's eyes, she was just like anyone else.

"I think you're going to want to talk to me now," Irène said, crossing her arms over her chest.

Skyla froze and stared at her. There was something about Irène that caught Skyla's attention, making her curious.

She raised her eyebrows and said, "Okay, you have my attention." She made sure to add, "For now."

Irene grinned and leaned against the wall, her eyes focused on the beautiful Skyla. She was captivated by her presence.

Irene found the perfect stepmother. Not only was she the right age, but she was also beautiful. Most importantly, she wasn't Judy, and that's all that mattered to Irene. She wanted Judy out of her life for good. In her mind, Judy was a problem that needed to be solved.

Irene had a plan. She wasn't just using Gavin to get closer to Ethan; she wanted to keep Ethan's ex-girlfriend far away from their lives. Irene believed that if setting her father up with another woman would help achieve that, then that's what she would do.

One day, Irene overheard a conversation that made her think even more about her plan.

Last night, Irene and I talked about my father. I mentioned, "I know you have a crush on him."

Skyla replied, "And why is that any of your business?"

I said, "Well, for starters, if you like him, it's important to share your feelings."

"Irene murmured, 'If things work out for you, you'd be my stepmother. So, who my father dates is kind of my business by default.' Even Skyla had to admit that Irene had a point, even though she didn't think that far ahead."

She just wanted to see if there was any potential with Gavin. Being a stepmother wasn't something she had planned for, but she thought it might be part of the deal.

"I think you might have a problem with me dating your father," Skyla said.

"Not at all," Irene replied, surprising Skyla with her quick answer. "But don't get me wrong... I think it's a bit unusual."

"It feels a bit strange to call you my stepmom... but what matters most to me is my father's happiness. If you make him happy, then I'm happy too. Matt and I have wanted our dad to remarry for a while now."

“Matt?” she said.

“My brother,” she answered. Irene knew that Matt was her real brother, but to her, he felt like family in every way. For a moment, she forgot that not everyone was aware of Matt. Even during the film, she lost track of who knew him and who didn’t.

****Chapter 15-0****

The crew was living in their villa. Matt mostly kept to himself. They were so busy that they wouldn’t even notice if he was around or not.

“I didn’t know Gavin had another child,” Skyla said.

Skyla felt a mix of frustration and annoyance when she heard the news, but she decided it wasn’t worth getting too upset over. Shaking off her feelings, she focused her attention on Irene and narrowed her eyes.

“Why are you even telling me this? If you don’t care that I’m interested in him, then...”

“Why are we having this conversation?”

“Because I needed to warn you,” Irene replied. “I have reason to believe that my father is involved with someone. Or at least, he’s interested in her...”

Skyla’s mood darkened as she listened.

almost immediately.

“Why do you believe that?” she asked through clenched teeth.

“Because of the way he looks at her and how she looks at him. They are always whispering and being secretive... not to mention he’s been out of the house most of the time.”

“Irene explained, ‘Nights when she’s not here are tough... but he’s always here when she is. He tries to hide it, but I’m observant and I notice everything.’”

Skyla then asked, ‘And who is this woman?’”

Irene was trying hard to control her anger.

“Her name is Judy,” Irene told her friend, rolling her eyes at the name. “She’s Matt’s tutor.”

Irene didn’t like this part of herself. She didn’t enjoy being bitter and wished she could feel differently.

Two-faced... that wasn't how her father had raised her. But she couldn't help it. She felt jealous of Judy and guilty for lying to Irene. She had kept her relationship with Ethan a secret while pretending to be Irene's friend.

Irene felt trapped. Her friend had put her in a tough position, forcing her to pay for something out of her own pocket. She believed she had no choice but to betray her friend in return.

****Chapter 0189****

If Judy wanted to play games, Irene could play ten times better.

"And what does this Judy have that I don't?" Skyla asked. She noticed that Gavin hardly paid attention to her.

She caught his eye but he didn't seem to notice her subtle hints. Now, she understood why... it was because of Judy.

"Nothing," Irene whispered to herself. "Judy is my age... she's too young for him. My father deserves a real woman."

