

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Chapter 451
Judy's POV

"Why were Dad and Irene fighting earlier? I heard them yelling," Matt asked during our tutoring session.

His words made me tense. I didn't want to tell him the whole truth—it would only hurt him to know that his own sister had tried to poison him a few months ago. I had to shield him from that horrible reality. Irene already felt remorseful, and Matt wasn't in any danger anymore, but if he ever found out, he'd never be able to trust her again.

"Just some differences," I said with a shrug. "It's nothing to worry about."

He looked at me, a small frown tugging at his face.

"Differences?" he repeated. "They've disagreed before, but never like that. Something felt... off."

I bit my lower lip and kept my eyes fixed on the coffee table.

"Irene made a mistake, a serious one, and it put people at risk. She regrets it, and it won't happen again—but your dad's understandably upset. They just need time to talk things through and figure out what's best for everyone."

Matt went quiet, thinking over my words.

"Oh," he said softly. "It must've been really bad. You can't tell me what happened?"

I sighed and shook my head.

"It's better you don't know right now," I told him gently. "But your dad loves both of you. He'll always do what he can to keep you safe."

"Do you think he's going to send Irene away?" he asked, worry flickering in his eyes.

I smiled and instinctively wrapped an arm around him, pulling him close. It wasn't often that he needed this kind of comfort. He's strong-willed, a great fighter, smart and capable. Sometimes I forget—he's still just a kid. Almost eight years old, trying to follow in Gavin's footsteps, but still a child with fears and worries like anyone else. He doesn't want to see his family fall apart.

"Your dad would never do that," I assured him. "Maybe if he thought Irene was a real threat, then yes, he might. But she's not—and he knows that. Trust me, if she were truly

dangerous, she wouldn't be anywhere near this villa. Or the pack, for that matter. But she's just in her room, reflecting on what she's done. She's not going anywhere. You don't need to worry."

He nodded, his small body relaxing a little.

The parlor door opened, and one of the villa maids walked in carrying a few shopping bags. She looked tired, but when she saw me, her face lit up with a warm smile.

"Miss Montague, I picked out a few outfits for you. I wasn't sure which one would suit you best, so I got several options. They should all be your size, but we can make adjustments if needed. We only have a few hours, so we should try them on now and get you ready," she said brightly.

I glanced at Matt. We hadn't finished our tutoring session, and I really wanted to help him complete his homework. Plus, I didn't want the truth slipping out, especially since these villa walls tend to whisper.

"I'm having dinner tonight with your father and your grandmother," I told him.

He raised his eyebrows.

"My grandmother? Why?"

"She wants to have dinner," I said simply.

He looked at me, puzzled, and then asked, "With you? My tutor?"

I nodded, searching for a reason that would make sense.

"Yes," I replied. "She wants to meet the person who's been tutoring her grandson," I added, ruffling his hair playfully.

He seemed to consider that for a moment, his expression thoughtful. Then he nodded, accepting it.

"Will you be mad if I cut today's session short?" I asked, feeling guilty for missing the last couple of sessions and now having to end this one early too.

He shook his head as he started packing up his things.

"No, my homework's almost done," he said. "I can finish the rest later. Enjoy your dinner."

He stood up and gave me a quick wave before leaving the room. I looked up at the maid, who offered me a small smile.

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“Sorry,” she said softly.

“No, it’s okay,” I told her. “Let’s try on these clothes.”

I hadn’t expected it to take as long as it did, but after a couple of hours, we were finally done trying everything on. She hadn’t just picked up a few nice outfits—she’d gone all out. There were way more bags than when she first walked into the parlor. It turned out she’d filled an entire car with clothes.

“I couldn’t decide,” she said with a sheepish smile after I tried on what felt like the hundredth blouse.

Eventually, I settled on a lovely evening dress paired with a cardigan. The maid helped style my hair into soft, even ringlets that flowed down my back, pulling the front away from my face. She applied a light touch of makeup—just enough to enhance my features and brighten my face without overdoing it.

I slipped on a pair of flats—thankfully, she’d also gone shoe shopping, so I didn’t have to worry about that either. Once dressed, I glanced at myself in the mirror, a knot forming in my stomach.

I was still trying to process the fact that I was about to have dinner with Gavin’s mother—Donna Landry. From what I’d learned over the last few days, she couldn’t stand me. I had no idea how this dinner would go. No outfit or hairstyle could change her opinion of me, so I didn’t understand why she’d invited me in the first place.

