

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

****Chapter 51****

Gavin sat down at the table, and I nervously took a seat beside him.

A maid hurried into the room, carrying a bottle of wine and another bottle of apple juice. Without wasting any time, she poured a glass for Irene.

Matt held a glass of wine while his friend had a glass of apple juice. She moved around the table towards Gavin and poured wine into his glass too. When she reached me, she smiled politely.

"Would you like some wine, madam?" she asked.

She asked, "What would you like to drink?"

"I'll take apple juice," I replied quickly.

There was no way I was going to drink alcohol while I was here. I needed to stay sharp, and right now, I didn't trust drunk Judy when it came to Gavin.

She looked surprised but nodded and poured me a glass of apple juice. After she left, Irene frowned at me.

"You don't drink?" she asked.

"Only on special occasions," I replied.

Before she could say anything else,

Another maid walked into the room, pushing a cart filled with covered food items. The delicious smells wafting from it made my mouth water. At that moment, I didn't even care what the food was.

When she uncovered one dish, I gasped in surprise. It was a huge T-bone steak.

There were four bone steaks on the platter, one for each of us. They were still sizzling on the metal pan, juicy and marinating in their own flavors. My mouth watered as she carefully placed a steak on each of our plates.

She uncovered another platter and found a big pile of mashed potatoes seasoned with garlic. She scooped generous portions onto our plates. The next platter was filled with mixed veggies, roasted in butter and seasoned with salt and pepper.

“Is this all for us?”

“Is there anything else I can get for you, Alpha?” she asked as she pushed the cart away from the table.

“That’s everything,” Gavin replied, keeping his eyes focused on his food. “Thank you,” he added, sounding a bit surprised.

She nodded, her face lighting up with a smile at his words before she turned and walked away.

“This looks incredible,” I said, taking in the beautiful colors and wonderful scents around me.

“Our maids cook the best food,” Irene replied, agreeing with me as she joined in the observation.

She picked up her fork and knife. I picked up my own fork and knife and started to dig in. The steak was medium rare and cooked perfectly. It practically cut like butter, and the flavors burst in my mouth as I chewed slowly. Both my

I felt really relaxed, my stomach full and my wolf at ease.

“How’s tutoring going?” Gavin asked, looking over at Math. Math was focused on his steak, carefully picking it apart and avoiding the fatty edges.

Math glanced at Gavin, as if deciding how to respond.

He was surprised when he was asked.

“It’s great,” he answered after a moment of silence. “Judy is the best. She teaches me things that no other tutor has ever taught me!”

—

****Chapter 51****

Irene spoke up, “That’s because they probably didn’t know how to do those things, Dad. I’m not sure where you found those tutors, but they weren’t good.”

Gavin just hummed in response.

He seemed to agree with them. My cheeks turned red from the compliment, and I popped a piece of broccoli into my mouth. I chewed slowly, savoring the strong flavor, almost letting out a moan of delight. I quickly stifled the sound, not wanting to draw any attention to myself.

Matt looked down for a moment and said quietly, "Yeah, they were dimwits."

Gavin raised an eyebrow and replied calmly, "Language."

Matt's face turned pale, but he decided to keep quiet.

We went back to eating, mostly in silence. Matt and Irene started a conversation, breaking the quiet.

I was part of a casual conversation, but I wasn't really paying attention. Once I started to feel full, I pushed my plate away and leaned back in my seat. I felt completely satisfied and just wanted to leave and put some space between myself and the table.

Gavin and I were sitting at the dining table when the maids began to gather around us. They started to clear our plates, making the room feel less cluttered.

"Dessert, Alpha?" one of the maids asked as she poured more wine into his glass.

He looked at me, as if he was waiting for me to respond.

"I should be going," I told him, giving him a small smile. "But thank you for dinner. I truly enjoyed it."

He looked at me for a moment longer, as if he wanted to say something.

He decided not to speak but gave me a small nod.

"Let Leroy give you a ride," he suggested. "It's late, and you shouldn't be out and about at this hour."

I bit my lip and nodded in agreement.

"That would be nice," I said as I stood up. He joined me and then motioned for me to go ahead. I didn't expect him to follow me to the door, but he did.

I could feel his eyes on me, watching my every move.

Gavin and Judy didn't notice Irene and Matt staring at them as they walked out of the dining room. Irene was curious about Judy because it was obvious that Matt had feelings for her. She wanted to know more about this girl who had caught Matt's attention.

Judy was the first tutor he had ever worked with, and it made Irene curious about who Judy really was and what made her so special.

Irene had to admit that even in the short time she spent with Judy, she found herself liking her.

Irene felt that Judy was hiding something, a secret she just couldn't figure out.

During dinner, she noticed her father stealing glances at Judy while he ate. He didn't even seem to realize he was doing it.

She suddenly realized what Judy was hiding. There was something going on between Judy and her father.

A smile appeared on her lips as she watched them. Matt was also watching, and he had a hopeful look on his face.

When he turned to look at Irene, their eyes met. They both wore the same knowing expression, as if they understood something important together.

****Chapter 52****

****Third Person POV****

Later that evening, Irene sat curled up on the couch, staring at her phone. Ethan had said he would call her at 8 PM, but now it was 9:30 PM, and she was still waiting.

She tried calling him a couple of times about half an hour ago, but he didn't answer. She also sent him a text, but it went unread.

This wasn't like him. He had never just disappeared like this before, and she felt uneasy. She wasn't sure what to do.

Her stomach felt tight, and she couldn't shake the bad feeling in her chest. She wished she had someone to talk to about it, but she didn't have any real friends. She felt alone and overwhelmed.