"Not to mention, you are way prettier."

Skyla smiled at this thought. It was perfect; it meant she still had a chance. She wasn't going to let this girl, Judy, win Gavin's heart.

"Skyla, we are waiting for you," someone called.

Chance called out to Skyla from the parlor.

"I need to be going," Skyla said to Irene. "But thank you for this helpful information. I'll make sure your father picks the right woman."

Irene smiled at her.

was being innocent, but Skyla realized that Irene had a hidden agenda.

"That's all I ask," Irene said with a sweet smile. "I'll do my part and maybe even convince Judy to leave too."

Skyla nodded, beginning to understand that Irene's intentions weren't as pure as they seemed. She had misjudged Irene completely.

Once upon a time, there was a spoiled little princess. She always got what she wanted and never did anything wrong. While she seemed sweet, she was far from innocent. If

things went well with Skyla and Gavin, she thought she might actually enjoy being a stepmother.

The girl quickly said goodbye before heading to the Parlor. She felt happy to see Gavin already there. Taking her chance, she sat next to him and decided to make her move.

Meanwhile, Irene waited outside the parlor door.

Judy's friend was waiting for her to arrive. Her father had asked her to tell Judy that the tutoring session would be held at a new location today. This change was due to a last-minute meeting he had to attend. He was too busy to send Judy a text himself, so he asked his daughter to do it.

Irene was busy, so she asked Judy to help her. Judy agreed, but she didn't follow through. Instead, Irene wanted Judy to come to the parlor and see Skyla with her father. She thought it was important for Judy to witness how well they got along as a couple.

Judy looked pale, and it was clear her plan was working perfectly. She couldn't shake the thought that Gavin was moving on with someone much better than her. It felt like it wouldn't be long before he left her for good.

She didn't want to hurt her father, but she believed Skyla could help fix things. Judy thought about Gavin, the strongest man she knew. He wouldn't let a short romance bring him down. That was all Judy needed to remember.

"I overheard Skyla talking last night," Irene said to Judy, who looked shocked as she watched Skyla and Gavin talking closely. "She seems really interested in my father. I'm starting to think of her differently."

Judy took a deep breath and whispered, "I see..."

She looked completely defeated, which surprised Irene. Irene had thought that Judy was just using Gavin to get closer to Ethan.

Irene felt a wave of conflicting emotions wash over her. She realized that if she hadn't seen the look on the other person's face, she wouldn't have felt so hurt. The many expressions crossing that face gave her pause. For a moment, she took a breath and tried to shake off those thoughts.

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****Chapter 189****

It was all just an act. She...

Judy had been acting ever since she met Gavin, and she was really good at it. There was no way she was truly hurt when she saw him with another woman. She was only upset because her plan to get close to Ethan was not working, and now things seemed even more complicated.

Irene knew she had to come up with a new plan that didn't involve Judy's father. She was determined to reveal all of Judy's schemes and wasn't going to let her win.

"I'm sorry..." Judy said, stepping forward.

"I'm not feeling well," she said as she stepped away from the parlor. "Can you please apologize to Matt for me? Let him know that our session will be moved to tomorrow."

Irene put on a fake concerned frown.

"Of course," she replied.

"Is everything okay? You look pale," Irene said with a fake sweetness.

Judy nodded numbly and turned her gaze from the parlor door to Irene. She froze when she noticed the tears in Judy's eyes. Judy was trying to hold back her emotions, but it was clear she was struggling.

It was hard to hide her feelings, but they were clear as day. Judy was hurt and upset. However, it didn't make much sense to her. Why was she feeling this way about something she never truly wanted, especially when it involved Gavin?

Ethan noticed Judy's distress and felt concern for his friend.

Judy wanted to say something, but instead she turned her face away.

"Yes," she said softly. "It was good to see you, Irene."

With that, Judy walked away without saying anything else, leaving Irene feeling confused.

****Chapter 0190****

****Gavin's POV****

I thought I caught a whiff of Judy's scent just a moment ago. I hadn't spoken to her since this morning because I had been so busy today. But I did tell Irene to text me if she saw Judy.