When I met Gavin in the parlor, I saw him before he noticed me. He was seated on the couch, scrolling through his phone. Dressed in a sharp business suit, he looked like he was heading to a corporate meeting, and suddenly I felt underdressed. Maybe I should’ve worn something more formal—this was dinner with his mother, after all.

He looked tense, his gaze locked on his phone screen, and for a second, I wondered if it had anything to do with Irene.

I cleared my throat to get his attention.

His eyes lifted from the phone to me. There was a brief pause as his gaze swept over my figure, taking in the dress that clung to my body in all the right places—elegant but modest enough for dinner at his mother’s estate. When his eyes met mine, his expression softened, and my heart skipped a beat.

“Are you ready?” I asked. “You seem lost in thought.”

He swallowed, turned off his phone, and slipped it into his pocket.

“Yeah. We should get going. She hates when people are late,” he murmured. “Shall we?”

I nodded, watching him closely. I wanted to ask if he’d spoken to Irene, but didn’t want Matt to overhear. It was the kind of conversation best saved for the car. I expected either Taylor or Erik to be driving us, so I was surprised when it turned out—

...being Gavin the one to drive.

Listen.

“Why are you driving us?” I asked as we pulled away from the villa.

“Do you have a problem with my driving?” he replied. His tone was dry, but I was starting to understand him well enough to know he was teasing.

“No, but I thought driving yourself places was beneath you,” I teased right back.

“I drove on our date, didn’t I?” he countered, raising his brows.

My cheeks flushed at the mention of our date. Up until now, it had kind of hung between us like an elephant in the room.

“That was different,” I said softly, turning to look out the window. I could practically feel his smirk without even looking at him—and for some reason, that irritated me.

I turned back toward him, narrowing my eyes.

“Got something to say?” I asked boldly.

He shrugged. “Are you going to keep that attitude during dinner? Because getting my mother to like you won’t be easy,” he said, the smirk never leaving his face.

“And why would I care if your mother liked me?” I shot back, folding my arms across my chest. “She already doesn’t like me, so what’s the point?”

“Tonight will certainly be interesting,” he muttered.

“You think this is funny, don’t you?” I asked in disbelief.

He gave a half shrug. “Yeah, maybe I do,” he murmured. “So what?”

I opened my mouth to say something, but the sight of the manor cut me off. My words caught in my throat, and my whole body went cold.

We were here.

Chapter 453

Judy's POV

The manor was stunning—just like the magazines had described. Tucked away in a secluded area of the Silver Crescent pack, I'd never had the chance to see it until now. At the edge of the forest stood a pearl-colored gate leading up the driveway, guarded by a couple of Gamma officers. Only those with invitations—or Gavin—were allowed to pass.

The guards recognized him immediately and opened the gates. He nodded at them as he drove past and continued up the three-mile-long driveway. The drive wound through a dense, forested area, and as we neared the manor, my jaw dropped. It was massive—about the size of a mansion—and sat right at the ocean's edge, gazing out over the horizon. The clearing beyond the forest was wide, and the driveway curved at the top, looping around a large fountain. At its center stood a stone carving of a wolf, staring directly at me.

I recognized the figure as one of the first Lycans to ever walk the earth, and the fact that Donna Landry had a statue of him in her driveway piqued my interest, to say the least.

Gavin parked in one of the designated spots and turned off the engine.

"Are you ready?" he asked, glancing at me. I must've looked like I'd seen a ghost because he narrowed his eyes, a flicker of concern passing through his gaze.

After a pause, I gave a small nod.

"Yeah," I said quietly. "I'm ready."

He nodded and stepped out. Before I could reach for my door, he rushed around and opened it for me, extending his hand.

"You didn't have to do that," I told him, taking his hand as I stepped out. Standing in front of him, I became very aware of just how close he was.

"We need to keep up appearances," he said, his eyes drifting toward the front door. I followed his gaze and spotted a tall, lanky man standing there. I raised a brow and glanced at Gavin, silently asking who he was.

"My mother's butler," he answered.

Of course she had a butler. That didn't surprise me in the least.

"Okay," I murmured, letting him take my arm as he guided me toward the entrance. Compared to Gavin, I looked tiny. He was tall and built like a god—broad shoulders,

strong arms. I had strength too, but it was packed into a petite frame that didn't exactly scream "danger." I might've looked delicate, but I was far from weak. Still, next to Gavin, I looked small. I could only imagine what the butler thought of me—but it was clear from his expression that he was sizing me up.