Irene had a few friends she hung out with now and then, but she was smart enough to see when they were using her. Most of these girls only wanted to be around her because she was Gavin Landry's daughter. They either wanted something from her or were after her social status. Irene could sense their true intentions, and that made her cautious about who she let into her life.

Her father is the person she really wants to connect with. Right now, her closest friend is Judy, but she doesn't have Judy's phone number. She's not even sure if Judy wants to be friends with her anymore. Feeling a bit lost, she wrapped her arms around herself.

Irene wrapped her arms around her body, as if she were trying to hold herself together.

“Everything okay?” her father asked as he walked into the room. He was wearing just his pajama bottoms and no shirt, which was unusual for Irene to see.

Father was never seen without a suit. He always looked sharp, even when he was just walking around the house, which he rarely did.

“I’m worried about Ethan,” she said, looking at her phone. “He hasn’t…”

Gavin let out a frustrated sigh that Irene recognized all too well. It was a sign of his disapproval. Everyone knew that Gavin didn’t like Ethan very much. Irene was puzzled by this because Ethan had always treated her kindly.

The very first moment they met was unforgettable. He looked incredibly handsome in his tuxedo, with his dark curls brushed away from his face as he scanned the room at the Alpha banquet. Everyone was talking about the recent news that Alpha Carter from the Redmoon pack had passed away.

After the battle, all the Alpha candidates in the area gathered to impress Gavin Landry.

Gavin was unique; he had the power to choose any Alpha he wanted without needing to talk to the other Lycans. This made him a key figure in their community.

Ethan was the most powerful Lycan chairman in the world.

When Ethan’s eyes met Irene’s, it felt like they were the only two people in existence. Her heart raced, and even her wolf felt happy and satisfied. She was drawn to him in a way she couldn’t explain.

Ethan smiled as he looked at her, clearly enjoying what he saw. It didn’t take long for him to walk over and order her another glass of champagne.

They talked all night long. Ethan hadn’t felt this connected to someone in a while.

He didn’t even bother to ask her about her father or to talk with him all night. It was as if he had forgotten why he was there in the first place.

By the end of the night, he finally asked for her number. The next day, he called her.

They talked all night until the sun came up. She had never felt this way about anyone before, and she wanted to be with him more than anything. But when she told her father about him and how much she wanted to be with him, he didn’t respond the way she hoped.

At first, he was not happy about it. In fact, he shared his worries about Ethan using her. He mentioned that he didn’t really like Ethan very much because of what he had seen and heard from various packs.

Irene had to admit that she was a bit taken aback by his concerns.

Ethan felt a little crazy and threatened his own life when he insisted that he needed Irene's father's blessing to marry her. He believed he had no choice but to do this. A month later, Ethan proposed to Irene, and she excitedly accepted.

****Chapter 0052: The Opportunity****

Irene looked over at her...

Gavin sat quietly on the couch next to his daughter. They both stared ahead, not saying a word.

Finally, she broke the silence. "When Mom was alive, did you love her?"

Gavin looked surprised by the question. He turned to face her, concern filling his eyes.

******"She was my fated mate," ****** he said confidently. ******"Of course, I loved her." ******

******"I know she was your fated mate," ****** she replied, looking down at her hands. ******"That just means you were meant to be together." ******

"You are connected by your wolves," she said. "But that doesn't mean you have to truly love her."

"I loved her," he replied.

"But did you love her because of the bond, or because of what you really felt in your heart?" she asked.

****Chapter 53****

****+25 BONUS****

In this chapter, the story continues to unfold. Characters face new challenges and opportunities, leading to exciting developments. As we dive deeper into their journey, we see how their decisions shape the path ahead.

Stay tuned for more thrilling moments!

****Chapter 53****

“Why are you asking?” he shot back, narrowing his eyes at her.

She bit her bottom lip, gently nibbling on it as she tried to think of how to respond.

She wasn't sure why she wanted to know the answer to his question. Maybe it was to prove that the mate bond didn't really matter. She wasn't mated with Ethan, but she often wondered what would happen if either of them found their true mates. Would they still feel the same way about each other?

Irene couldn't shake the thought that worried her. Would she and Ethan choose to be together, or would they just end up with whoever was meant to be their mate? The idea terrified her. She would be lying if she said she wasn't scared of the day Ethan might find his true mate and leave her behind.

She really wanted to know if Ethan felt the same way.

The mate bond is a powerful connection that can't easily be resisted. If someone as strong and capable as Gavin Landry couldn't fight against it, what hope was there for anyone else?

“I'm just trying to understand how the mate bond works,” she said, searching for clarity.

She murmured nervously, tugging at her fingers.

He sighed and leaned back on the couch, thinking about her question.

“The bond is strong,” he said finally. “It's probably the strangest thing you'd ever experience. You think your...

You might think you have everything under control, but in reality, you're not. It's your wolves that take charge. They make it hard to resist their pull. Yet, deep down, part of you doesn't want to stay away. You will find it difficult to break free.

“I started to crave them so much that it felt almost painful. Trying to fight it would only make me and my wolf miserable.”

“Did you try to fight it?” she asked.

“I was young,” he murmured.

I didn't really understand the feelings or the bond we had. It was all very confusing. A part of me wanted to fight against it, yes. But your mother had a special way of bringing me out of my shell. Then, she gave me a new perspective on everything.

Gavin smiled and said, “You are the greatest gift I could have ever received.”

“What’s that?” his daughter asked, curious.

Gavin wrapped his arm around her and pulled her in for a warm hug.

“You,” he replied simply.

She smiled brightly as she looked up at him, feeling happy and loved.

“Did you love her?” she asked softly. It wasn’t a question this time, but Gavin still felt the need to respond. He nodded, a gentle smile forming on his lips.

“Yes,” he replied.

