

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law Chapter 461

Judy sucked in a sharp breath.

“They just left? And no one knew where they’d gone?” she asked, tears welling in her eyes.

I nodded.

“Yeah,” I murmured. “We searched everywhere, but they had vanished. She left a note saying not to look for them—that they didn’t need us anymore. I knew she’d relapse again, and I never trusted him. I was terrified for Matt.”

“I would be too,” Judy whispered.

“I never stopped looking. He’s my nephew...” I said softly. “I searched for over a year and eventually found them in a rundown apartment in human territory. The place reeked, and Matthew was on the floor, sobbing. Bruises covered his body... and it was obvious he’d been drugged. He was only one year old,” I added, the memory choking me.

She gasped.

“What?” she asked, her eyes wide with horror.

“Yeah... his father was nowhere to be found, but I knew he’d caused the bruises on both my sister and Matt. She was completely out of it, nearly overdosed. I didn’t know how long they’d been in that state. Matt was severely malnourished, dehydrated, and high. I brought them back to the pack immediately. They both spent a long time in the hospital recovering. When Matt was finally stable, I took him home. Cassie stayed hospitalized for a while longer. Eventually, she was moved to our inpatient detox center—which also serves as a psych ward. She’s been there ever since. I convinced her to sign over her parental rights, and I adopted Matthew.”

“And his father? That rogue... is he still out there?”

I shook my head.

“I killed him a few years ago. He was spotted sniffing around. I didn’t know if he was after her or their son—and I didn’t care to find out. I killed him on sight.”

Judy let out a long breath.

“I had no idea any of that happened...” she whispered. “Now I understand why you don’t want her anywhere near Matthew.”

I nodded.

“Yeah,” I said simply.

We sat in silence for a moment until she unbuckled her seatbelt and cleared her throat.

“Thanks for tonight... for standing up for me. It meant a lot,” she said softly. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

She started to leave, but I reached out and gently pulled her back to me. I kissed her deeply. She sighed against my mouth, kissing me back. After a moment, I pulled away.

“Good night,” I whispered.

Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes darkened with longing, but she nodded and stepped out of the car.

I waited until she was safely inside before driving off.

But I didn’t head home. I kept driving until I reached a familiar building. Shutting off the engine, I stepped out and walked through the front door. The bell chimed as I entered and made my way to the reception desk.

Catherine, the night receptionist, gave me a surprised smile.

“Good evening, Alpha. I wasn’t expecting to see you this late,” she said gently.

I took a deep breath, steeling my nerves.

“This couldn’t wait,” I said. “I’m here to see my sister.”

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Gavin’s POV

I couldn’t remember the last time I actually came to visit my sister. Usually, I’d send one of my guys to check in and report back on how she was doing. A part of me wanted to turn around and go home; I shouldn’t have let my mother get under my skin like this. But knowing Cassandra wanted to see Matthew was driving me crazy. There was no way in

hell I'd ever let her near him again—not after what she did when he was just a baby. She gave up every right to him the moment she ran off with that monster.

Catherine glanced up at me through her glasses and nodded while typing something into her computer. She kept a log of all the patients and whether they could have visitors at any given time. Some visitors acted out and ended up with their visitation rights revoked temporarily. I wasn't surprised that my sister might fall into that category.

After a moment, Catherine nodded again and stood up from her desk.

"I'll go get her. You can wait in the visitor lounge," she said. "Do you need security in the room with you?"

"No, I can handle my own sister," I muttered, heading toward the door marked Visitor Lounge.

She nodded and walked off toward the inpatient center.

"They'll be stationed outside the door. Cassandra Landry is... unpredictable," she added as she disappeared through the double doors.

She didn't need to tell me that. Cassandra had always been unpredictable.

I sighed and stepped into the visitor lounge. The room was cozy, set up like a small living room—minus the TV. A few comfortable couches, some chairs, a large bookshelf, a water bubbler in the corner, a mini fridge with a microwave on top, and a big window that looked out over the facility garden. Long, flowing curtains brushed the floor, matching the room's soft, calming color scheme.

My palms were damp, and I wiped them on my pants. I wasn't sure why I felt so nervous. I never got nervous, but here I was, sweating like crazy. It was ridiculous. I was here for one reason and one reason only: to tell Cassandra she couldn't see Matthew.