"Is she close to her butler?" I asked in a low voice, knowing wolves could hear for miles.

"She's close to all her staff," he replied.

I took a shaky breath as we reached the front door.

"Alpha Gavin," the butler said, bowing his head. "Your mother is expecting you."

"Thanks, Doug," Gavin replied with a small nod as a simple gesture.

The butler—Doug—stepped aside to let us in. His eyes flicked to me, and a knot formed in the pit of my stomach. I offered a faint smile, doing my best to maintain appearances, just like Gavin had advised, and then stepped past him into the manor.

I shouldn't have been surprised that the whole place smelled like her perfume, mixed with Daisy's lingering scent—proof she had recently been here, though she was gone now. Gavin stiffened when he picked up on it, and I could practically hear the silent scowl forming as he reached the same conclusion I had.

"Right this way," Doug said, closing the front door and walking ahead of us. "Your mother is in the parlor. Dinner will be ready shortly."

Gavin nodded and took my hand, keeping me close as we followed Doug through the manor. It was stunning—elegantly decorated with portraits lining the walls. They featured past Alphas and men who bore a strong resemblance to Gavin. I assumed they were his family—his father, grandfather, maybe even the brother who was abroad with his own family.

I knew Gavin had a sister too, but I didn't see any portraits of her, which I found a little strange.

There were plenty of photos of Gavin, though, and it warmed my heart to see how much his mother cherished him, even if she couldn't stand me.

As we stepped into the parlor, Gavin's grip on me tightened, like he was afraid I might bolt at any moment. The idea made me want to laugh, but when I glanced up at him, I saw the tension in his jaw.

He was worried about something. I couldn't help but wonder what it was.

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The estate was large and bright, its stone exterior reflecting the afternoon sun. The heat clung to the air, even under the shade of the tall trees surrounding the manor. The breeze from the nearby metro carried the scent of flowers and fresh-cut grass. We stood in the entry hall—Gavin, myself, and a few others—waiting in silence. Daisy was off to the side, casually chatting with Tolley.

“Gavin. I’m so glad you could come,” Donna said, her voice smooth as she rose from the antique couch she’d been sitting on. She walked gracefully toward us, holding a cup of tea in her perfectly manicured hands.

Gavin motioned for me to sit on the couch, his eyes flicking to the spot beside him. Though hesitant, I moved forward and lowered myself into the seat, trying not to show how awkward I felt. My amusement was hard to hide.

“Mother,” Gavin greeted, stepping forward to kiss her cheek. She tilted her head just slightly, accepting the gesture like it was the most natural thing in the world, then returned to her seat, watching him as he sat down beside me.

“I’m glad you could join us too, Judy,” Donna said, her eyes fixed intently on mine.

My cheeks flushed, and I forced a polite smile.

“Thank you for the invitation,” I replied. “I’ll admit—I was a little surprised.”

She arched one of her perfectly shaped brows as she studied me. Maybe I shouldn’t have said that. I mentally kicked myself.

“I’m sure you were,” she said coolly. “We didn’t exactly get off to the best start, and I’d like to apologize for that.”

I gave her a small nod.

“Thank you,” I said, glancing briefly at Gavin. He looked tense, his eyes locked on his mother, not saying a word.

“I suppose it’s because I didn’t realize how important you were to my son. But after watching you two on your little date... I began to think I might’ve been wrong,” she said, her gaze sharp as it assessed me. “If you’re going to be a constant in his life, I figured it was time I got to know you. Don’t you agree?”

I felt the heat rise in my cheeks again, but I nodded.

“Yes, I suppose that makes sense,” I said, doing my best to play my part convincingly.

Gavin reached over and took my hand. The gesture startled me—especially when he laced his fingers through mine. His touch was warm and rough, sending a shiver of electricity through me that made my wolf stir with satisfaction.

I had to shush her before she made it too obvious.

“I figured—what better way to get to know you than dinner at my place,” she said, a slight smile tugging at the corner of her lips, though it didn’t quite reach her eyes. “I hope you like lamb.”

I swallowed and nodded.

“Yes, lamb is great,” I replied. I had never actually eaten lamb before, but it was meat—and wolves loved meat—so I couldn’t imagine disliking it.