“It was really difficult,” he said, reflecting on the past.

“Is that why you don’t date?” she asked, looking at him curiously.

He raised his eyebrows at her question. “I date,” he replied defensively.

“You don’t date seriously,” she shot back, a hint of challenge in her voice.

***“It’s always one-night stands. Never anything real.”**

Chapter 0053

** -25 BONUS **

“I don’t have the time to date,” he told her. “I have a pack to run, duties to fulfill, and children to care for.”

“I’m not a child anymore, Dad,” she said, nudging his arm gently. “And Matt doesn’t need you around all the time. We both want you to be happy, even if that means dating someone new.”

“Someone younger than you,” she said, biting her lip. She was hinting, and he could tell. He frowned at her.

“Someone younger?” he asked, his eyes fixed on her face.

She shrugged.

“We just want you to be happy... with whoever you choose,” she told him. “We don’t want you to be lonely.”

“You’ve thought a lot about this, huh?” he asked her.

She held back a smile, knowing he was right.

for everything, she added, forcing a small smile as she stood up.

"I'm going to bed now. I guess Ethan won't call me tonight," she said. Gavin could feel the sadness in her voice.

"Good night, Dad. Thanks for everything," she said again, trying to sound cheerful.

Gavin didn't say anything. He simply nodded at her and watched as she left the room. His thoughts drifted back to Judy and how she must be feeling about her own mate bond. Gavin understood that the mate bond was a deep connection, and he couldn't help but wonder what she was experiencing.

Judy was strong, but she faced a tough reality. Her fated mate was marrying another woman, and there was nothing she could do about it. This was a heavy burden for her to carry.

Meanwhile, he wondered if Judy had the strength to overcome such deep pain.

"Is there anything you need tonight before I call it a night?" one of the maids asked as she walked into the room.

Gavin sighed and stood up.

"No, you are dismissed," he replied, then began to walk past her.

"I really liked Miss Montague," the maid said just before Gavin could leave the room. "She's a good fit for the house; don't you think?"

Gavin wasn't sure how to respond, so he decided to stay quiet.

He didn't say a word. He walked out of the living room without looking back at her.

****Chapter 0054****

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

The house was quiet when I got home after dinner at Gavin's place. Lately, it always felt quiet.

It felt so empty without my mother around. She stayed hidden in her room most of the time, leaving the house feeling lonely.

The room was silent. I hung my coat on the hook and walked upstairs. I stopped outside her bedroom door, which was down the hall from my room. There was no light on, and I wasn't sure if she was awake or asleep.

I wasn't sure if she would be awake, but I needed to see her. I wanted to make sure she was alright.

I grabbed the door handle and turned it, gently pushing the door open. It creaked as it moved, and I stepped inside.

She winced at how dark and smelly the room was. It was clear that she hadn't left the bed in a long time.

Taking a deep breath, I turned on the light in her dim room and stepped inside.

"Mom?" I asked.

I looked around the messy room, my eyes finally landing on her lying on the bed. My heart raced, and I felt a tightness in my chest.

Panic hit me as I rushed towards her, unsure if she was breathing. I leaned down, my heart pounding in my ears.

I placed my hand on her back and searched for any sign of movement to make sure she was still breathing. As my hand moved up and down, I sighed in relief when I felt her breathing.

"Mom?" I called out softly, this time giving her a gentle nudge.

"Have you eaten anything at all today?"

I already knew the answer. The food I made for her this morning was still sitting untouched on her nightstand.

She slowly raised her head and her eyes, which looked unfocused, met mine.

"Oh, hey, Judy," she said sleepily. "When did you get here?"

"A little while ago," I replied. "I'm worried about you. You haven't left your room in days, and the food..."

I paused, unsure of how to continue. I wanted to make sure she understood I was there for her.

"I've noticed that the food I leave for you every morning and night has been untouched. You need to get out of bed and eat something," he said.

"I'm not very hungry," she murmured, resting her head back on her pillow.

I sighed and ran my fingers through my hair.

"You need to eat something, Mom. Dad wouldn't want this for you," I said gently. She flinched when I mentioned my father.

"I went to see him earlier today!" I added, trying to lighten the mood.

She looked up to meet my eyes again.

"You saw your father?" she asked.

I nodded.

"He's doing well," I lied. I couldn't tell her that when I saw him, he was beaten and bruised.

I looked at her, feeling the weight of sadness and fear in his eyes. I wanted to tell her, but I couldn't find the words. "Please come downstairs with me and eat something..." I said softly.

She paused for a moment, not saying anything. She seemed distant, not ready to respond. Then, slowly, she began to think it over.

She sighed and lifted her head again. With a nod, she let me help her out of bed. She looked so fragile, and my heart ached for her. As I walked with her out of the bedroom, she clung to my arm for support.

We walked up and down the stairs. When we got to the living room, she sat down on the couch. She wouldn't look at me; her eyes stayed fixed on the ground.

"I'm going to get you some food," I said to her as I turned to leave.

I walked into the kitchen and grabbed a box of pasta from the cabinet, along with a jar of sauce. I didn't feel like cooking anything more complicated than that. I set the pasta and sauce on the counter and then opened the freezer to see if I had any meatballs.

When I spotted a bag of snacks, I grabbed it right away.

I felt like a zombie wandering around the kitchen, my thoughts focused on my parents and everything they were dealing with.

My mother was in a lot of pain because she couldn't be herself anymore.

I was with my mate when I realized her wolf was retreating. I bit my lip, trying to hold back hot tears that stung my eyes. I couldn't let myself break down right now; I needed to be strong for my mother. She needed someone to rely on, someone strong and steady.

I knew I had to take care of her, and that person had to be me because there was nobody else.

