

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law Chapter 465-467

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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Judy’s POV

“We have to get him outside,” Gavin said, his face tight with worry as he stared down at Matt.

Matt was about to shift into his wolf for the first time—before even turning eight. No wolf had ever shifted before the age of eighteen. This was something neither of us ever expected... especially not with Matt. He was screaming and growling, his small body writhing as his bones broke and realigned. The pain etched into his young face was heartbreaking.

I nodded in agreement, but moving him wouldn’t be easy.

The first shift was always excruciating—but witnessing it in someone so young was absolutely gut-wrenching.

I helped Gavin lift Matt into his arms. He thrashed and screamed in agony as more bone-snapping sounds echoed around us. As we rushed out of the room, Irene stood sobbing, her hands clamped over her mouth. Something was very wrong, and a sick feeling twisted in my stomach. But I shoved it aside for now and focused on Matt.

Irene followed closely as we hurried down the stairs and out the back door. Once we were outside, Gavin gently placed Matt on the ground and stepped back. His face was filled with turmoil and fear, his eyes locked on Matt.

“It’s going to be okay,” I said softly. “He’ll be okay...”

Gavin nodded, swallowing hard. I watched his Adam’s apple bob with the effort. Matt’s howl snapped my attention back to him, just as fur began pushing through his skin. I knew it must have felt like razors slicing him open—first shifts were always brutal.

Irene stood off to the side, frozen in horror as she watched her brother transform.

It felt like an eternity before the shift was complete.

None of us knew what to say. We stared in stunned silence at his tiny wolf form—clearly the runt. He resembled Gavin’s large black wolf, only much smaller. The fury and pain once in his eyes had faded, replaced by pure shock. Even in his wolf form, I could tell Matt was still present, still aware. He looked from Gavin to me, and then locked eyes with Irene. A snarl burst from his mouth, making her stumble back.

Gavin immediately stepped in front of Irene, a low growl rumbling in his throat—warning Matt to back off.

Without delay, Gavin began stripping, making my face burn red. But he wasn’t naked for long—he shifted into his wolf to communicate with Matt more easily.

I turned to Irene, who was trembling, her face buried in her hands as she cried.

“Irene, what happened?” I asked gently, stepping aside to give Gavin and Matt space. “How did this happen?”

“It’s all my fault,” she choked out, lifting her tear-streaked face. “I opened my big, stupid mouth. He got so angry... and then he just started shifting. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“What do you mean it was your fault?” I asked, guiding her over to one of the lounge chairs on the patio. Gavin and Matt were now racing toward the forest. Matt’s movements were still shaky, but he kept pace, learning quickly with Gavin’s help.

“I told him the truth,” she whispered. “I had to. I couldn’t keep living with the lie... I had to tell him what I did.”

My stomach dropped.

“You told him you were the one who poisoned him?” I whispered.

Tears streamed down her face as she nodded.

“Yes... I couldn’t hold it in any longer. He needed to know. Oh, Judy... he hates me.”

My heart ached seeing the pain in her eyes. I wrapped her in a hug, holding her tight.

“He’ll be okay, Irene,” I said softly. “Don’t blame yourself. He’s going to be fine. He’ll forgive you. He knows you love him...”

“No, he doesn’t,” she cried.

I looked toward the forest where Gavin and Matt had disappeared. I knew they’d be gone for a while, and even when they returned, there would be a lot to unpack. Matt’s shift changed everything.

“How about we get out of here for a bit?” I offered. “We could go back to the mansion and hang out.”

She glanced toward the woods where her father and brother had vanished.

“Yeah,” she said quietly. “Maybe that’s a good idea.”

Beta Taylor got us back to the mansion in about thirty minutes. The farther we got from the villa, the more Irene seemed to settle in her seat. She was still on edge, and my heart went out to her.

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As we pulled up to the mansion, I frowned at the sight of an unfamiliar car parked out front.

“Were you expecting someone?” Irene asked, noticing it too.

“No, I don’t think so,” I murmured, unbuckling my seatbelt and stepping out of the car.

We walked to the front door and pushed it open. Almost immediately, I heard voices coming from the living room—followed by what sounded like laughter. I furrowed my brow and glanced back at Irene, who looked just as confused.

We moved through the foyer and into the living room. The moment I stepped through the doorway, I froze.

I hadn’t expected to see the people sitting on the couch—and judging by Irene’s sharp intake of breath, neither had she.

“Tabby?” I said, my voice filled with disbelief. Sitting beside her were Chuck and Sherry.

My jaw nearly hit the floor.

Sammy was curled up on one of the love seats, a big smile on her face as she chattered away about her time here since arriving. Chuck and Sherry looked like they were only half-listening.

“What are you doing here?” I asked as Tabby walked up and wrapped me in a tight hug.

I hugged her back without hesitation.

“We wanted to visit you,” she said. “I told you before—Chuck, Sherry, and I are from the same pack. We weren’t that close growing up, but after the competition, we bonded. We missed you and thought it was time to see what the Silver Crescent Pack was all about. So... here we are.”

“How long are you staying?” I asked, pulling away slightly. “If I’d known, I would’ve been here to greet you. I would’ve had the maids prepare the guest rooms.”

“Already done,” Sammy chimed in with a bright smile. “Some of the maids got their rooms ready earlier. They arrived a few hours ago, so there was plenty of time.”

I was grateful for that, though my trust in Sammy was starting to fade.

Tabby’s smile looked a bit too forced as she glanced in Sammy’s direction—something about it caught my attention.

“And I’m glad you did. Thank you, Sammy,” Tabby added, her grip on my arm tightening slightly.

“You remember Irene, right?” I asked, motioning for her to step further into the room. Irene’s eyes flicked between Chuck and Sherry, then to me, a faint blush creeping into her cheeks.

At the mention of Irene’s name, Chuck visibly tensed. He turned to look at her, his gaze lingering a little longer than it should have. I raised an eyebrow at Irene, but she quickly avoided my eyes.

“Of course,” Tabby said, briefly letting go of me to give Irene a quick hug. “Landry, right?”

“Yes,” Irene replied softly—much more softly than I was used to hearing from her.

Chuck stood up suddenly, rubbing the back of his neck.

“It’s good to see you again, Irene,” he said with a small smile.

Her blush deepened, and she bit her lower lip, giving him a slight nod.

“Can I talk to you for a minute?” Tabby whispered, leaning in close. “Privately?”

I nodded, curiosity stirring as I followed her into the next room.

Once we were alone, Tabby exhaled and looked visibly relieved.

“We lied. We didn’t just come to visit—we came to warn you,” she said, turning to face me.

“I’m not sure whether to feel offended or not,” I admitted, lifting a brow.

“I didn’t mean it like that. Of course we wanted to see you—at least, I did. I missed you so much,” she said, pulling me into another tight hug. “Chuck mostly wanted to see Irene, and Sherry’s been keeping us focused. But this is serious.”

“Okay... so what’s going on?”

“It’s about Sammy. She’s been lying to everyone. We still don’t know exactly what she’s planning, but she’s been in contact with all of Alpha Landry’s enemies—close contact.”

My stomach sank. I’d known she was hiding something.

“How do you know?”

“She always seemed off when we hung out—always sneaking off for secret calls, disappearing without explanation. After the competition, I had some time to dig. I asked Sherry for help, and we looked into her background. Most of her personal history is gone—like someone wiped it clean. But that’s not even the strangest part.”

“It gets weirder?” I asked, narrowing my eyes.

She nodded gravely.

After a moment of silence, she said, “That boyfriend she always talked about? He doesn’t exist.”