“Great,” she said, still watching me closely.

Her gaze made me feel like I was melting under a spotlight. I silently wished she would stop staring at me like that. Sensing my discomfort, Gavin cleared his throat, drawing his mother’s attention.

“I’m glad you managed to have dinner with us without your shadow,” Gavin murmured, and his tone caught me off guard.

She raised a brow at him.

“Are you referring to Daisy?” she asked. “She is not my shadow; she’s a family friend. Have you forgotten she’s your sister-in-law? She’s practically family.”

“She’s not my sister-in-law anymore,” Gavin reminded her. “My late wife passed away years ago.”

“And that makes her any less family?” Donna countered. “Gavin, I’m disappointed in you. I expected better.” Her voice carried a mocking edge, and there was something in her gaze—something unreadable—that passed between them, making me even more uneasy.

“Oh, by the way, I spoke to Cassie,” Donna said casually, though her eyes never left Gavin. His body stiffened the moment she mentioned the name. “She wants to meet with you... and she wants to see her son.”

“No way in hell,” Gavin growled, making Donna’s eyes widen slightly in surprise.

I frowned, feeling the tension radiating off him in heavy waves.

“Gavin, let’s be fair—” Donna began, trying to calm him.

“She’s not going near him,” Gavin snapped through gritted teeth.

“I’m confused,” I said, cutting through the heavy silence. “Who is Cassie?”

Gavin didn’t answer. For a moment, I wasn’t sure either of them had heard me—they were locked in an intense staring match. It was Donna who finally looked away first, sighing as she turned to me.

“Cassie is my daughter,” she explained. “Gavin’s sister.”

Realization hit me like a wave as I exhaled slowly.

They were talking about Cassandra Landry—Matt’s mother.

Chapter 455

Judy’s POV

My chest felt heavy as I looked up at Gavin. A scowl darkened his face, and he looked like he was one second away from punching something at the mere mention of his sister. Gavin hadn’t shared much about her, but I knew she’d fallen on hard times. She wasn’t like the rest of the Landrys. She cut ties with them long ago, and from what I’d heard, no one really knew what had happened to Cassandra Langry. She vanished from newspapers and magazines, as if she had never existed, and everyone just seemed to move on with their lives.

Matthew was only a year old when he went to live with Gavin and his family, and no one ever questioned it. If anyone happened to catch a glimpse of Matt, they assumed Gavin had a child with someone. But for the most part, he went out of his way to keep the boy out of the spotlight because of that.

“Why does she want to see Matthew?” Gavin finally asked, trying to keep his emotions in check.

“Because she’s his mother, and she hasn’t seen him in years,” Donna replied, narrowing her eyes at him like it was the most obvious thing in the world. She seemed genuinely surprised he’d even asked.

“Matthew barely knows who she is,” Gavin said, his lip curling in disgust. “This would just turn his world upside down, and I won’t put him through that.”

“Or maybe it won’t,” Donna said with a shrug. “He knows his mother is your sister. He’s a smart kid, Gavin. He knows she fell on hard times and that she’s trying to do better.”

"Is she, though?" Gavin folded his arms across his chest. "Because I keep close tabs on her, and her doctors are saying she refuses to cooperate. She's erratic, with manic episodes. I'm not going to let Matt get hurt... not again."

"I visited her, and she spoke about Matthew with real emotion," Donna said, a frown tugging at her lips. "She's truly sorry for what she put him through as a baby." Gavin growled, cutting off his mother mid-sentence. She stared at him with wide eyes, clearly shocked that he'd dare growl at her.

"Did you just growl at me?" she asked, uncertain if she'd heard him correctly.

His wolf was on edge—I could feel it. I wasn't sure what compelled me to act, whether it was the high tension or the start of a nervous breakdown, but I reached over and touched his hand. He tensed immediately, his yellow-glowing eyes snapping to where my hand met his. Still, I laced my fingers with his and leaned into him, my wolf stirring within me, as if she, too, wanted to comfort him. It was the kind of thing I would do for a mate... not for Gavin. I had done this for Ethan many times when we first discovered we were mates—back when things were simple and my fated mate still wanted me. That had been the last time I offered someone this kind of comfort. I didn't know what I expected to happen now, but I certainly didn't expect it to work.