I grabbed a bottle of orange juice from the fridge and opened it. As I poured a glass, I thought about how my mother could really use the sugar to help her feel better.

The bottle slipped from my fingers and fell to the ground.

I gasped and jumped back as orange juice splattered everywhere.

This time, I couldn't hold back my tears.

They streamed down my cheeks as I sank to the ground, feeling overwhelmed.

I was standing there, staring at the mess I had made with the orange juice, feeling overwhelmed.

"Shit, Judy," I heard a familiar voice at the kitchen entrance that led outside.

I turned around quickly and gasped when I saw Ethan walking in, closing the door behind him.

"What—"

"What's wrong with you? Get up!" he ordered, pushing me away from the orange juice. I felt too weak to fight back or stand up for myself. Instead, I hurried away from the juice as he grabbed some napkins and started cleaning up.

I worked on cleaning up my mess. I wiped away the tears that still lingered in my eyes and watched quietly as he finished cleaning the floor.

He stood up and poured a glass of orange juice. After pouring, he put the bottle back in the fridge.

He offered me his hand, and after a moment of hesitation, I took it. He helped me get back on my feet.

"What are you doing here, Ethan?" I asked, crossing my arms over my chest.

"Saving you, apparently," he replied.

"What are you doing on the floor?" he asked.

"I spilled some juice and I was cleaning it," I replied quietly. He could tell I was lying right away.

Chapter 55

"I've known you for a while, Judy. You can't fool me," Ethan said firmly.

"What do you expect me to say, Ethan? That I'm not okay? That my mother is depressed?" Judy replied, her voice filled with frustration.

"Why are you barely eating? Isn't this what you wanted? For me to suffer? So why are you acting like you care right now when we both know you don't?"

"Judy!" My mother shouted from the doorway, her eyes wide with concern.

"How dare you speak to him like that!" my mother exclaimed.

"Mom..." I started to respond.

"He's going to be our Alpha, and he deserves our respect," she continued to scold.

"It's okay, Mrs. Montague," I said, trying to calm the situation.

"How about you go and sit on the couch? I'll cook you some dinner," Ethan suggested.

My mother smiled at him, the first genuine smile I had seen from her in a long time. Ethan had a special way of making people feel better, and I could see it was working on her.

"Thank you, Ethan. That was very thoughtful of you," she said sweetly.

After giving me one last look, she turned and left the kitchen. I quickly spun around on my heel to glare at him.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I asked him, my voice flat.

"Even though you might not believe it, I actually care about your mother," he replied. "It's tough to see her like this. It's hard to see you like this too, Judy. Please, go inside."

"I'll cook dinner for you both," he said. "Afterward, we can talk."

I frowned at him, trying to understand what he was up to. But I was too tired to think too much about it.

I sighed and walked out of the kitchen. I didn't tell him that I had already eaten dinner because he would just ask me a lot of unnecessary questions.

My mother was curled up on the couch, staring at a show on TV.

I saw a picture of my father with tears in her eyes. I was sitting beside her, and she looked surprised to see me.

“Why can’t you just do what he wants so we can get your father back?” she asked, catching me off guard.

I stared at her in disbelief. If only she understood what he was asking me to do.

“Mom, we don’t need his help,” I said for what felt like the hundredth time. “I have us covered.”

“How? That tutoring job is hardly enough to pay off your father’s debt,” my mother said. Her voice sounded desperate. “We need him to come home, Judy.”

I took my mother’s hands in mine, wanting to comfort her.

“Let’s find her some comfort,” I said.

“And he will,” I assured her. “I promise.”

Before long, the room was filled with the wonderful smell of garlic from the pasta sauce. Had Ethan made pasta?

****Chapter 55: Sauce from Scratch? +25 BONUS****

He didn’t need to go through all that trouble. I just wanted my mother to have a little something in her system. I, on the other hand, wasn’t hungry.

I had already eaten a big meal at Gavin’s house.

Soon, Ethan walked into the living room carrying a couple of plates. He gave me one, and I placed it on the table. Then, he handed another plate to my mother.

My suspicions were confirmed when I saw the fancy meat sauce on the pasta.

“You didn’t need to do all of that,” I told him. “The jar of sauce would have been fine.”

He rolled his eyes.

“I wouldn’t even feed that to a dog,” he muttered.

“I’m not sure I can eat,” my mother admitted, looking sadly at the food.

“Please try,” Ethan urged her, sitting on the seat beside her.

"Please, it would mean the world to me if you ate something," she said from across the couch.

She paused for a moment, looking at him, then nodded. He glanced at me and narrowed his eyes.

"You should eat too," he added, his tone serious.

He pointed to the plate on the table. "Go on, eat," he said.

"I'm not hungry," I replied firmly.

He frowned at me.

"Can you stop being so stubborn for once and just do what you're told?" he asked, narrowing his eyes.

Ethan looked at me, his eyes filled with questions. I stayed quiet, not feeling the need to explain myself. After a moment of waiting for my response, Ethan sighed and shifted his focus to my mother.

I watched as she picked at her food, chatting casually with Ethan. Their conversation felt light and carefree, while I remained lost in my thoughts.

I thought Ethan would leave after dinner or start an argument with me about the usual things. Instead, he surprised me. He stayed and washed the dishes. After that, he cleaned up the rest of the kitchen too. Once he was finished in the kitchen, he seemed more relaxed than I had expected.

In the kitchen, he tidied up the living room while I kept my mother company. After that, he went into my mother's room to clean up her space too. He chose some comfortable pajamas for her and even drew her a bath. I helped her get ready.

I got into the bath while Ethan stayed in the living room. I hoped he would have left while my mother was in the bath. But when I came back to the living room after helping my mother, he was still there.