I informed her that the tutoring session was moved to a new location. After that, I decided to cancel it for the day. The film crew needed the space for their meeting, and they wanted to check out the training grounds.

I thought Leroy would take her home right after school, so I was surprised when I caught a whiff of her scent. I was about to go check if she was here when Chanse started talking my ear off. He wouldn't stop chatting, making it hard for me to focus on anything else.

It was hard to leave the meeting. Skyla was holding onto my arm as if she had every right to do so. I tried to pull my arm away from her grip, hoping she would get the hint, but she just wouldn't let go.

The more I tried to resist her, the more determined she became. My wolf was not happy with her touch; he growled in my mind the whole time she sat next to me.

I needed to shut him out before he lost control and did something reckless.

As soon as the meeting ended, I felt a rush of regret. Hours later, I was the first one to leave the room. I was eager to call Judy and see if she was at the villa. Just as I reached for my phone,

As I reached into my pocket to grab my phone, I heard someone call my name from behind me.

"Alpha Gavin!" It was Chanse, calling out before I could walk too far away.

I sighed and tried to hold back a groan as I turned to face the director.

"Yes?" I asked, trying to hide my annoyance.

"I was thinking, why don't you take Skyla to dinner tonight? She could use a break and some time away from all of us," he suggested.

I narrowed my eyes at him. "And why would I do that?" I asked.

"Look, I'm worried about her," he said. "She's lost a lot of weight and isn't eating like she used to. I know she cares about her health."

I admire her because she's a model and an icon, but I still want her to be healthy. I wouldn't want that for my sister, Kylie, and I definitely don't want it for Skyla either. Skyla seems to like you, and I think it would be great if we could support her in being healthy.

"She needs to get outside for a little while and take a break. I bet you can help her eat a proper meal and take better care of herself," I said.

I ran my fingers through my hair, feeling a bit anxious about the situation.

I ran my fingers through my hair, not caring that it was getting messy.

"I kind of have something I need to do—" I started to say.

"Please, Alpha. I know I'm asking a lot, but she's fragile, and I don't..."

"I don't want to see her hurt herself," Chanse pleaded. "She looks up to you... she always has. I'm sure you can help her."

I sighed. It was hard to say no to that, especially since I needed to live up to my responsibilities.

"Okay, yeah, I'll take her to dinner," I murmured.

Chanse looked happy and smiled at my response.

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Chapter 8190

"Excellent," he said,

He clapped his hands together. "I'll let her know. Thank you, Alpha."

He bowed respectfully before heading to the parlor to share the news with Skyla. I sighed and checked the time; it seemed like I wouldn't be able to catch a break anytime soon.

I was getting ready to go to the mansion tonight. I picked up my phone and found Judy's contact. After I hit the "call" button, I pressed the phone to my cheek and waited for her to answer. But the answer never came. I frowned and looked at the screen, feeling a bit frustrated.

I tried to call her, but the call ended before I could leave a message. So, I decided to text her instead.

"Hey, sorry, I won't be able to come over tonight. But I'll try to stop by tomorrow. Hope you have a good day."

I reread the message, feeling a bit unsure about it. Still, I decided to hit "send" and waited a few minutes for her reply.

When she finally responded, it was just a thumbs-up emoji. I frowned, wondering what that meant.

"Was she upset with me about something?" I wondered.

"Oh, hi Daddy," Irene said as she came down the stairs. "Is everything okay?"

“Yeah,” I replied quietly, my eyes glued to my phone. I shook my head, trying to clear my thoughts.

I thought about Judy being really angry, and I looked up at my daughter, who was still coming down the stairs. “Did you see Judy earlier today?” I asked her.

She frowned at my question and bit her lower lip.

“Yeah,” she said slowly. “She came...”

“I’m here,” she said softly. “She wasn’t feeling good, so she left.”

My frown deepened. She had seemed fine this morning. What could have happened so suddenly that she had to go because she was ill?

“I thought I told you...”

“Did you tell her that the tutoring session was canceled?” I reminded her.