I sat down, forcing myself to stop pacing like a lunatic.

I waited. It felt like forever—she might've been asleep. It was kind of late.

Finally, the door opened. Cassandra walked in with a guard behind her. He said something that made her roll her eyes, but I didn't catch it. My attention was locked on her face, her body. She looked healthy, just like Mom had said. But that didn't mean I trusted her. I didn't care if she was clean—she still wasn't getting near Matthew. She wore casual clothes, and her hair was pulled back into a neat ponytail.

The guard closed the door behind her, leaving us alone. Her eyes met mine as if she hadn't expected to see me, and I saw the surprise flash across her face. Clearly, no one had told her who she'd be meeting.

“Gavin?” she whispered. “You came...”

I stood up, already feeling my blood start to boil.

“Yeah,” I said, my tone sharper than I meant. “I thought it was time we talked.”

She nodded, looking around the room briefly before her gaze returned to mine. I saw the hope flicker and fade.

“Is Matthew here too?” she asked, her voice laced with cautious optimism.

“No, he’s not,” I replied, unable to hide the irritation in my voice. “That’s what I came to talk to you about.”

Her expression dropped for a split second before she collected herself and nodded.

“Okay,” she breathed. “Then let’s sit down.”

She walked over to one of the chairs and eased into it. I sat back down on the couch I’d been using earlier.

“I’m guessing you talked to Mom,” she said, her eyes meeting mine.

I nodded.

“Yeah. Just had dinner with her,” I said quietly. “She never changes.”

Cassie snorted.

“That’s an understatement. She’s such a meddler. But... I’m glad she talked to you. I’ve been wanting to reach out myself... but I was so afraid you’d just ignore my calls.”

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It wasn’t irrational for her to fear that—I absolutely would have ignored her. Talking to Cassie was the last thing I wanted to do, even now. But it had to be done. She needed to understand that she would never have a place in Matthew’s life again.

“I want to see my son...” she finally said, her voice soft and hesitant.

“After what you did... what makes you think you deserve that?” I asked through clenched teeth, my tone sharp enough to make her flinch.

“It was a long time ago, Gavin. I’ve changed...”

“Taking a shower and wearing clean clothes doesn’t mean a damn thing, Cassie,” I snapped, narrowing my eyes. “You nearly killed him when he was barely a year old. You really think I’d let you near him again?”

Tears brimmed in her eyes.

“He’s my son...”

“He stopped being your son the moment you signed away your parental rights,” I hissed. “You gave that up. He’s my son now, and I’ll protect him from people like you. I didn’t come here to indulge your wishes—I came here to tell you to stay away.”

I stood up. I was finished. I had said what I came to say, and I was ready to walk away.

She rose too, desperation in her eyes.

“Please,” she begged. “I just want to see how he’s doing...”

“He’s doing great,” I said coldly, locking eyes with her. “He’s getting good grades, has friends, he’s healthy, and he’s surrounded by a family that loves him. He doesn’t need anything. I’m giving him a life you never could.”

She inhaled sharply at my words—harsh but true. The truth hit her hard, and it showed in her silence.

“What happened when he was a baby... it wasn’t my fault,” she said quietly. “It was Macus. You know that. He’s the one who left those bruises—on both of us. He injected us with those drugs, took everything from me, and vanished. I was a victim too.”

I growled, my wolf stirring beneath the surface at the audacity of her excuse.

“You stopped being a victim the second you ran off with him,” I said, voice low and threatening. “You knew what kind of man he was—the rogue he always had been. But you still took Matthew and left the protection of our pack. You vanished for over a year, Cassie. And the condition I found him in—the condition I found you in—was your fault. You may not have laid a hand on him, but you sure as hell didn’t protect him.”

I spat those words like venom, and she winced.

“I know I screwed up, Gavin. I know that,” she said. “But I just want to talk to him. I want to see what he looks like, to get to know him. Does he even know I exist? Or have you made him believe you’re his real father?”

“He knows about you,” I murmured. “He knows his mother’s in a hospital. He knows she’s not safe for him. He knows he’s with a family who loves and protects him—and that you

are not a part of that. Leave him alone, Cassie. His life is good. He doesn't need it turned upside down."