I walked into the room, and there he was, waiting for me. I had to admit, I was thankful that he could help my mother tonight. I wasn't sure she would have eaten anything or taken care of herself if he hadn't been there.

"Thank you," I said, feeling relieved to see him.

"Thank you for your help, Ethan," I told him. "It really means a lot."

"It doesn't come without a cost," he replied, raising his eyebrows. "Now, I'm hoping that you can return the favor."

I'm sorry, but it seems like the text you've provided is a mix of HTML code and doesn't contain a narrative or story elements to rewrite. If you have a specific story or content that you'd like me to revise for clarity and simplicity, please provide that text, and I'll be happy to help!

****Chapter 56****

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

"Return the favor?" I asked, feeling my heart drop into my stomach. "What are you talking about?"

He cleared his throat and straightened his posture. The tension in the air was thick, and I could tell he was getting serious.

His soft expression from earlier in the day was completely gone. Now, he wore a cold look that sent a chill down my spine. I instinctively stepped away from him, not wanting to be anywhere near him.

"You know exactly..."

"What I mean, Judy," he said, his brows furrowed as he looked at me, "is that I want you to be my mistress. If you do what I ask, I'll make sure your mother is taken care of and that your father comes home safely."

the end of the night.

My heart ached for the man I once loved more than anything in the world. There was a time when I would have done anything for him. But now, as I looked at him, I felt a deep sadness.

I found myself staring into the eyes of a stranger. His gaze was cold and unfamiliar, and his lips were pressed into a tight line as he glared at me.

He asked me the same question over and over, but no matter how many times he repeated it, I couldn't wrap my head around what he wanted me to do.

He wanted me to be his fated mate, but only as his mistress while he married another woman. This woman didn't deserve to be treated like that. Irene was a sweet girl, and it was obvious that she loved Ethan more than anything. It hurt to see her in this situation.

I knew that another woman had feelings for Ethan, my mate. It made me uneasy, but I understood that the heart often desires what it wants, and her heart was set on Ethan.

“How could you ask me something like that, Ethan?” I said, my voice trembling.

“Did our two years together really mean nothing to you?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

For a moment, his expression softened.

“Of course it meant something to me,” he replied, stepping closer to me.

“That’s why I can’t let you go, Judy. You are my mate... you belong to me, and I will do everything I can to keep you. Wouldn’t you rather be with me in secret than not be with me at all?”

“Do you want to end up like your mother?”

My wolf had been quiet throughout the whole conversation. I could feel her watching closely, taking in every word. I knew it hurt her to hear this, especially with the memories of Ethan still fresh in her mind.

She was talking to us. She didn’t want to be a mistress, but she also didn’t want to let her mate go.

“And your wolf is okay with making his mate a mistress?” I asked, narrowing my eyes at her.

Ethan shrugged casually. “He knows what needs to be done. That’s what makes him an Alpha,” he said simply.

I murmured, “You aren’t an Alpha yet.”

“I’ll have the official title soon, thanks to Irene. I have Alpha blood and Alpha traits,” he said confidently.

I rolled my eyes at him.

“You make me sick,” I murmured.

He smirked and took another step closer to me.

I was getting tired, and the distance between us was closing. I couldn’t keep walking away from him. He had already overwhelmed me with his words. The only thing I could do was stand there and look up.

****Chapter 0056****

him, willing to wipe my tears away.

"We've always been so good together, Judy. Don't break us apart just because you can't see what needs to be done," he said quietly. He reached out his hand, trying to connect with me.

As he lightly touched my cheek, it felt like his fingers were burning my skin. I quickly pulled away from him, glaring with anger in my eyes. I was furious that he dared to put his hands on me.

I was upset with him for using my poor mother to manipulate me into doing what he wanted. It made me sick to think about it. I could never forgive him for what he had done to me and my family.

I clenched my fists at my sides and stepped back from him.

"Don't touch me," I said through gritted teeth. "You have no right to touch me ever again!"

"You are mine, Judy!" he shouted, his voice filled with anger.

He growled and reached out to grab my arm, but I pulled away from him again.

"Correction," I said firmly. "I was yours. You lost every right to me the moment you chose another woman. The moment you decided to be with someone else."

Knee dropped to one knee and proposed to someone else right in front of me. Ethan, you didn't even tell me about her. I had to find out the hard way, and I will never forgive you for what you did. It wasn't just about me; it affected so many others too.

"My family is involved in this too. I can't prove it, but I know you had a part in my father's business going bankrupt."

He smirked at me and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Exactly," he replied. "You can't prove anything."

Ethan spoke with pride, as if he was proud of himself and his actions. "It's your word against mine, and guess who everyone is going to believe?"

Just then, Ethan's phone began to ring.

The phone rang in his pocket. It wasn't the first time it had rung that evening, but he hadn't answered any of the calls. He sighed and took his phone out of his pocket, frowning at the name on the screen. I hoped he would finally pick up this time.

He decided to make the call. Whoever was trying to reach him must have been important, especially since they seemed to be in such a hurry.

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Instead of answering the call, he shoved the phone back into his pocket and let it ring. The ringing soon stopped, and my frown deepened.

“Why do you keep ignoring that person?” I asked.

“What happened?” I asked.

“It’s not your concern,” he murmured, his eyes dark.

Then, a thought struck me, and I felt frozen in place.

“Was it Irene?” I asked him. “Has she...”

“Ethan, I’ve been trying to reach you,” Irene said.

“It’s not your concern,” he replied slowly.

I realized she was right; it was Irene. I remembered she had mentioned earlier that Ethan was busy with a meeting. She had been trying to get in touch with him too.

She was upset that she couldn’t see him this evening. Was he ignoring her all night because he was with someone else?