With a shuddering breath, Gavin's body slowly relaxed. The glow in his eyes dimmed, replaced by a rare softness—an unexpected vulnerability that took my breath away. Our eyes met for the briefest second before he turned back to his mother, now completely composed.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to growl, Mother," he said.

Her eyes darted between us, growing even wider. Her expression shifted, thoughtful and almost intrigued.

"Interesting," she murmured, taking in the moment that had just unfolded before her.

"I won't allow her any access to him. He's no longer her son—she gave up all her rights, and I signed the adoption certificate years ago. He is legally my son, and I know what's best for him."

That surprised me. I hadn't known Gavin had actually adopted his nephew, making Matthew not just his nephew, but his legal son. It made sense, though. Without official adoption, it would've been impossible to keep the truth about Matthew's parentage hidden.

Donna opened her mouth, possibly to argue, or maybe to surrender and let it go. But before she could speak, one of the maids entered the parlor and bowed her head politely.

“Dinner is being served in the dining hall,” she announced.

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Donna sighed, letting go of whatever she’d been about to say. Then she stood.

“I guess we should go eat, then,” she said, eyeing both of us closely.

Gavin rose as well, his hand still clasped in mine. It was as if he didn’t want to let me go, and the closeness made my heart skip a beat. He gave my hand a gentle squeeze before guiding me alongside him toward the dining hall.

Once we were seated, the food was brought out almost immediately. My mouth practically watered at the sight of all the delicious meats being placed on the table by several maids.

“I hope you’re hungry,” Donna said, watching me carefully. “We have plenty of food.”

That much was obvious—dishes were still coming out as she spoke. I was starving. I hadn’t had a chance to eat all day. I had planned to make something in the kitchen once I arrived at the villa, before my tutoring session with Matt, but then Gavin announced the dinner plans. After that, my stomach had been in knots all evening.

So, to say I hadn’t eaten today would be an understatement.

“Enjoy,” one of the maids said once everything was served. She gave a quick bow and exited with the others.

Gavin lifted his wine glass and took a long sip of the deep red liquid. I could tell he needed it. I hesitated to drink mine—wine always made me feel a little foggy, and at least one of us needed to have a clear head if we were going to get through this night.

We filled our plates and finally started eating. The food was incredible, perfectly seasoned and tender—or maybe I was just that hungry.

“I’m not sure what the doctors have been telling you, but she looks really good,” Donna said.

“We’re not continuing this conversation, Mother,” Gavin said through clenched teeth.

Donna sighed and backed off.

“Fine. We don’t need to talk about it anymore,” she said after a pause. Then she turned her attention to me just as I was taking a bite of lamb. “So, Judy. Tell me about your family. Are they well off?”

I didn't miss the glare Gavin shot her way, and honestly, it was kind of cute. Here he was—big, bad Alpha Lycan Chairman—and his mother still knew exactly how to get under his skin.

"My father is the Delta of the Redmoon Pack," I replied after swallowing my food.

She nodded.

"That's a pretty small pack, if I remember correctly. Is that the one without an Alpha?"

I nodded.

"The Beta's been running it. But Gavin is technically in charge right now," I told her.

"They're still trying to find good candidates for the role."

"I see," she said, cutting into her food and lifting the bite to her lips. As she chewed, her eyes stayed fixed on me.

"Have you ever been mated before?"

I froze at the question, and Gavin let out a low growl deep in his throat.

"Mother," he warned, but she just gave him a playful look.

"It's only a question. What? Is it some kind of big, bad secret?" she asked, amusement gleaming in her eyes.

I didn't know how to respond. Should I tell her the truth? It felt like she already knew and was simply testing me. And really, what was the point in lying? She was Donna Landry—if she hadn't already found out, she easily could.

"Yes," I said. "I was mated before. It didn't work out."

"He rejected you?" she asked, eyebrows arching in surprise.

My cheeks flushed. It was bold of her to assume it was him who did the rejecting—not me.

"Why would he do something like that? Rejecting a fated mate isn't something that happens often," Donna pressed, taking another bite of her food.

"That's enough," Gavin said through gritted teeth. "You've asked enough questions."

"I'm sorry. I'm just trying to get to know your little girlfriend," Donna said, her tone laced with mockery.

Was this dinner a joke?

Was she trying to prove a point?

Donna turned her gaze back to me, her eyes narrowing. I could see the sharp, calculating side of her pushing to the surface.

“So tell me, Judy. Why weren’t you good enough for your own fated mate?”