I knew my words were cutting. She was my sister, and maybe I should feel some sympathy. But I didn't. Not after everything she'd put Matthew through. Her tears meant nothing to me, and I wasn't going to cave just because she was crying now.

I turned away, ready to leave and never come back unless absolutely necessary.

But then her voice stopped me cold.

"But what about what Matt wants?" she asked, suddenly louder. "What if he wants to know his mother? What if he wants answers about who I am? Did you ever ask him? Or did you decide his future for him like you do with everyone else? You're not innocent in this, Gavin. You're the reason he doesn't have a mother."

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Third Person POV

Irene had never seen her father so furious with her before. For a moment, she feared he might actually banish her. She was shocked when he didn't. After all, she had nearly gotten Matt killed and then tried to frame one person while unintentionally implicating another—ultimately getting someone fired, banished, and possibly even killed.

She'd been sitting with the guilt for weeks, but now it felt even heavier after her father discovered the truth and spent hours reprimanding her for her reckless actions. She had been avoiding Matt ever since, but she knew she couldn't keep pretending like nothing had happened.

After spending most of the day and night alone in her room, she finally stepped out the next morning and made her way down the hallway. It was already late morning, and she headed straight to Matt's room. He might still be asleep, but she knocked anyway.

After a minute, the door opened, and Matt appeared with a curious look in his eyes. Irene rarely came to his room without a reason.

"Hey," she said awkwardly. "Can we talk for a minute?"

He stepped aside to let her in.

"Sure," he replied, gesturing to one of the chairs.

She sat down and began nervously fidgeting with her fingers while he climbed onto his bed. Once he was settled, he looked at her expectantly. Irene hesitated. How could she possibly admit that she had nearly killed him—and tried to blame Judy for it? There was no way he'd forgive her once he knew, but she had to be the one to tell him. It would be worse if he found out from someone else.

A knot twisted in her stomach as she chewed on her lower lip.

"You're making me nervous," Matt said, his brow furrowed as he stared at the girl he'd always known as his sister. His eyes were filled with trust—and Irene worried that trust was about to disappear.

"Okay, so here's the thing. I have to tell you something, and you're not going to like it," Irene blurted, eyes glued to her fidgeting hands.

Matt nodded slowly, waiting.

"So..." she began, then paused to gather her thoughts. She needed to say this carefully. "Do you remember when you had that allergic reaction last month?"

Matt nodded.

"It's hard to forget," he replied. "I almost died."

Irene swallowed hard and gave a small nod.

"It was my fault," she said, voice barely above a whisper.

Matt frowned in confusion.

"What do you mean?"

"I was the one who put the peanut butter in your sandwich, Matt... I'm the one who poisoned you," she confessed, tears welling in her eyes as guilt gripped her.

"Y-you poisoned me?" Matt stammered, his face falling as the truth hit him. It hadn't been Judy. It hadn't been the maid. It had been his sister.

"Yes," Irene whispered, tears sliding down her cheeks. "But Matt, you have to believe me—I never meant to hurt you—"

"What did you think would happen? You know I'm allergic to peanuts," Matt said, standing up.

"I know, but there are Epi-pens all over this house, and I thought I'd get to one in time... I had one in my pocket—"

“But you didn’t use it. You just stood there, frozen. It was Dad who saved me. He came home just in time and grabbed the pen from the living room. You had one in your pocket, and you just watched me suffer?”

Irene’s bottom lip trembled as she bit down on it, tears still falling.

“I was so scared... I didn’t think it would be that bad. I thought...” her voice trailed off. The truth was, she didn’t know what she had thought. She’d only seen him have a reaction once before, when she was little. Their father had handled it so quickly back then, she had barely remembered it. “I don’t know... I’m so sorry, Matt.”

“You told Dad it was Judy who put the peanut butter in the sandwich. You framed her! Why?”

Irene looked down at her hands again, still nervously fidgeting.

“It’s complicated...”

“Tell me the truth, Irene,” Matt demanded, his voice rising. “Why would you do that to her? What did she ever do to deserve that? You almost got her banished... and you did get a maid banished!”

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