He was already making her feel like the other woman, and she hadn’t even agreed to be his mistress. The thought made her feel completely sick.

“You should go,” I said, crossing my arms and turning my back to him. “You don’t want to keep your precious Irene waiting too long. She might lose interest, and you might miss your chance.”

He stepped behind me, so close that I could feel his warm breath on the back of my neck.

“You think we are so different,” he said softly, “but in reality, we are the same.”

Judy furrowed her brows, confused about where he was going with his words. She didn’t turn to face him; instead, she held her ground.

“I marry Irene to get what I want,” he said. “And you—”

“Spread your legs for Gavin to get what you want.”

My heart sank at his words.

"It's not like that," I said, my voice shaking a little.

"Don't lie to me!" he growled.

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

I felt a sudden grip on my backside, and I quickly stepped out of his hold, turning to face him.

"You need to get out," I said firmly, trying to keep my voice steady. My eyes burned with unshed tears that I refused to let fall.

He let out a deep breath, his expression shifting as he considered my words.

Gavin let out a dark chuckle.

"You'll see," he said. "Gavin will get tired of you, and then you'll have no choice but to walk away from this job. You'll end up with nothing and no one. I'll make sure of it."

"You're going to find yourself crawling into my bed before you know it," he said with a smirk.

"Get out of my house," I replied, raising my voice to sound more serious this time.

He turned away, still chuckling quietly to himself as he shook his head.

"See, Judy," he said with a confident smile. "I always get what I want... and what I want is for you to be in the house."

"I bought you a little something at the end of the week," he continued. "But I only have so much patience. You don't want to keep me waiting."

"Get out!!!" I screamed, worried I might wake my mother. Hot tears filled my eyes as I ran towards the door. I pushed him, trying to hurry him along. He barely reacted, but he did walk toward the door without hesitation.

He paused for a moment, thinking, and then continued on.

The long god turned around to face me.

"I'll see you soon, mate," he said, and then walked away. I was left standing there, feeling a mix of sadness and confusion.

He let out another deep chuckle before stepping out of the house, leaving me in my complete despair.

Ethan was furious.

Judy was acting in a way that was hard to understand. Didn't she realize that she had to be his mistress to keep their wolves safe from another woman? Judy was still his mate, and he wasn't about to let her go that easily, even if it meant facing some difficult challenges.

He was only marrying Frene to gain the title of Alpha. He thought he could fulfill his husbandly duties, but he knew deep down that she could never satisfy his wolf instincts.

They were true mates, but he doubted that their bond would last. He felt torn between his responsibilities and his desires.

Irene wished that the mate bond he felt with Judy would just go away.

The mark he left on Judy's neck made him feel strangely happy. It reminded him that she could still feel him, and that the bond between them wasn't going to disappear.

As he reached his car, he took a deep breath, trying to process everything that had happened.

He slid into the driver's seat and took out his phone. There were many missed calls and texts from Irene. He was supposed to call her earlier, but he never did. He was too focused on getting to Judy and trying to get her to listen to him.

He ignored all her calls and texts. Instead, he decided to call his subordinate.

He pressed the button to dial the number. Holding the phone to his cheek, he waited for just two rings before someone answered.

"Boss," came the voice on the other end.

Ikatint greeted him, eager for news about the food traits call. He had been waiting with bated breath, as their plan was already in motion, just waiting for Ethan's confirmation.

"Put the next stage of our plan into action," Ethan said firmly. "It's time."

Hudy realized how much she really needs me.

****Chapter 0058****

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

"That jerk!" Nan gasped as we stood in line at the campus coffee shop, waiting to place our orders. "I can't believe he had the nerve to do that!"

It was the morning after Ethan visited me. I had just finished telling Nan about what happened last night. I was still in shock that Ethan had the nerve to come over.

“Did you really want to involve your mother?” I asked, trying to understand his intentions.

Nan listened closely, her expression curious. I couldn’t shake off the feeling of disbelief. Ethan’s boldness surprised me, and I wondered what he was thinking when he decided to show up.

I was asked to go to my house and take care of my mother. In return, I was supposed to agree to be his mistress. This made me feel disgusted, and I also felt a bit guilty. I felt bad for Irene; she didn’t deserve to be treated like that.

“Even if she didn’t know about it,” I thought.

“I told him to leave,” I finished my story with a shrug.

“What can I get for you ladies this morning?” asked Nicole, the barista. She was friendly and always ready to help.

I met a girl in a couple of my classes, and she was a pretty good fighter. I sparred with her a few times, and we had some fun matches. She worked at the coffee shop every other morning, and she always made my drinks just right.

“Just a...”

“Vanilla cappuccino,” I said to the barista.

“Make that two,” Nan chimed in, taking out her wallet.

I shook my head and reached for my own wallet.

“I’ll pay,” I insisted. “You got me a coffee last time.”

“Remember last time?” she reminded her.

I handed my card to Nicole. After the transaction went through, she gave it back to me.

“Coming right up,” she said, turning to make the drinks.

“So, what are you going to do?”

“Do you think we should do something about the whole Ethan situation?” Nan asked as we stepped aside to wait for our cappuccinos.

I frowned at her.

"What can I do?" I replied. "He doesn't seem to understand the word 'no.'"

"I just need to keep working so I can pay off my father's debt," I said.

"Are you going to tell Irene what her fiancé is up to?" Nan asked, raising her eyebrows.

I paused and considered her question.

I shook my head for a moment. This wasn't my problem, and Gavin had made it clear. He told me not to do or say anything that could ruin his daughter's upcoming marriage. If I was the reason she got hurt, he would never forgive me.

"Please forgive me, or I might lose my job," I said.

"It's really not my place, and I don't want to get involved," I added.

"Your cappuccinos are ready," Nicole said as she slid two cups across the counter.

"Go grab the cups in our direction," I said.

"Thanks," I replied as I picked up both cups and handed one to Nan. "I'll see you in class later."

Nicole waved goodbye as we left the coffee shop.

Nan started to walk across the campus. She chose not to ask any more questions about what had happened last night or whether she should tell Irene. As far as Nan knew, I didn't know Irene any better than anyone else. The Landry's...

Irene had always kept her feelings tightly locked away. Although she was often in the spotlight, few people really knew her. She didn't have many friends and stayed away from the social circles that others enjoyed. To those outside her family, Irene was a mystery, which only added to her allure.

Chapter 0056.

This secrecy made her more intriguing to those who watched from a distance.

If Nan knew that I actually knew Irene and was getting to know her even better, she would start to question how I knew the famous Irene Landry. Then, I would have to tell her the whole truth. It would feel like a breach of my privacy.

I was worried about my job. If I didn't keep it, I could lose everything. I needed to hold on to this job as if my life depended on it—because it really did. My father and I relied on this job for our survival.

"I still have 30 minutes before..."

"Do you want to go to the lounge for a bit before my class starts?" I asked as we walked closer to the buildings.

"Sure," Nan replied.

We entered the busy lounge, a popular spot where many students gathered before their morning classes. As soon as we stepped inside, the lively chatter and laughter filled the air.

As I walked in, I noticed something felt off. Students were whispering to each other, like they were gossiping about something important.

When we entered, their eyes turned towards me. I frowned as their whispers got louder, and I could feel the tension in the air.

I could tell they were all talking about me.

But what had I done?

"She was the one who got Carol expelled from the school," I overheard one of them say.

"I can't believe she walked in here with..."

Her head was held high, proud and defiant.

"She has some nerve after the stunt she pulled!" someone exclaimed.

I felt my cheeks heat up with embarrassment. I looked over at Nan, who was watching everyone closely, her frown deepening as she took it all in.

"What's going on?" I wondered aloud, trying to understand the tension in the air.

"What's going on?" I asked her.

"Carol was expelled from school," she replied. "And it's clear that everyone is blaming you for it, even though it wasn't your fault!" She said this loudly enough for everyone to hear.

We walked through the crowded hallway, feeling the weight of the situation hanging in the air.

We walked into the lounge and headed to our usual table by the window. Carol's friends stood nearby, arms crossed over their chests, looking upset.

"How dare you show your face here after what you did!" one of them said, sneering.

"Carol worked hard on this," another added, clearly angry.

"I worked hard for that scholarship, and you stole it from her!"

I turned around to face them, my eyes narrowing.

"She cheated," I said through clenched teeth. "She didn't work hard at all. Someone else did the work."

"You're just pretending to be poor," she said, her voice sharp. "You've been fooling everyone into thinking you have nothing."

****Chapter 59****

"Think what you want," I murmured. "I don't need to prove anything to you."

"Maybe you should be worried about yourselves," Nan said, crossing her arms.

"Just forget about it, Nan," I said, shaking my head. "I'm going to get to class. I'll see you later."

I didn't wait for her to respond; I just walked away.

Even class was...

It felt strange. Everyone in the room was staring at me and whispering. The teacher was giving me a look as she handed out our assignments. When I saw the paper, I frowned.

Was it just me, or did the font look a bit different?

I took a quick glance at my classmates, trying to understand what was happening.

I glanced at the girl next to me and saw that her paper looked normal.

"Can I see that for a second?" I asked.

She frowned but nodded and handed me her paper. I noticed that the wording was different. The words on my paper were...

"Thanks," I said softly as I handed it back to her.

We spent the class working on our assignments. As I was leaving, the professor stopped me and said, "You did a really nice job today, Judy."

Her words made me smile.

Miss Prescott spoke to me slowly, as if I were a child. I frowned at her words.

"Uh, thanks Miss Prescott," I replied, my brows knitted together in confusion.

I quickly left the room and headed to my next college reading class. This was supposed to be a fresh start for me.

One of my favorite classes, besides my combat, shifting, and defense courses, was a reading class. The professor assigned us a book to read, and most of the time, we just wrote in journals about it during class. We finally finished our last book and were supposed to receive our final assignments.

Today, the professor handed out a new book to each student as they entered the classroom. However, when I walked in, she didn't give me a book like she did for everyone else.

"Hi, Judy," she said, smiling at me.

"I'm not going to make you read this book; it's pretty long and can be hard to understand. Instead, I'll write you some summary notes. You can use those to write your entry based on what we discuss in class."

I frowned at her.

I couldn't believe what she was saying. I had always read the books she assigned, and I finished them faster than most of my classmates. I narrowed my eyes at her and frowned deeper.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I don't..."

"I don't understand," I said hesitantly. "You don't want me to read the book?"

She sighed and placed the books on the table.

"Look, I think it would be better if you sit this one out," she told me. "It's just... I want you to enjoy it later."

"I know this kind of thing doesn't come easy for you."

****Chapter Cosa****

+25 BONUS

What kind of thing?

Was she talking about reading?

I never gave her a reason to think that I wasn't trying.

I was always good at reading. Yes, I had dyslexia, but that doesn't mean I'm unable to read. Besides, she didn't know about my condition. The only people who knew were my adoptive parents, my Nan, and unfortunately, Ethan.

"Please,"

"Please take your seat, Judy," she said politely.

I pressed my lips together and walked to my seat. As more students entered the class, one by one, she handed each of them a book.

Before long, I was the only one left without a book.

I was the only one in class without a book. I sat there, feeling angry, but I kept my mouth shut. I planned to go to the dean after my last class to talk about how my professors had behaved that day.

As the class went on, I felt a bit of relief.

I was in my shifting and combat course, which was my last class of the day and my favorite. It was a chance for me to let out my frustrations on my sparring partner.

When I arrived, I heard Nicole talking to the professor. She didn't sound happy.

"Professor Morgan, I don't think that's necessary. Judy is more than capable of handling this new routine without me holding her hand," she said firmly.

Professor Morgan was the assistant professor for this class. She assumed that since Judy had been doing well, she could manage on her own.

Carol had been expelled, and our usual professor had been fired because he tried to get me kicked out of school. Now, Professor Morgan would be our new teacher.

"There's a lot of notes to go over today," I thought as I prepared for class. "I really need her help."

"To properly understand the material," Professor Morgan said.

"She always understands the material just fine," he replied. "She's one of the top students."

"You heard the rumors," Professor Morgan continued. "She didn't earn that spot."

Nicole crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow. "You don't really believe that nonsense, do you?"

Professor Morgan sneered back, "Nikki, please. Just do me this favor for once."

"Don't call me that here, Noah," she whispered softly. "I don't want people knowing that you are my brother."

Wait, Professor Morgan and Nicole were siblings? This was surprising.

Nicole Morgan was her full name, but I thought it was just a coincidence.

"Look, I need you to do this for me," someone said urgently. "You care about her, don't you? I know you want her to succeed, so please help."

"Why are you treating her so differently all of a sudden? Do you really believe she can't do it?"

There was a long silence after I spoke. Then, his next words left me speechless.

"Because the dean called..."

During a faculty meeting this morning, our leader informed us that Judy is dealing with Dyslexia.

****Chapter 60****

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

I couldn't believe all the professors knew about my dyslexia. How did the dean even find out? My doctors and therapists had repeatedly assured me that no one outside my close circle would ever know.

I didn't want them to start treating me differently, as if I was incapable of anything. It felt like my fears were coming true. They all knew about my disability, and now they thought I couldn't really learn the material.

They think I was the one who set Carol up and got her kicked out of school. They also believe I've been cheating the entire time. Just thinking about it made my heart tighten in my chest.

I couldn't bear to listen any longer.

to Nicole and Professor

I didn't want this conversation to drag on. I wasn't going to let a bad situation ruin my favorite class. I also didn't want my professors to think I couldn't participate in their class.

With my arms crossed over my chest, I took a deep breath and prepared to speak up.

I walked around the corner and saw Nicole and another girl gossiping about me. When Nicole spotted me, her face turned pale, and her mouth nearly dropped open. She realized immediately that I had overheard their entire conversation, and it showed clearly on her face.

"Judy!" she exclaimed.

Nicole gasped. "H... how long have you been here for?"

She was nervously stumbling over her words.

"Long enough," I replied, my brow furrowed. "What's going on? How did everyone find out about my..."

"Dyslexia?"

Professor Morgan turned pale immediately.

"The dean called us in early this morning for a team meeting to discuss it," he said, looking down. "How did the dean even find out?" I asked.

"No one was supposed to know," he said.

"I'm not sure; he didn't say," I replied. "He must have gotten some outside information."

I pressed my lips together tightly and walked toward my professor, trying to maintain a serious expression.

"Let's get one thing straight, Professor. I got into this program on my own merit. I didn't buy my way into this school; I worked hard to become the top student. My dyslexia doesn't define who I am or what I can achieve."

I believe in my abilities. If anything, facing challenges makes me work even harder to achieve my goals. I've come this far on my own, without extra help, and without my professors treating me like I can't handle simple tasks. I know I can succeed.

I can read and write just fine. It might be a bit harder for me than for some others, but I do well overall. When I focus my mind and heart on something, I succeed.

If you believe you can't manage...

"Maybe I should start looking for other professors if you keep teaching me like this," I said.

Nicole smirked at her brother and crossed her arms over her chest.

"I told you so, didn't I?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Professor Morgan shifted nervously in his seat and looked down at the ground, feeling embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, Miss Montague," he said. "I was rude, and you are right. I shouldn't have assumed that you were incapable just because—"

He paused, trying to find the right words.

—

****Chapter 60****

"I have received this new knowledge. I hope you can accept my apologies," he said.

"I will accept them once you share my messages with not only my professors but also the dean. I can accomplish my tasks without their extra help," she replied confidently.

"I don't appreciate being treated like I'm stupid," I said firmly.

Professor Morgan lowered his head in agreement.

"I will respect that," he replied.

I took a step back and let out a long breath I didn't realize I was holding. It felt good to finally express my feelings.

I finally understood why my professors had been acting so strangely today.

"Now, what were we discussing before I got here? Besides me," I asked, looking back and forth between the two of them.

"I'm introducing a new move today," one of the professors said.

He rummaged through his folder and pulled out a piece of paper. "These are the coordinates of the move that I want everyone to practice today," he said.

He handed me the paper and took a quick look at it before nodding and passing it along to others.

I tossed the ball back to him.

"Seems easy enough," I said confidently.

He raised an eyebrow at me.

"Care to demonstrate?" he asked.

I smirked and turned to Nicole.

"Want to spar with me?" I asked.

She nodded eagerly.

"Yes, please," she said as she got ready.

One moment, she was standing and preparing for my move. The next moment, she was lying on the ground, face up, her eyes wide and dazed. I stood there, surprised by how quickly things had changed.

I pinned her down with my elbow pressing against her throat and my leg draped over my shoulder. I had just used all my strength to flip her to the ground.

"I was crazy to doubt what you can do," Professor Morgan chuckled, shaking his head.

For the

During the class, Nicole was my sparring partner. Together, we practiced the new moves we had learned.